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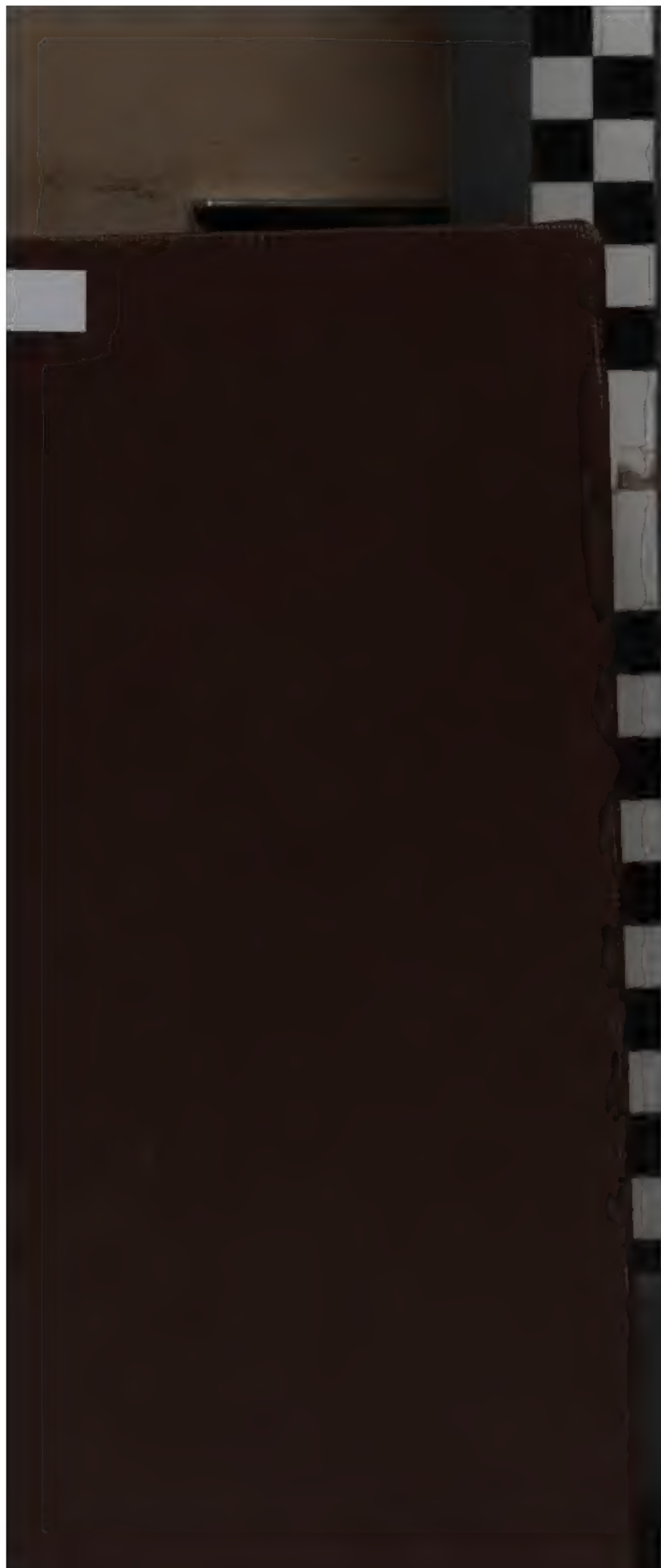
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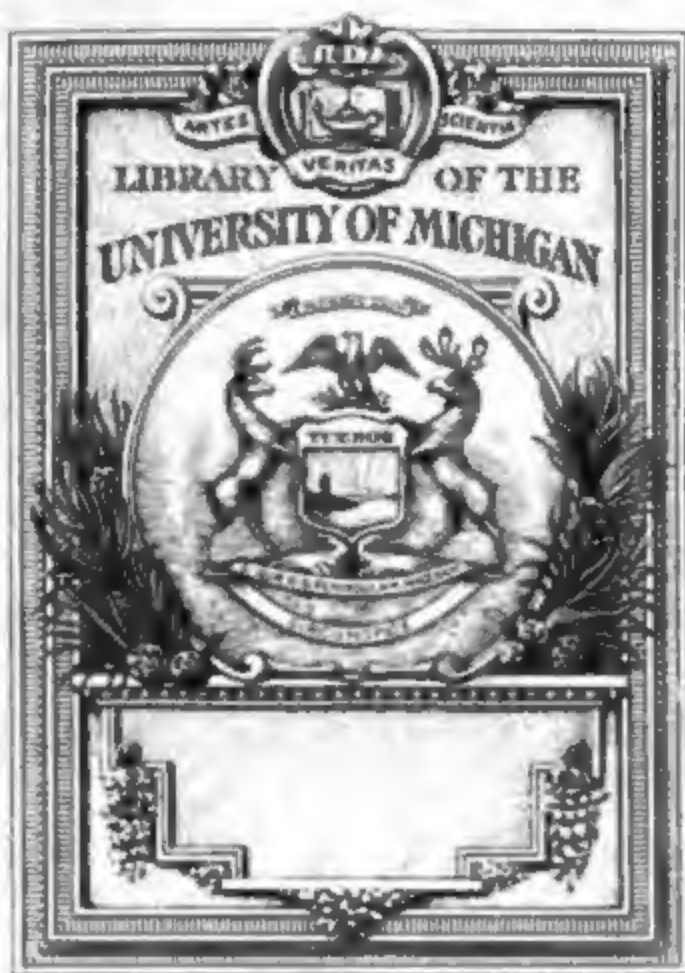
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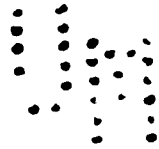






THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

M DCCC LII.



JULY — DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω, οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν Ἐπικου-
ρεῖον τε καὶ Ἀριστοτελικήν· ἀλλ' ὅσα εἴρηται παρ' ἐκάστη τῶν αἵρεσέων τούτων
καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετὰ εὐσεβοῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμπαν τὸ
ἙΚΚΛΕΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

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THE
Eclectic Review.

JULY, 1852.

ART. I.—*The Roman State, from 1815 to 1850.* By Luigi Carlo Farini.
Translated from the Italian, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
Two vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.

LUIGI CARLO FARINI'S History of the Roman State from 1815 to 1850, is not yet complete, the narrative being only brought down to the 24th of November, 1848, when the Pope deserted his capital, to take refuge in the Neapolitan dominions. But while the writer is engaged in bringing his work to a conclusion, it may be useful to review that portion of it, full of interest and instruction, which he has laid before the public. He belongs, indeed, to a school of politicians, the prevalence of whose ideas has been one of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of Italian independence; but, though a prejudiced, he is an honest man, and, consequently, does not suppress, or even attempt disingenuously to colour those facts which make against his own theory of government. While intending, therefore, to recommend moderation, the whole tenour of his labours only serves to show how fatal the timid and unenterprising of his party has proved to Italy.

Modern civilization is replete with anomalies, but contains none more startling than the government of a state, containing three millions of souls, by priests. Every period of Roman history, from the establishment of the papacy to the present day, is full of important political lessons; but with the more ancient results of the system, we have at present nothing to do,

our design being simply to direct attention to some of the fruits it has produced in our own times. Early in the present century disaffection to the papal government began to display itself throughout the states of the church, especially in the northern provinces, where people rejoiced openly when any ecclesiastic in office encountered disgrace. Nor was this at all unnatural, since the laity could not feel otherwise than indignant at being excluded from all public employment, however distinguished might be their abilities, their knowledge, their experience acquired by foreign travel, or their personal aptitude for business.

Scarcely can we, by any effort, realize to our minds here in England the state of feeling, the heart-burnings, the jealousies, the fierce enmities, the thirst for vengeance, created in the pontifical dominions through the arrogant monopoly of all place, power, and distinction by the clergy. To put an end to so disastrous a state of things, as well as to achieve the independence of Italy, the formidable secret society of the Carbonari was organized before the overthrow of Napoleon. It included persons of all classes, but was led chiefly by enthusiastic and fiery youths who have at all times been the martyrs of liberty. Being wanting, however, in prudence and reflection, they have again and again suffered themselves to be betrayed into mischievous enterprises, in supporting some cause which was not that of Italy. Thus, in 1815, they fought gallantly under the banners of Murat against the Austrians, not considering that, had that dashing adventurer triumphed, one of his first acts would have been the extirpation of their sect.

To counterbalance the Carbonari, other associations, with different principles, as the Sanfedists and the Centurions, have sprung into existence. In these the sacerdotal spirit has been predominant. Having for their object the checking of civilization, they have encouraged and cherished the darkest and most ruthless bigotry, the priests of the sect denouncing liberalism from the pulpit, while the lay members have gone about with daggers to intimidate the partisans of freedom. Nor has their zeal in all cases confined itself to menaces. The poniard, at first, perhaps, flourished by way of bravado, has at length been employed in earnest : and numerous murders, sometimes characterized by remarkable atrocity, have polluted the cause of the church. In city and country, political assassinations have been frequent, and the Carbonari, hunted down by the Sanfedists and Centurions, have, in their turn, had recourse to the same weapons and the same policy, and sought to assuage their party animosities with blood.

Reasoning calmly and at our ease, under the protection of a

better state of things, we often refuse to do justice to the oppressed and persecuted people of the Roman states. Let us, however, not persevere in condemning without examining their grievances. Nowhere in Christendom, notwithstanding the general corruption of governments and the servility and baseness of populations, has there ever existed so rich a harvest of abuses. Priests and friars, white, black, and grey, cowed and barefoot, have appropriated to themselves every existing source of honour or profit; priests exclusively direct education; priests manage the finances, and refuse to have their accounts audited; priests are ambassadors and secretaries of state, and a priest is minister at war. From this it happens, as Farini observes, that a pontifical soldier has come to be an object of universal ridicule and contempt, synonymous with ragamuffin, cheat, and poltroon. The consequences were everywhere seen throughout the late struggle. Nothing was effected by the papal troops, who dispersed like vapour before the anger of the populace; and as to presenting themselves in the face of a foreign enemy of the state, this was an act of heroism of which they never once dreamed.

Such being their character, it is very natural to inquire, why they were kept on foot at all, especially as his Holiness placed so little confidence in them, that he thought it necessary to surround himself by mercenaries from Switzerland, who, in his day of trial, displayed their wonted fidelity, and more than once proved their readiness to make a rampart around his person with their breasts. But from the events even of civil wars little instruction is to be derived, unless we scrutinize the sources of confusion, and ascertain what are the circumstances which occasion and justify popular commotions. We return, therefore, to the abuses which have at all times literally swarmed in the territories of the church, and made them a byword and a reproach to the civilization of Christendom.

We cannot conceal from ourselves, however, while dwelling on the flagrant vices of the papal government, that connected with it there is a problem never yet solved by statesman or philosopher: namely, whether the system we denounce be the cause or the effect of the national degradation. A people pious and virtuous, enlightened and brave, would never yield submission to an authority so inexpressibly odious. It follows, therefore, that the Roman people are themselves degraded and corrupt, though it may, upon investigation, be found that the papal system, not without merit at the outset, degenerated by imperceptible degrees, and at the same time undermined and overthrew the morality and virtue of the people. However this may be decided, certain it is, that through the influence of

priestly sway, the inhabitants of the territories of the church have been reduced to the lowest level of vice and effeminacy, poverty, ignorance, and cowardice.

Nor could any other result have been expected. Assuming the duration of such a government as a fact, nothing could have happened but what has actually taken place. There was no care for the cultivation of the people—these are the very words of Farini—no anxiety for the public prosperity. Rome was a cess-pool of corruption, of exemptions, and of privileges; a clergy made up of fools and knaves, in power; the laity slaves, the treasury plundered by gangs of tax-farmers and spies; all the business of government consisted in prying into and punishing the notions, the expectations, and the imprudences of the liberals.*

As far back as the reign of Pius VII. internecine war may be said to have been declared between the Pontiff and the liberal party. Pius having no other arms wherewith to combat these enemies, overwhelmed them with imprecations and anathemas. His successor, Leo XII., yielding to the predilections of the priest, encouraged and protected the monastic orders, confided education exclusively to ecclesiastics, set them over all institutions of charity and beneficence, confirmed and extended the clerical privileges and jurisdiction, and to gratify their malignity oppressed and persecuted the Jews. By way of expressing his contempt, he disabled them from holding real property, and granted them a limited period to sell what they possessed; he revived to their detriment many offensive and barbarous customs of the middle ages; placed them under the surveillance of the Inquisition, and confined them to the *Ghetti* with lofty walls and gates.

The provinces of Marritana and Campagna being infested with savage bands of assassins, Leo sent thither the notorious Cardinal Pallota, who committed so many excesses and exhibited so strange a specimen of mad government that he was soon recalled to be replaced by Benvenuti, who bought off the murderers, or quieted them by bestowing on them pensions for life. But the worst feature of the system showed itself under Cardinal Rivarola, at Ravenna. This wretch, surrounding himself with spies, gendarmes, and informers, commenced secret inquisitions, and forbade citizens, under pain of what punishment he might choose to inflict, to go out at night without a lantern, as the Turkish Pachas once did in Egypt, and the late ferocious Khan at Bokhara. He imprisoned arbitrarily persons of every age, class, and condition, and on the 31st of August, 1825,

* Roman State, vol. i. p. 17.

condemned five hundred and eight persons to death, hard labour, confinement, or exile, on mere suspicion of belonging to the liberal party. The capital sentences were afterwards commuted into imprisonment for life; but there was an incessant and universal crusade against liberal opinions. In Romagna, under Invernizzi, who presided over a commission of military men and petty-fogging lawyers, the innocent were confounded with the guilty and hanged. The prisons would not hold the multitude of persons arrested, who were therefore lodged in convents and other spacious buildings. When seven men charged with carbonarism were executed at Ravenna and left suspended all day upon the gallows, the inhabitants, to avoid the hateful spectacle, left the city in a body, and did not return till dark. In Rome, other murders took place, for we cannot bestow on them the name of executions; but instead of striking terror into the population, they inspired the strongest sympathy, the prevalent opinion being that to stab a Sanfedist or a Centurion was not assassination. Spies and informers, however, persevered in hunting down the liberals, whose hardships were increased by contrast with the freedom people enjoyed in the neighbouring state of Tuscany. Upon the death of Leo XII., Francesco Severio Castiglioni di Cingoli was elected pope, and took the name of Pius VIII. His short reign formed no exception to the general rule any more than did that of his successor Matteo Capellari di Belluno, who, under the name of Gregory XVI., governed the dominions of the church from February 2, 1831, to June 18, 1846. Under this pontiff the persecution of the liberals continued with increasing severity; the influence of priests and monks was, if possible, augmented, and large classes of the population lived, as it was expressed, "under warning;" that is to say, were interdicted from all offices of honour or emolument. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the hideousness of the picture presented by society in the Papal States under Gregory XVI. Farini, though strongly disposed to apologise for the excesses of men in authority, is unable to screen Cardinal Bernetti, Gregory's secretary of state, from the guilt of reviving the Centurions—a secret militia, or, rather, society of political assassins, who, drilled and trained under priests and bishops, favoured with immunities, and in many parts of the country having the police entirely in their hands, 'lighted up in Romagna a very hell of frantic passions.'

Through the operation of this odious system, not only did all public employments, but a very large portion also of the property of the country, pass into the hands of priests and pious fraternities. Half the houses in Rome now belong in whole or

in part to monasteries, which have likewise obtained possession of so large a portion of estates, that unless some effectual stop be put to the process, they will inevitably in a short space of time absorb the whole territory. Gregory XVI. prostituted the papal authority to the pleasure of the sacerdotal order. The laity were crushed and insulted, and the revenues were squandered by profligate cardinals and prelates, so that society appeared to be on the very point of dissolution. Insurrections broke out repeatedly in every part of the state, and the French and Austrians were invited to aid the sovereign pontiff in exterminating his own subjects. The treasury was thus further impoverished, and the affections of the people were alienated. The hatred of the political sects gained fresh strength perpetually, and every man seemed ready to fly at his neighbour's throat, when the death of Gregory XVI. gave a new turn to people's thoughts, and inspired some hopes of an auspicious change in the system.

Pius IX., elected June 16, 1846, came into possession of sovereign power under the most favourable auspices. Enjoying the reputation of piety, and never having rendered himself unpopular by any acts of severity under the former reign, he occupied a position to command, if he had pleased, the warmest admiration and attachment of the people. The highest expectations were formed of his government, and he certainly made a good beginning, by proclaiming, contrary to the advice of many cardinals, a general amnesty for political offences. Historians, unable to descend to the level of the common people, or to enter thoroughly into the sphere of their sympathies, are too much inclined to regard with disdain their excessive rejoicings at the accession to power of a new prince, especially when he abounds in gracious promises and affects to be inspired with Christian love; but what can be more natural than such self-delusion? When the Romans, for example, beheld Pius IX. mounting the balcony of his palace, and with tears of delight showering down blessings on their heads, could they have anticipated that all his promises would prove futile; that they should discover his love for them to be a pure illusion of enthusiasm; that they should see him falter in the career of reform; and that they should ultimately, by bitter experience, be forced to adopt the conviction that no combination of circumstances whatever can elevate a priest into a patriot, or render the interests of a pope or a prince identical with those of the people?

We do not, of course, contend that the pope could have been expected to repress the popular delight at his election. But he appears to have encouraged it, and voluntarily to have taken

steps to confirm the Romans in the belief that Astræa had returned to the earth, and that it would constitute the whole business of his life to adjust the scales of authority and popular opinion, so as to appropriate to each exactly what was due to it. Knowing what we now know, it would perhaps be more satisfactory to have witnessed in the people of Rome more cynicism and incredulity. History might surely have taught them not to expect any permanent good from an ecclesiastical hierarchy with an ascetic priest at its head. But mankind are weak, especially when their better feelings are excited, and are apt to give each other credit for a degree of virtue and self-denial, seldom, we might, perhaps, say never, found in the possessors of sovereign authority.

Let us now borrow from Farini a brief description of the Roman people's enthusiasm, which, however short-lived it may have been, was genuine while it lasted, and would have ripened into a sober feeling of respect had the actions of authority been such as to justify that sentiment:—

‘When the intelligence of the amnesty had flown through Rome, and when its conciliatory language had been perused, it seemed as though a ray from the love of God had unexpectedly descended upon the eternal city. The hosannas were countless; the ninth Pius was hailed as a deliverer; each citizen embraced his neighbour as a brother; thousands upon thousands of torches blazed at even; and as if the full tide of all those tender affections, which are the godlike part of man, had burst its banks, the multitude, driven by an involuntary impulse towards the palace of the Pontiff, called for him, venerated him, themselves prostrate on the earth, and received his blessing in devout silence. No human tongue can adequately paint that festival of their souls; nor do I aim at descriptive language, for fear I should do dishonour to its sanctity. Quick as thought the news, of these solemnities of love and gratitude, flew to the farthest confines of the state; the record of them, which is ill retained by the heart of man, was in many cases inscribed on marble. I do not dwell upon the ovations celebrated for Pius IX., in Rome, upon the 19th, upon the notes of exultation everywhere sounded, echoed, and prolonged.’—
Vol. i. p. 182.

From this commencement it must, we think, be clear that had Pius IX. been an honest, sincere, and able ruler, he might have retained an ample share of popularity during his whole life, and transmitted a much honoured name to posterity. But while lavish in promises, he was extremely remiss in performances. He assailed some few abuses; he attempted some few reforms; invariably cheered and encouraged by the enthusiastic gratitude of his people. But cardinals and bishops are naturally inimical to good government, and these, surrounding the pontiff, who, it must be acknowledged, was hypocritical as well as weak, perverted any good intentions he might have en-

tertained, while they fostered all his selfish, ambitious, or sacerdotal prejudices. Still, the Romans could not be easily cured of their strong enthusiasm; but their eyes were at length opened, when, in little more than a year, the idol of their admiration, suddenly investing himself with his priestly privileges, prohibited popular assemblages, no longer finding it agreeable, we suppose, to face those whom he had deluded, and was ready at any moment to betray. Farini, in the course of his history, shows so many symptoms of the weakness of moderatism, that we are not greatly surprised at any contradiction into which he may fall. But even in him it does appear surprising that, after detailing the actions and proceedings of the pontiff, his dissembling, his hypocrisy, his broken promises, his deceit towards the people, his coquetting with Austria, he should still affect the usual amount of commiseration for authority when overwhelmed by popular resentment, and lament the fate of Pius IX. when merely meeting with the natural reward of selfishness and insincerity.

‘A year had now passed since Pius IX. had mounted the throne. The government had acquired a character for boldness in innovation, although in reality it had done little to renew either institutions, systems, or men. The finances, justice, public instruction, the military service, commerce, all these principal departments of the state were still administered and directed as in former times. The commissions indefinitely prolonged their labours. The practical anomalies of the former system still continued. Questions of form absorbed the minds of men, while little was thought of the substance. The appetite of the liberals was sharpened from day to day by the stimulants of the press and of the popular assemblages. The old government, virtually condemned by the new, had fallen without the new one’s founding itself firmly on any ground of its own; it lived upon the mere credit which was lent to it by the opinions of the liberals. It was therefore, in the discharge of its functions, hesitating and remiss, while the population was *lively* (!) The country had always a government incapable of training it, because itself ill-trained; still, up to that time, there had been material force adequate to the business of repression. Now that system had come to an end and unruliness bore sway; both the governors and the governed were in the hand of chance.’ —Ib. p. 223, 224.

The historian is minute without being explicit. While aiming at picturesque effect, and entering for that purpose into numerous details, he often omits the very particulars, the stating of which would have served as a key to his narrative. Thus, when alarm was felt by nearly all members of the papal government, at the excitement and agitation prevailing among the people, one or more diplomatists, he says, warned the court of its danger. But who were those diplomatists? Were they not the ambassadors of Austria and Prussia, or were they not

at least impregnated by the German spirit which, affecting largeness and liberality, is the most narrow and pitiful in the world? In the future portions of his history, if he expects to be understood and appreciated by the public, Farini must renounce this affectation of reserve, barely tolerable in diplomatic communications, but absolutely impertinent in history.

Though the pontiff was changed, the men who had ruled under Gregory XVI. still continued to fill nearly all offices of trust or emolument, so that we can experience no surprise at the alarm and timidity of the government which, without prudence or foresight, placed itself in collision with the masses by prohibiting popular assemblages. To render the complication of affairs more complete, several persons about the Quirinal circulated the report that the pope disapproved of the policy of repression, and only yielded to the overwhelming influence of the cardinals. It is not, perhaps, too much to believe that his holiness himself sowed the seed of these rumours, which increased his own popularity at the expense of the Conclave. Certain it is that he took no pains to produce a different impression on public opinion, while the popular leaders on their parts felt it to be politic to appear to have the pope on their side. They therefore persisted in meetings and rejoicings, which excited so much fury in the partizans of reaction that the most disastrous consequences were anticipated. The people determined to celebrate the anniversary of the amnesty; the authorities resolved to prevent the celebration.

While the rejoicings were in preparation, rumours went abroad of a threatened Sanfedist reaction; it was stated that the old police was fishing in troubled waters; that Grassellini, the governor of Rome, let matters take their course; and that many of the Centurions and people from the suburb of Faenza were repairing to the capital. At last the word "plot" was uttered, and it went from mouth to mouth; the Pope, it was said, was menaced with captivity by the Gregorians, and the liberals with extermination by the carabinieri under the command of Freddi, Nardoni, and Allai. The celebration was postponed; an under-ground and restless agitation commenced; by degrees it burst into a cry for vengeance; the leaders of the plot, and those suspected of complicity were pointed out; everywhere were imprecations, menaces, and alarms. On the evening of the 14th the names of the supposed conspirators were posted at every corner; cardinals, prelates, military men, and notorious spies, most of them were names hateful and disgraced, but some were untainted. The people read these lists of proscription, and shouted "death!" The carabinieri pulled down the lists or attempted it, but made matters worse, and were all but in conflict with the people. The night passed in restlessness and doubt. The next day government had taken no precautions; the troops were in their quarters; the multitude without control. In the evening all those set down on the rolls of the civic guard were summoned to arms;

the chiefs of the people led the movement. They began to hunt the conspirators; together with vagabonds and known spies were arrested men of honour and persons wholly unknown. The suspected houses were searched; Nardoni, Freddi, and Allai fled, while Benvenuti, the legal assessor of police, betook himself to a castle in the neighbourhood. One Minardi, a spy and a pander, escaped with difficulty. The mob would have him alive or dead; and they searched for him in his own house, those near it, and about the roofs, when padre Ventura, in the name of God and of the Pope, exhorted them to peace and good order, and by using the language at once of religion and freedom curbed their impetuosity. The arrests however were numerous. Some citizens, whom private animosities had marked out for public hatred, surrendered themselves prisoners of their own accord. Thus passed two days. Tranquillity gradually returned.'—Vol. ii. p. 392.

Into the details of what follows it would be impossible to enter. The pope had thrown himself into the torrent of reform, and was swept on by it involuntarily towards the goal he most dreaded. All Italy, meanwhile, was in commotion; and we may even say that the entire population of Europe experienced more or less the same agitation. In the Eternal City, ministers and systems of administration succeeded to each other, and disappeared with dramatic rapidity, until at length Rossi placed his abilities at the service of the pope, and undertook to stem the torrent of revolution. The exaltation of such a man to office, however, was in itself revolutionary, since it marked the triumph of the secular over the ecclesiastical principle. While appearing to be the friend of the papacy, he was regarded, therefore, as the enemy of the clergy; and, should any light be ever thrown on the tragical catastrophe which terminated his career, it may be found that the hand that struck him was directed by other influences than those which the world commonly dreams of. In justice to Farini, we shall extract the passage in which he describes this remarkable event, merely premising that we can discover in it no circumstances which render it in any respect more shocking than other political assassinations. To murder men for their opinions is always a crime, but in the eyes of philosophy it cannot increase the heinousness of the offence to state that the victims agree with us; the guilt is surely the same when their political creed is the antipodes of ours. The reader, however, will perceive that Farini thinks differently, since we cannot for a moment suppose that it is the mere rank of the victim which excites the historian's sympathy:—

'When the ordinary hour of the parliamentary sitting, which was about noon, had arrived, the people began to gather in the square of the Cancelleria, and by degrees in the courtyard, and then in the public galleries of the hall. Shortly all were full. A battalion of the civic guard was drawn up in the square; in the court and hall there was no

guard greater than ordinary. There were, however, not a few individuals armed with their daggers, in the dress of the volunteers returned from Vicenza, and wearing the medals with which the municipality of Rome had decorated them. They stood close together, and formed a line from the gate up to the staircase of the palace. Sullen visages were to be seen, and ferocious imprecations to be heard among them. During the time when the deputies were slowly assembling, and business could not commence, because there was not yet a quorum present, a cry for help suddenly proceeded from the extremity of the public gallery, on which every one turned thither a curious eye, but nothing more was heard or seen, and those who went to get some explanation on the subject returned without success.

‘In the meantime Rossi’s carriage entered the court of the palace. He sat on the right, and Righetti, deputy minister of finance, on the left. A howl was raised in the court and yard which echoed even into the hall of the council. Rossi got out first and moved briskly, as was his habit, in walking across the short space which leads from the centre of the court to the staircase on the left hand. Righetti, who descended after him, remained behind because the persons were in his way who raised the outcry, and who, brandishing their cutlasses, had surrounded Rossi, and were loading him with opprobrium. At this moment might be seen amidst the throng the flash of a poignard, and then Rossi, losing his feet, and sinking to the ground. Alas! he was spouting blood from a broad gash in the neck. He was raised by Righetti, but could hardly hold himself up, and did not articulate a syllable; his eyes grew clouded, and his blood spirted in a copious jet. Some of those, whom I named as clad in military uniform, were above upon the stairs; they came down, and formed a ring about the unhappy man, and when they saw him shedding blood and half lifeless they all turned and rejoined their companions. He was borne amidst his death struggle into the apartments of Cardinal Gazzoli, at the head of the stairs on the left side, and there, after a few minutes, he breathed his last.

‘In the hall of the council a kind of stir had been perceptible since that cry for help was heard, and since the din which had risen from below, when some deputies were seen to enter with countenances expressive of horror, and others, who were physicians or surgeons, such as Fabbri, Fusconi, Pantaleoni, to go out in haste. At the same time a report ran round the galleries that Rossi had been wounded. Each man then begins to question his neighbour with ears intent, and by look and gesture seeks for information. One hurriedly goes out, another as hurriedly comes in; one mounts from hall to gallery, another descends from gallery to hall; the uncertainty still continues, the breathlessness is prolonged; some give the lie to the fatal rumour, others again declare the minister not wounded only, but dead. Some of those present rose to demand an account of what had happened, and a reason for the stir, to which a deputy replied, they could not tell; then after awhile the president, Sturbinetti, takes the chair, and though scarcely twenty-five deputies were present, orders the minutes of the last sitting to be read. A low buzz may now be heard; the secretary begins to read; the deputies stand unheeding and absorbed, or go forth; the galleries grow thin, and soon the hall is void and mute. Not one voice was raised to protest before God and man against the

enormous crime ! Was this from fear ? Some have thought to term it prudence ; by foreign nations it is named disgrace.'—Ib. pp. 405—408.

From this time forward, all real concord was at end between the pope and the people. The former perceived that his measures and his ministers were distrusted, his designs seen through, and his powers of action nearly at an end. He lived, therefore, in perpetual fear of violence, yet had not the courage to attempt, or the genius to contrive, any effectual plan of resistance. Like a spent and exhausted swimmer, he gave himself to the direction of the stream, and was drifted blindly forward in helpless uncertainty ; still from time to time he endeavoured to inaugurate the policy of re-action, to allay popular enthusiasm, and trusted now to one contrivance, now to another, for emancipation from the dilemma in which he found himself placed. Farini blames the course he adopted, but without proving himself capable, even now, after the events, of pointing out any other that could have led to safety, except the one which Pius IX. was not inclined to follow. Had he boldly looked the revolution in the face, and placed himself at its head, with the knowledge that it was a revolution, he might have become the saviour of Italy ; and there can be no doubt that this great thought presented itself at times to his mind. But the intrepidity of the statesman was wanting. He looked back over the traditions of the papacy instead of forward over the opening prospects of humanity, and finding, like a pettifogging lawyer, no precedent, he muffled himself up closely in delusion and hypocrisy, and trusted for deliverance to the chapter of accidents. He dissembled at home and intrigued with the foreigner ; he wished to be thought a patriot while reaping the rewards of tyranny ; his soul had been steeped in the past, and taken its colour from it ; yet with the rashness of timidity he sought to make himself the man of the present, and to set an example to futurity.

At length it came to this, that Pius IX., breaking up one cabinet after another, was fain to succumb to the popular will, and to accept as ministers certain individuals pointed out by the people. Of course all regular government was now at an end ; for when the depositaries of authority are named and selected out of doors, the sovereign, whether one or many, must be admitted to have abdicated. In moments of excitement nations have been driven to this ; but wherever it occurs, it is a proof that the institutions of that country have become effete, and require to be replaced by others. In the present case, the pope desired to place one set of men at the head of affairs, while the Roman people required another. Among the latter was Galletti who had just arrived at the capital, and was in supreme favour with the multitude.

'The insurgents moved from the Piazza del Popolo, multiplying as they marched. Common people, civic guards, soldiers of all arms and ranks, drew towards the palace of the Cancellaria, to find deputies who might be willing to be the bearers to the sovereign of their demands; namely, a constituent assembly for Italy, and a democratic ministry, comprising the Neapolitan Salicetti, Sterbini, and Campello. Others propounded the names of Sereni, Mamiani, and Marini: all denounced those of Recchi, Minghetti, and Parolini. On their way from the Cancellaria palace to the Quirinal, they met Galletti, applauded him, and would have his company as a deputy to the pope. The gates of the palace were closed, no guard outside, but only the Swiss sentinel with his halbert. Within, there was the usual guard of honour, the usual Swiss halberdiers, the usual handful of carabineers, perhaps a dozen; in all, eighty or an hundred men. Galletti, Livio, Mariani, and Sterbini, with some other envoys or captains of the populace, went in. Galletti gave an account of what had occurred, and stated the demands and the dangers of the hour. The pope indignantly refused to come to terms with insurgents. Galletti besought in vain; he had to announce to them, that the pope would not give way in the face of violence, that he must deliberate in entire freedom. At these tidings the tumultuous throng was maddened and cried to arms; and in a moment the commonalty, those who had come back from Vicenza, the civic guardsmen, the carabineers, the foot soldiers, run for arms, and return to the Quirinal. They surround it, press forward, try to get in; and on resistance by the Swiss sentinels, become more enraged, put fire to one of the gates, mount upon the roofs and bell-towers in the vicinity, begin to fire their pieces at the walls, gates, and windows; when the Swiss fire in return. Musket-shots resound through the city, and a rumour spreads that the Swiss are butchering the people, the soldiers of Italy, the civic guards; that already some are dead, and more wounded. Hereupon there is a fresh concourse; a strong company of carabineers, under Calderari, reaches the spot; the insurgents suspect they may be attacked, and for a moment there is uncertainty and apprehension. Calderari receives a slight wound in the face; from what quarter does not appear, whether from the carabineers or the insurgents. He keeps back the former, stretches out his hand to the latter; declares he is their friend, and is come to help them. Thus it fares on the outside, while within all is hesitation or submissiveness. Few advise the sovereign to resist, many to yield; the diplomatists have no scheme to offer; the scuffle continues; the worthy prelate, Monsignor Palma, falls dead by the window of his own apartment; balls reach the anti-chamber of the pope. Then they send to find Galletti; he arrives, goes among the insurgents, returns to the pope, advises concessions; but the pope will not yield. The multitude, grown weary of procrastination, wants to beat down the gates; already a gun is dragged into the Piazza, and pointed; and but for Torri it would be fired. The Swiss hold true; their captain swears to the pope they will to a man make a shield of their breasts, or a bulwark of their corpses about his sacred person; but all resistance would now be fruitless. Some one states, that divers trusty messengers, sent to seek for succours, had effected nothing. Most of the courtiers are distracted, and weary both the Almighty and the pope with their entreaties to give way.

Pius IX. turns to the diplomatic body, who stand around him, 'Look,' he says—'where we stand; there is no hope of resistance—already a prelate is slain in my very palace; shots are aimed at it; artillery levelled. We are pressed and besieged by the insurgents. To avoid fruitless bloodshed and increased enormities, we give way; but as you see, gentlemen, it is only to force: so we protest. Let the courts, let your governments know, we give way to violence alone: all we concede is invalid, is null, is void. Having spoken thus, he called Cardinal Soglia, and at once ordered him to agree with Galletti about the formation of a new ministry.'—*Ib.* pp. 413—421.

The result of a council thus taken, and of a ministry founded upon such principles, might have been easily foreseen. No real satisfaction was experienced by the people, while the government was humiliated and distressed. Further conflicts became inevitable; until at length, on the 24th of November, the pope despairing of maintaining his position, fled from Rome like a criminal. Ever since his elevation, he had lived under foreign influence; foreign diplomatists had dictated the prohibition of popular assemblages. Foreign governments had supplied the ideas upon which his administration had been constantly conducted; and now Madame Spaur, wife of the minister of Bavaria, took his holiness under her protection, and, by way of Terracina, fled towards the kingdom of Naples.

Here Farini's history is brought to a close. The next volume will conduct us through the events of the triumvirate and the siege of Rome by the French, on which for the present we reserve our opinion. It will be sufficient to declare it when a complete narrative of the transactions is before us.

With respect to the translation, we regret not to be able to speak of it in terms of praise. Had it not been published in Mr. Gladstone's name, we should have supposed it to be executed by some foreigner altogether unacquainted with the elegances of our language. It abounds with vulgarisms, which impart the appearance of sordidness and meanness to events important in themselves. We had made a list of expressions comically absurd, but found it would be too long for insertion. Even the meaning of the author is often not given, and this, through the affectation of employing idioms which ought never to be found in the mouth of an educated person. This may seem to be severe; but no one, we feel persuaded, can read the work without being thoroughly convinced of its justice. When Mr. Gladstone's next volume comes before us, we trust we shall find it less deformed by this description of faults, though, from the whole make of the man's mind, it is impossible to expect terse, elevated, or idiomatic language.

ART. II.—*Wesley and Methodism.* By Isaac Taylor. London : Longmans. 1851.

As the portrait painter does not need to flatter the noble and beautiful countenance, so the truly great and good man does not need from his biographer an extravagant and indiscriminating eulogium. For such a man a truthful biography is the most precious tribute and the worthiest monument. It has been the misfortune of Wesley and of Methodism, that neither the man nor the system has been (unless in the volume now before us) portrayed by a critic at once competent and impartial.

Wesley's first biographers were his grateful and admiring disciples. They wrote in the spirit in which the children of a departed parent plant flowers, with reverent and loving hands, upon his grave. Their volumes contain materials for an estimate of Wesley's character, rather than furnish such an estimate.

If Southey was not a competent and impartial biographer of Wesley, the reason certainly is not to be found in any excess of love and reverence for his subject. Wesley's evangelical faith, self-devoting piety, and burning zeal, were excellences too spiritual and heavenly to be within the range of the Laureate's sympathies, at the time when he chose the life and labours of the first methodists, as the theme on which to employ his ever active and graceful pen. In a mere literary point of view, a more competent biographer could scarcely have been wished for. His love of reading carried him through the many volumes, an acquaintance with which was necessary to the performance of his task. His literary skill was shown in the production of one of the most fascinating biographies ever written—a book which Coleridge speaks of reading for the twentieth time, and seems to have continued to read and enrich with *marginalia* almost until his death. But Southey writes of Wesley coldly—because with an unsympathizing heart. His bigoted churchmanship constantly restrains him, when he seems about to be captivated by Wesley's delight in doing good, and earnest efforts to save the souls of men, whether by methods regular or irregular, according to the principles defended in 'the Book of the Church.' His low and inadequate views of the Christian life completely disqualified him from judging rightly of the leading features of Wesley's character, and the chief results of his labours. Southey, the poet and philosopher, could not worthily portray Wesley the saint.

Appended to the last edition of Southey's 'Life of Wesley' is a beautiful fragment, by Alexander Knox, consisting of observations suggested chiefly by his perusal of Southey's book, and intended for his perusal. Those of our readers who are acquainted with Knox's 'Essays and Correspondence,' will anticipate from him a full-hearted sympathy with Wesley's serene and beautiful piety. Yet he also writes as a churchman, and as a churchman who in his recluse musings had been framing or imbibing superstitious theories of sacramental efficacy, which have not been without influence on the Puseyism since fully developed in the Oxford 'Tracts.' If he had attempted a complete portraiture of Wesley, this superstitious bias would have given, unconsciously to himself, an inaccurate colouring to the picture. A complete portraiture Knox did not attempt. He writes only of Wesley's moral and religious excellence. Of this he speaks from long and very intimate personal knowledge; and it is delightful to read the testimony which his very heart utters. We quote a few lines from this testimony:—

'The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed the gay remembrance of a life well spent; and wherever he went he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw in his uninterrupted cheerfulness the excellency of true religion. For my own part, I never was so happy as while with him, and scarcely ever felt more poignant regret than at parting from him, for well I knew I ne'er should "look upon his like again."'

Richard Watson was first Southey's controversial critic, and then his rival as a biographer. In the latter capacity he wrote with good taste and with eminent ability. He is not greatly inferior even to the Laureate in literary skill; but he seems never to forget that he is a polemic as well as a biographer. Hence he writes like a lawyer whose brief is never out of his hand. His narrative is encumbered by perpetual controversial digressions; and when at the close of the book he might be expected to put forth his whole strength and skill in an estimate of the character of the founder of Methodism, he shrinks from the task, as if confessing that he distrusted himself, doubting whether he could write impartially on such a theme, and he substitutes various sketches, chiefly from anonymous periodical writers of the time at which Wesley died.

Our readers will remember the interest which was awakened some twelve months ago, when there appeared among the

announcements of books preparing for the press, 'Wesley and Methodism,' by Isaac Taylor, author of 'Ignatius Loyola and Jesuitism.' Then it seemed that, for the first time, a biographer both competent and impartial had undertaken the task in which previous writers either had failed or attained only very partial success. In general literary ability, Mr. Taylor has, amongst living authors, very few superiors. Of special qualifications for the present work his 'Natural History of Enthusiasm' and his 'Spiritual Despotism' gave ample assurance; since Wesley had been accused of enthusiasm, and Methodism alleged (whether truly or falsely) to be a system of spiritual despotism. Here, then, was a judge engaged in hearing evidence on both sides, and about to pronounce what seemed likely to be a just decision. In one respect only did Mr. Taylor's qualifications seem defective; that is, in personal acquaintance with Methodism. The recluse of Stamford Rivers was not likely to have attended class-meetings or love-feasts, or to have engaged in revival prayer-meetings, or to have listened frequently to travelling preachers.

By education a Congregationalist, by conviction an Episcopalian, it seemed unreasonable to expect that he would write with thorough sympathy and full knowledge of a system greatly differing both from Independency and Episcopacy; yet even on these accounts, we are more likely to obtain the results of *impartial* consideration from him: and, all things considered, it seemed likely that we should find in the volume now before us a truthful portrait of Wesley and a just estimate of Methodism.

It is in no irreverent or self-confident temper that Mr. Taylor applies himself to his task. He well observes, that 'as often as we cite another to our tribunal the sentence has a double import, and may be read off, first, as touching the party so cited, but also as touching ourselves. We decide according to our own dispositions, our principles, and moral condition.' He wishes that we should go into Methodism—'the Methodism of the past, not of the present time, 'ingenuously and modestly,' 'fairly to measure it and ourselves also with it, perhaps to gather thence some sharp lessons of humiliation.'

The book consists of four parts, in which the author discourses concerning *The Founders*, *The Substance*, and *The Form of Methodism*, and of *The Methodism of the Time Coming*. The first is the only part of the work which is biographical, and in this no complete narrative is attempted. It is supposed that the reader has acquired from other sources an acquaintance with the lives of John and Charles Wesley and their 'fellow-workers unto the Kingdom of God,' and that he needs only to have his recollection refreshed and his judgment aided, perhaps corrected.

To those who, like ourselves, expected a full, though a miniature portraiture of Wesley's character, as a man, a Christian, a Christian minister, and a distinguished instrument in a great national religious revival, this part of the book must be somewhat disappointing. There are but few sentences in which any attempt is made to delineate character; and they are not wrought into one paragraph, but scattered over many, and incidentally introduced. Glimpses are given us of Wesley's home, school, college; but glimpses only; and our author then hastens to critical and somewhat controversial remarks on Moravianism; on Calvinism, as adopted by Whitefield and rejected by Wesley; and on ascetic extravagance and superstitious credulity, as ulcers in the heart of Romanism, spots only on the face of Methodism—spots which quickly disappeared when the Methodists admitted the gospel, in its grandeur and simplicity, into their hearts.

The title of the section 'Wesley the Founder of an Institute,' awakens the expectation, that in it the leading features of Wesley's intellectual character will be placed before us; but, again, we have little that is biographical. The section is an anticipation of other parts of the volume, in which the substance and the form of Methodism are specially considered. So far as we have in this section any delineation of personal character, it is striking and decisive. Mr. Taylor speaks, in sentences soon to be quoted, with the clearness, and something even of the brevity, of the judge, when he gives to Wesley the highest praise, as a master of administrative skill.

We will attempt, under our author's guidance, using freely his materials and frequently adopting his words, to present a sketch of John Wesley, as, at this distance of time, he appears to the Christian mind—to a mind delighting to discover and celebrate his excellencies, but not willingly blind to his frailties and his faults.

Born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, of parents who, Non-conformists by birth, were Conformists from conviction, John Wesley inherited from his father the 'stern moral force and religious individuality' which marked his personal religious character and course; and from his mother 'the love of order, and abhorrence of anarchy,' which are to be traced in the compact ecclesiastical constitution of Methodism.

Nurtured in the parsonage of an English parish clergyman, his mind was imbued with the truths of holy scripture, as those truths are expressed and embodied (not without some alloy of Romish superstition) in the Book of Common Prayer. He was taught classical literature at the Charter-house school, and 'as a boy learned to suffer wrongfully with a cheerful patience,

and to conform himself to cruel despotisms without acquiring either the slave's temper or the despot's.' Oxford 'brought out the robustness of his intellectual structure.' As the student, and afterwards as the teacher of logic, he passed through much discipline of great value to him in later life, but logic was certainly not to him, at that period, an instrument either for the discovery of religious truth, or the detection of religious error. Oxford was to Wesley rather the sombre cell of the ascetic than the pleasant and meditative home of the student. By prayer and fasting, by readings in Jeremy Taylor and Thomas à Kempis, and, having left Oxford, by conversations with Moravian brethren on his voyage to America, and, after his return, by similar conversations in England and in Germany also, he sought '*the truth and peace*,' and at length beheld 'God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself,' 'the just God and the Saviour' freely justifying the believer in Jesus. Then 'his chains fell off: his heart was free.' He was filled with all joy, and peace, and hope in believing, and from that hour to the close of his long and ever active life, his whole spirit, and soul, and body, were consecrated to the glory of God, and to the salvation of men.

As a theologian, he was clear rather than consistent, comprehensive, and profound; as a scholar, accurate rather than rich; as a writer, he draws from 'the well of English undefiled,' and might be studied by many later writers, much to their improvement, as a model of simplicity, clearness, and strength. They might learn, in the study of his more carefully composed treatises, that the language of Shakspeare, Bacon, and Bunyan has copiousness, majesty, and sweetness enough to render the new words they are so ready to coin quite superfluous. What Wesley was, as a preacher, no living witness can tell us. The results of his preaching, the seals of his ministry, and even the wild excitements which sometimes followed it, make us sure that 'his word was with power.' It was power of the highest kind, not the power of impassioned oratory, speaking in every look and gesture of Whitfield; nor of splendid imagery and life-like pictorial illustration, as in the winged words of Chalmers; nor of the perfect combination of conclusive reasoning, graceful ornament, and impassioned utterance as in Robert Hall: it was the power of calm, majestic earnestness; of faith perfectly undoubting; of love to God and man, by which his mien was 'transfigured,' so that they who steadfastly listened and gazed 'saw his face as it had been the face of an angel,' and 'could not resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake.'

A gift, even more important than this power as a preacher,

was his constructive and administrative faculty. 'In dealing' (we quote Mr. Taylor's sentences), 'in dealing with whatever may belong to a process of organization, or of marshalling a host for a single initiatory purpose, Wesley has never been surpassed by civil, military, or ecclesiastical mechanists; nor has he been surpassed by any general, statesman, or churchman, in administrative skill.' His society was formed gradually, and, for the purposes of a society, as distinguished from those of a church, its structure was as nearly perfect as is permitted to the invention of man. His administration of it, his management of the complex machine, showed talent and tact, firmness as to principles, with flexibleness in details, which seemed to meet every emergency, avert every peril, and promise the conquest of the world to Methodism, if the founder of Methodism could have been immortal on earth.

But the time came that Wesley must die. He had survived his brother Charles, whom, till death parted them, for a little while, he had loved, in spite of great differences of opinion and frequent discussions; and whose hymns were constantly on his lips, because they were written on his heart. He had survived his friend and fellow-worker, Fletcher of Madely, also; who, while his champion as a controversialist, was, by a strange combination of qualities, his pattern as a saint. For John Wesley aspired to be not the philosopher, the scholar, the orator, nor even, as his chief object, the leader of men, and their spiritual governor, for their good, but to be himself a saint indeed, a Christian growing up into Christ in all things, attaining the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. And herein God gave him the desire of his heart. He was not faultless. The faultless are to be found only before the throne of God. He had the infirmity of credulousness, not, as those who will see no fault in him say, according to the measure of his age, but far beyond it, beyond the measure of any age, except those which could receive and transmit the legends of the Roman-catholic saints. It is mortifying, Mr. Taylor observes, to see his 'powerful mind bending like a straw in the wind before every whiff of the supernatural.' He had a far more injurious infirmity, in his undue self-confidence—a confidence, however, almost inevitable to one who was surrounded by men, his inferiors in nearly every respect, his instruments rather than his counsellors, who were only 'to *help him when, where, and how he pleased.*' One result of this infirmity—a result already most calamitous, and which threatens to be fatal—was his stereotyping the Methodism of his 'Poll Deed,' his four volumes of 'Sermons,' and his 'Notes on the New Testament,' and binding it, so far as Law can bind Thought, upon the souls of all the

Methodist preachers as long as Methodism shall endure. This was by far his gravest fault; but even this, and whatever other faults impaired the excellence of his character, are only proofs that perfection is never found among the fallen children of men. In the heart and life, in the words and deeds of John Wesley, there were combined in beautiful symmetry whatsoever things are true, venerable, and just, with whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. From his dying chamber he might have sent forth, with scarcely less confidence than the apostle, whom in ardour and activity he so much resembled, the charge—‘Those things which ye had both learned and received, and heard and *seen* in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.’ ‘His was a personal virtue that was not merely unblemished, for it was luminously bright. His countenance shone with goodness, truth, purity, benevolence: a sanctity belonged to him which those near him felt, as if it were a power with which the atmosphere was fraught.’ His death was the crown of his life. His passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death was in perfect peace. Never, since the days of the apostles, did earth lose one who had contributed more to spread scriptural holiness among men. Never, since those days of inspiration, did heaven receive one for whom a larger company of spiritual children was waiting, to be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

We must notice, though far more briefly than we wish, the exquisite chapter which Mr. Taylor gives regarding Charles Wesley. We do not remember any passage in Mr. Taylor’s writings equal in all respects to this. It is very brief, yet very comprehensive; beautiful in expression, and full of wisdom in thought. It is from this chapter that extracts may best be taken. We wish, indeed, that our space would permit us to enrich our pages with the whole. Our readers will welcome two or three paragraphs. Those who have already read them in the volume will delight to have them presented to their attention afresh:—

‘As his brother’s friend, adviser, and colleague, Charles exerted an influence that was almost always corrective and salutary. Less credulous than John, less sudden in his apprehensions, and proportionately more discriminative and cautious, his mind reached its maturity earlier; and this maturity was itself of a riper sort. But then his prejudices, as a churchman, were less flexible; his reserve and modesty were greater, and unless the superior force of his brother’s character had carried him forward beyond his own limit, he must soon have withdrawn from public life, and then he would have been known only, if at all, as the author of some sacred poetry of rare excellence. But these very hymns, if the author had not been connected with Methodism, would have shown a very different

phase, for while the depth and richness of them are the writer's, the epigrammatic intensity and the *pressure* which marks them belong to Methodism. They may be regarded as the representatives of a modern devotional style which has prevailed quite as much beyond the boundaries of the Wesleyan community as within it. Charles Wesley's hymns on the one hand, and those of Toplady, Cowper, and Newton on the other, mark that great change in religious sentiment which distinguishes the times of Methodism from the staid non-conforming era of Watts and Doddridge.

'Better constituted than his brother for domestic enjoyment, Charles had a happy home, where the gentle affections of a gentle nature found room to expand; and it was thus that he became qualified to shed into the methodistic world something of a redeeming influence which John could never have imparted. Charles Wesley's mind was an ameliorating ingredient, serving to call forth and to cherish those kindlier emotions with which a religion of preaching—a religion of public services—so much needs to be attempered. His personal ministrations, no doubt, had this tendency in some degree, but it was by his sacred lyre, still more than as a preacher, that he tamed the rudeness of untaught minds, and gained a listening ear for the harmonies of heaven, and of earth, too, among such.'—pp. 89, 90.

Several paragraphs follow, which, most reluctantly, we must omit. They contain a graphic description of an old-fashioned Methodist congregation singing, with heart and voice, the hymn,—

'O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!'

Every reader will feel that this scene must be from the life. To this there follows a high eulogium of the hymns generally, both in their doctrinal and devotional characteristics, and some observations, well deserving to be pondered, on the importance of psalms and hymns considered as 'the liturgical element,' in the worship even of those churches that do not use liturgical prayers. 'The Hymn Book to such bodies comes in the stead of creed, articles, canons, and presiding power.' Mr. Taylor will think us in error; nevertheless we must say we heartily welcome the change. The Hymn Book is dear for its own sake, and dearer still if it helps to secure our deliverance from the frozen creed, and the exclusive and uncharitable canon. But we will not dispute. We prefer to give the beautiful and noble concluding paragraph of Mr. Taylor's tribute to the sweet singer of Methodism:—

'“Hymns and psalms and spiritual songs,” a species of literature in which the English language is more rich than any other, administer comfort, excitement, and instruction, to an extent, and in a degree, which never can be calculated. The robust in body and mind, the earthly, the frivolous, and the sordid, know nothing of that solace, of that renovation of the heart which sacred poetry is every day conveying to the spirits of

tens of thousands around them. It is not merely when sickness has slackened the cords of life, but also when the heart has become benumbed by the cares and toils of a common day, and when even the understanding is rendered obtuse, it is then that the hymn and psalm, at a late hour, restore the spirit, and give renewed clearness, by giving consistency to the distracted intellect, and so lead the soul back to its place of rest in the presence of things "unseen and *eternal*." Among those to whose compositions millions of souls owe inestimable benefits in this manner, Charles Wesley stands, if not foremost, yet inferior to few.'—p. 94.

We must pass over entirely the sketches of Whitfield, Fletcher, Coke, Lady Huntingdon, and the other 'honorable' men and 'women,' not a few, 'who formed The Methodistic Company,' and laboured, whether apart from each other, or with each other, for the spread of the gospel. The chief matters of the volume claim more than all our space. At the conclusion of the division on the Founders of Methodism, there are several paragraphs relating to the founders and martyrs of the English Church, and to the Puritans and Nonconformists, Howe, Baxter, Charnock, Manton, Bates, and Flavel, in which there is much to invite remark; but we may not indulge either our readers with extracts, or ourselves in commentary. Mr. Taylor's promised book on the Nonconformists of the past age will soon, we hope, instruct and delight us by the fuller consideration of these themes.

In the second part of his volume, our author treats of *the substance* of the Methodism of the last century. He inquires 'what it is which distinguishes it on the one hand from that religious condition which it found existing, and, on the other, from that which has come into its place, and which now surrounds ourselves?'

Though this question is so distinctly proposed, we are obliged to say that it is not distinctly answered. Here we have to complain, as other reviewers have done, in respect to Mr. Taylor's writings, of want of clearness. We cannot help contrasting him, in this respect, with another of the lights of our age—Archbishop Whately. Some may say of the archbishop, as Mr. Taylor says of Wesley, that he is 'a shrewd and sharp logician, not a master of the higher reason.' For ourselves as readers, and as reviewers, desiring much to give a just deliverance, we greatly regret the absence, in this part of Mr. Taylor's book, of those clear and brief marginal summaries of the contents of every paragraph, which the great logician is wont to give, and by means of which, had they been furnished, we might have stated, in Mr. Taylor's own words, and without risk of misrepresenting him, what are the four elements into which he has divided the substance of Methodism.

As to what these four elements are *not*, he speaks clearly enough. They are neither new doctrines nor new rules of Christian life. The doctrinal peculiarities he holds to be comparatively trivial; the disciplinary arrangements he excludes from the *distinctive* characteristics of methodism. What, then, are these four really distinctive 'elements of the great methodistic revival?'

The first is a vivid feeling of our relationship to an unseen Sovereign and Judge, and to an unseen and eternal world, in which the sentence of the judge will be executed on every human spirit. It is the awakening of the religious as distinguished from the moral sense—the awakening of the soul to the dread realities of a righteous judge and an eternal retribution.

The second is a vivid 'reflex' feeling of the relation of the Father of Spirits to the individual spirit thus awakened to a divine life. This feeling must needs blend with the first, in order to any permanent spiritual renovation. Yet our author seems afraid of it, or doubtful of its practical results. He speaks of it as tending to produce a piety morbidly personal—a perilous habit of brooding over our inward experiences, and speaking of them, as in the class-meetings of the Methodists. This morbidly individual form of piety which Mr. Taylor holds to be specially methodistical, he contrasts, dimly indeed, yet repeatedly, with some church form of piety—which he traces to the apostles—perceives morbidly developed in the Church of Rome, and prominently manifested in the English Church—but which, unhappily for us, he does not clearly describe in his own pages. One cannot help doubting whether this Church idea of Christian piety is very clearly defined in his own mind. Methodism, however, had, for its second element, this vivid feeling of relationship between the individual spirit and the Father of Spirits.

We have examined three times the chapter on the third element; but are not yet sure that we know what that third element is. After three pages of preliminary remarks, we are said to 'come in sight of that which we are now in search of—namely, that which was the principal and the harmonizing element of the methodistic revival.' We expect to have immediately a distinct statement of this principal and harmonizing element. We look for the large type, in which Mr. Taylor sometimes presents the words which express his leading thoughts—but instead of this, we have several singularly beautiful paragraphs concerning HIM the one Christ our God and Saviour—His participation in our nature—His sympathy with us—and our peace through Him, and concerning the process by which our spirit is led to the enjoyment of this peace. But

the writer seems to have lost '*sight*' of that third element of Methodism which he promised to show us—or to be so dazzled by its brightness that he forgets to show it to his readers. Certainly he nowhere says distinctly what is. We infer, after our repeated readings of the whole section relating to this third element, that it is a vivid consciousness of personal, present salvation through the Son of God, and an habitual fellowship between the redeemed and restored human spirit and the *personal Redeemer*, the shepherd and bishop of souls.

The fourth element is 'evangelic philanthropy.' This is given to us in large type in the second sentence of the section. We are thankful not to be left to inference, and obliged to doubt whether our inference is correctly drawn. As to the section itself we pass it over as a digression—a digression relating to Christian missions in connexion with the epistles of the New Testament, well deserving of separate discussion, but having scarcely any connexion with that analysis of Methodism which we are now considering.

Our present question is—'Do these four elements constitute a true analysis of the Methodism of the last century?' Was it distinguished, by these four characteristics, from the religious condition by which it was preceded, and from that which now surrounds us? For ourselves, with the reverence of which even reviewers need not be destitute, when studying the opinions of a prince in literature, we must say that we cannot receive the analysis as correct—we cannot recognise the features as really distinctive. To us it seems that these four elements belong to genuine Christianity, always and everywhere; nor have we perceived any more marked and powerful manifestation of any one of them, or of the whole of them, in Methodism, than in *every* revival of the spirit and the power of Christianity, from the beginning until now.

To have the eye of the understanding opened to behold the Righteous Judge, the final tribunal, the world of retribution;—to have the heart broken in godly sorrow for sin, healed by the assurance of a Father's pardon and a Saviour's sympathy and care, and filled with love to God and love to mankind—with evangelic philanthropy—these are the elements not of Methodism only, or chiefly, or in any way distinctively, but of Christianity—Apostolical, Reformed, Puritan, Nonconformist — of the Christianity which gives peace to our own hearts and hallows our homes. Retribution, reconciliation, restoration—for ourselves and for our race, to the love and the likeness of God in Christ—these were the thoughts and words which kindled the soul of Paul, and 'turned the world upside down;' these words Luther read, believed, spake as in thunder, till Europe reverbe-

rated with the awful yet joyful sound ; these words Baxter proclaimed in piercing tones, and Doddridge echoed in tones milder, but not less sincere ; these words Robert Moffat translates into the barbarous languages of Africa, and the heathen believe and tremble—believe and love. If we were asked for the distinctive characteristics of Methodism, we should point to two, not to four. The first would be traced to the religious condition of England at the time when Wesley and his fellow-labourers began to preach ; the second would be found in the prominence given in the Methodist preaching to the doctrine of the New Birth, in the likeness of God, and the enjoyment of the peace of God. The religious condition of England was that of professed faith in Christianity and real ignorance of it. The people were roused to think of the meaning of their own words—the words read in their churches, printed, though rarely read, in their family Bibles ; recognised in baptisms, marriages, funerals, in courts of law, as well as in churches and houses. The masses of the people, when these truths were clearly and powerfully set before them by the Methodist preacher, did not deny, as would an infidel nation, like the French ; or dispute, as would a sceptical nation, like the German ; or reject, as would a popish nation, like the Spanish ; but, in vast multitudes, they believed and turned to the Lord. The truth taught to them by these preachers was not chiefly the doctrine of justification by faith alone, as in Luther's day and to his hearers. Luther's (which is Paul's) doctrine on this subject was taught both by Wesley and Whitfield and the fellow-workers with them both ; but in Wesley's ministry the chief place was given to the doctrine that we are born again through the truth, by the spirit ; and that, by this new birth we enter upon a spiritual life, in which holiness secures happiness, purity gives and guards perfect peace, and the soul, bearing the image, is a partaker of the felicity, of the blessed God.

For description of the spiritual life, as a life of sanctity and bliss, Wesley's later writings are richer than those of any divine whose works were read currently in his day, or are so read in our own day in English homes.

It would be scarcely possible, even were it desirable, to consider the *Form* of Wesleyan Methodism apart from the unhappy and most baneful controversies which now agitate and convulse the Methodist Connexion. Mr. Taylor wishes to shun these waters of strife, but cannot entirely avoid them. He formally disclaims any intention of meddling in these disputes :—‘ Are we, then,’ he says ‘ so bold as to entertain the thought of schooling the extant Wesleyan body ; or do we propose to advise

“Conference,” or to utter judgment in causes now pending between it and any of its unruly members? Certainly to no such high purposes as these is the reader, in the present instance, to be made a party.’ We make no such disclaimer. On the contrary, we apply ourselves to this part of the book mainly that we may gather from it suggestions to which thoughtful and dispassionate Wesleyans will do well to take heed. Mr. Taylor modestly asks—‘May there not be room for the intervention of any whose only solitudes and whose only jealousies relate to that Christianity which is common to all evangelic bodies?’ We are sure there is both room and need for such intervention: and though the Wesleyan Conference and its official writers have hitherto met with frowns or sneers all the counsels offered to them by persons not of their own body, we shall not be deterred from laying before such of the Methodist preachers and people as may read these pages some counsels suggested by Mr. Taylor’s book in its bearing on the present state of the Wesleyan church, and prompted by a sincere and prayerful desire for the healing of their divisions and the restoration of their prosperity and peace.

The form of Wesleyan Methodism Mr. Taylor considers as fourfold, namely:—

- I. A scheme of evangelical aggression.
- II. A system of religious discipline and instruction as toward the people;
- III. A hierarchy, or system of spiritual government;
- IV. An establishment or body corporate, related to civil law and equity.

With the section on evangelic aggression, few, if any, persons will differ. Itinerancy, with the greatest and best of the preachers as the chief, the most laborious itinerants, all will confess to be one of the mightiest agencies for spreading the knowledge of Christ and for arousing the attention of those in whom even the name of Jesus had ceased to inspire intelligent reverence and love.

The section on religious discipline brings forward matter which, when present controversies have subsided, must give rise to discussions not inferior in importance even to those now so violently agitated. At present all the divisions of the Wesleyan family adhere to itinerancy. The old body is bound to it by civil law. We fear some of the younger bodies have forged similar fetters for themselves. All of them prefer an itinerant ministry, either from prejudice, or choice, or a sense of its necessity, in the absence of pastors fully educated for their work. Yet in the different Methodist churches there are individuals—preachers and laymen also—who begin to see and feel that,

however efficient the preaching of itinerants may be in the work of aggression, it is most painfully inefficient for the discipline and instruction of the people, and especially of those among the people who had received a good education, and have been trained in Christian families. To the preacher himself, the itinerant plan is almost an unmixed evil. It deprives him of the stimulus to systematic study, which nearly all minds find to be indispensable, especially in these days of desultory reading and attendance upon public meetings. It tends to injure the minister in respect to some of the highest moral qualities which a pastor should possess, depriving him of that *permanent* interest in the peace and prosperity of his flock, which would render it almost impossible that he should rend and scatter it in deference to any of the maxims promulgated by the Conference regarding pastoral power. Nor are the evils of itinerancy chiefly felt by the preachers. The people are deprived by it of the complete instruction in religious truth and moral duty to which the resident pastor is led for the refreshment and solace of his own heart, as well as for the benefit of his hearers. In particular, it renders next to impossible that continued exposition of entire books of scripture which has long been cultivated by ministers and valued by congregations in Scotland, and is becoming more common in England. Such expository discourses can be given only by the minister who has leisure 'among his lexicons and his commentaries, in his study, the blessed place of his converse with all minds and with heaven, for perpetually extending and retaining his acquisition as a Biblical expositor,' and who addresses the same congregation regularly and frequently from year to year. There is to the people a greater disadvantage even than this forfeiture of the chief benefits of pulpit instruction, in the absence from their homes of that pastoral influence which can be acquired only when the pastor is the faithful and beloved friend, the friend whose tears have often mingled with his people's tears in their sorrows, and whose smiles have reflected and multiplied their joys; whom they have known so long and so well, that he is nearer to their hearts than any earthly friend, except those who form their own family circle.

The class-leader is not unfrequently thus endeared by sympathy, in gladness and in grief, to the members of his class. The travelling preacher, however gentle and affectionate, cannot be so to his flock. Itinerancy sternly forbids the formation of a relationship so tender and so pre-eminently Christian, or rudely breaks it as soon as its strength and sweetness are beginning to be felt. To one who knows what it is to be a pastor, or to have one, in the true meaning of the term, it is most mournful

to read the hard disputes about the pastoral authority which now fill Wesleyan publications. The struggle for the power to expel is indeed a sad spectacle. The true pastor obtains power without struggling for it, or even speaking of it, or thinking about it; but it is power not proclaimed and paraded, not seen, except by its results. It is the power of superior knowledge, wisdom, and piety; and of counsels given in the meekness of wisdom, and obeyed not of constraint, but willingly,—obeyed from the heart.

Mr. Taylor has sketched such a pastor. We may venture to conjecture that it is no fancy picture, but one drawn from the hallowed remembrance of the pastoral home in which his own early years were spent. He speaks of—

‘The exhibition—from year to year, of fervent, consistent piety, in its aspects of wisdom, meekness, self-command, devotedness, in the person of the loved and revered father of his congregation—the man who is greeted on the threshold of every house by the children, and whose hand is seized as a prize by whoever can first win it—the man who is always first thought of in the hour of domestic dismay or anguish—the man whose saddened countenance, when he must administer rebuke, inflicts a pain upon the guilty, the mere thought of which avails for much in the hour of temptation. It is the pastor, an affection for whom has, in the lapse of years, become the characteristic of a neighbourhood, and the bond of love among those who otherwise would not have had one feeling in common.’—p. 244.

As the local preachers, whom Mr. Taylor unduly depreciates, are most efficient allies in the ‘aggressive’ work of Methodism; so the class-leaders are more than allies, they are the chief agents in the work of Christian training. With respect to class-meetings, Mr. Taylor is completely mistaken. We may be sure, as we read his pages, that he has never ‘met in class.’ Had he done so with a class-leader of not more than average intelligence and experience in the Christian life, he would not have supposed that the class meetings resemble the confessional, and that those who attend them listen to those polluting disclosures of inward corruption which are poured into the ear and defile the soul of the Romish priest. The class-leader does not demand an ‘*unreserved*’ exposure of a week’s sin and temptation. Still less do the members ‘disgorge before all, with remorseless disregard of delicacy, reserve, and diffidence, all the moral ills of the past seven days.’ The real defect generally is just the opposite of these. The answers to the leader’s question tend to become almost as stereotyped as the question itself, and the meeting degenerates into a formal routine, like the questions and answers of a catechism. Still, notwithstanding defects to which all human institutions are liable, the class,

meeting renders to many minds most valuable aid in Christian culture. It is the best part of Methodism. However easy it may be to point out its defects, it is very difficult to suggest a way of avoiding those defects while securing its advantages.

The third feature in the form of Wesleyan Methodism—a hierarchy or scheme of spiritual government—brings us into the midst of the principles and practices which are now the subject of fierce controversy, and which have been the cause or the occasion of all the strifes which have at various periods devastated the Connexion. These principles and practices may be thus stated and described:—Mr. Wesley formed not a Christian Church, but a Society, supplementary to Christian churches, and designed to be helpful to their ministers and members. He claimed for himself, and delegated to his ‘assistants’ or ‘helpers,’ the power to admit to the privileges of his society, and to exclude from those privileges; but it was most clearly understood that this exclusion was not excommunication from the Church of Christ. Now this society has become the Wesleyan Church, and the Conference takes Mr. Wesley’s power over his voluntary association as the model of the power of the superintendents of circuits (subject only to the Conference) over the Church of God. Their prize essayist on the pastoral office claims for them the power,—‘1st. To receive candidates into church fellowship, having first judged of their fitness for that privilege; 2nd. To remove from the body the disobedient and incorrigible; 3rd. To inflict censures in cases of less flagrant transgression; 4th. To appoint to church offices.’

Of this doctrine, Mr. Taylor (though decidedly, almost bitterly, opposed to ecclesiastical democracy) speaks in terms of most severe yet most just condemnation. We observe in various speeches, both of Wesleyan ministers and laymen, recently delivered, indications that this part of his book has been read and studied, and is guiding some of the laity at least to rational and scriptural views of the rights and duties of the whole Church of Christ. We quote Mr. Taylor’s stern but wholesome words—

‘The doctrine which makes the clergy everything in the church and the people nothing—or nothing but its raw material—this doctrine is not of Christ: a reader who “looks through the vista of history, and sees in what manner this pride-born doctrine has worked, and what have been its fruits, will scarcely hesitate to say, It is of Satan.”’—p. 260.

Again:—

‘Little as Wesley could have imagined such a course of things as likely to arise from the constitution he gave to his Conference, there has, in fact,

resulted from it this singular state of things—namely, that in respect of the position of the ministers toward the people, which is that of irresponsible lords of God's heritage, the professedly Christian world is thus parted—on the one side stand all Protestant churches, episcopal and non-episcopal, Wesleyanism excepted. On the other side stands the Church of Rome, with its sympathizing adherents, the malcontents of the English Church, and the Wesleyan Conference! This position, maintained *alone* by a Protestant body, must be regarded as false in principle, and as in an extreme degree ominous.'—p. 268.

We have stated, that this claim of absolute power in church government has been the cause, or the occasion, of all the divisions from which Wesleyanism has so grievously suffered. That this was the case in the troubles which arose speedily after Mr. Wesley's death is proved by the methods which were employed with considerable, though not complete, success, to heal those divisions. 'Authority,' the authority of travelling preachers and especially of 'superintendents,' was shared with the leaders' meeting. There is a dispute, which perplexes even lawyers, as to the *terms* in which these concessions were expressed; but nothing can be clearer than the *fact*, that important concessions were made, and accepted, and acted upon; that, practically, for many years, persons were admitted into the 'Wesleyan Church,' and excluded from it, only with the approval of the leaders' meeting. The leaders were rightly regarded as sharing in the duties and responsibilities, and therefore in the authority, of the pastoral office. The popish doctrine and practice, which Mr. Taylor so justly condemns, is the result, partly of gradual encroachment, partly of assertions, made in times of strife, and intended as means of suppressing resistance to the restrictions of Conference on the rights and duties of the lay officers.

Resistance to these encroachments formed a principal part of the struggles which preceded the formation of the Wesleyan Association in 1835; and, at that time, the Conference asserted its prerogatives in a revised constitution, which made the 'Minutes of Conference' the statute-book of Methodism; the leaders' meeting the jury, who should give a verdict on the charge brought against a member of the society; the superintendent—one, that is, of the travelling preachers—the sole judge, by whom the sentence, whether of censure, removal from office, suspension, or excommunication, should be determined; subject to appeal only to courts composed entirely of travelling preachers.

Under this revised constitution, the Wesleyan Church has enjoyed fifteen years of treacherous calm; and it seems to have been imagined, nay, firmly believed, and fully expected, that in this

nineteenth century, in Britain, with the New Testament in their hands, the laity would permanently submit to be excluded from those church functions which the apostolical epistles require all Christians to be at all times ready and fitted to discharge.

The storm which now rages arose, not amongst the Methodist people, but in the Conference itself. We fear, we must confess, that it originated rather in petty jealousies among the preachers, with regard to the distribution of honours and offices, than in generous zeal for the rights of the Christian people. The controversy began with the circulation, in a kind of secret and surreptitious way, of certain anonymous pamphlets, called 'Fly Sheets.' These papers were deserving of grave censure, for the presence in them of many little personalities, and for the absence from them, almost entirely, of appeals to scriptural principles, as guides to the reformation needed in Wesleyanism. This bitter personality, it should in justice be said, was not the characteristic of the 'Fly Sheets' only. It has characterized both sides of the controversy, to an extent which ought to make each party ashamed of blaming the other.

The 'Fly Sheets' were suspected to come chiefly from the pen of a minister, to whom the Conference had previously endeavoured, by very unwise and undignified methods, to bring home the authorship of an anonymous book called 'Wesleyan Takings.' Internal evidence justified very strong suspicion that this minister (the Rev. James Everett) was a principal contributor both to the 'Takings' and the 'Sheets;' but no external proof could, even by the most desperate efforts, be obtained, and this question of authorship still remains one of the unsolved problems of literature, though it is not quite so doubtful as the authorship of Junius's 'Letters.'

The efforts to prove the authorship were indeed desperate. One preacher was censured severely by the Conference, because he refused to furnish evidence at the expense of a dishonourable breach of confidence. Another preacher was commended because he did divulge, in violation of every feeling of propriety and honour, part of the contents of a paper of which he had obtained a glance while in a friend's study. But even these methods failed; and the suspected author of the 'Fly Sheets' and two other preachers, who would not join in denying participation in the authorship, and in denouncing the publications themselves, were expelled on suspicion, or for contumacy, though proof against them could not be, and was not, produced.

The effect of these proceedings, so revolting to those instincts of English Christians, which demand that every one shall be

dealt with as innocent until he has been proved to be guilty, was to awaken general and strong sympathy with the expelled ministers. Before these expulsions, the 'Fly Sheets' and their anonymous writers had been blamed rather than approved. The Conference might have profited by some wholesome, though unwelcome, truths which they contained; have refuted, in Christian and conclusive argument, whatever in them was false; and tranquilly allowed them to pass into oblivion.

The contrary course, so unhappily taken, placed the expelled ministers before the Christian public not as criminals, but as martyrs. The pecuniary loss entailed by their expulsion was made up to them by generous subscriptions. Multitudes of the lay officers and members of the Connexion espoused their cause, and thereby transgressed the preposterous law which forbids the holding of meetings, the writing of letters, the doing, or attempting to do anything new until it has been appointed by the Conference—a law of which the prize-essayist on the pastoral office affirms (not ironically!) that it is 'a high compliment to the good sense of the people.' For the transgression of this, or of kindred Methodist laws, thousands of persons were expelled, and still larger numbers withdrew, preferring fellowship with those who were unjustly excommunicated to fellowship with those who had pronounced sentence against them. The mournful result was a decrease of about 55,000 members previously to the last Conference, and the alienation of a vast, probably a larger, number of persons in judgment and affection from Methodism, so administered. Of these many will withdraw, unless retained by wise concessions which we fear the leading ministers (and a large portion of the wealthy laity as their supporters) are resolved shall not be made. The temper of the last Conference was the reverse of conciliatory. Mr. Walton, one of the preachers, was sternly censured for the publication of a pamphlet entitled 'Counsels of Peace,' the only real fault of which was a want of boldness in distinctly proposing needful reforms. The eloquent Dr. Beaumont was degraded, because he had failed to carry out fully the Conference policy in the expulsion of the reformers in his circuit. The results of the course of conduct pursued to Dr. Beaumont might seem providentially designed to show the Conference that their censures are accounted by Christians of almost every denomination to be utterly destitute of all moral weight. Throughout the country the Conference sentence of degradation has been regarded as a certificate of honour. The doctor's services as a preacher and speaker have been valued and sought by the Wesleyan people, as well as by other Nonconformists, more than they ever were before. His popularity,

previously great, has everywhere increased. The Conference attempted to fix upon him the brand of shame. It unconsciously entwined around him the garland of triumph.

Very many persons have remained in connexion with the Conference in the faint, but dearly cherished hope that 'the Memorial Committee' would recommend to the ensuing Conference concessions such as would prevent the necessity of their final separation from the religious home of their youth, and, indeed, of their whole Christian life. These hopes have been bitterly disappointed. The disappointment is the more bitter because the concessions generally desired are so exceedingly moderate. A constitution with less of the democratic element than that of the Free Church of Scotland would satisfy nearly all parties among the Wesleyans, restore peace to the old Connexion, and might even reunite all the sects of Methodists in one powerful and harmonious church. Very many would be satisfied with a concession of power to the laity very much smaller than is possessed by laymen in the Presbyterian churches. Full security against being expelled by the superintendent, in spite of the protest of the class leaders, would remove the only grievance which very many of the members feel; but even this is absolutely refused—refused with an infatuation which almost surpasses belief. The Memorial Committee has met, deliberated, and published its report. As might have been expected from the exclusion from it of Dr. Beaumont, whose presence was necessary to a fair representation of different opinions, this report is thoroughly one-sided. Trivial alterations, in details, are proposed, but the sole authority of itinerant preachers, in excommunication, is distinctly reasserted. More recently, four hundred laymen have assembled, not as the freely chosen representatives of the Methodist people, but as nominees of the president, and they have deliberately assented to provisions which amount to this, namely, that if *all the lay officers and members throughout the entire Connexion were opposed to the expulsion of a member, against whom his superintendent had pronounced the sentence of excommunication, it would be in the power of the Conference to carry out the sentence in spite of them all!* This is the justification of Mr. Taylor's strong sayings,—'that the clergy is everything, the laity nothing,'—that the power of the Methodist Conference is equalled only by the power of the priesthood of Rome. That an assembly of Methodist laymen should give their sanction to such a church system is at once wonderful and mournful. It is less wonderful, but more mournful, when we learn that, from this lay meeting, there was deliberately excluded every person, however distinguished for intelligence, experience in Methodist affairs, and piety, whose name was

affixed to a declaration recently issued by a *moderate* party at Birmingham, who sought to mediate between the Conference and the more ultra-reformers. In the most emphatic sense this meeting of laymen was *packed*. The only way of securing a fair representation of the opinions of the body was deliberately rejected.

In the speeches made at this meeting (as reported in the 'Watchman'), there is no formal reference to the book we are now reviewing; but there are unmistakeable proofs that the book has been read, and has troubled the thoughts both of preachers and laymen.

We fear it has done little more than leave them without excuse. A layman 'does not think the text of Scripture can be so clear as many of the ministers think it to be, *when every other Protestant church holds a policy different from their own in this respect.*' The ministers scarcely attempt to deny that they have Rome, and Rome only, on their side. One of them, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, actually goes the length of avowing his sympathy with the men whom Mr. Taylor calls the malcontents of the Church of England—with the Bishop of Exeter and his party—with the men who are striving for what they call 'synodical action.' 'These men,' says Mr. Jackson, '*want to exercise the pastoral charge as it is laid down in the New Testament!!*'

Here, then, must issue be joined. Is the popish-puseyite-conference doctrine of the pastoral authority the doctrine of the New Testament? It is marvellous to see on what slender scriptural evidence this gigantic claim is made, and how completely the scriptural contradictions to it are left out of sight. The texts referred to are those in which ministers are styled 'pastors,' 'overseers,' 'rulers,' and are commanded to 'feed the church of God,' and 'to take the oversight of it.' There is not a syllable in any one of the texts referred to (except the admonition to Titus—'a man that is an heretic after the first and second admonition reject') which might not be addressed to class leaders and local preachers with even more suitableness than to itinerant preachers. The leaders and local preachers are very often men who have long ministered to the flock, and are known and very highly esteemed for their work's sake; the itinerant preacher is always, comparatively, a stranger. Injunctions exactly identical with that given to Titus, taking Mr. Wesley's note upon it as fairly expressing its meaning, are repeatedly given to the members of the church at large (Rom. xvi. 17; 2 Thess. iii. 6).

Throughout the New Testament, it is on the members of the church, collectively, that the responsibility for the purity of the church is made to rest. The Methodist preachers speak of this

responsibility as a heavy burden, which they would gladly lay down, if they might. Christ, in his word, lays on them no such burden. Obeying the principles and precepts, and conforming to the examples, of the New Testament, they will be relieved of it at once.

There are passages in the inspired statute book of the church which expressly prescribe and exemplify the scriptural rule of excommunication. Our Lord himself requires that the offender's fault should be told 'to the church,' and requires him to 'hear the church.' Mr. Wesley, in his notes, makes the unauthorized addition 'the elders' of the church; but distinctly recognises the passage as the permanent rule of discipline. St. Paul requires the church of God at Corinth to 'gather' and 'to put away from themselves the wicked person.' The punishment was inflicted on many. The many—the saints—the whole church, were to restore and receive him to their fellowship when he had become a true penitent. After this manner, excommunication is inflicted in independent churches. The church is gathered. The pastor is president. The New Testament is the only statute book. The punishment is inflicted on 'many,' though pronounced by the pastor's voice, and therefore it has solemn, moral, and spiritual power. The Wesleyan excommunication is by *one*, often against the many who constitute the church; and therefore is utterly destitute of power over the conscience, and awakens no response from Christians, except it be the response of indignant disapproval.

Earnestly do we commend the work now reviewed, and Mr. Taylor's former book on 'Spiritual Despotism,' to the study of the Wesleyan clergy and laity. These books contain principles by the adoption of which Methodism may yet be saved. These principles are not democratic—not the principles of Independency—not our own principles. They are the more likely to gain a hearing from the Methodists. Even Mr. Taylor distinctly holds that 'the presence and concurrence of the people, in acts of discipline,' is one of the great rudiments of ecclesiastical polity; and 'that there can be no security and no liberty, and scarcely any purity and vitality in a church which says to the laity, 'You have nothing to do with theology but to receive what we teach you; (this is the popish dogma), and *nothing to do with rules of discipline, or laws of administration, but to yield them obedience.*' This last is the dogma which, we fear, the next Wesleyan Conference will maintain. Sincerely do we pray that, from this infatuation, a body so important to Christianity, and in many ways so honoured and so useful, may yet be saved.

ART. III.—*Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Sleswick and Holstein, in 1851; being the third series of the Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of the European People.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. 8vo. pp. 446. London: Longman and Co.

MR. LAING'S former volumes will insure a favorable reception to the one now before us. Little need be said in his commendation. Whatever differences of opinion exist respecting some of his views, all are agreed in regarding him as an able, well-informed, and instructive companion. He must not be confounded with the general herd of travellers. He has little in common with them, and that little is so intimately blended with qualities of which they are wholly destitute, that his pages fill and gratify the mind which turns with disgust from their inanity. A more insipid and sickly class than our summer-tourists cannot easily be imagined. They travel from fashion or mere vacuity. Satiated with the quiet of home, they seek excitement abroad, or else aspire to the poor distinction of having as long a list of the towns and countries they have visited as any of their associates. Were this all, we might be content. Under the inflictions of their absence we should find some consolation in exemption from their unceasing garrulity and foppishness. But when they return with the airs of travelled-men, affecting the appearance, garb, and manners of foreigners, assuming to know much, and prating dogmatically, though politeness may prevent a contemptuous expression from passing our lips, we inwardly loathe their silliness, and turn from them with disgust. In many cases, unhappily, these tourists are as vain as they are insipid. Their ignorance is only equalled by their self-sufficiency, and they therefore imagine that *their* travels, the record of what *they* saw and heard, cannot fail to interest—it may be, instruct, the general public. Abounding more in money than in wit, they speedily produce one or two volumes, as the case may be; and in this mercenary and unscrupulous age there are not wanting means of securing for them a little temporary *éclat*. Their productions, however, soon pass to the general receptacle of such worthless wares. They are known only for a day, and then numbered with the things that are not.

One bad result of such publications is the general prejudice raised against the class to which they so unworthily claim to

belong. Men now turn from the books of modern travellers, as amongst the most vapid and worthless productions of the press. They have been so often disappointed, have had their temper so frequently ruffled by the manifest feebleness of those who have undertaken to instruct 'stayers at home,' that they turn from such volumes as from poor poetry, or forced wit. Nor is this a light evil. It should not be treated thoughtlessly. It is fraught with bad consequences, and ought to be put down. The great majority of our countrymen are restricted from foreign travel. A thousand circumstances prevent their visiting distant lands, and it is much to be deplored that the information brought home to them by those who are more fortunately situated, is, for the most part, so worthless in character, or so feeble and unattractive in its mode of exhibition. There are, of course, exceptions. We speak only of the general fact, and are clear that we do not overstate it.

With such a class Mr. Laing has no sympathy. He stands apart, and his isolation is his honor. Instead of filling his pages with trifles, describing what hundreds have described before, or repeating the stale records of the 'Guide Book,' he looks with a keen eye on the facts around him, notes the more important of them in brief and appropriate speech, and seeks to combine the general mass in illustration or enforcement of principles which bear on the welfare of society. There is little or nothing of personal incidents in this volume. It makes no pretension to anything of the kind. It is a collection of observations, or rather of disquisitions, on a few facts clearly stated, and these recur so often—are so perpetually coming up—as to give an appearance of repetition to some portions of the work. We feel continually that we are in the companionship of a sound-minded reflecting man, one who looks intelligently on the order of things about him, is quite competent to follow out what he deems its natural sequence, and who actually does so without regard to the acceptance or disfavor of his reflections. Mr. Laing is a reasoner more than an observer, a philosopher rather than a mere traveller. Not that he is deficient in the latter of these capacities. He has a keen perception and a discriminating judgment, but the ratiocinative faculty is so predominant, that it is needful to look carefully at his premises. Give him these, and his conclusions follow; but we are not always prepared to do so, and are therefore compelled, in some cases, to differ from his views. We do this, however, with hesitation. Infallible as critics are, we suspect our own judgment when it stands opposed to his conclusions, and feel inclined to review, again and again, the grounds of our decision before finally adopting it. In a few instances we suspect that

a tendency to hasty generalization, founded on a partial array of facts, has led him astray; while in others, the severity of the judgments pronounced, seems to indicate the absence from his thoughts of some mitigating circumstances which candor should have noted.

The volume before us is specially interesting to Englishmen, as pertaining to the home of their forefathers. The Juti, Angli, and Frisi, mentioned by Bede, who invaded England in the fifth century, came unquestionably from Denmark, three districts of which are still called Jutland, Angeln, and Friesland. There are numerous points of affinity between the character and habits of the Danish people and those of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. Laing visited Denmark with the expectation of finding such to be the case, and his inquiries, he tells us, 'proved that this handful of people, not exceeding a million and a half in numbers, had not degenerated from the bravery, perseverance, and spirit of their ancestors, and were still, in mind and character, similar and equal to the descendants of the same stock in England and America.' Our author possessed sufficient knowledge of the Danish and German languages to communicate freely with the people, and the information he obtained is set forth with clearness and precision.

The peninsula, extending about 300 miles in length, and which separates the Northern Ocean from the Baltic, is less known probably to Englishmen than any other tract in Europe, of similar extent; yet it has strong points of interest, capable of amply rewarding the closest and most continuous attention. 'It is,' says Mr. Laing, 'one of the most remarkable and important, physical and geographical, features of the land of our continent.' But it is not to the geologist only that this portion of Europe is fraught with instruction. The history of Denmark, so far as it can be traced, is rich in the materials out of which philosophy is formed, and to our countrymen especially it is important and most suggestive. The tribes which invaded England soon after the departure of the Romans, and established separate and independent kingdoms, are still found, distinct from each other, and in the same locality as is described by our venerable historian.

'It is remarkable,' says Mr. Laing, 'that the three tribes, with their distinct usages, languages, and idiosyncracies, still exist separately, and unamalgamated, in their original homes in this peninsula. The Jutlanders speak their own Danish dialect, live apart, and are physically and socially a different tribe of people from the Angli, or inhabitants of the south of Sleswick, and of Holstein, who speak the Platt Deutsch. The Frisians, who occupy the islands and west coast of the peninsula, from the Eyder to the Elbe, are a distinct people in dialect, customs, and all that distin-

guishes tribe from tribe, from either of the other two. The three tribes dwell now in the homes of their forefathers, in the same order in which they are described by Bcde, viz., the Angli, or Germanic people, between the Juti and the Frisi.'—p. 5.

Mr. Laing's visit was immediately after the termination of the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which the Frankfort Assembly, nominally representing the 'New Germany' which was to be, demonstrated its disregard of the highest moral obligations, and sought to carry into practical effect its own visionary scheme. The origin of this disgraceful struggle is traced with distinctness, and severe censures are passed on its abettors.—'The drama,' says our author, 'was composed at Frankfort; but here, in Holstein and Sleswick, was the theatre on which it was played out; and here only can its wisdom, its practical application, its suitableness to the wants, social state, and well-being of the people for whom it was composed, be examined and judged of.'

It is not our purpose to enter on a discussion of the various points raised by the contest. Many of our countrymen were, for a time, misled concerning it. More reflection, however, and better information, have rectified their mistake, and few now fail to rejoice in the issue of the war. The total population of Denmark does not exceed one million and a half; and these were called to contend against forty millions of the German people, or rather against an assembly which arrogated both the legislative and the executive functions of this vast body. For a time the result was doubtful. The faithless policy of Prussia appeared likely to triumph, and would probably have done so, had not Austrian jealousy intervened, and had not Russia been alive to the danger of permitting a military power to acquire a naval station on the Baltic.

'It is evident,' says Mr. Laing, 'that the great object of the secret policy of Prussia, of her intrigues and hidden action under the cloak of the Frankfort Parliament, and of her fomenting and aiding with men, money, officers of all ranks, and artillery of all kinds, the war against Denmark after she had ostensibly concluded a peace with that Power, was to obtain directly, or indirectly, by her own means, or through the agency and by using the name of the Frankfort Parliament, what she so much covets, and really wants—a strong naval port and station in the Baltic. The annexation of Sleswick to Holstein as a German not a Danish territory, was the first and indispensable step to be taken. This secret object explains the intrigues, frequent tergiversation, and extreme reluctance, even to the present hour, of the Prussian government, in admitting that the Eyder is the boundary of the German Empire, and that the duchy of Sleswick belongs entirely to the kingdom of Denmark.'—p. 24.

The bay of Kiel furnishes, in truth, the real explanation of the intrigues and manœuvres of Prussia, and her design might have been effected, had it not clashed with the interests of Austria and Russia. Happily, justice went hand in hand, in this case, with true policy. What was expedient for the two emperors was coincident with what was due to Denmark. This is not always the case; and we are, therefore, gratified—in the absence of the generous and high-minded—that self-interest availed to rescue the weaker from the grasp of the stronger. We dismiss this subject with the following extract, which, coming from such an authority, is well entitled to consideration :—

‘ It cannot be said, that any class in the five or six hundred thousand inhabitants of Holstein and Sleswick—labourers, cottars, small proprietors, verpachters, or large landowners,—had any real grievance or oppression to throw off in their own social condition when their insurrection broke out in March, 1848. They were unquestionably better off than the inhabitants of any other part of Germany, and the provisional government then established neither stated any evil nor proposed any reform in their material condition. Few individuals, and certainly no class, were living in destitution of the necessaries of life. Taxes were light, poor-rates trifling, employment abundant in all the ordinary occupations of the people. The military service was much easier than it could have been under the government of the “new Germany,” for the landwehr were not sent to serve beyond the limits of their own small provinces, unless when the quota of Holstein was called upon, by the general diet of the German empire established in 1816, to join, as Holstein was a member of the Empire, the contingents of the other members in the north of Germany, for inspection and review. No unnecessary military force was kept up; substitutes were allowed for those who could not serve in person. People were free to come and go through the country without the passport grievance. In many parts of Holstein, as in Ditmarsh, along the Elbe, the Eyder, and on the west coast, the people had the administration of their own affairs in their own hands more entirely than they have in England; for the old institutions, by which the people had a voice in the management of their local affairs and funds, had been respected during five centuries by their nominally despotic Danish rulers. It would be gratifying if any German writer would name any spot in Germany in which the people enjoyed so much of civil liberty, had the management of their own interests so much in their own hands, had so little to complain of from the acts of their government, and were so generally well off.’—p. 57.

The subject of education is frequently recurred to by our author, and his remarks, founded on close and extensive observation, are worthy of notice. It is one of the themes to which his attention was continually directed, and his views are recorded without ambiguity or reserve. In the present state of the educational question amongst ourselves, it is gratifying

to have the testimony of so acute and philosophical an observer; and an impartial consideration of it will aid in solving some knotty points which now agitate the public mind of England. So far as our national experience has gone, the diffusion of education has been accompanied—to say the least—by a deeper religious spirit. Much more than this might be alleged, and our criminal statistics would bear it out. Crime has diminished as education has progressed, and we say this without questioning the efficacy of other causes which have been in operation. Nor is this connexion observable amongst the lowest classes only. It is seen also amongst those above them, as the improved tone, greater purity, and more religious air, of our popular literature shows. Our most distinguished men in the various walks of literature and science, are certainly not less religious than were the same class some fifty years since. Such is one of the effects of our educational system. It has undoubtedly its short-comings. It may not be all which the philanthropist desires. It may not accomplish all which society needs; but it has, nevertheless, strengthened, rather than otherwise, the religious sentiment of the community; and we are consequently now, after the system has been in operation for many years, nearer the *ideal* of a Christian people than we were at the time of its origination. The case, however, is vastly different where an opposite system has been tried.—‘The tendency of education on the continent has been the very reverse. The more educated the people have become, they have become the less religious. The highly educated and philosophic have run into mysticism, or into rationalism, or have fallen, with the great mass of the population they educate, or influence, into a state of apathy with regard to religion.’

As the result of his observation, Mr. Laing informs us, and we are not surprised at his conclusion, that ‘free-trade in education, as in every other employment, freedom to the parent to clothe the mind as he clothes the body of his child, according to the means and social position he holds, would have produced a more wholesome social state on the Continent.’

It is with a nation as with an individual—what is superinduced by government control is comparatively worthless. It destroys mental independence, generates the habit of relying on that which is without, and thus closes up the source of human energy, and gives a diminished value to the boon acquired.

‘The false encouragement given to education and learning in Germany—by connecting government function, political station, and even the ordinary occupations of the land surveyor, the forest bailiff, the country school-master, the village farrier, with examinations and degrees by boards of

university-bred functionaries—has reared this class of unemployables, and impedes the progress of manufacturing and commercial industry by offering to the youth the prospect of a living in government employment, or in an occupation fenced in by a monopoly against all competition with those who have taken an examen, as it is called, and obtained a licence or degree in it. The system will always keep the German character what it is—incapable of self-government, independent action, or free institutions,—learned but servile, visionary, enthusiastic about trifles, and weak.’—p. 38.

It is to us, we confess, a marvellous fact, that some of our most strenuous advocates for free-trade in corn, sugar, and other products, are most clamorous for a national system of education, which would practically shut out, if it did not actually prohibit, the competition for which they contend. We say with Mr. Laing that, ‘Free-trade in education is of more importance to society than free-trade in corn or cotton goods.’ We yield to none in deprecating the evils of popular ignorance, or in readiness to adopt every practicable method to diminish them; but we have yet to learn the wisdom of abandoning a system which has already done so much, in deference to another, the European results of which are, to say the least, most questionable. If the lowest possible view be taken of education—if, instead of being regarded as a training of the whole man, a healthful invigoration of the intellect and the heart,—it be deemed a mere matter of book-learning—the faculty to read and write; then we admit that government may do much, and that the sooner its efforts are put forth the better. But if this be education, what is it worth? A tithe of the money and attention bestowed on it would in such case far exceed its value. Mr. Laing’s testimony on this point should be well considered. It is founded on observation of the results flowing from the German and French systems. He says:—

‘The conclusion to be drawn is, that national education—that is, the attempt of a government to enforce or diffuse education more rapidly, or more widely, than the wants and natural progress of society require, and will provide for spontaneously—is worse than useless. It is not in schools, but in the circle of actual affairs in which the individual lives and moves freely, that his intellectual powers are formed, and this formation of the intellectual powers is real education. Freedom of social action, freedom to teach and to be taught, freedom of the press, freedom of opinion, embrace all that a government can do, or ought to do, for the promotion of education. With these a nation will educate itself according to its requirements, and according to its natural advance in material well-being. Intellectual progress can only follow material progress. If the former outstrip the latter, either in the case of individuals or of nations; if a man is studying useful knowledge in the encyclopædia, while his week’s income is still unearned; or if a nation is cultivating its taste at the opera, or in

the picture gallery, while its fields are neglected, and its work-shops deserted; the results are not so happy that a wise government should go out of its way to legislate for promoting the premature advance of intellectual culture. They will go hand-in-hand if left to themselves. The social, political, moral, and religious state of Germany and France, now, after half-a-century almost of national education by government machinery, is not so very encouraging that our legislature should hasten to adopt any similar system, or our social philosophers to recommend it.'—p. 117.

Mr. Laing further protests against the separation of religious and secular education, as proposed in the two Manchester schemes. 'Secular and religious instruction,' he says, 'are naturally inseparable, and must either go on together, under the same instructor, and at the same hours, or the religious instruction must be made a secondary branch of national education, and will either be dropped altogether, or given very imperfectly, if disunited from that moral and physical knowledge, which is the illustration of religion.'

As the general result of his observations, he contends that our people are educating themselves, and that, so far as we are concerned, the voluntary principle is, and always will be, superior to any principle of state establishment or encouragement. He is not, however, opposed to government aid in all cases. To the Prussian system, marked at once by monopoly and compulsion, he is a determined opponent; but his objection does not lie against the application of national funds to educational purposes, in the circumstances of the Danish people, and within the limits observed by them.

'Here,' he says, 'school education is the only education the mind can receive; and here it has been eminently beneficial. The state has wisely avoided the tyrannical step of the German governments, of making school attendance compulsory, and the dangerous step of placing all education in the hands of a licensed corporate body of teachers. It is quite free to any one who pleases to open a school; and to parents to send their children to school or not, as they please. If the young people are sufficiently instructed to receive confirmation from the clergyman, or to stand an examination for admission as students at the university, where or how they acquired their instruction is not asked. Government has provided schools, and highly qualified and well-paid teachers, but invests them with no monopoly of teaching, no powers as a corporate body, and keeps them distinct from, and unconnected with the professional body in the university. Owing to these differences, the educational system in Denmark has worked much more beneficially for the people, and safely for the government, than the system of Prussia or France.'—p. 336.

We shall not stop to inquire how far the favorable judgment implied in this passage is correct. That the Danish system is

incomparably superior to the German we freely admit. On this point we agree with our author, and facts place the matter beyond reasonable doubt. Did space, however, permit, we should venture to suggest that the beneficial results of the former might have been insured, not, indeed, so rapidly, but with less admixture of evil, from the voluntary system, the efficiency of which, in our own case, Mr. Laing so earnestly contends for. But there are other topics requiring notice, and we must therefore turn from this tempting field.

By the act of the Danish Diet of 1660, the government of Denmark was rendered absolute, and such it continues to the present day. This settlement was effected by the joint efforts of the sovereign and the people, in antagonism to the clergy, and great nobility. It united, in fact, the king and people, relieving the latter from manifold oppressions to which they were previously liable. 'Every act of government since for the benefit of the people has been received as emanating from the king himself, and has kept alive a spirit of loyalty not to be found in the present age in any other continental kingdom.' The secluded position of Denmark, the little intercourse it holds with other nations, and its slight dependence on their products, have greatly contributed to this result. It has a style both of manners and of thinking peculiarly its own, exhibiting with much of the culture of modern civilization the habits and ideas of the middle ages. Many of our readers will probably be surprised at the intelligence and general information possessed by the people. Mr. Laing tells us that he made the acquaintance of many of the Danish officers, whom he found to 'be highly educated, gentlemanly men, superior in tastes and acquirements to the majority of our officers.'

The population of Denmark increases very slowly. It is altogether agricultural, and the great majority of the estates are in the hands of small proprietors. The number of estates in Denmark Proper belonging to the nobility and gentry, and having manorial rights attached to them, does not exceed 800, while there are 63,700 of smaller dimensions in the hands of peasant proprietors. There are also about 10,000 copyholders, who hold land on leases, transferable by sale or inheritance, and about 56,300 others who hold on life-rent, or long leases, without the right of alienation. The means of subsistence happily exceed the wants of the community, and so far, therefore, as our author's testimony is concerned, it is directly opposed to the theory which maintains that 'population increases more rapidly than subsistence where the land of a country is held by small working proprietors.' There is consequently an absence of

extreme poverty, and Mr. Laing goes so far as to affirm that 'this little country of Denmark is the most favourable in Europe to the comfort and well-being of the working man.' In England the agriculturists clamor for protection, but in Denmark the trading and manufacturing classes do so. Such is the selfishness which universally pervades our nature. The circumstances of man may vary, but self is the idol before which he bows at all times, and amongst all people. The principle of protection, though not applied to agriculture, has wide and stringent operation in Denmark.

'Every trade is carried on by members of a corporate body, consisting of the master workmen of that trade. They can admit or reject claimants to the privilege of carrying on their branch of industry in their town or locality. They limit the number of masters entitled to exercise their trade in it, the number of apprentices and journeymen each master may employ, and the time these must serve in each stage of their business. They examine and certify their proficiency, and control the conditions and wages on which they are engaged. The corporation system exists in more vigour in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, than in any other countries.'—p. 301.

The capital of Denmark does not belong to the ancient cities of Europe. It was but a fishing-village in the latter part of the twelfth century, and did not constitute the royal residence and capital until long afterwards. The city has been subjected to numerous fires and bombardments, and though not beautiful or picturesque from without, 'is now one of the handsomest of modern cities.' Mr. Laing institutes an extended comparison between the capitals of Denmark and Scotland, and though a native of the latter country, his verdict is given in favor of Copenhagen.

'Both cities,' he remarks, 'are capitals, or chief seats of civil administration, courts of law, and various departments of public business, for populations of about equal amount, Scotland and Denmark having each about a million and a half of people, and the expenditure of income by professional men, lawyers, and those connected with the public business of the country, and by private gentlemen of no business who have retired with moderate fortunes, gives the chief means of subsistence to the greater part of the inhabitants of both; each city, also, is the centre of education, fashion, conveniences, and luxuries, from which country towns and populations are supplied, and is a kind of entrepôt, rather than a manufacturing city. A literary tone predominates in a society so composed, although the individuals composing it may not be literary men. They are men of exercised minds, and thus Copenhagen and Edinburgh resemble each other in the numbers, composition, means of subsistence, and general character of the social body in each. It is remarkable enough that in the capital of the most absolute monarchy in Europe, according to its ground principle, the influences of education and of public opinion on government, are more efficient than in any of the most liberally constituted monarchies on the Continent: and, in

private society, the man of talent in literature or the fine arts stands on a footing of greater equality with, or rather of greater superiority over, the mere nobleman, functionary, or man of wealth, than in any other city. Holberg, Thorwaldsen, Ohlenschläger, and of living witnesses, Oersted, H. C. Andersen, Frederika Bremer, could bear testimony to this peculiar trait of civilization and intellectual culture in the Danish capital; and in this also its social state is similar to that of Edinburgh. The literary corps in Copenhagen appears to be as numerous and as active as that of the Scottish capital. Its members produce on an average of years about seventeen periodical works, and about twenty-one weekly and daily newspapers, and these are supported principally by town readers, for every little country place has its own newspaper. Edinburgh scarcely supports a daily paper, and, but for the country circulation, the weekly or twice a week Edinburgh newspapers could scarcely subsist. The periodical crops in the fields of literature vary considerably, no doubt, from year to year in amount of value; but the literary men of Copenhagen publish at least as many works, and of as high pretensions, in the course of a year, as appear from the Edinburgh press.'—p. 340.

There are six hundred circulating libraries in Denmark, and our most popular works are speedily translated for the amusement or instruction of their subscribers. 'Sir Walter Scott's novels,' says our author, 'are as common, and as well understood in Denmark, in their Danish dress, as in England. The works of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, James, are translated as fast as they appear, are read, admired, or talked of, as much, or, indeed, more, I think, than in England—at least I have been asked by ladies what we thought in England of novels of Bulwer, and James, of the merits or names of which I was living in the most innocent and contented ignorance.'

Some of the facts mentioned by Mr. Laing startle us, and may well serve to check our national vanity. Aalborg, for instance, the most northerly town in Jutland, with a population of 6000 only, has a classical school for the higher branches of education, together with an institute and six burgher schools for the lower branches. It has also a public library of 12,000 volumes, a circulating library of 2000, several private collections and museums, a dramatic association, and two club-houses for balls and concerts. Wyborg, the most ancient town in Jutland, with a population of 3000, 'has its newspaper three times a week, its classical school, its burgher school, its public library, circulating library, and its dramatic association.' Randers, again, distant from Wyborg about twenty-five English miles, has 'for its 6000 inhabitants, a classical school, several burgher schools, one of which has above 300 children taught by the mutual-instruction method, a book society, a musical society, a circulating library, a printing press, a newspaper published three times a week, a clubhouse, and a dramatic society.'

Several other instances are mentioned, and on a view of the whole it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the taste for reading, and other mental occupations, greatly exceeds what can be found in towns of the same class in our own country. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that drunkenness has disappeared. We need scarcely say that it was vastly different in former days. Fifty years ago the north of Germany and Denmark sustained a dishonorable pre-eminence in this matter. The habit of dram-drinking was universal, but it 'is now giving way so completely, that it would be thought as odd or disreputable now to take a dram in the morning or forenoon, as it would be in England among our upper educated classes. I have not seen,' Mr. Laing tells us, 'a drunken man in Denmark or the duchies, although I have been living very much in country *kros*, or ale and spirit-houses in the villages.'

Before closing we must advert—though hurriedly—to one other topic. The ferocious character of our penal code was until lately the opprobrium of the nineteenth century. Happily it has been mitigated, but strange to say, there are men—ay, and good men too—who regard this with disfavor, and call upon us to stop short in the career of amelioration. They dread the evils which would follow a further mitigation of our Draconian code. Fear makes them cruel, and the functions of the hangman are, in consequence, sacred in their eyes. We would send such to Denmark, and if they did not there learn the expediency of abolishing capital punishments, we should apply to them the old proverb—'There are none so blind as those who will not see.' Referring to this subject, Mr. Laing remarks :—

'The abolition of the punishment of death, in all cases, was proclaimed in Denmark in the beginning of this century, while England was still hanging three or four petty offenders of a morning, for the edification or amusement of the people. Denmark has quelled an insurrection and defeated the rebel army, although assisted by her faithless ally Prussia, in one of the most bloody battles of the age, by the science of her educated officers, and the courage and loyalty of her troops. But while France, Prussia, Austria, are condemning to death, or chains, hundreds of individuals on the bare suspicion of being concerned in imaginary conspiracies got up by the police, and imposed upon the credulous and weak governments, in Denmark no blood has been shed on the scaffold, and no political offender has been committed to prison, in consequence of this rebellion. The traitors and rebels have been simply deprived of the power of being traitors and rebels again, and have been dismissed to the punishment of ignominy in public opinion, and of their consciousness of merited degradation.'—p. 438.

...! We take our leave of Mr. Laing with much respect, and with many thanks for the information he has furnished us. His volume is one of the ablest and most valuable of its class, and we warmly commend it to our readers.

ART. IV.—*The Beauties of the Bible ; An Argument for Inspiration, in Ten Lectures.* By William Leask. London : Partridge and Oakey.

2. *The Bible and the Working Classes ; being a Series of Lectures delivered to the Working Classes of Bradford, in 1851.* By Alexander Wallace. London : Hamilton and Adams.

WE class the above two books together as similar in subject, and not dissimilar or unequal either in execution or in design. Both are tributes to the excellence of the Bible, and both profess to lead arguments in behalf of its inspiration ; both are written, too, with much ability, and display on the part of their authors deep reverence and glowing affection for the Word of God. Ere speaking farther of their character and claims we have a few general remarks to offer.

It is curious to notice how many books have been written of late on the subject of the Bible. We have had, first, the ‘Bards of the Bible,’ and since these have appeared the ‘Battles of the Bible,’ the ‘Boys of the Bible,’ ‘What the Bible is, does, and teaches’ and now we have the volumes in hand, upon the ‘Beauties of the Bible,’ and its relation to the working classes. Glad as we are to see such wide attention directed to the Word of God, and convinced as we are that the very different modes of enforcing Bible truth and illustrating Bible beauty pursued by these various authors cannot fail to produce good results, it is not without a certain degree of concern that we have watched the working of the necessity which seems to have called them forth. When apologies for the Bible become rife, it is clear that, in the estimation of many, its authority is sinking, and its glory beginning to decay. And we could have wished that either of the authors before us had given us a chapter on this special topic—Why is the Bible held in less estimation by multitudes than it was once ? To supply this lack of service, we have not at present room, but we must throw out a few hints on what we deem a matter of great moment.

Let us now proceed to state what we think are some of the principal causes why the Bible has undergone a degree of

depreciation. There is, of course, first, the natural enmity which exists in men's minds against its moral precepts, and the lofty spiritual ideal it presents. That there is such a baseness in human nature it were vain to deny. We find something like it in other things besides the depreciation of the Bible. The spirit which underrates genius and literature, which finds even Shakspeare and Milton overrated, which holds at arm's length every new effort of genius till it has acquired a name, which sees no beauty in the most glorious diamond till it is called the 'mountain of light,' and which quarrels with Nature herself; finding this landscape too tame, and that mountain too low, is a variety of the same spirit which, wearied of hearing the Bible always called the 'just,' is seeking to ostracise it for ever. There is, however, this difference—the hater of poetry and nature expresses principally his own selfish sense of intellectual inferiority; the hater of the Bible, his conscience-stricken sense of depravity. Besides, the book is not only too high, but too holy for him. Hence he hates it with a hatred compounded of the envy of imbecility and the rage of guilt. In vain to tell him that it is a friend, that it means him well, and wishes, by the very storms of its invectives against sin, to drive him on toward the haven of his happiness. He is determined to resist its benevolent interference, and would contemptuously unloosen the rough grasp which is dragging him to heaven. Notwithstanding all our boasted refinement and progress, we are afraid that the hatred of the Bible, in a great number of cases, may be resolved now, as formerly, into the love of those sins, whether of soul, body, or spirit, which the Bible condemns.

But, secondly, the length of time during which the Bible has been among us, and the familiarity to which it has been admitted, have, however unjustly, operated upon many minds against it. It is a dangerous thing for an admirer to come too near a master-piece of painting, to have it always hanging up in his private apartment, or to get a long and favourite poem by heart. The flush of novelty and the feeling of surprise once over, indifference is very apt to succeed. That the Bible retains such freshness to this hour, and is continually, to careful and loving eyes, disclosing new beauty and new meaning, is a striking evidence of its divinity. But it is, at the same time, undeniable that thousands of our fastidious and fashionable readers are tired of the Bible. Willing to grant in words all you please to say about its paramount truth and power, they nevertheless feel it in their hearts to be a bore; it seems to belong to another age; it is at best a strange star in a strange firmament; and they turn with eagerness to the last paradoxes and impieties from Emerson or the last witticisms

and oddities from the pen of Dickens. This ought not so to be, but most certainly this is.

Thirdly. The vast multiplication of other books has been prejudicial to the power of the Bible. The mass of periodicals, pamphlets, and fictions pouring from the press in our day has too often acted as a grave-stone upon the word of God. For ages the Book had no competition to encounter. In many houses it was *alone*; in others it was flanked by volumes which were expressly founded on it, which sought to illustrate or to defend it. We even yet now and then stumble upon lowly dwellings, where the whole library consists of a Bible, a 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a few simple books or tracts. But this is the exception. More frequently you find the Book elbowed by Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' Cooper's 'Purgatory of Suicides,' or other productions worse still, which have no mark or likelihood except from the virulent hatred and slanderous falsehood they have directed against the Bible. And even in libraries where such books dare not show their unclean visages, you can easily discern that the Bible holds a divided, if not a disputed dominion, and that the 'Waverley Novels,' Macaulay's 'England,' 'Vanity Fair,' and 'In Memoriam,' are far more valued than the oracle of the living God. *They* are read, devoured, dog-eared; *it* lies like a mummy carefully wrapt up in its case; or if occasionally lifted, it is with an air of patronage and decorous insult. A thing of Heaven, it has yet unquestionably suffered from the *competition* of earth.

Fourthly. We find this in part accounted for on the principle of reaction. With the reverence of the past for the Bible there was a degree of superstition mingled. The matter, the substance, the spirit, the genius, and, within certain limits, the style of Scripture cannot be revered too profoundly. But our fathers carried reverence to a ridiculous excess. While the papists showed their stupid respect for it as the Thibet people do theirs to the Grand-Lama, by shutting it up, our ancestors found its every 'if' and 'and' equally inspired, and shrank from touching it with the point of the critical rod. It was as if men, in honour of their Mother Earth, were to see sacrilege in the use of the spade or plough, or as though admirers of the sun were to break the telescopes which showed the inequalities upon his surface and the spots upon his disk. As this folly still prevails to a considerable extent in the church, we forbear characterizing it in full. Enough at present to notice the fearful evils to which, by a sure and a foreseen reaction, it has led. 'Bibliolatry' has led to biblioclasm. Men, from believing that there was scarcely a recognisable human element in Scripture, have leapt to the conclusion that there is no divine one. Nor will many

of them, we fear, retrace their steps till the question of inspiration—in other words, of the *relation* and *proportion* of the divine and human elements in the book of God has been set by some master-hand upon its proper foundation.

Fifthly. In connexion with our last remark, we notice the evil which the Bible has sustained from the distance at which it has been placed from the wants and feelings of our modern humanity. It has been regarded too much as an oracle, and too little as a friend; it has been shut up and secluded by a rail of false reverence instead of running down and mingling with the general current of society; it has been regarded as a Sabbath-day book, and not as a book for every day—and for all classes and ages. Its width of view, its warm-hearted tenderness, its cosmopolitan spirit—its love to the human race, have been overlooked; while attention has been too much turned to its gloomier aspects and sterner truths. Men have acted like those who, in reading a book of medicine, should stop at the diagnosis of the symptoms, and omit the paragraphs describing the means and process of the cures. This, again, we trace to the influence of popery. Partly, in respect, and partly, in terror, it insulated the word of God; and invested it with a false and hollow dignity, pompously burying it as Glenara his bride, before she was dead. Very differently, we conceive, must the first Christians have used the letters of Paul, as well as the other inspired documents. They would—genuine love-letters as they were—lay them in their bosoms, read them with rapture, water them with their tears, and make them the kind companions of their solitary and social hours. How different this from the silly and superstitious reverence of after days!

Sixthly. Owing to this grand mistake, certain demands were made of the Bible, which time and culture have proved to be exorbitant, and which, not being satisfied, have tended to injure it in general repute. A certain vulgar faultlessness was believed to exist in it. It must be one of those ‘perfect monsters which the world ne’er saw!’—just as there are still wiseacres who insist on it, that the earth, when originally created, was ‘one entire and perfect chrysolite’—that the magnificent mountains and rocks of its present form are ruins—and that its volcanoes and earthquakes are the tokens and voices of God’s anger against the human race. Some practised on the Bible the plan of the Virgilian lots, and found an oracle in its every *aperturam libri*. Others detected mysteries in the depths of its plainest sentences—nay, in the hollows of many of its separate words; others imagined that it was designed to teach complete and final systems of astronomy, geology, &c.—nay, that every

modern discovery was to be found in cypher, somewhere or other, in its pages. This egregious nonsense was sure by and by to provoke reaction by the common rationalistic denial of all superior worth and divinity in the Scriptures. This position we deem hopeless and absurd. But it is equally impossible, in an age like ours, to maintain the other. The Bible, like nature, has its inequalities—its valleys and thickets, as well as its clear eminences. You *can* open it without finding anything expressly suited to your emergency. Mysteries have often been imagined in its words where they did not exist. It teaches no systems of science or philosophy whatever, and does not even predict the particulars of our present advancement in either. It was undoubtedly an error and a crime in those who felt this to leap to the other extreme, and ignore the numberless marks of a divine origin, which the Bible nevertheless possessed; but it were also an error and a wrong in us not to record this as one of the causes which have contributed to so sad a result.

Seventhly. The attacks which have of late thickened around the authenticity of the letter of inspiration have had their own share in lowering its credit with many. Not that we think these attacks successful. They have not added materially to the objections and difficulties, propounded by that respectable person Tom Paine in the last century. They have told only—when they have told at all—against Bibliolatry, which is not to be identified with the Bible itself. Still the frequency of such assaults, the pertinacity of the assailants, the comparative decency of their language, and the rapidity with which their writings now-a-days circulate, have served to nourish a belief among great classes of the community, that the Bible has suffered some new and deadly damage, if it has not been entirely defeated. The smoke is not fairly off the field of battle; and till it has risen, the true position of our army cannot be seen. Not till then, will it be found that not one of our battalions is dispersed, and not one of our standards has been taken.

Eighthly. This impression of partial defeat has principally spread among a class who were most susceptible of being injured by it—we mean the lower ranks. They have not been taught the habit of weighing moral evidence. They do not understand the principle of probabilities. Everything with them must be dogmatically certain, or demonstrably false. Scripture difficulties *go*, therefore, much farther with them than with the cultivated. They have got, in our age, precisely that degree of the little learning, which, on religious matters, is such a dangerous thing. Like the vulgar in Christ's day, they still

seek for a sign—and would wish to see the truth of Christianity whispered in the wind, or trumpeted in the thunder, or written around the sun. Their imperfect culture has taught them to reject ghosts; and they would wish to reject God and Christ too. Add to this their frequently immoral habits, their political resentments, their suspicion of clergymen, and the little time they have for thinking or reading on religious topics at all. Hence, alas! the ‘big ha’ Bible,’ once their father’s pride, is no longer a source of solace or pride to millions of our working men, who have become hard-eyed infidels, or bitter scoffers, or utterly careless and indifferent on the subject.

Ninthly. We must trace much of the evil we are deploring to the church, the pulpit, and the religious press. They have not commended the Bible as they should have done to the minds of men. Too often they have taught the false notions of a bygone age in reference to it. Sometimes, instead of fairly meeting, ministers have roared and dogmatized down the doubts which were given them to solve. Many of our American brethren seem anxious to preserve the Bible, principally as a padlock on the chains of the slave; or else, because, in *their* judgment, it *contradicts* the plainest deductions of modern science. And time would fail us to speak of the twaddle, the cant, the affected piety, the commonplace, the envy, the bigotry, the ignorance, and the party-spirit to which the divine Book is used as a stalking-horse in the present day. Coleridge wished for a book entitled ‘Christianity Defended against its Defenders.’ The second volume might be entitled ‘the Cause of the Bible pleaded against Bibliolatry, Bigotry, Cant, and Spiritual Conceit—as well as against Rationalism, Infidelity, Vice, and Popular Ignorance.’

Finally, we think we discern in the depreciation of the Bible one part of a great and awful process through which God is conducting Christianity in our time. It is one of severe sifting, but, one out of which good must spring. Let us ever distinguish between things, and mere circumstances and words. Christianity is one thing, and churches are another; Christianity is one thing, and creeds are another; Christianity is one thing, and even the best of our present schemes for its promotion, and the strongest of its external evidences, are another, and the time seems come when God is, in his providence, to strike these one after another away—to stamp age and decrepitude upon them all—to strip, as it were, our religion into its primitive power and simplicity, and not till it be thus stripped will it be able, like a naked Athlete, to gain the race. Let the sifting, we say fearlessly, go on. Things must be worse ere

they are better. Let intellectual men continue to flock away, as, alas! they are flocking from our churches—let philosophers and physicists take the *untruth* of Christianity for granted, and laugh at you if you deny their statement,—let politicians treat it simply as an earthly fact, and a matter of mere polity,—let misled and unhappy men of genius rave at it as ‘having gone out,’—let even some friendly critics of the evidences find them but problematical:—all this might have been expected—all this had been foretold—all this is rather to be in the mean time desired—all this never touches the real merits of the Christian case, or affects the verdict which man’s conscience and his heart have long ago returned in favour of real Christianity. All this, while thinning our professed ranks, ought to intensify the zeal, hope, and activity of those who remain, and all this will serve to precipitate the crisis we see before us, when men in their misery and darkness, sick of mere science, mere literature, mere philosophy, mere political advancement, mere religious naturalism, shall return to the Bible, and shall ask, crave, and obtain a sublimer form of Christianity than the world, since the first century, has ever seen.

We must not, we repeat, confound the battlements of Christianity with Christianity itself. These are often in reality the objects of assault, and while we are trembling for the foundations, the adversary may be only seeking to pull down the external buttresses. Church establishments, for instance, are but battlements—crazy and condemned battlements—and not Christianity. Let them fall, as soon as God pleases! Popery is another battlement, still more rotten, and reeling to its fall, its very splendour the ghastly lustre of leprosy like that which shone in ancient infected dwellings, and not Christianity. Let it fall suddenly and soon! Even creeds, excellent, and in the main true, as many of them are—even our ecclesiastical organizations, powerful as they seem, even our pulpits, great as the good they still do, even the office of the ministry, honoured, and deservedly honoured as it still is, even our external evidences and popular views of inspiration, are but battlements, and not Christianity. Christianity is independent of them, and though they were all ignored to-morrow, she would remain intact; her doctrines, her facts, her spirit, her blessed hopes, and her *text-book* would still survive, for they belong to the imperishable, the infinite, and the divine.

We have not space to enter on the subject of the cure for the disease, the causes of which we have thus partially indicated. This to be complete would include, besides defences and panegyrics on the Bible, a satisfactory settlement of the

question of inspiration, a more profound and thorough discussion of the relations which the Bible sustains to modern progress, culture, and society, and the infusion of a more humane and liberal spirit into the morality and the theology of the churches. These might not altogether stop the infidel torrent which has set in, and which *must run its course*, but they would tend to recommend the Bible to many who are at present sceptical of its supreme authority, and would cheer and comfort others whose hearts are trembling for the ark of God.

Whatever dangers are rising, or may yet arise, around the Scriptures, we need scarcely remind Christians of the duty which these very perils enforce, of clinging with renewed zeal and determination to The Book. There is none like it. Were it surrendered, the broadest calamities would rush upon the world. The moral sun of the earth were extinguished. The analogy is perfect. There may be larger and brighter luminaries in the universe than the sun ; but *he is our sun* ; and the man were a blasphemer or a lunatic, who should refuse to acknowledge his sovereignty, or to walk in his beams. So it were possible to conceive a clearer revelation of God's will than in the Bible ; but *it is our Bible*, the unparalleled, unapproached luminary of the soul and conscience of man ; and till a new and more glorious Day-star appear, woe to those who venture to deny or to depreciate its just claims !

Mr. Leask's volume is entitled, 'An Argument for Inspiration.' This, however, describes rather its aim than its result. It is not a connected or linked chain of argument at all. It is a series of interesting and eloquent papers on some of the more prominent characteristics of the sacred volume. The first lecture is on the Structure of the Bible ; the second, on the Poetry of the Bible ; the third, on the Dreams of the Bible ; the fourth, on the Biography of the Bible ; the fifth, on the Morality of the Bible ; the sixth, on the Parables of the Bible ; the seventh, on the Predictions of the Bible ; the eighth, on the Miracles of the Bible ; the ninth, on the Design of the Bible ; and the tenth, on the Destiny of the Bible. It is perhaps a little hypercritical, but we should be glad if Mr. Leask had chosen another title than 'The Beauties of the Bible.' The alliteration is all very well, but the title leads the reader to expect a dissertation on the literary merits of the Scriptures, and he is rather surprised to find chapters on the Miracles, the Predictions, and above all on the Destiny of the Bible. This, however, is an objection which leaves the substance of the book untouched. That certainly possesses much merit, and is calculated to be of extensive usefulness. Admirably, in general,

with great clearness, acuteness, liveliness, and unction, does Mr. Leask dilate upon the literary, moral, and spiritual glories of the book of God. He writes *con amore*; he throws his whole soul into the subject. This holy enthusiasm is, indeed, one of the principal charms of the work, and redeems its fault of occasional commonplace in thought, and occasional rhetorical diffuseness and declamation in language. It is a book not to be judged from what may be called its fine passages, which sometimes rather mar the effect, but from the mass of vigorous, wholesome, and well-expressed thought which it contains. It is, perhaps, not quite so well written as his 'Footsteps of the Messiah,' and not nearly so elaborate and systematic as his 'Great Redemption;' still it probably will be more popular than either.

We have left ourselves no room for quotations. We refer our readers to the book itself, and especially to the opening passage on the Morality of the Bible, to the ingenious explanation of our Lord's parables, to the entire chapter on the Biography of the Bible, and to many passages of much energy and interest in the Predictions and the Design of the Bible. We pray heartily that the book may be blessed in the proportion of its own merits and its author's pious and ardent intentions.

Mr. Wallace's volume consists of a series of lectures delivered in Bradford on the Sabbath afternoons to the working classes. We have reason to believe that he has done great good to the persons whom he more especially addressed. His lectures, if not so elaborate as Mr. Leask's, are equally sound, solid, and energetic. They have done much good to those for whom they were at first designed, and we cordially wish that the benefit may be extended to thousands more.

ART. V. — *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par Alphonse de Lamartine. Tomes III. et IV. Paris: Furne et Cie. 1852.

IN these two volumes Lamartine continues with great dramatic power the story of the Restoration. His style rises to the sublime, in some places; his descriptions are vivid in the extreme; his narrative is terse, vigorous, and clear; his appreciation of character powerful, though tainted on one side by

invective, on the other by favouritism. In the present volumes, as in the first, he is influenced too much in his appreciation of the emperor's character and acts by his personal feeling towards Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. He exaggerates his weaknesses; he is severe, not beyond truth, but bitterly and in tones not precisely those of the historian; while, by way of contrast, he upholds the Bourbons, vaunts them to the skies, and lauds them in terms which their subsequent conduct never justified. But this is Lamartine's characteristic. He does nothing by halves. He is bitter, sarcastic, severe, or he is laudatory in the extreme. With regard to the Bourbons, they are the family of his ancient love, of his youth, and despite his somewhat poetical and sentimental republicanism, there is still a lingering affection in his heart for them.

Lamartine is not a republican, certainly, of the Roman school, nor indeed of the Athenian. His nature, except under exceptional circumstances, is too feminine, too poetical, too sensitive, to be that stern man, whose immutable principles are to him founded on faith and reason, and who is the only republican who can ever be permanently useful to his cause. He is essentially a vain man, he loves renown and glory as much as the most warlike of his countrymen; he loves show and glitter, and noise and bustle, where there are waving flags and smiles of beauty—but he has neither that combination of Danton and Washington which makes the republican of the European school, nor that patience, without which all degrees of liberalism are useless. He is an ambitious and an impulsive man. He describes himself to a certain degree in his sketches of Ney and Labédoyère. Carried away by his feelings, in 1848, he was a republican, and had he been elected president would have remained so, and done his duty honestly and sincerely. But any other republic than his own is to him insupportable, and hence a secret leaning towards the ancient race of kings. Alongside, beneath the traditional Bourbons, Lamartine would not feel himself in the shade, he would bow where all bended, but since he was arbiter of the destinies of France during two months, Lamartine has regarded all elected or usurping power as his rivals. Hence his really virulent opposition in 1848 to General Cavaignac, and hence, in part, the massive blows which he deals upon the head of the defunct empire and emperor. We should never, while studying the present work, lose sight of this—not that we consider the character of Napoleon, as here painted, either overdone or too black, but that we object to the way in which it is done.

With these few preliminary remarks we continue our analysis of a work, which deserves—as a specimen of style, a beautiful

picture, and an epic poem—a place in the library of every student of grave and light literature. Lamartine is magnificent as a writer, whatever may be his faults as an historian, or his peculiarities and weaknesses as a politician. Whether as royalist or democrat, conservative or radical, an impulsive man makes a feeble politician; but this very failing aids a poet in carrying away the feelings and imaginations of his readers.

Lamartine exaggerates the scorn and hatred of the people against Napoleon, as he fled like a great criminal to Elba, but does not probably overstate his own feelings:—

‘He went not like Diocletian or Charles V., like those princes satiated by empire and weary of human grandeur, who only abandon a throne from the unchangeable disgust of ambition, and who only look back to deplore the years they have lost seeking happiness in ruling men. He went not to seek, full like them of a second illusion, peace in the gardens of Salona, or holiness in a monastery. He departed, conquered, humiliated, betrayed, abandoned, irritated, embittered, scarcely feigning, and feigning ill, a forced resignation to the ingratitude and cowardice of his lieutenants, accusing his people, cursing his brothers, regretting his wife, his son, his palaces, his crowns; incapable of bending to any private condition however splendid, and having so young and for so long a period contracted such a habit of power, that to live with him was to reign, and that not to reign was worse than to die. He went not then without hope of return, and without having plotted already in his thoughts, with himself and with his rare partisans, the first thread of the net which he hoped one day to cast from his island over the continent. Princes of royal blood, born upon thrones, abdicate sometimes sincerely, because they bear with them and find again, so to speak, their grandeur in their name and in their blood. Usurping powers who have raised themselves to empire, even by glory, never wholly abdicate, because descending from the throne they find nothing save their original condition, and because they look upon it as the humiliation of their pride. Such was Napoleon. The immense renown which he carried into exile, and which was to follow his name into posterity, sufficed him not. He wished to live in the possession of power, and to die on the eminence of the throne where he had ascended.’—Vol. iii. pp. 2, 3.

That the people rejoiced at peace, and were utterly weary of the reign of the genius of war is true, but that generally they wished, as at Orogen, to hang him, is doubtful. Lamartine describes Napoleon leaving France, followed by universal execration, and returning amid doubtful enthusiasm. But the most interesting portion of the present volumes is the return; we cannot pass it over:—

‘On the 26th February, in the night, he was present, with a serene brow, his mind seemingly at ease, his conversation free and floating, at a ball which the Princess Pauline Borghèse gave to the officers of his army,

to the foreigners, and the principal inhabitants of the island. He spoke at some length on divers subjects with some English travellers, whom curiosity had brought from the continent to this fête. He went away late, taking with him General Bertrand and General Drouot. "We start to-morrow," said he, in a tone which prohibited discussion and commanded mute obedience; "seize in the night all the ships at anchor, let the commander of the brig the 'Inconstant' receive orders to go on board, to take the command of my fleet, and to prepare everything for the embarking of the troops; let my guard go on board to-morrow in the day; let no sail leave the ports or the bays until we are at sea. Until to-morrow, let no one, save yourselves, know my design." The two generals passed the rest of the night in preparing for the execution of the orders they had received. The fête of the Princess Pauline could still be heard in the stillness of the night, when the thoughts of the emperor had already crossed the sea, and all was preparing in his residence for departure. The officers and troops received, at sunrise, without astonishment and without hesitation, orders to prepare for embarking. They were in the habit of never reasoning about obedience, and of confiding in the name which, for them, was destiny. In the middle of the day, the *chaloupe* of the brig 'Inconstant' came for the emperor himself. He went on board, saluted by cannon, by the acclamations of the people, by the tears of his sister, and was received on board the brig by four hundred grenadiers of his guard, already embarked. The three little trading vessels seized in the night had received the rest of his troops, amounting in all to about a thousand men. The certainty of success illumined the face of Napoleon, and this confidence was reflected upon the face of his soldiers. The sea was propitious.—
Ib. pp. 34-36.

His fleet carried four hundred grenadiers, two hundred infantry of the guard, two hundred Corsican *chasseurs*, and a hundred Poles. Shortly after their departure, they were all busily copying the proclamations of their emperor; while doing so a French brig of war hailed the 'Inconstant,' and asked news of Napoleon, who himself, through a speaking trumpet, assured them that he was well. On the first of March they reached the *Golfe Juan* and landed, and were received coolly by the people, and at Antibes twenty-five of his men, sent to proclaim the government of Napoleon, were taken prisoners. Leaving these, and astounded at his first failure, he began his march on Lyons, distributing his proclamations. After numerous failures at Cannes, Grasse, Cernan, Bareme, Digne, Gap, Corps, at none of which places did he recruit a man, he left Mure:—

'The emperor, on leaving la Mure, composed his vanguard of a hundred picked men, under the orders of Cambronne. Cambronne, advancing towards a bridge at some distance from la Mure, found himself face to face with a new battalion. The envoy he sent forward to treat was repelled. The emperor informed of this, sent again one of his officers, the *chef d'escadron* Raoul, to address the battalion which refused to open

the road to him. Raoul, menaced by the fire of the battalion, came back without his voice being heard. Napoleon felt that the time was come to try the effect of his personal ascendancy in the eyes of his own soldiers. He passed through his column, ordering it to halt, and advanced at a walk on his horse, almost alone, in front of his army. The peasants scattered through the field, made a hedge upon the sides of the road, seemed to remain neuter between the two causes, looking on only with the curious indifference of the people at the combat of audacity, of which they were the price. Some rare cries of *Vive l'Empereur* rose here and there from the popular groups. Some encouragements in a low tone bade Napoleon dare everything. It was one of those solemn moments when a whole people seem to hold their respiration, not to trouble by their breath the hesitating decree of destiny which is about to be pronounced, and when the scales of the balance, ready to lean to one of two causes, are about to carry the whole world along under the influence of the slightest chance. A cry may awake a nation, a silence repel an audacity, a ball shot by chance from the gun of a soldier may shatter an enterprise with the loss of the great man in whose breast it was conceived. Such was at this moment the mute and wavering situation of the two armies, of Napoleon and of the people.

‘Napoleon at this moment was equal to his design. The man so feeble on the 18th Brumaire, retreating disconcerted and almost fainting in the arms of his grenadiers; the man so perplexed at Fontainebleau before the insolence of his revolted marshals; the man so powerless and so subjugated since at the Elysee by the pressure of some legislators and some traitors, was without effort and without display a hero before the bayonets of the fifth regiment. Whether he felt the certainty, given him by his accomplices of Grenoble, that all hearts beat for him in this battalion, or whether the habit of arms on the field of battle made him fear death less by fire than by the sword, or whether his soul had, since his residence in Elba, concentrated all its forces, in expectation of this supreme moment, and that he judged his design well worth a life, he hesitated not. He neither pressed nor slackened his march. He advanced to within a hundred yards of the row of bayonets that made a wall across the road. He alighted from his horse, gave the reins to one of his Poles, folded his arms upon his breast, and advanced with a measured step like a man going to execution. It was the phantom of the imagination of the people and the army, appearing suddenly and as if leaving the tomb between the two Frances. He wore the costume under which all remembrances, legends, and pictures had engraven him in every heart, the military hat, the green uniform of the *chasseurs* of the guard, the riding-coat of dark coloured cloth, open and floating over his coat, high boots, and spurs sounding on the ground; his attitude was that of reflection which nothing moves, and of peaceable command that doubts not it will be obeyed. He descended a slope of the road, inclined towards the regiment he was about to address. No group, either before him, or on one side, or behind, prevented his being seen in his *prestigieux* loneliness. His face stood out alone and marked against the background of the road and in the blue of the sky. To strike such a man was, for the soldiers who recognised in him their ancient idol, not com-

bating but assassinating. Napoleon had calculated afar off this challenge of glory to the humanity and heart of the French soldier. He was not deceived, but it was necessary to be a profound genius to dare it, and Napoleon to execute it. His grenadiers at a great distance from him had their guns under their arms and reversed in sign of peace.

'The *chef de bataillon* of the fifth regiment, perhaps using violence against his feelings from duty, or knowing beforehand the resolution of the soldiers not to strike their emperor, and wishing only to intimidate the army of Napoleon by the literal gesture of discipline, ordered his battalion to fire. The soldiers appeared to obey and levelled their guns at Napoleon. But he, without stopping or showing the least emotion, advanced to within ten steps of the arms presented at his breast, and raising that ringing voice which had frequently commanded manœuvres in the field of review and battle: "Soldiers of the fifth regiment of the line," said he, slowly opening his breast and presenting it to their shots, "if there be one amongst you, who would kill his emperor, he can do so. Here I am."

'None answered. All remained motionless and silent. The soldiers had not loaded their arms. They feared themselves. They had made the gesture of obedience and of fidelity to discipline, and they thought their duty done. The heart could now freely burst forth. It alone burst forth. At first a thrill of feeling was felt in the battalion, some of the arms were levelled, then many more, then all. Some officers went away and took the road to Grenoble, not to be led away by the emotions of their companions, others wiped their eyes, and carried away by their soldiers, put their swords in the sheath. A cry of *Vive l'Empereur* burst from the battalion, answered by the cry of *Vive le cinquième de ligne* from the grenadiers of the guard afar off. The ranks broke, the soldiers rushed with the people around the emperor, who opened his arms to them; his own soldiers rushed forward and mingled in one exclamation and in one group with those of the fifth.'—Ib. pp. 59-65.

This opened the way to Grenoble, where he was rapturously received by soldiers and people, by Labédoyère and Dumoulin, while the royalist authorities went out at the opposite gate to Bourgoing. The people fraternized with the soldiers, and the Emperor ultimately reached Paris, where the king, unlike his confident ministers, was in a state of the greatest consternation. Lamartine narrates with vigour the preparations for defence, the departure of the princes for the army, the equivocal position of Louis Philippe, the solemn declarations of Soult and Ney against Napoleon, the stupor of Paris at the news, the secret uneasiness of the army, and the vacillation of the civil functionaries, the nobility, the mercantile and the working classes, all of whom were horror-struck at the idea of war:—

'Mothers, whom conscriptions had robbed of their sons, saw them again torn from their homes, to die on the frontiers or in a foreign land. The emigrants who had returned with the princes foresaw new exile. The

proprietors of national domains, reassured by the *Charte*, did not conceal from themselves that the invasion of the emperor, by bringing back a second restoration, would bring it back perhaps irritated and revengeful, and their goods be the ransom of the re-conquered country. The Orleanist party, as yet in the background, but full of foresight, were irritated at a second empire being interposed between them and their ambition. The liberals and republicans, as yet making common cause, lost, with a feeble restoration, full of future concessions, the hope of constituting representative liberty, or of founding one day a durable republic, when the people should have exercised themselves for sovereignty under the gentle tuition of a wise and aged king. The ultra-royalists alone rejoiced in the madness of their confidence.'—Ib. pp. 86, 87.

Of the movements and intrigues in Paris, for Napoleon, for the king, and for the Duke of Orleans, our author gives an interesting account. Soult, Ney, and Benjamin Constant were loudest against the usurper, while the Chamber of Deputies acted with manly vigour and patriotism. As a general rule, Paris was unanimous against Bonaparte. But he had taken Lyons without a struggle; armies melted away at his name and increased his force. He was already everywhere saluted as the reigning sovereign. At Lyons he issued decrees restoring all his own officials, expelling all emigrants, restoring the tricoloured flag, the imperial guard, confiscating the property of Bourbons and Bourbonists, and dissolving the Chamber of Deputies, Peers, and the Charter. Ney soon joined him with his army, and then he was at Fontainebleau. Meanwhile, before the great phantom of the empire, the monarchy had fled. General Excelmans, at the head of a large force of half-pay officers, joined by a portion of the masses, declared for Napoleon and took possession of the Tuileries, where the emperor arrived in the middle of the night:—

'He was escorted by some officers, by some brave soldiers belonging to the different regiments he had met, and by a hundred of his Poles from Elbe, true Mamelukes of the North devoted to his worship, whose uniform, physiognomy, voice, and gesture communicated, as he went along, that enthusiasm, at the same time warlike and servile, by which they were animated towards him. His generals and *familiers*, the most eager to find again a master, to become under him masters of the empire, went on horseback to meet him. They surrounded his travelling-carriage, at the back of which they caught sight of him, pale and feverish, by the light of torches brandished by cavaliers before the horses. He entered Paris as he would a bivouac after a battle. Profound silence and deep solitude reigned in the streets, on the Boulevards, and on the quays, which he followed to reach the bridge of Louis XVI., the avenue of his palace. At the extremity of the bridge on the quay of the Tuileries, some groups of people, who had waited for him from dawn, saluted his carriage by a few cries, which were not echoed on either bank. The carriage disappeared at a

gallop under the vault of the gallery of the Louvre, which leads from the quay to the court, and stopped before the steps of the Pavilion of Flora. There he found himself suddenly in the midst of his people, the people of his camp and of his court. The three or four hundred soldiers of all arms, of all grades, generals, officers, subalterns, privates, spread through the courts, and panting with impatience, had scarcely heard the rolling of his carriage, before they threw themselves at the head of the horses, at the door, under the wheels, like Indian idolaters under the wheels of their idol, and opening the carriage with the violence of fanaticism, they bore their emperor in their arms, and carried him, by the light of torches, and with cries of delirium and phrenzy, from step to step, from landing to landing, from hall to hall, unto the very cabinet and bedchamber of Louis XVIII., where all marked the precipitation of a nocturnal departure, and where the tears of the king and his servants had not had time to dry upon the farewell proclamation. In the midst of this intoxication, all concentrated in a small body of *familiers* interested in this triumph, and in the interior of his apartments, Napoleon and his companions of the Island of Elba could not keep from a feeling of sadness and disappointment on seeing the solitude and silence of the capital. Was it worth while to have traversed the sea and France, precipitated his march, raised an army, affronted Europe, to be received by the coldness and terror of the people, by isolation and, by night.'—Ib. pp. 191-193.

The historian then adds a few lines which are evidently meant as much for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as for his uncle:—'But if the people did not protest by civic opposition, it protested in general, by its grief and by its distance. Never did history witness more audacity in the usurpation of a throne, more base submission of a nation to an army. France lost that day something of its character, the majesty of its law, the liberty of its respect. Military despotism substituted itself for opinion. The pretorians played with a people. The lower empire of Rome witnessed amongst the Gauls one of those scenes which humiliate human nature and degrade history.'—pp. 194, 195.

Lamartine proceeds to show that the French people were only to be conciliated by liberty. The sole policy that could end successfully was a revolutionary policy, capable of arousing the sympathies of the nation. Napoleon had to pretend a leaning to republicanism in order to live. He relied on Fouché, talked over Benjamin Constant, who had threatened so much, promised liberty of the press, representation, and succeeded in putting down every insurrectionary movement, even in La Vendée. The episode of the Duchess d'Angoulême at Bordeaux is touching, eloquent, powerful. It is one of the writer's most exquisite *morceaux*. It will be read apart, like the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, as a splendid epic. At Bordeaux, as elsewhere, the people, believing in constitutional liberty and peace with the

Bourbons, gave way with difficulty to the military. The visit of the duchess to the barracks, and her failure, is admirably told.

All was settled in France when once the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême had yielded, but Europe was now to decide her future fate. Napoleon from the day of his landing from Elba had talked of peace; he had now to mask his intentions, to prepare for war, while simulating peace. The congress of Vienna was still sitting—that immense congress of emperors, kings, generals, and diplomatists, who had undertaken to lay down permanently the political map of Europe, in the immediate presence of a hundred thousand foreigners, and with the whole civilized world looking on. Alexander, his wife Elizabeth, his brother the Duke Constantine, Nesselrode, Stakelberg, and Capo d'Istria his counsellors, Pozzo de Borgo, a Corsican, and hater of Napoleon; the king of Prussia, hostile to Napoleon as the murderer of his wife, with his brothers William and Augustus; the prince of Hardenberg and the baron de Humboldt; the king of Denmark, the king of Bavaria, the king of Wurtemberg, the king of Saxony; all the sovereign princes of the North and of Italy; Lord Castlereagh, Wellington, Blucher, Talleyrand, and the emperor of Austria, with Eugene Beauharnais. Such were the men who were astounded at the news of the resurrection of the Empire. The sovereigns were furious:—‘A European war against France, which had executed Louis XVI. and twice crowned Napoleon, was the first cry of the sovereigns and their advisers. Its immediate conquest before the nation had time to furnish new armies to Napoleon, its division afterwards, so that the members of this great body might never join again to upheave the weight of the world—such were the half-spoken resolutions. The Bourbons had showed themselves incapable of reigning; the sovereigns must, therefore, abandon them to their fate, and destroy an empire of which they could neither guarantee the obedience at home nor limit the ambition without.’—pp. 312, 313.

The Bourbons were thus to be abandoned, France was condemned. Talleyrand, however, saved her for his own sake, because without France he was nothing.

The narrative in which Lamartine tells how Talleyrand, after vast exertions, saved the desperate cause of the Bourbons, is powerful and eloquent. It is history passionately related. He accomplished thus the fate of Napoleon. The partition of France would have broken up the congress, and ensured the victory of the usurper, who would have had every Frenchman with him. War was in consequence declared in the name of the Bourbons against Bonaparte, who feigned to disbelieve in hosti-

lities to the last moment. But all were against him, even his wife, who would not receive his communications. After various other efforts, Napoleon tried an autograph letter to all the sovereigns—in vain. He tried to corrupt Talleyrand—in vain. To obtain possession of his son—in vain. Meanwhile Fouché was betraying him. Napoleon knew it, but was afraid to show his resentment. He put off the day of action as long as possible, but an accident set Europe on fire.

Murat, son of a simple cultivator at Bastide, of Spanish race, powerful, brave, chivalrous, heroic, entered the army at fifteen. For five years he was a common soldier. But war came, and in 1792 his hopes were realized. At the end of the year he was an officer. A few years and he was *aid-de-camp* to Bonaparte at Milan—

‘Who bestowed on him in friendship all that young Murat gave him in admiration and devotion, attached him to his fortune, took him to Egypt, witnessed his cavalry charges against the Mamelukes, understood the communicative electricity which his valour inspired in the troops, saw in him the onward impulse and enthusiasm of the army, brought him back to France where he came to dazzle and enslave the Directory, and confided to him the part of audacity and armed action at St. Cloud, on the 18th Brumaire. All knew how Murat, left by Bonaparte with his grenadiers at the door of the orangery while Bonaparte entered the Council of Five Hundred to apostrophize and dissolve, received in his arms Bonaparte rejected, disconcerted, almost fainting, put him again on horseback, gave back audacity to his resolutions, urged forward his soldiers, concealed his uneasiness, reproved his retreat, and consummated his fortune and his crime by dispersing with his bayonets the disarmed representatives.’—pp. 365—367.

Murat loved Caroline Bonaparte. He dared not ask for her. Napoleon gave her to him. The two families were henceforth one. After conquering Naples, Murat became governor of Paris, and paved the way to the empire by his grandeur. But to his eternal honour be it said, he tried to save the Duke D’Enghien, and with Caroline wept his death. After the establishment of the empire he was great admiral, and took the command of the cavalry. He became sovereign of the grand duchy of Berg, then conquered Spain with the promise of being its king, but received in exchange the kingdom of Naples:—

‘Murat deceived, dissatisfied, in despair at having conquered and covered with blood Spain for another, conceived a profound resentment for a favour which he looked upon as an outrage. He fell ill of that languor which follows disappointed ambition. He refused to see the emperor, shut himself up in bitter solitude, and at last received the throne of Naples, not as a kingdom but as an insult from his benefactor. He

took possession of it in 1808, drove out the English from the island of Caprea, whence their flag offended his eyes in his palace, dazzled his people by his glory, attached them to him by his grace, and governed them with a wisdom and a goodness which caused him to be adored in Italy. His court brilliant with the luxury of arms, of festivities, of pleasures, was one continued intoxication of war, ambition, and love.'—p. 372.

Lamartine does credit to the memory of a man, whose son is but a vulgar servant of the ambition of Louis Napoleon:—'A crown took nothing from his intrepidity. He was still the first cavalier of the empire; the battle roused him. But the gentleness of his heart made him dislike blood. What he wanted at the head of his squadrons was not the death of his enemies, it was their flight, and victory. His bravery was a thunder-cloud which dispersed everything.'—p. 373.

Murat boasted that he had never killed a man. During the disastrous and fatal campaign of Moscow he was Napoleon's right hand, commanding his hundred and fifty thousand cavalry. He was his friend and companion, soon, however, to be denounced, because, failing to rally the fugitives of the great army, he rejoined his wife and children at Naples. His thought now was to save his kingdom, and until the first occupation of Paris, with one or two moments of indecision, he remained aloof from Napoleon, even at the last confederacy against him. But this was but the act of the politician, the man remained still attached to his brother-in-law.

'A courier rejoined him on the 13th April, 1814, at twelve o'clock, under the walls of Plazentia. He was walking at this moment with General Coletta in the garden of a country house, near the town where he had established his head quarters. He opened his soul full of anxiety, of contradictory designs and remorse to General Coletta, a man of good counsel, of remarkable talent and resolution, but a Neapolitan attached above all to his country. Murat opened the letter brought by the courier, read it in silence, turned pale, moved away from Coletta, stepped here and there without knowing where he went, like a man mortally wounded, raised his hands to heaven, looked down at the earth, then coming back to Coletta and some other generals of his suite, who had come up astounded at his attitude, he announced to them the taking of Paris, the dethronement and captivity of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, the irremediable fall of the empire, and he wept. The enemy, the despot, the tyrant, had disappeared from before his eyes; in Bonaparte he now only saw the friend falling at last under the blows of fortune, and falling believing him faithless, and seeing him among his enemies.'—pp. 392, 393.

Despite the secret conventions between Murat and the allied sovereigns, it was determined to dethrone the upstart king. Murat knew it, and when the plan of a return from Elba was opened to him, he received the news with delight. He heard of

the landing with secret rapture, though with feigned indignation ; but soon threw off the mask and declared war against the coalition. His heroic and desperate attempt is picturesquely told. The whole narrative reads like a romance of chivalry. It failed, however,—he lost his throne, and compromised the cause of Napoleon.

The fourth volume recounts with tragic power the last desperate attempt of Napoleon to regain his empire, and is chiefly remarkable for an admirable narrative of the battle of Waterloo. This volume merits more attention than we have space to offer ; but the whole work will shortly be before us, when we hope briefly to analyse the remaining volumes.*

Our notice is founded on the French edition, but the work has been published in this country under the personal superintendence of the author. It is issued in a cheap form, in order to prevent piratical competition, and is well entitled to what it can scarcely fail to obtain, a very wide circulation. The fanciful style of the binding is the only thing to be regretted in the English edition.

ART. VI.—*The ‘En Commandite,’ ‘Anonyme,’ and ‘En nom Collectif’ Partnership, extracted from the French Code of Commerce (Articles 18 to 64) ; with an Appendix, illustrating the Liabilities of Partners under the French and English Systems.* By Frederick M. Hamber. London : Effingham Wilson.

2. *Partnership in Commandite.* London : Effingham Wilson.

THE English are an eminently vain-glorious people. Nothing can exceed their self-complacency when speaking of themselves as a nation. That they are

‘The wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best,’

it would be heresy to deny, and waste of time to disprove. That they are the very light and centre of civilization, the especial sun of the social system, is verily believed by ninety-nine out of every hundred of our population. Intelligent foreigners, prepared to acknowledge the great blessings we enjoy from our Saxon institutions—the glorious Reformation—and, above all, the possession by almost every man of the sacred oracles of God

* Lamartine is about to follow this work by a History of the great revolution, prior to the reign of terror.

in his vernacular language, smile and slightly twirl their moustaches at our immoderate presumption. We are accustomed to feel more of astonishment than of humiliation when our 'crack' vessels are distanced by an American clipper; when the abolition of slavery, which it took us two generations to accomplish, was effected in one hour by one man in France; when the chief of our law reforms and our chancery reforms are not carried yet, though Romilly has been dead more than thirty years, and Brougham alive more than seventy:—the *Code Napoleon* being the work of a few months! Truly, if England be the *sun* of the social system, it has been slow in its rising; and when it does rise, we are compelled to confess that there are numerous and dark spots to be perceived upon it.

Foreigners—Prussian, Belgian, French, especially—point to our gorgeous establishment, where the working clergy starve, in order that the hierarchy may be 'clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day.' They talk not only of the inequality of classes, but of the inequality of our laws, freeing Scotland from the compulsory maintenance of our establishment and saddling Ireland with it—the majority of the inhabitants of both being equally hostile; they ask us if it be our usual policy to reward successful 'treason' with indemnity from all payments, and punish abject submission with unconscientious and anti-protestant taxation. They say, 'Is it wise, because one part of the united kingdom used their claymores with effect and "kept their powder dry," that another part, whose chief crime was excessive loyalty, but who got their powder wetted in the waters of the Boyne, shall ever have before them the encouraging results of successful rebellion, and be twitted and taunted, taxed and degraded, till they also can successfully rebel? Are these things wise?' And then they point to the fact, that the great majority of our population—should fashion or any other cause deprive them of the ordinary demand for their labour—are constrained, in order to procure the food necessary for subsistence, first to sacrifice their household goods, and then their liberty in an Union; deprived of the company of those who, through a toilsome and chequered life, have soothed and solaced them. But it is painful to carry the picture farther. Truly, indeed, our 'social sun' has many dark spots in it! We may well take shame to ourselves that it is so, instead of glorying, as we commonly do, in our imagined superiority.

Travelling from Honfleur to Quillebœuf some years ago, and driven by a young Frenchman, or rather boy, a question was asked what the youth thought of the English? Taking the questioner to be a German, the reply was: 'Bah! the English

are all robbers.' 'Robbers! What makes you think that?' 'How can I think otherwise?' said the French boy, 'they go into all the world and steal the land from the poor natives.' Did a blush arise? Silence did.

The wonders of the Great Exhibition ought to have largely diminished our national vanity. In artistic excellence we saw many surpass us; in science we were only second best. We were great in the utilities of life, it is true; but have we not a striking superiority in coal and iron over all our rivals? God has done more for us than we have ever done for ourselves; and among the chief things that we have not done for ourselves is to discover a mode equal to that of our neighbours of France, Italy, Belgium, America, &c., by which men of capital may combine together to carry out works of vast public good, adding largely to national and individual wealth, without being subject to sacrifice in the attempt 'their last shilling and their last acre.'

Nothing is more dissimilar, or reflects to greater disadvantage the English character, than the difference in the law of partnership between ourselves and most of the civilized nations of the world.

It is curious to observe the immense amount of mischief and misery that must accrue before we consent to change any of our laws or customs. The country is still trembling from the effects of a railway mania up to 1845 and 1846, and a railway panic ever since, and yet we are prepared to maintain that both mania and panic resulted from our absurd laws of partnership.* Six or seven hundred banks have fallen, spreading ruin in every locality from precisely the same cause; and yet, the few others which have not been subjected to those laws of partnership, but are exempted from them by royal charter, have proudly reared, and still proudly rear, their heads in conscious security and triumphant success. Just contrast the steady prosperity of the three great Caledonian Banks, the British Linen Company, the Royal Bank, and the Bank of Scotland, though in a poor country, with the hundreds of banks that have had but an ephemeral existence in England, a rich country. What is the reason? Simply this: the shareholders in the latter were liable to their 'last shilling and their last acre,' while the shareholders in the former were only liable to the amount of their shares. Adventurers, gamblers, schemers, who had little to lose, were quite ready that that little should be subjected to the law of unlimited

* The tricks played and sacrifices made by respectable men to get shares through 'stags' are almost beyond belief.

liability in the hope, by such a desperate risk, of doubling their stakes. Men of property paused rather than endanger the whole of their fortunes for the sake of some ten per cent. on perhaps a £100, or even a £1000 stock. But when a charter, or act of parliament, was granted of limited liability, and men of property saw that they could not lose more than the stock they took, they gladly came forward and invested their intended amount of capital, and thus the apparent anomaly is accounted for—that when a man's whole property is liable, the undertaking so often perishes, and creditors lose their money, while in almost every instance, when only a portion of his property is liable, the undertaking succeeds to the profit of the public and the security of the creditor. We know as well as *Æsop* the value of a bundle of sticks over a single one—but they must not be *rotten sticks*.

By the law of partnership in England every man is liable to the full extent of his property if he does any one of three things—viz., first, joins his name with another; secondly, joins his capital with another; thirdly, shares profits with another. These laws can only be altered or modified by royal charter or act of parliament. They are imperative whether the interest intended to be taken be £5 or £50,000. It is true, partners in trading companies or otherwise may execute a deed of settlement, by which they limit their liabilities, to the shares they intend to take, *inter se*, or among themselves, but such deed cannot be pleaded against a creditor, who may select, and generally does select, the richest he can find to sue; thus, the man of much wealth is the target behind which the men of less wealth, or of no wealth at all, hide themselves for safety.

By the law of partnership in France a very different state of things exists. Mr. Hamber, in his brief but valuable appendix observes:—

‘A, B, C, D, E and F contract a partnership under the French system, A, B, C, to be the managing or active partners, D, E and F to be mere holders of funds in the concern, and to take no part in the management. A, B and C would be responsible for all the engagements of the partnership, as partners *en nom collectif*, D, E and F would only be liable to the extent of their share in the firm as partners *en commandite*.

‘According to the English law A, B and C, as active partners, and D, E and F as dormant partners (when discovered), would be individually liable to creditors for *all* the engagements of the partnership, without reference to the extent of their respective interests, and notwithstanding any deed between the partners to the contrary.

‘When it is wished to form a company under the French system, the rules relating to *anonyme* partnerships must be observed.

‘In such a society, duly established, the directors equally with the

shareholders are partners *en commandite*, that is, liable only to the extent of their paid-up interest in the concern, the directors being only responsible to carry out the office they have undertaken.

‘Such a company, formed in England under the English laws, would be in a directly opposite position. In this country, until the company have become incorporated under 1 Vict., cap. lxxiii., by Charter, Act of Parliament, or letters Patent, expressly limiting the liability of a shareholder, he is responsible individually, for all the debts and engagements contracted by the company. No provisional or complete registration under the Joint Stock Companies Act, 7 and 8 Vict., cap. cx., or deed of settlement, can effectually limit his responsibility.

‘A registration under the 7th and 8th Vict., cap. cx., is necessary for the legal establishment of the undertaking; and this can always be effected, but the obtaining an incorporation by Charter, Act of Parliament, or Letters Patent, to limit the liability, is a work of time, and optional only on the part of government, and attended with considerable expense.

‘Therefore, a person desirous of investing his capital in a small share of a private partnership, and of limiting his liability to that amount, *cannot do so under the English system*, but he may under the French; and if he be anxious to take shares in an English company under the present system, he cannot, though it be legally constituted, ascertain the extent of his liability, until the company be incorporated under 1st Vict., cap. lxxiii., by Charter, Act of Parliament, or Letters Patent; but, in an *anonyme* company, when once duly established, his responsibility would be limited to the amount of his paid-up shares.’—p. xv.

Now, with the exception of the statement, that a person cannot limit his liability under the English system, we perfectly agree with the conclusions at which Mr. Hamber has arrived. There are, however, means, as we shall hereafter point out, by which (no thanks either to the government or the legislature of modern times) persons may limit their liability, under certain cases and conditions, as determined by the Courts of Queen’s Bench and Exchequer of Pleas. As these, however, are exceptional cases, we will proceed at once to point out the French law of partnership, on which the law of Belgium and other states is founded:—

ON THE PARTNERSHIP EN NOM COLLECTIF.

‘19. The law recognizes three kinds of commercial partnerships—the partnership *en nom collectif*,* the partnership *en commandite*, the *anonyme*† partnership.

‘20. The partnership *en nom collectif*, is that which two persons or a

* In a collective name.

† Anonymous: so called from the fact of no name of any person appearing in the designation of the Society.

greater number contract, and which has for its object to trade under the name of a firm.

' 21. The names of the partners only, can be made use of in the firm.

' 22. The partners en nom collectif, mentioned in the Deed of Partnership, are individually liable (solidaires) for all the engagements of the partnership, though but one of the partners have signed, provided it be in the name of the firm.

ON THE PARTNERSHIP EN COMMANDITE.

' 23. The partnership en commandite is contracted between one or more partners, being individually liable for all the engagements of the partnership, and one or more partners who are simply holders of funds in the firm, who are called commanditaires or partners en commandite. It is conducted under a partnership name, which must necessarily be that of one or more of the partners responsible and solidaires.*

' 24. Where there are several partners, solidaires et en nom, whether they all act together, or one or more acts for all, the partnership is at the same time a partnership en nom collectif with regard to themselves, and a partnership en commandite with regard to the mere holders of funds.

' 25. The names of the commanditaires partners cannot be used in the style of the firm.

' 26. *The commanditaire partner is only liable to the loss of the amount of the funds that he has placed, or ought to place in the Partnership.*

' 27. The commanditaire partner cannot perform any act of management, nor be employed in the affairs of the Partnership, even by procuration.

' 28. In case of contravening the prohibition mentioned in the preceding article, the commanditaire partner becomes liable, solidairement,† with the partners en nom collectif for all the debts and engagements of the Partnership.

ON THE ANONYME PARTNERSHIPS.

' 29. The anonyme Partnership is not carried on under a partnership name; it is not designated by the name of any one of its partners.

' 32. *The Directors are only responsible for the execution of the mandatory office they have received. They do not contract by reason of their direction any personal obligations relatively to the engagements of the Partnership Society.*

' 33. *The partners are only liable to the loss of the amount of their interest in the Partnership.*

PROOFS OF PARTNERSHIPS.

' 42. The extract from the Deed of Partnership en nom collectif, and en commandite, must be transmitted within a fortnight of their date to

* That is, individually liable for the engagements of the Partnership.

† Individually liable for all the engagements of the Partnership.

the Register of the Tribunal of Commerce of the district in which the house of commercial partnership is established, to be transcribed on the register, and posted up during three months in the audience-room. If the partnership have several houses of business situated in different districts, the transmission, the transcription, and the posting up of the extract, must be made at the Tribunal of Commerce of each district. Each year, in the first fortnight of January, the Tribunal of Commerce shall designate at the chief place of their jurisdiction one or more newspapers, and in default of such, at the nearest town (where they are published), in which shall be inserted, within a fortnight of their date, the extracts from the Deeds of Partnership *en nom collectif* or *en commandite*, and shall regulate the price of the impression of these extracts. This insertion may be proved by a copy of the newspaper, certified by the printer, legalised by the Mayor, and registered within three months of its date. These formalities shall be observed under pain of nullity with regard to the parties interested, but the omission of any of them cannot be set up as against third persons by the partners.

‘43. The extract must contain—the surnames, Christian names, professions, and residences of the partners, other than the shareholders or *commanditaires*—the style or commercial firm of the partnership—the signature of those of the parties authorised to act, direct, and sign for the partnership—the amount of the capital furnished, or to be furnished, by shares or *en commandite*—the period at which the partnership should begin, and at which it should expire.

‘44. The extract from the Deed of Partnership is signed as to the public acts by which the notaries, and as to the acts under private signature by all the parties, if the partnership be *en nom collectif*—and by the acting and *solidaires* partners, if the partnership be *commandite*, whether the capital be divided or not in shares.

LIQUIDATION, DIVISION, AND PRESCRIPTION.

‘64. All actions against unliquidating partners, and their widows, heirs, or assigns, are limited to five years after the termination or dissolution of a partnership, if the act of partnership which fixes its duration, or the act of dissolution has been posted up and registered, in conformity with articles 42, 43, 44, and 46, and if, since this formality so complied with, the prescription has not been interrupted, with regard to them, by any judicial proceeding.’

Such is the French code as contra-distinguished from our own. The impression of its value, as limiting liability, has led many English capitalists to commence joint-stock companies in Paris and Brussels, which would otherwise have been carried on in London. They go to unnecessary expense in another land. They encounter the risks of revolutionary changes, and the sweeping away of their invested capital, though this sacrifice is not small, and though those changes are neither few nor far between, in order to escape the greater

evil of the English law of unlimited liability. They have two boards of directors where only one is necessary—two staffs of officers and clerks—two establishments—divided responsibility—the want of unity of action, and the impossibility of daily supervision, rather than incur the possibility of greater disasters to their own private fortunes. Is this necessary? Is it wise? Ought it to continue?

The subject has been frequently before the legislature, but with the dilatoriness which is our national pride, and which retarded the abolition of slavery sixty years after its abominations had been proved, and reform in parliament nearly fifty years after the younger Pitt brought it forward, we have not yet come to the conclusion that this great commercial nuisance should be abated—this incubus upon all healthy enterprise removed. It is true noble efforts have been made, and statesmen of the highest standing have expressed their conviction that it was full of evil, but it still remains with hecatombs of victims in the year of grace 1852. We have pored over at least a hundred volumes of Hansard to peruse the various debates on the subject, but have laboured in vain to find the existence of a fact or the shadow of an argument why men of property should be frightened away from embarking in useful undertakings, and men of no property, schemers and adventurers, who have nothing to lose, enabled and encouraged to ruin the project, and swindle the public. Among those who think as we do, we find the late cool and calculating Alexander Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton; the clear-sighted, far-seeing, and eminently prudent William Huskisson; the strictly 'practical' Lord Liverpool; 'honest' Lord Althorp; the philosophical Mr. Mill; the philanthropic Mr. Slaney; the equally philanthropic Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury; the sound and sensible Sir William Clay; Mr. Headlam, in an unanswerable speech of surpassing ability; Mr. Labouchere, proverbially slow and considerate; the cautious statesman Sir George Grey, who promised, that 'measures would shortly be taken by government for obtaining charters with limited liability,' and yet nothing is done. We must go to France to concoct our English joint-stock companies, or form them at home with one or two gudgeons of capital, and myriads of puffing minnows.

In order that our readers may see the grounds we have for bringing forward these witnesses, we will give extracts from a few of their speeches:—

Mr. Alexander Baring said, 'If persons were allowed to combine on condition of limiting their liability, plenty of individuals would engage. Landed gentlemen would put down their £5000, £10,000, or £20,000. Solid establishments would

be created, with which prudent men would connect themselves.'

Mr. Huskisson said, 'It would be a great improvement, if, under a proper system, limited liability were granted.'

Sir William Clay expressed himself in favour of limited liability for joint-stock banks.

The late Lord Althorp had been of the same opinion. In 1791 and 1792, 100 banks with unlimited liability were swept away. From 1809 to 1819, 174 more—from 1819 to 1821, 99 more. 'How far, then, can unlimited liability afford a security against stopping payment. Not only does it not, but it tends inevitably to augment the risk: the grand remedy is limited liability, paid up capital, and perfect publicity. By the permission of limited liability, we should acquire the most important of all securities—viz., a certainty that the most respectable persons would become parties.'*

Mr. Headlam, on a motion for limited liability to joint-stock banks, said 'the tendency of the present law is gradually to place the whole controul of the banking system in a speculating class of men.'†

Mr. Slaney said, 'If a number of persons joined together, and one of them chose to advance a sum of money, he was liable, in the words of the late Lord Eldon, "to his last shilling and his last acre." This prevented the distribution of capital in the rural districts, and the employment of the people. Erections of lodging-houses could not be effected without a charter, and a charter costs £1000, which took away all profit. Thus unlimited liability prevented enterprize and employment, and kept down wages. The late Lord Sydenham, in 1837, spoke decidedly in favour of limited liability. He was happy to say, that in Italy, France, Holland, and the United States, the limitation of liability worked admirably.'‡

Lord Ashley (now Earl of Shaftesbury) said—'It would be very desirable to remove impediments in the way of associations to be formed with limited liability, but the expense of a charter was an insuperable objection.'§

Mr. Labouchere 'was ready to admit that the laws which related to limited liability might be altered, and might be so modified as to render the investment of capital safer and easier.'

Now, with this host of witnesses before us, to which many more might be added, nothing whatever has been done; nay,

* Hansard, vol. xxxiii., p. 842.

† *Ibid.*, vol. civ., p. 846.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. cv., p. 121.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. cxvi., p. 1268.

the present government, a few weeks ago, refused a charter of limited liability to an undertaking of the greatest public importance, by which the farmers (and the present government are especially, in profession at least, the 'farmers' friends') would have received at least ten millions a-year, which are now sent out for foreign produce; the manufacturers would have been rendered independent of occasional scarcity and high and ruinous prices; and the philanthropist (the present government are *soi-disant* 'philanthropists') would have dealt the greatest practical blow to slavery that has ever been inflicted. Nay, more, the promoters of the undertaking could incur no debts, and were out of the category of companies against which the public might claim to be protected. No matter, unlimited liability was the law, and Mr. Henley and Lord Colchester would grant no exceptions!

When measures of relief are pertinaciously refused, and capital is struggling for a legitimate vent, men are apt to set their wits to work to evade a law they despair of seeing repealed. Hence, in the very teeth of government and the legislature, certain Insurance Companies have discovered a mode of obtaining limited liability, which the Courts of Queen's Bench and the Exchequer of Pleas have sanctioned. It appears, that if in those contracts, called policies of assurance, a clause be inserted expressly in terms, that the only remedy under the policy, and against the office, shall be upon the capital stock of the company, and not upon the directors or shareholders individually, that such intention, so expressed, shall be binding; and that limited liability may be acquired without the assistance of either a charter or an act of parliament.

As this is a highly important matter, we shall give a few extracts from cases reported in the 'Law Journal.'

1849, July 11th.—*Halket v. The Merchant Traders' Ship Loan and Assurance Association.*

Note—Company—Joint Stock Company—Registration Act, 7th and 8th Victoria, c. 110—Execution on Motion against Shareholder—Policy of Insurance—*Limitation of Individual Liability.*

A policy of insurance duly executed by three directors of an insurance company contained a provision that the policy should not be construed to render liable the proprietors of the company beyond the amount of their respective shares, *but that the capital stock of the company should alone be liable to answer all claims in respect of the policy.* The plaintiff having obtained judgment against the company,—*Held that by the terms of the*

policy, the plaintiff was precluded from taking legal proceedings against the individual subscribers, and could not, therefore, issue execution against an individual shareholder, under 7 and 8 Vict. c. 110, s. 68.

In this case a rule had been obtained, calling on Lord Talbot to show cause why execution should not issue against his person or his property or effects, pursuant to the stat. 7 and 8 Vict., c. 110. The rule was obtained on reading (amongst other things) the plaintiff's affidavit, the office copy judgment in the above action, the office copy writ of *fi. fa.*, and the sheriff's return thereto.

It appeared by the plaintiff's affidavit that the action was brought upon a policy of assurance on the ship 'William Mitchell,' which policy was signed by E. G. Winthorp and S. Price, two of the directors of the company, which was completely registered under the 7 and 8 Vict. c. 110. The policy was set out in the declaration, as appeared in the office copy of the judgment, and contained the following clause:—'Provided always, and it is hereby expressly declared and agreed between and by the said company and the assured, that the said policy and anything therein contained shall in no case extend or be deemed or construed to extend to charge or render liable the respective proprietors of the said company, or any of them, or any of their heirs, executors, or administrators, to any claim or demand whatsoever in respect of the said policy, or of the insurance thereby made, beyond the amount of their, his, or her respective individual shares or share in the capital stock of the said company, but that the capital stock and funds of the said company shall alone be charged and liable to answer all claims and demands, by virtue of the said assurance or incident thereto.'

The judgment of the court was delivered by Lord Denman, C. J.—'This was a rule calling on Lord Talbot to show cause why execution should not issue against him, upon a judgment recovered by the plaintiff against the company. The policy on which the action was brought, contains a clause that it shall not make subscribers liable beyond the amount of their respective shares, but that the company's funds shall alone be liable.

'It is plain that no action would have lain against Lord Talbot on this policy, to which he is not individually a party. What liability, if any, the clause in the policy was intended to throw on the individual subscribers it is difficult to understand. We suppose that all policies effected with this company are in the same form. The words would seem to regulate only the amount of liability; and so every subscriber would be made liable somehow to every holder of a policy to the amount of his

shares; for there is no provision that if he has paid one assured to such amount, he shall not be liable to pay another to the same amount; or that if he has paid up to the company the full amount of the shares, he shall not be liable to the assured. In truth, they have no sensible meaning at all; unless it be this, that the assured shall look to the funds of the company alone, so far as any remedy at law extends; and that the individual subscribers shall be liable only to contribute to the funds of the company to the amount of their respective shares, which liability must be enforced by the company against the subscribers, either at law or in equity, as the case may be, and the enforcement of which liability may possibly be compelled, by the assured, by some proceeding against the company.

‘We think, therefore, that, by the contract itself (the policy,) the plaintiff is precluded from taking any legal proceedings against the individual subscribers. This being so, we think that the 66th and 68th sections of 7 and 8 Vict. c. 110, under which this rule was obtained, do not apply; for that act was not intended to do away with the effect of any special contract entered into with companies, but only to enable parties who had recovered on a general contract with the company, not restricted in its terms as to the remedy upon it, to enforce a judgment against the company, by execution against the individual members of it, after due diligence used to obtain satisfaction from the funds of the company. Here, it is true that due diligence had been used, for a *fieri facias* was issued against the company, but no effects found; a fiat in bankruptcy was issued against the company, under 7 and 8 Vict. c. 111, but no assets obtained; and it does not appear that any steps have been taken under 11 and 12 Vict. c. 45, to wind up the affairs of the company, so as to make it necessary for the plaintiff to show that the provisions of that act have been complied with; but we are of opinion that the terms of the policy itself preclude the plaintiff from any remedy at law against the individual subscribers, and this rule must be discharged with costs.’

*Rule discharged, with costs.**

The length of the above extracts precludes us from quoting another case in the Exchequer of Pleas, in which a similar judgment is delivered by Baron Parke (confessedly one of the ablest lawyers on the bench), with the concurrence of the Lord Chief Baron and the whole of the other barons, which may be perused with advantage by all who feel interested in the subject in the 19th volume of the ‘Law Journal,’ under the head ‘Exchequer of Pleas.’

* ‘Law Journal,’ vol. xix. Court of Queen’s Bench, p. 59, &c.

It is clear, therefore, from these recent decisions, that by certain clauses and contrivances, limited liability may by very many joint stock companies be acquired without either charters or acts of parliament. But another important question arises. Would it be right and wise in the estimation of the honourable British merchant, the high-toned moralist, and the public generally, that such evasions (and they are only evasions) should be had recourse to, in preference to altering the general principle of the law by express statute? We say, certainly not. Many persons in the hurry of business may not mark the clause or proviso which limits the responsibility, and indemnifies the uninvested property of those with whom they are dealing. Though by these decisions every shareholder may be compelled to pay up the full amount of his shares to meet the liabilities of the company, the individual suing has no adequate means of learning who these parties are, and whether they can pay or not. With the avowed intention, therefore, of those who are the advocates of unlimited liability in protecting the public and the creditor, we recommend, by a process that would at once give greater publicity to the one, and greater security to the other, to obviate the present, and to prevent all future evils.

It must be manifest to many of our mercantile readers that the French law *en commandite*, though possessing several excellent features, is susceptible of great improvements. To the *société anonyme* we have the constitutional objection that it would throw too much power into the hands of government to be tolerated in this free community. It may be said of Trade as it has been irreverently said of Love—that it

————— ‘at sight of human ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.’

A system, not like the present dog-in-the-manger one of unlimited liability, preventing those who can pay, and encouraging those who cannot, to enter into joint-stock companies—not the French *anonyme*, giving government arbitrary powers of rejection or permission, but a system based on real capital; periodical publicity of the names of all the shareholders, and the amount of shares that each holds; the amount paid up and the amount guaranteed; and notice in every contract and every proposal for every contract that it is to the money and not to the men—to the joint-stock capital and not to the joint-stock capitalist, that all parties are to look for security and payment—ought to be enacted by parliament.

Let us quietly consider how such a system would work were it the law of the land. At present Rothschild, Baring, Gurney, and other great capitalists, who may be disposed to embark in

highly-useful and remunerative undertakings, say to themselves, 'Though we are inclined to take £10,000, or £5000, or £1000 each in one or other joint-stock company, what would be the inevitable result were it to fail? Not only is "our last shilling and last acre," as Lord Eldon has stated, liable to be seized for all the debts of the whole company, but there is a moral certainty that *we should be the first to be pounced upon, in preference to those who are to have the same proportion of profit as ourselves, but who are less able to meet the losses.*' Who could answer such an argument, and what sane man can expect, under such a system, that the real pillars of commercial and territorial wealth would uphold any joint-stock company whatever with *unlimited liability*.

Lord Bacon wisely remarks that 'measures without men are dead images.' There is no vitality in them; very excellent undertakings in theory, and very useful, if they could be put in practice, have been shipwrecked in the quicksands of unlimited liability. It was found that there was no sound bottom. Where the merchant princes of England might have been, and with limited liability would have been, they were not; and instead thereof, tricksters, gamblers, stock-jobbers, adventurers, schemers, and paupers, under plausible names and pretences, were quite ready to risk their all, simply because they had nothing to lose.

The misery that has occurred in these realms from this hollow system is beyond description. The ruined fortunes of those who have been taken in; the broken hearts; the homeless survivors; the sudden fall from gentility to beggary and insolvency—are not these things recorded in the annals of Basinghall-street and the schedules of Portugal-street? When is it to end?

ART. VII.—*The Life of Taou-Kwang, late Emperor of China; with Memoirs of the Court of Peking.* By the late Rev. Charles Gutzlaff. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1852.

ANY work which casts light upon the history and habitudes of the Chinese people must be interesting to Europeans—to ourselves peculiarly so, because our relations with 'the flowery land' have been intimate and important. The civilized and Christian world gazes with astonishment at that singular race, who, while they arrogate a heavenly origination and attri-

butes, and look with supreme contempt on all other people, combine, at the same time, all the peculiarities of both ancient and modern barbarism. They are altogether a distinct world. The great antiquity of their empire, their peculiar customs, the wearisome idioms of their language, and the exceeding ingenuity and imitative cleverness of the entire people, entitle them to the respectful attention of the ethnologist. For many ages the Chinese empire has been a *terra incognita* to Europeans. Thither the thoughts of mediæval statesmen and merchants were directed. The adventurer, wearied by the monotony of home-life, and seeking a new field of pleasure or advantage, dreamed of that 'far Cathay,' where, it was thought, gems and gold were to be had almost for asking; where the people lived amid scenes of beauty and joy; and where the rulers of the land passed an elysian life in a happiness undisturbed by cares of state, and free from the common disquietudes and sorrows of humanity. Not a few goodly barques and their mariners perished in endeavouring to reach that sunny land whose realities were expected to surpass all the conceptions of romance; or—a circumstance by no means unusual in the history of the time—they who had sailed on that bold adventure cared not to return and to tell of their pains and disappointments. The Portuguese seamen seem to have arrived at the earliest knowledge of the celestial land, and a few of them gained a footing in the empire; but, generally, until within the present century, China and its people were almost unknown to the rest of the world. There can be no doubt, however, that the Chinese had approximated towards civilization, while the greater portion of mankind still slumbered in the night of ignorance and barbarity. After making all allowance for the characteristic exaggeration of the national chroniclers, it is clear that their records, such of them as are in existence, date from a very remote antiquity, and the traces of an early partial civilization are even now clearly discernible among them. Every year increases our knowledge of this remarkable nation; and, probably, when the influence of Christianity has been more powerfully exerted upon them—that silently but mightily-working leaven which gradually transforms the mass into which it is infused—we shall obtain information of the history, philosophies, and habits of this people, quite as full and as satisfactory as that which we are already gaining of the races of the Indian peninsula.

The lamented Dr. Gutzlaff has bequeathed us a charming volume, which we venture to assert will be a favourite with all who interest themselves in the present condition, and who speculate upon the future, of the Chinese people. The work, dedicated to Sir George Staunton, 'the constant friend and patron

of all sinalogues,' is simply and effectively written. Its excellent author was not permitted to see the publication of his book :— death overtook him in the prime of life, at Hong-Kong, in the August of last year; and it will be some gratification to the friends of this accomplished and revered labourer in the missionary field to learn that his widow is preparing to publish a memoir of her lamented husband. No one was more qualified than Dr. Gutzlaff to add to our scanty knowledge of Chinese affairs. He was for many years a resident in the country, was in daily intercourse with its people, had all sources of information open to his view, and in the present volume we have ample evidence that he was thoroughly at home in his knowledge of the Chinese polity, of the method of administration, and indeed of the minutiae of the imperial system. We heartily welcome this graceful addition to our oriental literature, which gives us an insight not merely into the system of the administration of the government, but casts considerable light on the home-life of the Chinese people.

The emperor of China is an absolute ruler; his will is law to the three hundred and sixty-five millions of people whom he rules; his mode of life, his habits, his predilections, become the standard for his people; he holds the lives and property of his subjects in his own hands, and is responsible to none. An autocrat of the largest magnitude, the emperor is, however, in complete vassalage to the traditional usages of the state. Nowhere does one find the idea of toryism so completely developed as in the system of the Chinese government. An unchangeable conservatism, a slavish copying of ancestral practices, a fixed belief in the divine right of the ruler to do as he will with his own, a complete slavery on the part both of the monarch and of his people to court etiquette and to the traditional conventionalisms received from a barbarous age, the monarch's reigning as the head and front of the national religious system, as heaven's incarnation and the people's pattern; these are the distinctive elements in the Chinese imperialism, and, with but slight modification, in all toryism whatsoever; for toryism is the same in principle, whether it have place in the believers in Dalai Lama or in the bucolic English squire. In such, and in all among whom it obtains, it is neither more nor less than a concentration of the grossest selfishness which can disgrace humanity. In the highest state of humanity toryism will not be possible. It can live only where the masses of the people calmly tolerate the selfishness and cupidity of the few. Its fitting soil is in the degraded East, in Peking and in Ava, rather than in London or Washington.

The late emperor of China, Taou-Kwang, was the son of Keaking, a frivolous and dissipated ruler. During his youth, Taou-Kwang bore the name of Meening; and that period of his life was passed by the young prince in martial exercise, and in self-preparation for the possibilities of the future. Economical in his habits, and disgusted at the scenes of drunkenness and debauchery which abounded in his father's court, he lived in comparative seclusion. His father, dreading that, according to a not unfrequent practice of the East, he might suffer assassination from his children or other kinsmen, murdered many of them; and his whole reign was that of a terrible tyrant, always sanguinary when he was not intoxicated,—demoniacal in his sobriety, and beastly in his drunkenness. Keaking's wrath vented itself in peculiar ferocity on those of his subjects who embraced the creed of the Roman-catholic church. He greatly feared these converts from the national orthodoxy; and, like many western despots, he determined that his subjects should be of one mind in matters of religion. It was not an easy matter to convince the heretics of their grievous fault. Persuasion, moreover, is a tedious proof, involving argumentative processes in which the imperial mind might achieve, it were possible, but little; and to save himself from any derogatory exertion, he commanded the executioners to do their bloody work throughout the empire. It is probable that Meening would never have attracted the favour of his father, but for an insurrection of the Pe-lien-keon, or 'sect of the water-lily.' Seventy of these rebels attacked the palace with the intention of destroying the dissolute and bloody ruler; but they were repelled by the valour, for the most part, of the young prince, who, in return, was nominated by his father heir to the throne. We will quote the imperial edict under which he was appointed successor to his father, which is very much after the style of Nebuchadnezzar:—

'The great emperor, who received the empire from revolving nature and Heaven, was three years instructed by his father. A good administration consists in venerating Heaven, imitating the ancestors, diligence in government, and love to the people. In the beginning of my government, the robbers of three provinces were still in full array; but after four years the world was at rest. I was always an enemy to strange opinions. I have suppressed the same, and inculcated true principles as the best means to support human society. All the evils that fell upon my subjects I instantly removed, and I remitted all arrears on my sixtieth birth-day. When I was recently going out hunting, I found some difficulty in ascending a mountain; the phlegm of my chest rose to my throat. In my days of health, however, I had appointed a worthy successor, and inscribed his name on a piece of paper preserved in a chest. This prince had killed two robbers when they attacked my palace; the remainder were thereby

terrified, and I gave him the cognomen of Wise. The present sickness is likely to end my life, and I, therefore, confer the empire of the world upon this my son, on account of his great virtues. Do thou, my son, have intercourse with virtuous persons; foster thou the black-haired nation, and follow up my measures.'—pp. 40, 41.

Meening ascended the throne in his thirty-eighth year. He had none of those personal advantages which are commonly supposed to be possessed by imperial and regal personages. His figure was lank and stunted; his face was haggard, and of a mournfully-thoughtful aspect. Altogether, it was that rather of a boor than of a prince. It is usual in China that the monarch, on assuming the government, should no longer be known by the name which he bore when only a subject; and in the observance of this custom, Meening, on ascending 'Heaven's throne,' took the name of Taou-Kwang, or 'the light of reason.' The new emperor, receiving with reverence the charge of Heaven's great concerns, bade his people prepare for his coronation. It would be unjust to our numerous readers to withhold the account of this grand proceeding, as it is related by Dr. Gutzlaff.

'As the day for celebrating the ceremony of Taou-Kwang's ascending the throne approached, great were the preparations made, and the Board of Rights published a whole pamphlet on the subject. It would be useless to repeat all the minutes, which can have attraction only for a Chinese. To a foreigner the pageantry would be well worth seeing, because all the splendours that Asia can afford are displayed to most advantage by Chinese skill. There were elephants, horses, chariots, guards, and servants, ministers and courtiers without number, and the whole imperial pageant present at Peking to do homage to their chief. It was indeed a crowded assembly, as gay as silks, satin, and embroidery could make the mandarins. The important act itself is prescribed in the following manner:—"The president of the Board of Rights shall step forward, kneel down, and beseech his majesty to ascend the imperial throne. The emperor shall then rise from his seat, and the procession moving on in the same order, as above described, to the imperial palace of peace, his majesty shall ascend the seat of gems, and sit down in the imperial throne, with his face towards the south.. At the Woogah the bells shall then be rung, and the drums beaten." The proclamation is afterwards read, the seal delivered over; there is no end of kneeling and knocking the head, burning incense, and going through divers rites, until the paper prepared for the occasion is read in a loud voice. . . . When on the throne, Taou-Kwang said—"In consequence of all the kings, nobles, great statesmen, the civilians, and military officers having said with one voice: Heaven's throne must not long be unoccupied, it is incumbent that, by the consent of the imperial manes of the gods of the land, a sovereign do early assume the sway; I have yielded to the general voice, and interrupting for a short time my keen sorrow, I announce this circum-

stance to heaven and earth, and to my imperial ancestors, and sit down on the imperial throne. Let the next year be the first of the reign of Taou-Kwang."—Ib. 48-50.

What a striking caricature is here upon the regal pompousities of the West! How much this pageant resembles the magnificent pomp of European coronations, the court-mummery, the sycophant adulation, the almost divine assumption on the part of the monarch! The truth is, that man is the same creature in all climates. Under all phases of development, the results of diverse national institutions and educational processes, the darker parts of his nature always come prominently to view, only these are perhaps of a deeper shade in the Asiatic than in the European. The principles which are impulsive to evil deeds have an inherence in all men. Civilization, and indirectly, perhaps, Christianity, have to some extent modified these in the western world, but in the East, from the seraglio to the market-place, they are in full and terrible potency.

Unlike his predecessors, Taou-Kwang restricted himself to one wife, upon whom he conferred the title of empress; and shocked at the licentiousness and debauchery which had prevailed among the courtiers in the days of his father, who was accustomed to keep his unruly satellites in order by the frequent use of the whip, he determined to purify the court, by abolishing the harem, that source of constant evil to the oriental world. He endeavoured, by politic cunning, to govern entirely as an autocrat, which even in China seems to be less possible than in France; but he could not break through the ancient customs of his government, and there remained no alternative but to choose advisers. Considerable popularity attended the accession of the new emperor, whose characteristic frugality, with the change of his rank, grew into a hard and cruel avarice. His love of money was boundless, and that love increased with every additional year of his rule; so that it became at length the great business of his existence to amass silver, and it was his greatest pleasure to feast his eyes with the glittering heaps. Many of his subjects, who knew his ruling passion, either to avoid his helping himself to their resources, or to obtain favour and promotion at his hands, sent him large masses of silver ore; and thus, in a few years, the emperor accumulated so much sycee silver, that the currency was greatly injured, and incalculable misery was brought upon the people by his avarice. His successor, the present emperor, according to the almost invariable *law* in such cases, will soon send the hoarded wealth into circulation.

Taou-Kwang's father had objected, during the whole course of his reign, to any religious innovations. Perfect religious

freedom is impossible under any form of political despotism ; and Keaking, in repressing all tendencies towards dissent from the national orthodoxy, only acted after the manner of the order to which he belonged. Tyrants will always tyrannize, and they who are politically autocratic are not satisfied with anything short of absolutism in religion. He waged fierce war with all his subjects who differed from the 'orthodox standard.' Towards the close of his reign, he received that conviction, which sooner or later impresses itself upon all tyrannical hierarchs, that the more he persecuted, the more obstinately the people adhered to their new ideas. Taou-Kwang had long seen the absurdity of attempting to enforce a uniform system of religious belief and practice upon a nation ; and when he ascended the throne, he resolved not to take notice of any new sects which might arise, nor of the Christian missionaries, who had already penetrated into the empire. The Chinese are generally much attached to what with them is 'the orthodox system' of religion, which has been handed down from their fathers. New religious ideas do not find favour with them, although their political sects are numerous, and have resisted all the attempts of the government to put them down. To these political sectarians the Chinese emperor showed no mercy.

The first four years of Taou-Kwang's reign were passed in much tranquillity. There were no rebels on the land and no pirates on the sea—circumstances which, without doubt, have been very rare in the imperial experience. But speedily after that period, the turbulence of the people manifested itself ; and foreign wars and intestine dissensions brought the empire to the brink of ruin. These rebellions repeatedly occurred. Indeed, the wicked system of government, the universal corruption of persons in office, the heartless and unceasing exactions of the mandarins, inflamed the masses of the people almost to madness. Unity of language alone gives coherence to the Chinese empire. Between the governed and their rulers there can be no sympathy ; and in no other country, it is probable, is there so much strife and rebellion as in China. Whole districts will suddenly break out into frenzied riotousness, and even at the present hour a very large section of the empire is in rebellion against the imperial government. The people are refractory simply because their rulers are oppressive. Hunger and demagogues are always at hand to fan the fire of sedition. Secret societies enlarge the circle of rebellion, and, over many leagues of country, labour rises against property. Towns and villages are given to the flame. The mandarins are not seldom roasted alive. The government finds its mer-

cenary soldiers utterly unavailing to quench the flame of revolt. Enormous bribes are a never-failing remedy; and when the weak and cowardly government has put down the revolt, the cruelties it perpetrates on its prisoners are so dreadful and so peculiar, that we believe they are unequalled in any other country of the world.

In 1834, the emperor was greatly disquieted by the arrival of Lord Napier as the chief superintendent of trade at Macao. The British representative, after some delay, went up to Canton, and the Chinese government was alarmed by the 'barbarian eye placing himself in the flowery land.' Taou-Kwang was greatly averse to have any friendly intercourse with the western world. Aware of the inefficiency of his army, and the utter uselessness of his fleet, he had no wish that these should be brought into contact with European forces. His navy was in a deplorable condition; and his favourite idea with regard to it was, that the ships should be 'stationed like chessmen' in the inner seas, when, if it were reported that his admirals had allowed any of the enemy's vessels to escape, he upbraided and disgraced the commanders. They, in their own defence, asserted 'that the foreign ships sailed with the swiftness of the shuttlecock, and that it was impossible to intercept them.'

In 1840, Taou-Kwang, and, indeed, his whole empire, were greatly alarmed by the menaces of the British, who were prohibited by imperial edict from trading with the natives in opium. The emperor, in his emergency, called to his councils the Commissioner Lin. Possessed of much energy and of consummate tact, Lin knew that it was utterly vain to trifle with the outside barbarians. The whole coast was rapidly put into a state of defence. The choicest Chinese warriors were marched towards the sea-board for the utter extermination of the presumptuous barbarian eye. The generals who, in the earlier part of Taou-Kwang's reign, had gained successes, although rather by bribery and treachery than by the display of military skill, were deputed to destroy the hateful English. But in vain. The sons of the flowery land were powerless before Anglo-Saxon skill and valour. Chusan was taken, and, to the consternation of the imperial court, the British fleet appeared off the mouth of the Pei-ho. The emperor then selected Keshen, his most astute diplomatist, to induce the fleet to withdraw to the eastern waters. He was successful; and the withdrawal of the fleet was regarded by the Chinese as a triumph to the empire, and throughout the whole land the cry resounded, 'Destruction to the barbarians!' Keshen and Elepoo, the wisest of the imperial counsellors, were degraded, and the com-

mand of the forces was given to Yukeen, who made immense preparations to repel the English. He announced to his soldiery, that he desired nothing more than to meet the outside barbarians in battle.

'The preparations for receiving the barbarians had been immense ; but the vigorous measures of Lord Gough, Sir William Parker, and Sir Henry Pottinger, defeated all the plans. Amoy fell ; Chusan came again into the hands of the English, and Yukeen finally had his heart's desire—an engagement with the barbarians. He wished them to come close to the muzzle of his guns ; but before this gratification had been afforded him, the fortifications were demolished by cannon and bombs, and his forces defeated ; he himself being the first to flee to save his life. On his retreat, he repented of his precipitancy, and attempted to drown himself to avoid the imputation of cowardice ; he was, however, drawn out of the water by a poor fisherman ; but he afterwards swallowed some gold-leaf, and thus committed suicide.'—pp. 176, 177.

Other generals were defeated ; the wretched soldiers were led only to slaughter ; the English steam-ships spread havoc and ruin on the coast ; and the emperor began to tremble for the safety of his capital. Had the attacking force been larger, and had that expeditionary force been furnished with small iron steam-vessels of light draught, and suitable for river navigation, there can be no doubt but that Peking might have been approached, and the haughty monarch compelled to sign a treaty of peace and indemnification in his own capital. That is an event which will occur in the course of a few years. The British occupation of the Chinese sea-board—especially since our Transatlantic kinsmen and rivals have had an eye to Japan—is simply a matter of time.

Towards the close of 1841, Taou-Kwang became convinced that he was not equal to a contest with the outside barbarians. Some members of his court, who had gleaned a little intelligence as to the locality and resources of Great Britain from Chinese sailors, colonists, and others, suggested that the war should be carried from China into Great Britain. The plan of operations suggested was this:—'To build a fleet thrice as strong and as numerous as the English fleet, and to station these huge vessels off Singapore and Anceer to intercept and destroy in detail the British ships, and also to march an army of three hundred thousand men through Siberia and Russia upon London ! The unfortunate emperor admired the grandeur of the idea, but doubted its practical application. Hou-Chunn, the officer commanding at Peking—the Marshal Ney of China—came forward to the relief of his master in his difficulties, with the happy suggestion of building a steamer

which could carry six thousand men, half divers, and half gunners. With this enormous ship he professed himself ready to fight the whole English fleet. The gunners were to fire their terrible broadsides, and the divers were to bore holes in the men-of-war, and thus the fortune of the flowery land was to be restored. Many steam-vessels had been attempted, in imitation of the English ships; but, although the vessels in every particular seemed to resemble those of the British, it was found impossible to move the paddle-wheels. At length the British fleet rode triumphantly in the Yangtse-Kiang, and Taou-Kwang, convinced that he could not resist the barbarian eye, gave *carte blanche* for the conclusion of a treaty. The particulars of that treaty are well known to our readers, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to state them here. It not merely brought peace to the discomfited and terrified Chinese, but it also secured religious toleration for all foreigners residing in the empire. A Roman-catholic dignitary, desirous of benefiting his own sect only, interpreted this permission as extending solely to those foreign religionists who told their beads, and adored the cross; but the interference of Sir H. Pottinger removed the proposed restriction, and secured religious freedom for all the outside barbarians. On the conclusion of the war, so disastrous to the Chinese interests, and so humiliating to the imperial divinity, Taou-Kwang retired from the affairs of state almost into private life. A haggard and worn old man, he clung to life with remarkable tenacity. The wretched heathenism in which he believed could cast no cheering ray upon the murky future, and, fearful of death, he hoped he might live as long as his forefathers, to rule his vast empire. Thus, the more his years increased—although he had almost entirely withdrawn from affairs of state—the more active he appeared in public, the more gorgeous was his style of dress and equipage, and the more readily he manifested to the public that he had a vigour beyond his years. But his days were numbered. On February 11th, 1850, an edict ‘in the vermilion pencil’ appeared,—‘Let Yih-Choo, the imperial fourth son, be set forth as heir-apparent.’ This was his last public act, and he speedily ‘went on his long journey.’

Altogether, we have been much pleased with this little volume, which is interesting, not merely as it gives some satisfactory knowledge of Chinese society, but because it is a living voice, addressing us from among the teeming millions of China. What the new emperor's reign will be, we cannot discern; but it is very clear that a great change is at hand in the condition of the people. Evidently, the democratic influence in the empire is gaining ground—the divine attributes of the emperor are becom-

ing daily more absurd in the eyes of his people. Christianity, too—that mighty leaven which, sooner or later, dissolves unholy powers—is beginning to exert a great influence on the people. Political changes will, without doubt, accelerate the advent of religious enlightenment upon the heathenish masses of the Chinese empire, and we may confidently expect that the labours of our missionaries in that benighted land will have a happy issue. The present volume cannot be perused without profit, and, as it will convey much satisfactory knowledge in relation to the condition of the inhabitants of China, we commend it to the attention of our readers.

ART. VIII.—*Copies, or Extracts, of all Communications respecting the organization of the University of London since the year 1840, between the Home Office and the Senate of the University, any of the affiliated Colleges, and the Committee of Graduates respectively ; and of such of the Minutes of the Senate of the University of London, and of Committees appointed by the Senate as relate to the admission of Graduates to form an integral portion of the Corporate Body of the University. Address ordered by the House of Commons, March 15, 1852.*

2. *The University of London a Parliamentary Constituency.* By Charles James Foster, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, London. Published for the Committee of the Graduates of the University, by Ridgway, Richardson and Son ; Jackson and Walford.

UPON the close of a severe struggle there is a natural desire to preserve some record of its history. It satisfies a present want, and it anticipates for future memories the renewal of long past successes. When the crowd of achievements are brought into the compass of an hour, the mind is elevated by the consciousness of strength, and, it may be hoped, by well deserved self-praise. But though these delights be absent, not the less is such a record desirable, not at the close of the well-fought field, but just at that critical period when a great advantage has undoubtedly been obtained, and when both sides are bringing up their reinforcements to alter or secure the yet doubtful issue. At such a moment, the clear perception of the precise position of affairs, while it may enable the vanquished to retreat with honour, affords the surest promise to the victor of his ultimate success.

Such a crisis is now apparent in the four years' conflict

within and around the University of London. Its importance as a contest of principle we do not fear to over-estimate. In the actual struggle are now engaged more than one leading statesman, and the most eminent persons of the Nonconformist body all through the kingdom, with a preponderance so decided over other bodies—the Roman Catholics for instance—who ought to be equally interested in the result, that its opponents have not hesitated latterly to attribute to the movement a sectarian design. Foolish men! But we cannot now discuss with them the effect of principles, the simple statement of which it is evident they do not understand.

We propose, therefore, in this article, to present to our readers a brief summary of all that has lately been going forward. Some portions of the matter it contains have, we believe, appeared in detached statements elsewhere; but those of our readers to whom the subject is now familiar, will agree with us that a summary such as we suggest is desirable, and will be advantageous probably to themselves.

We presume that everybody knows by this time that the University of London is not the institution in Gower Street—formerly designated the ‘London University’—but a distinct body located at Somerset House, within a stone’s throw of King’s College; that this body is composed of thirty-eight noblemen, prelates, clergymen, and gentlemen, ‘eminent in science, literature, and art,’ who are nominated by the crown, and invested with a corporate existence, and the power of conferring degrees; that by the charter incorporating this body, University College, Gower Street, and King’s College, were empowered to send up their students for examination, and that a similar privilege has since been granted to nearly thirty general and about sixty medical colleges throughout the kingdom. Of the general colleges, nearly twenty are divided about equally between the Independents and Baptists, and the Roman Catholics. The Established Church and the Wesleyans own to four, and the remainder are open indifferently to students of all religious persuasions. The entire number of graduates, we may add, has now reached nearly 700, of whom two-thirds are graduates in arts, and almost all the remainder in medicine. The annual increase in their numbers has reached seventy, and will probably soon exceed a hundred.

The University of London, we say, is not University College, nor is it all the colleges, nor is it the graduates: it is simply and exclusively the THIRTY-EIGHT gentlemen to whom we have alluded. These thirty-eight need not necessarily be, and are not, in fact, graduates; nor are they (with the exception of Sir James Graham, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Warburton, who are also

upon the Council of University College) in any way connected with any of the colleges. The University and the colleges have no control over each other; nor, except by courtesy, have they any means of knowing each other's proceedings. The graduates are not as yet a legally organized, or, indeed, existent body, and until within the last four years it may be stated as having been practically the fact, that none of these bodies had anything to do with either of the others. A stray college may have pointed out a difficulty arising from a particular regulation, or a rejected candidate for graduation may have urged the hardship of his own case; but there was no organized inter-communication, nor, as far as appeared, any desire for it.

Now, the understanding on all hands was, that the University of London was to be towards the Dissenters and Catholics, and, indeed, towards all who did *not* belong to the Established Church, whatever Oxford and Cambridge were to those who did. There can be no doubt about this. It was the demand of the country. It was the claim of University College, which for the sake of it, gave up its right to be itself the University of London. It has been the understanding of nearly one hundred colleges which have acquired the privileges of affiliation. Within the last few days, it has been admitted, in the House of Commons, by Mr. Walpole, speaking for the government, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Goulburn, speaking respectively for the very universities, which are alone entitled to question the assertion of the claim. Should any of our readers have a lingering fear upon the point, we will set it at rest, by quoting from the letter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated Nov. 22nd, 1835, to the authorities of University College:—
'It cannot but be expedient that parliament should hereafter . . . extend to these metropolitan degrees all the privileges and advantages, not of an ecclesiastical character, which are connected with degrees at Oxford and Cambridge. . . . It should be always kept in mind, that what is sought on the present occasion is, an EQUALITY IN ALL RESPECTS with the ancient universities, freed from those exclusions and religious distinctions which abridge the usefulness of Oxford and Cambridge.'

Oxford and Cambridge are managed exclusively by their own graduates. The graduates of London are not only not members of that University, but almost all its members are Oxford and Cambridge men. Oxford and Cambridge are represented by two members in the House of Commons. Lord DERBY, the other day, intimated to a deputation from the London graduates, that it had been in contemplation to make them a constituency, but that he found, on inquiring, that they were not yet members of the University at all. Oxford and Cambridge

have many legal privileges and exemptions, for the encouragement of the learning of which they are supposed to be the seats. But for the determined front of the London graduates, unaided by the senate, the Charitable Trusts' Bill and the Militia Bill might have imposed on the colleges and graduates, the one a grievance, and the other a stigma, from which both Oxford and Cambridge are expressly exempted.

This is not equality. But it was not vague dissatisfaction, but ill results practically felt, which led to the recent movements. In the spring of 1848, the Lord Advocate brought in a bill in the House of Commons, for Regulating the Medical Profession. This bill was avowedly the measure of the three great London medical corporations. It expressly exempted Oxford and Cambridge, but it ignored London; if we may call by so mild a term a clause prohibiting the London graduates from assuming their degrees without the permission of the College of Physicians. Now, it does not appear that the senate took any practical steps in opposition to this bill until their attention had been called to it by a deputation from the graduates. They certainly did not attempt to pacify the alarm it created: and we must add, that one (we fear) of its most active promoters, one who certainly gave evidence in its support before the Select Committee of the House of Commons—Dr. Ridout—was a member of the senate.

There is nothing like instant danger for effecting union. On the 20th March, 1848, half a dozen graduates met together at the house of one of their number, and formed themselves into a provisional committee, to call a meeting of as many more as they could find. They first asked the senate for a room, which was not granted; but, meanwhile, they had collected about eighty addresses, and held a preliminary meeting in a back room in Pall Mall. This led to a larger meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, at which the 'Graduates' Committee,' whose labours have rendered the longer continuance of the present state of things impossible, was first appointed. The opportune discovery and use of Lord Monteagle's correspondence, to which we have above referred, was entirely owing to this committee, through whom it became available, also, to the senate and to University College. Upon its being laid before Sir George Grey, he expressly stated, in presence of the Lord Advocate, that it formed a contract morally binding upon the government, and that he could give his assent to no medical bill which did not place the London graduates upon the same footing with those of Oxford and Cambridge.

With such a cause for organisation, and such a result obtained so speedily, it would have been no wonder if larger

views had soon developed themselves. In fact, however, the necessity for a permanent organization of the graduates, and for such an alteration in the university charter as should admit them to be part of the corporate body, with an effective voice in its management, had been from the first distinctly foreseen; and its effectuation was early stated to the senate, as being the main design of the movement.

It has been observed that the language of the Foundation Charter betokens a consciousness in its framers, that the constitution it provides could not be permanent. It first constitutes thirty-eight gentlemen, by their proper names and additions, 'The University of London.' This university, it then declares, is to consist of a 'chancellor, vice-chancellor, and fellows.' The chancellor, vice-chancellor, and fellows, are to be the 'senate;' and the senate is to have the 'entire management of, and superintendence over,' *the university*. Unless the senate and the university were intended at some time to be not precisely the same body, this phraseology would do well to be stated to a schoolboy, as a remarkably plain and distinct specimen of the figure of speech which grammarians call pleonasm.

In a former article,* we stated the principal resolutions of the committee of the whole senate in 1840. We can now only remind our readers that they went the entire length, as soon as the graduates of three years' standing should become 300 in number (which was the case in December, 1848), of taking the power of nominating senators from the crown, and vesting it in the graduates of that standing; securing the future responsibility of the senate to the electoral body thus constituted by the annual retirement and election of one-sixth of its number. These resolutions were not ultimately confirmed; but the opinion entertained by the senate of its own power to deal with the question (a power lately disavowed), appears by the terms of its resolution—'That a committee of the whole senate be appointed to consider of any alteration it be may expedient to make in the charter.'—'Minutes,' March 25th, 1840.

The matter slept until 1848. In June of that year, the graduates' committee submitted a proposal to the senate, of which the principal alternative was, that it should immediately 'take steps to procure a new charter.' The reply was, that the senate was 'not prepared at present to apply for a new charter, but would make known to the home secretary the desire of a number of the graduates to be represented in that body.' Sir George Grey was at the time considering the proper mode of filling up the somewhat numerous vacancies in the senatorial

* 'Eclectic,' May, 1851.

ranks ; and it seems to have been thought that the movement party would be sufficiently gratified, without carrying the point farther, by a reception at the Home Office, and an apparent recognition of their 'private and particular' importance. If such a belief may have arisen from some hastily-dropped expressions, it was speedily dissipated by authentic explanation. It was explained to Sir George Grey that it was not desired that he should make any immediate additions to the senate, and that the graduates were not prepared to recommend any of their own number to his consideration ; but that the claim was for a new charter, embodying the graduates as a Convocation, with powers and privileges similar to those enjoyed by the convocation at Oxford and Cambridge. As cabinet ministers are allowed to hibernate during the long vacation, it is not necessary to be surprised that, on waking up about December, Sir George Grey had confused the matter a little in his mind, and required to have it explained all over again. This being done, however, he sent a reply (30th Dec. 1848), 'that any plan for carrying into effect the wishes of the graduates,' which the committee might transmit to him, should 'be fully considered.'

Upon receipt of this communication, the graduates, in general meeting assembled, considered the principles upon which their proposed admission into the University ought to be arranged. They laid down the following basis, of which we cannot but remark, in passing, that it is substantially the same with that which (at least) the members of the senate are now bound in all honour to concede. It is thus stated, 'That the graduates shall in future form part of the body corporate of the University : that the government of the University shall consist of a chancellor, a senate, and a convocation : the last to be composed of all graduates of a certain standing ; that eventually, the senate shall be elected by convocation : that all alterations in the fundamental law of the University shall require the assent of convocation ; that while the general executive management of the University shall be confided to the senate, it shall be subject in certain cases to the veto of convocation.'

Two months' labour *de die in diem* was not too much to give to the preparation of a scheme embodying the above principles. It was rejected *instantly* by the senate, and is not now pressed by the graduates. Although, therefore, we cordially approve of it, and in the event of present arrangements failing should hold ourselves free to move in its favour, we will not lengthen our present article by the recapitulation of its details. But in three important respects it exhibited a marked contrast in point of moderation to that which the senate had itself all but adopted in 1840.

It did not affect the present members of the senate. It was adapted to secure the rights of the crown so long as the public money should go towards the support of the University. It expressly preserved the whole law of the University, as stated in the 'Calendar,' until the senate should itself consent to any alteration. Not one of these provisions appears in the scheme of 1840. It was, moreover, submitted as a basis only, accompanied with a request to be afforded opportunities of explaining its contemplated working. With this request it was sent to Sir George Grey, and by him forwarded to the senate. After a *pro formâ* adjournment, that body resolved—'That the senate, while it is desirous that the graduates should hereafter be admitted to a share in the government of the University, cannot recommend to the Secretary of State the adoption of a charter founded upon the proposition submitted to him by the committee of graduates.'

This resolution was come to upon the face of the scheme itself, without affording the graduates any opportunity of tendering explanations. Its meaning, therefore, is that the scheme could not possibly be made to work well. That any scheme upon paper might easily be made to work badly we do not doubt; that any could not be made to work well, while preserving its essential features, is a decision to which, in the absence of all explanation, we should not have committed ourselves at one sitting. The scheme was submitted as the basis of a *charter*. The proper office of a charter is to confer powers. The laws regulating their exercise should only be prescribed by bye-law, and for this obvious reason,—a charter cannot be altered but by the power that gave it; a bye-law, if it works badly, can at any time be re-modelled by the chartered body.* The working of a properly framed charter, therefore, depends wholly upon the bye-laws. Now the rejected scheme gave the senate the power of framing its own bye-laws before assenting to it, and, by inserting them in the calendar of the year, of making them unalterable without its own consent. We have no doubt, therefore, that the senate committed a grave error in rejecting the scheme at one sitting without explanation asked.

We would willingly believe that the rejection of the scheme was due to the scheme itself. But we have no doubt—and it is right to say so plainly—that it was due to the opposition of the graduates to the regulations under the SUPPLEMENTAL

* The present charter is an instance of the inconvenience of departing from this rule. In two cases the legality, strictly speaking, of the course pursued by the senate is at best doubtful.

CHARTER. From this subject we refrain. The present delicate position of affairs, and the hope we entertain that those who swayed the then counsels of the senate have either declined in influence, or found occasion to review their own policy, determine us to pass it by. It is sufficient to mark the occasion as presenting a new phase of the movement in *the adhesion of the COLLEGES*. Airedale, Homerton, Highbury, Manchester (New), Spring Hill, Stepney, and University Colleges joined the graduates' committee in remonstrating against the above regulations. With the approbation of everybody out of the University they were ultimately withdrawn.

The graduates for the time had lost their charter; but they had gained more power, probably, than its concession at that time would have given them. They had beaten the senate in a pitched battle, and, as it has since appeared, upon the ground of their special choice. They appear, however, to have been averse to steps which might bear the character of an agitation, or to treat the question otherwise than as one in which the senate and themselves were alone interested. Indeed, notices were placed upon the minutes of the senate which appeared to indicate a desire to do something. One of these stated the 'collective opinion' of the graduates as a thing to be ascertained and recognised: another proposed to create a number of junior fellowships for the benefit of the more distinguished. Neither went further than the mere notice, and the second was the small product of a year's gestation. Before that time the graduates, then numbering somewhat over 500, had held their third annual meeting, and three-fourths of their accessible number had signed a declaration, praying admission into the corporate body of the University with such share in its government as might be deemed proper. This declaration placed in the fore-front their claim to equality in all respects with the ancient universities, expressed their gratitude to the senate for their services, but insisted on their own superior interest in the well being of the University. The senate now replied by a resolution 'that the question raised by the declaration is not one which the senate can with propriety discuss. The members of the Senate have under the present charter been selected by the crown. They act under the superintendence of the Secretary of State. It is, in their opinion, not for them, but for the authority which appointed them, to determine whether the fundamental constitution does or does not require alteration.'—'Minutes,' May 21, 1851.

We have heard this resolution spoken of in terms which would lead to the belief that its framers looked upon it as a master-piece of tactics—as if it had drowned the whole body

of graduates in the slough of the Home Office. Its inconsistency with the previous proceedings of the senate is so obvious that it is but just to notice that it was not adopted by precisely the same individuals. Lords Monteagle and Overstone, Sir James Graham, Mr. Grote, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Cornewall Lewis, had recently been appointed to fill some of the existing vacancies. Nor have we any doubt that the resolution represents the sincere opinion of some of the original members of the senate. But we are not the less satisfied that it assumes an untenable position, and one, moreover, which is fatal to the present constitution of the University. Were the senate a mere temporary royal commission instead of a permanent chartered body, it would still be within the ordinary exercise of its duty to submit means by which its efficiency might be increased. On more than one occasion, to take a familiar instance, the commissioners of the Exhibition asked for, and obtained new powers—powers, too, for objects not contemplated at the time of their appointment. The resolution has sunk the senate to the level of any other of the Somerset House boards, and has made it no more a university, except in name, than the ‘Stamps and Taxes’ round the corner. It is wonderful that the framers of it did not foresee that occasions would certainly arise when either they must discuss the fundamental constitution for themselves, or it would be discussed for them, and the most important part of the University work would be done not by its own members, but by those whose very existence they had persisted in ignoring. It has been the consequence of this resolution that the graduates’ committee have originated proceedings in the country, and conducted negotiations in the House of Commons, in which the senate has been either not consulted, or only subordinately engaged. Their own moderation and good sense has induced them to do all in their power to uphold the position of the senate so far as was consistent with the exigencies of their own struggle; but the fact could not be concealed that when the affiliated colleges needed advice and assistance in resisting injurious legislation, they have sought it, in every instance, not from the Senate, but from the Graduates’ Committee.

But the observation to which this minute is open has led us to anticipate. As the graduates were sent by it to the Home Office, to the Home Office they betook themselves. A fourth long vacation appeared, and the delay which its presence occasioned was further prolonged by the serious illness of Sir George Grey. He recovered, however, soon enough, and he remained in office long enough, to throw back upon the senate, by requesting their opinion, the responsibility which they had

sought to cast upon him. The same minutes which contain his letter (February 18th, 1852) show also that the senate had been in no hurry to consider it until it was followed by the first few 'drops of the thunder shower' which was so soon to burst upon them. The Council of New College, the Committee of Stepney, the Trustees of Cheshunt, and the Visitors, Principal and Professors of Manchester New College, in language of varied conciseness, but of unmistakable construction, declared their desire that the University should now be made conformable to 'its original design.' Then came the resolution of the University College Proprietary, whose hearty meeting brought back old times; and a few days before had brought a letter from the graduates' committee, containing no sort of allusion to the internal question, but affording tolerably clear evidence of what they were about, in the shape of a communication with Lord John Russell (then in office) respecting the franchise. But since then the ministry had resigned; and possibly Mr. Secretary Walpole might not wish to be troubled with the matter. At their next meeting, however, the senate were told that Mr. Walpole did desire to have their opinion; and that the trustees of Manchester College and the committee and professors of the Lancashire Independent College had formed a very clear opinion of their own, which they then took leave to communicate. The memorial of Lancashire College is certainly one of the best, and the letter accompanying it contained the information (possibly by that time needless) that a copy had been sent to the graduates' committee. Thereupon it was moved, in a somewhat full meeting,—'That the Senate is of opinion, that a change in the constitution of the University is advisable;' the further consideration of it was adjourned to that day fortnight.'—'Minutes,' March 17, 1852.

The senate had found, however, by this time, that more than the colleges were in action. Two days before, the House of Commons had ordered, on Mr. Hume's motion, copies of all communications between the Home Office, the senate, the colleges, and the graduates' committee, respecting the organization of the University. Lord John Russell had received a brief statement of the case of the graduates, and had fixed the next day for an interview upon the subject. Even in the council of University College, where it was whispered that the senate did hope for support in the overpowering influence of their common membership, the graduates had raised the question, and their opponents had been fain, as their best policy, to refer it to a committee.

Under these circumstances, leading men on both sides

opened unofficial communications on the same day with each other, the result of which was an understanding, on the one side, that the graduates should send a deputation to the senate to explain their views; and on the other, that the senate would be prepared to receive favourably a scheme which, it was intimated, the deputation would probably submit. This was the important crisis of this question. It is needless to go fully into later details. The deputation was received; submitted their plan; and a select committee of the senate is now considering whether the change so suggested, 'either in whole or in part, or any other modification of the constitution, can be recommended as useful, and not endangering the fundamental principle on which the University of London is established.' This committee consists of the Chancellor (Lord Burlington), the Vice-chancellor (Mr. Lefevre), Lord Monteagle, Sir James Graham, Dr. Arnott, Mr. Grote, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, and Mr. Seuior. Before it was finally appointed, seventeen colleges, and almost immediately after, twenty out of twenty-nine colleges had declared in the graduates' favour.

Of the adherent colleges none that we have mentioned are of the Roman-Catholic faith. The fact, however, is, that five—including, with the exception of Stonyhurst, all the principal schools of that denomination in this country—gave in their full concurrence to the operations of the committee. For reasons partly founded upon the state of public feeling, they declined public action, until the Charitable Trusts and Militia Bills compelled them to petition the legislature in self-defence.

Not less decided has been the success of the movement for the PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE. As we have stated, Lord John Russell was applied to, but too late for the introduction of the claim in his new Reform Bill, such as it was. Both in and out of office, however, he stated to the committee his approval of their claim. The interval between his resignation, and the proposal by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer to fill up the few vacant seats, was occupied by the collection of materials for the pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article. Lord Derby also received a deputation from the committee, and emphatically assured them that the government were fully disposed to recognise claims such as they submitted, and that there *was no claim of the kind which, in the opinion of the government, could at all compete with that of the University of London*. He added that there were difficulties in the way of the present concession of the claim, which had been under consideration: the chief being that the graduates were not as yet admitted into the corporate body of the University. On the same day we had the

gratification of hearing from Mr Disraeli in the House of Commons the same concession, still more elaborately, though not more distinctly, made. We need not refer to the notice given on the same evening by Mr. Lennard, M.P., for Maldon, (which was on his own responsibility,) nor to the petitions which have already begun to be laid upon the table of the House of Commons. Next session this part of the struggle will no doubt commence in earnest: and we call upon all our friends to aid it. They will find facts enough in the pamphlet we have referred to, and stated too concisely for us to attempt to analyze them here. Almost all the 'Arts' colleges furnished the committee with returns of their fixed property, and of the amount and sources of their income, of their tutorial arrangements, number of students, value of scholarships, and general educational provisions. These returns, imperfect as they confessedly are, confirm us in the opinion some time since expressed, that the wealth of London exceeds that of Oxford or Cambridge. The aggregate number, too, of our students is about six times as large; their term of study is usually longer; their examinations more severe. This concise statement will perhaps surprise our readers. For the proof we must refer them to the pamphlet.

The Charitable Trust Bill and the Militia Bill both violated the fundamental principle so long contended for, in expressly exempting the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and those only. In these cases the committee felt that they could rely upon the old government pledge, their successful resistance to the Medical Registration Bill, and two acts of parliament,* in one of which the rights of the graduates, and in the other, of the colleges, had been expressly recognised. They accordingly communicated with the Colleges, and requested Mr. Thorneley, M.P., for Wolverhampton to be their adviser and representative in the House of Commons. To that gentleman's excellent counsel much of their success is due. The Charitable Trust Bill was withdrawn by the government before the question formally arose; but in the Militia Bill the necessary clause has been inserted with the declared assent of the Home Secretary, and of the members for Oxford and Cambridge. The promptitude with which these occasions were seized, and the vigour of their following up, have had these important effects—the claims of the graduates are favourably known to the House of Commons—a close union has been effected (the value of which will soon appear) between the graduates and

* 1 Vict. c. 56, Attornies and Solicitors' Act: 3 and 4 Vict. c. 77, Grammar Schools Act.

the colleges—and the senate has had no share in either of these results.

The foregoing statement furnishes evidence—if it be needed—not only of the inherent strength of a good cause, but of the necessity of a clear understanding of its principles. It is within our knowledge that, barely six months since, it was a question among the conductors of the movement whether it should not be altogether abandoned. We were ourselves present at the meeting at Radley's Hotel, at which its prosecution on the late extended basis was resolved on. But nothing could have been done without a clear perception of the principle at stake, and a firm determination to carry it through. Without this the fact (which actually happened) would have been impossible, of a conference at the same moment, in one room with Cardinal Wiseman, and in another with a member of the Protestant Alliance. It may be true—we believe it is—that Roman Catholics generally, in giving their confidence to avowed Dissenters on the common principle of religious freedom, have not the same clear perception of its true meaning, and are not prepared to follow it out to its legitimate results. There may be some among them—and we act upon the assumption that this also may be true—to whom the principle is but a convenient phrase, and who long for the liberty we are helping them to win, for our more easy oppression. To us our part is not the less clear. Obedience is ours: consequences are God's.

Since the above was in type, the Report of the Select Committee has appeared in the public journals. Although indicating, with sufficient distinctness, the effect of the operations we have detailed, it is not such as to render that detail unnecessary. It is based upon assumptions; and it contains recommendations to which we can by no means assent; and the senate has postponed its consideration until the new parliament meets. This latter circumstance, no doubt, is accounted for by the electioneering engagements of influential senators; but it is unfortunate that every opportunity has, in point of fact, been taken of not coming to any decision. We hope, however, that the graduates may at length be said to see land. The senate can hardly now refuse a convocation of some kind; and it is equally impossible they can abide by the constitution proposed by the Select Committee. Based upon the principle of selection, which we are willing to consider as admissible, it offends in all the qualities essential to its adoption. It represents the faculties in an inverse ratio to their relative numbers; and it gives about equal advantages to seniority, distinction, and the want of both. So ignorant were its framers of its working, that

their intention was to admit immediately into convocation upwards of 200 graduates; and it was only discovered in time to prevent the error appearing in the Report itself that they had provided for no more than 150. It was, unfortunately, easier to abandon the intention than to confess the error; the more especially as the senate had declined the proffered assistance of the graduates' committee. The Report enumerates several distinctions between London and the older Universities. Almost the only sound distinction mentioned, is that of its being open to all religious denominations. The recommendations are so felicitously wrong as to exclude in a body all graduates from the Roman-catholic colleges. Let it, therefore, be fully understood on all hands—among the graduates, colleges, and all friends of religious freedom—that *the senate is not now to be suffered to withdraw its offer of a convocation*; let this once be determined upon out of doors, and there will be little difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion as to what that convocation is to be.

Brief Notices.

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A Commentary on the Book of Proverbs. By Moses Stuart; late Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. London: Delf and Trübner. 1852.

THIS last publication of the venerable professor bears the marks of a ripened judgment, and is the completest examination of the *words* of this book of Scripture that we have ever read. The writer purposely, and we think wisely, abstains from attempting to illustrate or apply these words

of wisdom ; this he leaves to the ordinary ministrations of Christian pastors. For them his philological skill and experience have provided an invaluable help, of which we hope there are few who will not gladly and thankfully avail themselves. The meaning of the Hebrew text is clearly developed by applying to it the laws of the language and the usages of the people. We recommend the volume especially to the students of Hebrew. We look with strong desire to the cultivation of that study, carried out to the independent investigation of every portion of the Bible, as the successful antidote to the ignorant perversions and to the supercilious levity with which the Book of God has been so irreverently treated. How few there are who have given themselves to such an investigation ! If men will content themselves with jangling *about* the Scriptures, instead of calmly ascertaining what they are, what they say, and what they mean, we may have controvertists, sceptics, and bigots in abundance ; but we shall have no *theologians* worthy of the name. To such labours Professor Stuart devoted the greater part of a long and industrious life. If others have done more immediate good, there are not many whose productions will be found hereafter to have done so much for the permanent interests of revealed truth. We are far from representing Professor Stuart as a perfect guide to high, enlarged, comprehensive views of Scripture. All we value him for is the humbler, more laborious, yet not less requisite appliance of grammatical acumen and philological learning to the business of interpretation, which must underlie all safe and satisfactory developments of the principles involved in the sublime instructions of the sacred volume. Just interpretation of Scripture is related to theology as careful experiment and exact observation are to the physical sciences. Neither is complete in itself. Both are required in order to a true philosophy in physics, and a true theology in religion. The peculiarity of the book of Proverbs consists in its pre-eminently practical character ; its enforcement of the demands of integrity, purity, and benevolence, and its elegant terseness, boundless variety, and poetical beauties, are subservient to its higher attributes as a guide to man amid the impulsive passions and the ever-changing temptations through which his path lies towards the eternal future. In the heat of the Arian controversy the orthodox party laid hold of the magnificent personification of wisdom in the *eighth* chapter, and the current view of expositors has recognised the identity of the 'wisdom' of the Proverbs, with the 'logos' of John. Professor Stuart objects to this view, and shows that no theological conclusion in support of the orthodox doctrine can be fairly drawn from the language. Though we are disposed to agree with him in this, so far as controversial discussion is concerned, we are not prepared to admit that there is no foreshadowing here of the grand truth revealed by the apostles that Christ is 'THE WISDOM of God.' This is precisely one of those instances, of which we believe there are many, in which a higher faculty than that of verbal criticism is needed for bringing out the grand truths of Scripture—those truths that are reached only by a mind which the spirit of devotion has exalted and purified, so that it can see beyond the *minutiae* of language into the heights and depths of revelation *as a whole*.

A Manual of Geographical Science, Mathematical, Physical, Historical, and Descriptive. London : Parker. 1852.

THIS very comprehensive work is the production of four separate writers, whose names are well known—Professor O'Brien and Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, Colonel Jackson, late Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, and the Rev. C. G. Nicolay, Librarian of King's College. It is an attempt to avoid the minute details of former works, and so to arrange the information as to make it at once available alike to teachers and to learners. A hundred and forty-two very closely printed pages are filled by Professor O'Brien with a general statement of the Celestial Motions—the Celestial Sphere and its Circles—the Constellations—Astronomical Time—Problems—Optical Principles—and Instruments : the object being not to give an outline of the whole science, but simply to afford the means of determining the relative position of places on the earth's surface. We regard the whole treatise, with its numerous and clear diagrams, as eminently fitted to the practical end which the author contemplates. Almost everything that can be said on the subject of globes and maps is lucidly condensed in Colonel Jackson's treatise of forty-one pages. Professor Ansted's classification of the topics belonging to Physical Geography is divided into three parts—1. *The Earth's Surface*, including its inorganic matter, its meteorology, the form and distribution of land, hydrology, and atmospheric and aqueous action ; 2. *The Structure of the Earth*, combining the condition of the interior of the earth, igneous action, and aqueous action ; 3. *Organization*—distribution of Vegetables—animals and organic remains—and ethnology. This, the largest portion of the work, is drawn up with great care, and exhibits in scientific order the leading facts. It occupies 220 closely printed pages. The remainder of the volume by Mr. Nicolay fills thirty-three similar pages, with his 'Theory of Description and Geographical Terminology.' It is divided into two chapters—the first embracing the position, extent, form, and natural productions of the earth ; the second, treating of political geography, or the consequences of man's residence on the earth. The second part of the work of which this volume is the first, will contain 'The World as known to the Ancients,' considered topographically, and 'The World as known at the present time,' considered first as a whole, and then in its larger divisions and minuter subdivisions, natural and civil. The editor mentions some peculiarities of the Atlas attached to the work of which we shall be glad to give our report if it comes under our notice. From the contents of the present volume we have little doubt that the 'Manual of Geographical Science' will be an invaluable addition to our means of extending practical education on the soundest scientific principles.

The Lily of St. Paul's ; a Romance of Old London. By the Author of 'Trevethlan.' London : Smith, Elder and Co.

THE scene of this novel, as the title imports, is laid in London, and the period to which it pertains is the close of the reign of Edward III. It is written with considerable skill, is free from the moral blemishes which

defile the productions of our older novelists, and evinces a knowledge of the times, an historical appreciation of character, a masculine sense, and a power of graphic description which raises it vastly above the inanity of many modern fictions.

The work opens with a description of the appearance of Wycliffe before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in February, 1377, at the instance of Pope Gregory XI. The scene is vividly sketched so as to interest the reader very deeply, and introduces some of the leading personages of the narrative. The haughty bearing of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, between whom and Lord Percy the great reformer entered the cathedral of St. Paul's, the fierce altercation between Lancaster and Courtenay, the rage of the populace, the riot which ensued, and the generous heroism of Raymond Gaultier, are sketched with considerable power. With these are admirably contrasted the quiet character and home of Adam Tynwald, the bead-maker, whose devotion to his calling had been cherished at the sacrifice of sight, his beautiful and pure-minded daughter, Lilian, occasional glimpses of Wycliffe himself, and the foster son of Tynwald, around whose history and position so much mystery for a time lingered. We will not detail the course of the fiction; suffice it to say, that, while the evolution of the plot is skilful, individual characters are sketched with much vividness and reality. The habits of the times are also accurately noted. We are introduced to the pastimes of the day, behold alternately the mirth and the rage of the populace, learn something of city politics, see the same bad qualities as are now visible in the retainers of the great, and gain a clearer insight into the proud, defiant, haughty, yet generous character of Gaunt. The interest of the work is sustained to its close, which may be perused throughout without the most sensitive delicacy being wounded.

The Pictorial Family Bible. With copious Original Notes by John Kitto. 4to. Parts XXIV. and XXV.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Poets, Philosophers, Statesmen, Divines, Painters, &c. With Biographies originally published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Imperial 8vo. Parts V. and VI. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

WE are glad to report the steady progress of these reprints, the character and merits of which have been set forth on previous occasions. Amidst the many improvements of our day, few are so gratifying as the reduced price at which works of stirring value are now supplied. Until recently such works obtained only a very limited circulation. They were the luxury of a few, and were issued at a price which precluded the possibility of their being purchased by thousands who desired their perusal, and were competent to make good use of the treasures they contained. Such happily is the case no longer, as is shown by the works before us, and unless the rising generation be unfaithful to themselves, they must on this account greatly surpass their predecessors.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By William Hazlitt. Second edition, revised by his Son. In four volumes. Vol. I. London: Office of the Illustrated London Library.

THIS work is intended to form the second of that series of eminent biographies of which 'Upham's Life of Washington' constituted the first. It has been out of print for several years, but the copyright having been placed at the disposal of the editor, it is now issued at a price which will place it within the reach of thousands to whom its former cost rendered the purchase altogether impracticable. Mr. Hazlitt has had little to do in preparing the work for the press, as the pains taken by his father left few errors to be corrected. The author's view of Buonaparte's career is more favorable than ours. We should except to many of his judgments, but it must in fairness be remembered that we are farther removed from his hero, and are therefore in better circumstances to judge impartially of his character and policy. Of his resplendent talents there can be no doubt. His military and civil achievements were indicative of the highest order of genius; but the absence of other qualities rendered him a curse to his species, and ultimately combined against him both the sovereigns and the people of Europe. Differing, however, from Mr. Hazlitt on this point, we cannot withhold from his work the praise of extensive research, large-minded views, and clear, terse style, which render it a highly agreeable companion, and will ever prevent the interest of its reader from flagging. Presenting the bright side of the picture, it cannot well fail to please, while its graphic descriptions of the more prominent points in the history of Buonaparte will be perused with pleasure, and not without benefit.

Daily Bible Illustrations: being Original Readings for a year, on subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology, especially designed for the Family Circle. By John Kitto, D.D. Evening Series. Isaiah and the Prophets. April—June. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons.

HAVING frequently expressed a favorable opinion of the series to which this volume belongs, we need do nothing more at present than report the fact of its appearance, and state in general terms that it completes the illustrations of the Old Testament. Like the preceding volumes, it possesses a distinctive character, reflected from the books on which it is founded. Dr. Kitto has freely availed himself of the aids furnished by the researches of modern historians and scientific enquirers, and has thus thrown considerable light on the biographies of eminent men, and on the import of various passages throughout the sacred writings. Prophecy has not been disregarded, and the new field opened at Nineveh has been explored with much diligence and success. We are glad to find that the encouragement received has 'been most refreshing,' and shall give a hearty welcome to the two other volumes, which will complete the author's plan. In the department of biblical illustration there is no living man who has rendered such signal service as Dr. Kitto.

Uncle Tom's Cabin ; or Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.
2 Vols. 12mo. Boston : Jewitt and Co. 1852.

THIS is an American publication, which has already obtained a wide circulation in the States. The copy before us belongs to the *twentieth thousand*, and the sale is yet proceeding. The scenes of the story 'lie among a race hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society,' and are designed to awaken sympathy for the African race ; 'to show,' as the author remarks, 'their wrongs and sorrows, under a system so necessarily cruel and unjust as to defeat and do away with the good effects of all that can be attempted for them by their best friends under it.' We have read the work with unmingled satisfaction. It displays very considerable power ; its scenes are graphically drawn ; the personages introduced are strongly discriminated ; full justice is done to the better class of slave-owners, while the horrible working of the system is clearly unveiled ; and there is throughout the work a high tone of moral feeling which greatly enhances its power. Many of the characters have interested us deeply, and there are no violations of probability, no craving for mere effect in the course of the narrative. Were we to follow our inclination, we should detail the plot at considerable length, but we prefer recommending an early perusal of the work. We should be glad to know that it was read and pondered over by every man, woman, and child in the empire. Its circulation, especially in the States, cannot fail to produce most beneficial effects. A cheap edition has been published in this country, the type of which, however, is much too small for us.

The Progress of Religious Sentiment, &c. An Historical Sketch, by Joseph Adshead. London : Houlston and Stoneman. Manchester : Fletcher and Tubbs.

WE have read this sketch with considerable pleasure. Although avowedly relating to matters of especial interest to the Baptist denomination, it carefully avoids sectarianism, and does ample justice to Christians of every name. To those who are unable to procure the larger and more expensive histories of nonconformity, Mr. Adshead's little volume will be most acceptable. It is cheap, carefully compiled, well written, very comprehensive, full of just such information as will enable any person of ordinary intelligence to put to silence the ecclesiastical ignorance of foolish men.

An Epitome of the Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece, from the earliest Accounts to the Death of Augustus. By Henry Fynes Clinton, Esq., M.A. Oxford University Press. 1851.

THIS work is one of the most excellent contributions to the great store of popular literature—i. e., of books for the use of *all* classes—which the last few years have brought ; and at the same time it is one which, to the student, is indispensable. It is a careful and complete compendium of the three quarto volumes of the 'Fasti Hellenici,' and is published at a price which, for such a book, is merely nominal. We commend it very

emphatically to all our readers, for the sake of the valuable dissertations on the chronology of the Bible which it contains, and to which the recent discoveries in the inscriptions on the marbles from Nineveh are calling renewed attention. Those who have been able to secure only casual opportunities of reference to the original work, will find this an admirable substitute for it, as it presents all the results, and many of the processes of proof, which made the 'Fasti Hellenici' so exceedingly valuable. But it must not be supposed that it is merely an 'Epitome'; there are in it additions to the 'Fasti,' and corrections of errors in them; in fact, for all who possess those volumes, it is a supplement showing the fruits of Mr. Clinton's latest researches in the seemingly barren, but really abundant, field which he has made peculiarly his own. We earnestly hope that he will, in like manner, epitomize the 'Fasti Romani;' for, as with the compendium before us, all who have the original would need the 'Epitome,' to enable them more effectually to make use of those large and overfull books; whilst those who are unable to purchase them (not a small class in the reading public) would welcome it as gladly as we have welcomed this one.

The Course of Faith: or, the Practical Believer Delineated. By John Angel James. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1852.

THIS volume is worthy of the practical judgment and experienced discrimination of an author who has so admirably and diligently improved the talents committed to him. Happily avoiding the extremes of Sandeman, of Finney, of the formalists, the mystics, and the sentimentalists, the ultra-calvinists and antinomians, Mr. James traces the practical development of faith as the living principle of spiritual religion throughout the entire circle of the believer's existence, both here and hereafter. We sincerely congratulate the author on the production of a work which will add another to the many endearing associations with a name so greatly revered by the lovers of pure and evangelical teaching; and we commend it to our readers as one of the most *useful* of the author's numerous publications.

The Infallibility of the Church of Rome: A Correspondence between the Right Reverend Bishop Brown, of Chepstow, and the Reverend Joseph Baylee, Birkenhead. London: Longman and Co.

MR. BAYLEE, a clergyman of the church of England, and Bishop Brown, have resolved to discuss in public, by letter, the questions at issue between Romanism and Protestantism, beginning with infallibility. We have never seen much good come of these gladiatorial exhibitions. The usual result is, that after a few preliminary passes, one gentleman gets a scratch, loses his temper and the thread of his argument at the same time, and the show ends with mutual recrimination and religious Billingsgate. We had small hopes of anything better in the present case, Mr. Baylee's former appearances as a controvertist not having impressed us with a very high idea either of his candour or of his courtesy. He has, however, clearly the best of it in this case, reduces the bishop to some rather con-

temptible wriggles, and puts the usual arguments against the infallibility of the Romish church in a clear light. The book is worth seeing, for the sake of the Roman Catholic's letters, not because they are clever or powerful, but because they are as weak as they can well be, and as they are necessarily concise, they exhibit in all its shakiness the rotten foundation, on which the 'apostolic church' rests. Its value, however, is somewhat diminished by the vicious habit inseparable from such discussions of wasting strength and paper on mere details, following the opponent into every cranny and corner instead of establishing a few broad principles with emphasis enough, and letting insignificant errors die away silently of their contact with them.

The Reign of Avarice—an Allegorical Satire, in four Cantos. London: Pickering.

THIS book demands to be judged on other than its literary merits alone. It is a noble and earnest voice lifted up against the master-demon of England—vindicating again the poet's ancient right to be the rebuker of nations. The epidemic madness of railway speculation in 1845 is thrown into the somewhat difficult form of an allegory, where Avarice sets up in England a rival empire, and marrying a man of Eborac, makes a railway from the City of Speculation to Evil-gain. There she is stormed by an army under pen and press, disgracefully beaten, her counsellors punished, and honour left triumphant. Although this bare outline may look unpromising, it is filled up in a masterly way, with great spirit and vigour, with a power which only deep conviction, acting on a really poetical nature, can give.

As a work of art, our praise of it must be no less. The trammels of the form adopted become not only light, but graceful and helpful. The personified characters are sketched with great satirical vivacity, while some of the descriptions interspersed, especially that of the Palace of Imagination, and that of the conquered city after the battle, live and glow. It was the poet's earliest office, as the Greeks tell us, to war against the dragons of the slime; and here is one more Apollo's shaft, bright and glancing, true to the old quiver—both in the ring of its metal and in the aim of its discharge. May it stick fast!

The Temperance Cyclopædia. Compiled by Rev. William Reid. Fifth Thousand. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

THIS volume contains an immense number of facts, opinions, and anecdotes, bearing on the temperance question, collected with great industry, and classified. The paragraphs are all brief enough for popular impression, and seem intended to be used in the adornment of teetotal lectures. Such a work will penetrate, no doubt, where more digested and organic ones would never reach, among the masses who have no time, and the unfortunately greater masses who have no taste, for the right kind of reading; but it is surely a grave and growing evil, this desultory, smattering, hopping system of book-making and book-using, which ought to be 'put

down.' Mr. Reid's book is best described by his countryman's criticism on 'Walker's Dictionary,'—'a nice book eneuch, but a thoct unconnectit.'

Chorea Sancti Viti; or, Steps in the Journey of Prince Legion. Twelve Designs. By William Bell Scott. London: George Bell. 1851.

WE have no desire, and no reason, to withhold from these 'designs' the praise of 'original and vital thought.' They are, certainly, 'off the high-way.' We cannot gather from the preface whether or not Mr. G. H. Lewes is to be understood of having fulfilled his proposal 'to write to them' in the poetical quotations now placed beneath them; if so, he has done very little; if not, we presume that Mr. Scott's reference to him is made with a feeling of disappointment. What 'his position in relation to pictorial popularity' is we are not informed, nor how the publication of these designs shows 'that he understands' it; but we are of opinion that, with all the obscurity in which they are presented to us, they indicate much of the kind of talent which has been so largely called forth by the pictorial accompaniments of some of the most popular publications of the day.

A Series of Lectures to Children. By Rev. J. Crawshaw. London: Mason.

~~THIS IS~~ a very good specimen of simple preaching to children. The subjects are well chosen, and while there is a studious and successful adaptation of style and thought to the little hearers, the great end is always so kept in view, as that the sermon never degenerates into a mere story or namby pamby babyishness.

Safety in Peril. By the Authoress of 'My Flowers.' London: Low.

A SIMPLE and very earnest little book, addressed to the women of the English church, and seeking to neutralize papistical tendencies by an un-polemical statement of the gospel. It shows much devout feeling, and a cultivated feminine mind.

The Judgment of the Papacy and the Reign of Righteousness. By Thomas Houston, D.D., Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Knockbracken. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1852.

DR. HOUSTON is, like ourselves, no abettor of 'the royal supremacy and the assumed exclusive rights of diocesan prelacy;' yet the 'recent aggression' has called him forth as an author. Taking the judgment upon the little horn of Daniel as a basis, he gives a condensed summary of five particulars—the character of the object which is to be destroyed—the judgment itself and the destruction that follows—the blissful change that succeeds—the stability and perpetuity of the future kingdom of Christ, and of the reign of his saints—and the present duty of Christ's servants in relation to these changes. There are some excellent notes in the appendix.

The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science. By John Pye Smith, D.D. LL.D. F.R.S. and F.G.S. Fifth Edition. With a short Sketch of the Literary Life of the Author. By John Hamilton Davies, B.A. Bohn, London.

MR. BOHN has done well to incorporate Dr. Smith's admirable work on 'Geology,' in his series of publications. Although a mistaken piety condemned his researches at first, calm reflection has convinced the thinking portion of the religious public, that he did a real service to the cause of truth by these lectures. Though some differences of opinion still prevail, the main points of the argument in this volume will be strengthened and substantiated by future discoveries. The theory of creations is as satisfactorily established, by the evidences of successive organizations, as that of gravitation in the philosophy of the physical universe.

We cannot help expressing a wish that the Introduction to this volume had consisted rather of observations strictly relative to the science itself of which it treats, or of the manner in which it is treated, than of a compressed narrative of the author's literary life. It would have been quite in place had it been designed as introductory to a complete collection of the works of Dr. Smith, as a sketch deduced from a more elaborate and authorized memoir; or had there been no probability of the appearance of a more extensive narrative. The writer, indeed, states that, aware of the preparations in progress for such a work, he has been scrupulously careful to avoid interference with the intended biography; but to a certain degree, it does forestall it, and that just in the proportion in which the present sketch is well executed. Had it been of a very inferior character, it would have been of no consequence, but we are bound in justice to say, that its claims to literary merit are not inconsiderable.

We are a little doubtful of the expediency of a *prefatory life*, especially when that life has had but a comparatively small and partial connexion with the developments (practically) of the main subject of the volume. Dr. Smith could hardly be held to be a geological *discoverer*, although we highly estimate the sagacity and care with which he *applied* discovery to the important end of scriptural elucidation. What others have made science, he has sanctified by religion. To have attempted this was a noble object; to have achieved it, a splendid distinction. Some others have pursued, and are still pursuing, the same course, to the great advantage of religion, and the advancement of their own reputation.

A Lecture on the Historic Evidence of the Authorship and Transmission of the Books of the New Testament, delivered before the Plymouth Young Men's Christian Association, October 14th, 1851. By S. P. Tregelles, LL.D. London: Bagster and Sons.

THE importance of such an investigation as that to which this lecture is devoted cannot be questioned; and to present the subject before an assembly of young men, in so condensed, and we must add, in so satisfactory a form as that in which it is here given, was most desirable. If the pulpit should occasionally, and by distinct and plain references, bring the minds of a congregation to consider the historic evidence of the

authorship of the Scriptures in general, or its separate books in particular, the press, as the organ of the writer, or the reporter of the lecturer, seems to be most appropriate for more elaborate and minute details. Hence arises the value of such a production as this of Dr. Tregelles, whose competency, and the clearness of whose statements demand our cordial approval, and recommend the little volume to universal perusal.

The title-page describes with sufficient accuracy the general design—namely, to furnish a sketch of the historic evidence of the authorship and transmission of the books of the New Testament, which is accomplished by adducing the conclusive proofs of their having been written by the apostles and their companions, and then pointing out the channels through which they have been transmitted to us. The argument fully disposes both of the pretensions of the Romanists and of the Rationalists, and shows that we stand, in respect to the authenticity of our inspired documents, upon a rock that cannot be moved. We are glad to hear the author say, in his Introduction, ‘I have long wished and intended to write a full account of the historic evidence on this important subject, the materials for which have increased on my hands while engaged in biblical studies, connected with the text of the New Testament, on which I have been occupied for several years. I need not here detail the causes which have prevented the completion and publication of the volume of ‘*Historic Evidence*,’ which I announced some years ago, as being in preparation; I have only now to say, that this lecture contains an outline of *part* of the subject, into the *whole* of which I may, perhaps, fully enter at a future time.’ We devoutly hope that future will not be distant; but that these first ripe fruits will be speedily followed by the harvest.

Female Scripture Biography; preceded by an Essay on What Christianity has done for Woman. By F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. Second Edition. London: John Snow.

MR. JAMES has rendered good service to the religious public by inducing Dr. Cox to issue this edition of a work which has long been out of print, and which is admirably suited to interest many classes of readers, and to contribute largely to their scriptural instruction. The work was at first issued in two volumes, ‘but is now given in one, by employing a smaller type, and thus adapting it for more general circulation.’ The preliminary Essay displays a wide range of reading, and brings together within narrow limits what must otherwise be sought through numerous, bulky, and expensive volumes. With much painstaking and discrimination, Dr. Cox has searched through ancient and modern testimonies in order to illustrate his theme, and the result is a clear, comprehensive, and most satisfactory exhibition of his theme.

Of the numerous sketches furnished—from Eve to Lydia—it is difficult to speak too highly. We had intended to notice them at some length, and to have furnished specimens in support of our favorable judgment, but the pressure of other topics prevents our doing so, and we prefer recording our opinion at once, though briefly, rather than to delay it, in the hope of furnishing a more extended notice. The author has brought to his task many of the best qualities which it requires. A sound judgment,

nice discrimination of the minuter shades of character, a poetic temperament, a sparkling style, and a heart full of kind and generous sympathies, are combined with a deeply religious temper, a cordial appreciation of evangelical truth, and an earnest solicitude to transmit to others the devout impressions of his own mind. An attentive reader of the volume cannot fail to have his estimate of the female character greatly raised, at the same time that he discerns more clearly the imperfections which attached to those that are sketched in the inspired word. Dr. Cox has hit the happy medium between adulation and neglect. In doing justice to the virtues he has marked the defects of his heroines. His volume is admirably fitted for general perusal, but is specially adapted to our mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters. We warmly commend it to their confidence.

Review of the Month.

THE APPOINTMENT OF MR. BENNETT TO THE VICARAGE OF FROME, has been the subject of renewed parliamentary discussion, which has brought out still more clearly the unsatisfactory state of ecclesiastical affairs. A few more such cases, and the nation will be prepared to sweep away the whole system from which such anomalies arise. We rejoice to see church reformers dragging these delinquencies to light, and when the defenders of our ecclesiastics plead on their behalf the legal difficulties of their position, they unwittingly aid the cause against which they are accustomed to declaim. It is no advantage to the church that public indignation should be diverted from individuals to the system; and the time will come when our opponents will learn this. On the 8th, Mr. Horsman, in a speech of considerable length, moved the appointment of a committee to inquire into the circumstances connected with the institution of Mr. Bennett to the vicarage of Frome. In doing this, he reviewed the whole case, from which it appeared, that, when at Kissingen, subsequently to leaving St. Barnabas, Mr. Bennett went to mass every morning; and though there was 'in the place an English church and English service, he voluntarily attended by preference the Roman-catholic.' Other circumstances of a most suspicious nature were mentioned. Indeed, so notorious was the case, that the 'Roman-catholic Directory' distinctly affirmed his having been reconciled to the papal church. But Mr. Bennett affirms that there is no truth in this statement. One thing, however, is quite evident. Whether reconciled—in the canonical sense—to Rome or not, the man who could do as he is clearly shown to have done, is no fit minister for a Protestant church. He may not *legally* be a Catholic priest, but he is *morally* disqualified for officiating as a Protestant one.

But the question has graver aspects than its personal bearing on Mr. Bennett. We are not surprised at Mr. Horsman's statement, that further inquiry had convinced him that, whatever he might formerly have thought 'as to the acts of the bishop of Bath and Wells, as deserving of censure, fell short of the truth, even more as regarded the bishop than as regarded Mr. Bennett.' His charges against the bishop will be best understood from his own words, which are thus reported in the 'Times':—'The Bishop of Bath and Wells had instituted Mr. Bennett, in the first place, with a haste and with a determination to shut out the parishioners of Frome from that legal redress which they would have had if the bishop had given them more time; he had instituted him, secondly, without having that certificate from Mr. Bennett's former diocesan which, by usage and by law, he was under an obligation to require; and thirdly, without that due examination which was enjoined by law, and which the parishioners of Frome had a right to demand; and he (Mr. Horsman) was prepared to show that the bishop had done this, not accidentally, not carelessly, not hastily, not upon impulse, but advisedly, as the lawyers said, "perversely," and with the intention of defeating the ends of justice.'

Mr. Gladstone followed in a speech of considerable ability, but without materially altering the aspect of the affair. It was more that of an advocate than of a judge, and dealt rather with the law of the case than with its moral bearings. 'They had not,' he remarked; 'and there was force in the observation, 'to decide what was in the abstract right; but, first—had the laws been obeyed? If the laws were good, obey them; if not, alter them?' As to the facts which were alleged to have occurred at Kissingen, Mr. Gladstone unhesitatingly declared, that 'he did not think it was in the power of the bishop to take any step on account of them, because they were done beyond the purview of our ecclesiastical law.' Had we made such a statement, ignorance of ecclesiastical law and slanderous defamation of the discipline of the church, would have been amongst the mildest charges preferred against us. But we have it now on the authority of the member for Oxford University, that let clergymen conform, however they may, to the worship and practices of the papal church on the Continent, there is no power of calling them to account. We thank Mr. Gladstone for the admission, and shall not forget it. We believe him to be right; and the fact supplies another proof of the little service rendered to Protestantism by our Established Church.

Mr. Horsman's motion was opposed by the Government, some of the members and supporters of which, however, made admissions which will sink deeply into the public mind. The Colonial Secretary expressed serious doubts whether Mr. Bennett could be considered 'a real and truly sincere minister of the Church of England,' and avowed his conviction that it was 'a great misfortune that any patron of the Church of England should be led to give a living, and that, too, the important living of Frome, to a person so situated.' Mr. Newdegate thanked Mr. Horsman for the 'very able manner in which he had brought the case before the House;' affirmed that his principal accusations had been admitted; and added, 'it was clear that the existing law stood condemned.' The Chancellor of the Exchequer, while opposing the motion for a committee, expressed his regret at much that had occurred, and avowed that the state

of the ecclesiastical courts was one which could not much longer be maintained. On a division, Mr. Horsman's motion was carried by a majority of 45; the numbers being 156 in favor, and 111 against it.

Insuperable difficulties subsequently occurred in the formation of the committee,—several members declining to sit upon it. Mr. Gladstone, moreover, required that the charges against the bishop should be reduced to writing; and insisted that the proper course to be pursued was by impeachment. Mr. Horsman reviewed the whole case on the 18th, abandoning for the present his motion, as there was no hope of its being brought to any practical result in the present parliament. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to overrate the importance of the vote come to the other night. The inquiry for the present might be defeated, but the result of that vote was an indication of the feeling of the House and of the country, which it was impossible to mistake. It showed that there was a parliamentary tribunal that would take cognizance of abuses, however high the rank of the offender. Few votes of that House had given more satisfaction to the country; and now that the attention of parliament had been given to one great scandal of the Church, the House had given warning that it would inquire into grievances like the present, and redress them.'

THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD'S MEASURE, which we noticed last month, has terminated much as we looked for. Short as it fell of our views, it was too honest and far-reaching for the ministry, and we are not surprised at its being handed over to the next parliament. The mode of accomplishing this is a fine specimen of the tactics of the party in power. When the second reading of the bill was moved on the 9th, Mr. Walpole stated, that 'he had taken an opportunity of communicating with the head of the Government, and with the highest authorities in the church, and those who took an interest in the matter, and that he had to state, that the Government were willing to undertake the consideration of the subject, with reference to capitular bodies and cathedral institutions, so as to make them more extensive and more practically useful than they were perhaps at present; and also with a view of extending the spiritual instruction and education which might advantageously be afforded by those bodies, and putting them generally on a more satisfactory footing than at present.' With these vague promises some members of the House were, of course, satisfied; but the scepticism of others led to a more detailed statement, which revealed the hollowness of the whole affair. For the abolition of deans Mr. Walpole could see no reason; he thought it 'extremely doubtful' whether the number of canonries could be reduced; he was, of course, willing to increase the episcopate if the needful funds could be obtained; and 'with regard to the management of the capitular and episcopal property,' said the Home Secretary, 'I think that there are two principles which you have to keep in view; to relieve these high officers of the church as much as possible from the cares and troubles of all worldly and temporal affairs; but at the same time to preserve the property in such a connexion with them as not to leave them mere dependents and stipendiaries of the state.' On such promises the order for the second reading of the bill was discharged; and the bishops and others congratulate themselves on a victory. They know the worth of the professions made,

and will labor 'body, soul, and strength,' on behalf of an administration which is too dependent on their support to hazard their disfavor by close inquiry into their misdeeds.

THE QUESTION OF EDUCATION, LIKE THAT OF RELIGION, is perpetually recurring in the House, to the serious annoyance of its members. They must not, however, complain; the evil has been occasioned by themselves. The educational is just one of those questions in which the insidious and delusive policy of the present Government is most likely to show itself. Pledged to the Church, and dependent on its support, it was seen from the first that they would pander to its prejudices and trim their measures according to its bidding. In doing this, however, it is needful to preserve, so far as practicable, the appearance of liberality; lest they should lose on the one hand as much as they gained on the other. Hence the contrariety observable between the *apparent* and the *real*, their *professions* and their *deeds*. Two signal illustrations are furnished in connexion with education to which public attention should be given. On the 3rd, a vote of £164,577 was moved for the purposes of national education in Ireland. No intimation was given of an intention to alter the mode of its distribution; but Mr. Fox proposed an inquiry which was followed up and urged by Sir James Graham. The Home Secretary at first attempted to evade the enquiry, but was at length compelled to acknowledge that it was designed to admit the opponents of the *combined* system of education to share in the grant, and to distribute the patronage of the church amongst clerical aspirants, without reference to their views on the education question. Of the 2200 Irish clergy, 1700 appear, by Mr. Walpole's statement, to be opposed to 'the combined system,' and in order to conciliate these, an important change is contemplated in a system which Lord Derby inaugurated, and which he formerly represented as essential to the welfare of Ireland. Mr. Labouchere might well say, 'Let the Government beware how they touched the outworks of that edifice without being sure that the whole fabric would not fall. They were treading upon ground of a most perilous and unsafe description.'

THE MANAGEMENT CLAUSES, AS THEY ARE TERMED, in the Trust Deeds of Schools receiving aid from Government, furnish another illustration of the church policy of our rulers. A new minute of the Privy Council on Education has been issued, by which a material alteration in these clauses is effected, and the time and manner of this change are most suspicious. As these clauses were adopted in 1847, they provided that, in case any difference arose between a school committee and the clergyman of the parish with respect to religious instruction, the matter was to be referred to the bishop of the diocese, whose decision was final. In other cases of difference, the president of the council was to appoint one of the inspectors of the church schools, and the bishop of the diocese a clergyman; and if these two could not agree, they were to choose as umpire a lay magistrate of the county in which the school was situated. As the inspectors of church schools are, for the most part, clergymen, it might have been thought that such an arrangement was sufficiently favorable to church and clerical influence. But it was not so deemed by a large proportion of the clerisy, whose sentiments were expressed by Archdeacon Denison at meetings of the National Society. Here, then, was an opportunity of

securing a large body of electioneering agents, and the administration have not been backward to avail themselves of it. By introducing the words 'moral grounds,' they have vastly enlarged the range of clerical control, and, in fact, have 'placed the schoolmaster in entire dependence on the bishop.' The result must be the withdrawal of lay influence from the educational institutes of the church. 'It was equally,' said Lord John Russell on the 21st, 'for the interests of the church, as of the cause of education, that laymen should be induced to take an interest in the schools. But if they told the lay members that a schoolmaster with whom they were well acquainted, whose conduct they had approved, and whose success they had applauded, should be at once dismissed on moral grounds, they would diminish the incentives to superintendence and exertion on the part of the lay members, and they would be disposed to leave the schools at once in the hands of clergymen.'

THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD EDUCATION COMMITTEE, appointed March 17th, has had various sittings, and has examined at considerable length the Dean of Manchester and the Rev. C. Richson on behalf of the Local scheme, and Edward Baines, Esq., of Leeds, and Joseph Adshead, Esq., of Manchester, on behalf of voluntarism. The secular educationists have deferred appearing till next parliament, when it is hoped that the committee will be re-appointed. Other gentlemen have given evidence on specific points, and the whole will speedily be printed for the information of parliament and the country. As we purpose, immediately after its publication, to furnish our readers with an analysis of the evidence, we will say no more at present, than that we have reason to believe it goes far to establish the soundness of the views we advocate, and has been admitted, even by opponents, greatly to strengthen our case. There is no question on which our senators are more egregiously in error. They do not understand us, and are marvellously ignorant of the simplest and most obvious facts.

OF THE MAYNOOTH DEBATE IT IS DIFFICULT TO SPEAK WITH PATIENCE. Happily, it is now over, and its history is a warning. From the first the Government was evidently concerned to keep the question of Maynooth in abeyance; and when this was found to be impossible, all kinds of artifice were employed to prevent a division. We do not wonder at the strong things which have been said by Catholic members. Mr. Spooner and others have suffered themselves to be so dragged through the mire, as to destroy all moral respect for their position. Anything more hollow than the course pursued by Lord Derby's government we have never witnessed. 'Protestant Ascendancy' is the watchword in England; but 'Justice to the Catholic' is the rallying cry of Ireland. 'He would mention,' said Mr. Keogh, on the Irish Education vote, 'a remarkable fact, which had struck him that day, in perusing the addresses of Derby candidates for Irish constituencies, and he would invite the attention of the hon. member for North Warwickshire to the fact. He found that two-thirds of the Derby candidates, supporters of her Majesty's government, who had addressed constituencies in Ireland, had distinctly pledged themselves, not alone to support the system of national education as it at present existed, not alone to support the endowment of the Royal College of Maynooth, but actually to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of last session.' Mr. Anstey's

amendment was a statesmanlike proposition, which ought to have had much more powerful support. It was especially entitled to the vote of all Dissenters, and must, sooner or later, stamp its character on our legislation. We deeply deplore the course which has been pursued on this question. It has prejudiced a noble cause, and thrown back, by many years, the progress of sound views on ecclesiastical affairs. One of its evil consequences is the false position in which it has placed men like Mr. Bright. We are as alive as he can be to the intolerance and bigotry displayed by a large section of those who are opposed to Maynooth. Against such evil passions we protest, more especially when they array themselves in the garb, and affect the speech, of a zealous Protestantism. But it is a different thing to proclaim neutrality on this account. If the member for Manchester is right now, he was wrong in 1845. Such, at least, is our conviction; for no change of time or circumstances can alter the obligation imposed by his ecclesiastical principles. We entirely agree with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who, referring to public grants to religious bodies, says:—‘I will vote against them all as they turn up, without regarding which comes first or which comes second. If the Maynooth grant comes up alone, I will vote against it; if it comes up with the *Regium Donum*, I will vote against them both; if the *Regium Donum* comes up first, I will vote against it; if the grant for the episcopal clergy in the West Indies comes up, I will vote against it; and let them come in whatever form or shape they please, I will vote against them all. Nothing is more illogical, or contrary to the usual practice of business, than to refuse one good because half-a-dozen others do not come along with it.’

THE MILITIA BILL, AS WE EXPECTED, PASSED THE COMMONS with a large majority. The third reading was carried on the 7th, by 220 to 142. No serious opposition was looked for in the Upper House, and none, therefore, are surprised at the rapidity with which it has there passed through its several stages. We hope our forebodings may not be realized, but we have our fears. Apart from the higher considerations which bear on the case, the measure is miserably ineffective for its avowed purpose, and is fraught with immense social evils. We condemn it as a step backward,—a movement in the wrong direction, which temporary circumstances have enabled the Government to effect, but which the nation will speedily learn to regard with disfavor and indignation. The working of the system must now be attentively watched, that we may be prepared, at no very distant day, to awaken the country to a due sense of its enormity. The age of war has passed; and though we would not neglect prudential measures of self-defence, we protest against patronage being increased under the disguise of patriotism, and monstrous evils being inflicted on the community to gratify the bellicose propensities of our rulers.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL KALEIDOSCOPE HAS PRESENTED A NEW PHASE of the difficulties which beset an honest Christian man, who will still remain in the ministry of the Established Church.

The Rev. J. E. Gladstone is unquestionably an honest Christian man—few men more so. He is at the same time a staunch church-and-state man, the minister of an episcopal chapel withal. In the course of some

recent ministrations, he gave utterance to the opinion that the Bishop of London had forfeited all claim on the respect of the country, by his unmistakable sympathy with the Tractarians. A report of this presently reached his lordship, and led to a summons from the palace to Mr. Gladstone to appear there forthwith. The interview was most unsatisfactory on both sides. The bishop was imperious; the clergyman unyielding.

Mr. Gladstone was, in consequence, prohibited by his diocesan, in due course of law, from preaching and administering the sacraments. As a subordinate minister of the establishment he had no alternative but silence. If within the establishment he would remain, to the laws thereof, of course, he must submit. But he would not submit. He went on doing every Sunday what the bishop had commanded him to leave undone. Proceedings were therefore instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court, where the recusant clergyman appeared at first in person. Nothing could have been better than his defence had he not been a minister of the State Church. Vehemently did he maintain that the authority of Jesus Christ was enough for him. He must and would preach, all bishops notwithstanding. In vain the court reminded him of his oaths of obedience to his ecclesiastical superior, through whom alone he derived authority to preach. They were, he declared, nothing to him, unless they were sound in the faith. He must judge for himself. The court ratified the bishop's prohibition. It was in vain. The next Sunday found him in his place, asserting his determination to set all prohibitions at nought. Further proceedings were instituted, and the case has been argued in a superior court. The result has been the same. Mr. Gladstone has been condemned with costs. Still he goes on preaching, sternly refusing to become a Nonconformist. He has, indeed, been unwise enough to appeal to the highest court, where, we presume, a similar condemnation awaits him. In the mean time, he is practically—though not very honourably yet—a Nonconformist; for, even before the ultimate decision, the bishop will not confirm his young people, whereby they will all be precluded from the Lord's table. They cannot be *received* to that ordinance as members of the Church of England; but that Mr. Gladstone will receive them there is no sort of doubt. That will be nonconformity indeed. Our position is receiving strange confirmation. In proportion as a man obeys the Gospel he must disobey the church.

Since writing the above, we learn that Mr. Gladstone has seceded. Circumstances have been too strong for his churchmanship. It was thus that Luther and our Puritan fathers were led on step by step. Mr. Gladstone undertakes the charge of a free episcopal church at Torquay.

FOR A LONG SEASON PAST A VAST CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE has been accustomed to assemble at Victoria Park, in the immediate neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, during many hours of the Sabbath; some with no other view than the dissipation of time, to the utter neglect of public worship, and others to diffuse among the masses their infidel and atheistic sentiments. It had become at length an arena of religious debate. Anxious to counteract the immoral influence of these proceedings, and to spread among the people the truths and doctrines of Christianity, several worthy persons engaged in the distribution of tracts; combining with this, conversations and addresses in opposition to the

teaching of the infidel debaters. At length, however, under a deep conviction of the importance of securing the most efficient agency that could be obtained, several gentlemen requested the ministers of the neighbourhood to preach successively in the field on Sabbath afternoon during the summer. With this request they promptly complied; and the Rev. Dr. Cox, of Hackney, was solicited to undertake the first of these services. We understand his discourse was listened to with the profoundest attention by an audience composed very largely, not only of idle classes of the working men, but also of those who had been zealous in the propagation of infidel principles. The Rev. Dr. Massie was to have preached on the following Sabbath; but the government sent a hundred additional police to prevent all public discussions. Dr. Cox and George Offer, Esq. obtained an interview on the subject with Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary of State. The result was a correspondence between him and Dr. Cox, finally confirming on the part of government the decision to prevent any such meetings as had been held in the royal parks and public pleasure resorts. It may be said, perhaps, the people may meet elsewhere; but Victoria Park is one of their chosen places where they may still go as they please, only they must not be taught by competent preachers of the gospel. Both classes of teachers, the infidel and the evangelists, are thus alike prohibited. We trust Dr. Cox will publish his correspondence with the Home Secretary.

CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA—SUPPLY OF GOLD.—The discovery, almost simultaneously, of inexhaustible gold fields in California and Australia, is fraught with consequences as yet little appreciated by the most far-seeing, and, it is to be feared, altogether unforeseen by the mass. There is no longer any question about the productiveness of the mines in both countries. The gold is there, and it is apparently indefinite in quantity. In a letter addressed to the 'Times,' May 21, signed by William Binkmyre, of Grimley Lodge, Little Ealing, it is stated that the average coinage of gold during the first thirty years of this century, was, in Great Britain, £1,700,000; France, £1,300,000; the United States, £55,000—Total, £3,055,000. In 1848, the first year of the discovery of gold in California, the total was £4,473,036; in 1849, it was £5,136,540; in 1850, it was £11,561,545; and in 1851, *excluding Great Britain*, it was £22,997,947! The same writer estimates the probable supply of gold and silver this year (1852) at upwards of forty-two millions sterling!

There are two principal aspects in which this startling fact of increase is to be regarded—First, as respects the functions of gold as a medium of exchange; and, secondly, as respects the development of general wealth—or, to express the result in another form—as it will affect the material well-being of the entire community.

The principal use of gold, hitherto, has been, as a medium of exchange, either *directly* as the sole instrument, or *indirectly* as the basis of a convertible paper currency. Its other use, as an article of luxury, always has been, and always will be, a limited one; just as is the use of painting, statuary, and other objects of fine arts, on which the surplus of great incomes only is expended. The use of gold as a medium of exchange, directly or indirectly, has hitherto rested entirely on its great value in relation to its bulk, and the comparative fixedness of that value. Just as the one or the other of these elements vary, does it become unfitted for its principal

functions as a medium of exchange. Now, it is impossible to look at the fact of the enormous supplies yearly coming from California, and to calculate the probable supply from Australia in another year, without arriving at the conclusion that the *conditions* under which gold has hitherto been the principal medium of exchange, or the basis of a paper currency, are vanishing! It will be gross folly and infatuation to regard the facts of the case in any other light than as pointing to a rapid and permanent alteration in the value of gold, relatively to all other products of labour; and that being so, it will be madness not to make timely provision for new economical conditions and pecuniary relations, involving, not individual obligations and interests only, but national ones too.

The limits of this notice do not allow of amplification on the currency view of the facts. A word or two is needful on the economical view of them. The public journals talk much of the vast development of *wealth* consequent on the gold discoveries. The one idea in the minds of such writers and talkers is this—that as gold will purchase all other things, the people who have, or can find most of it, must be wealthy; nay, more, that the discovery and production of gold adds to the general wealth of the world! If this were so, then—if one half the world could find gold under its feet to-morrow, and this same gold be exchanged with the other half, *all* would be well off! A moment's reflection will show that, in the case supposed, the one half, producing gold, would give *that* for the substantial commodities of food and clothing, produced by the other half—which *other half* would have the gold—and *nothing else* to eat and drink, or to clothe itself with. The supposition is an absurdity; and so, in a less degree, but equally in principle, is the idea, that Great Britain will gain by the gold diggings of Mount Alexandria. What are the facts? Labour is withdrawn from the production of sheep and wool to the digging of gold!—Instead of wool reaching England, in exchange for manufactured goods, there will come *nuggets of gold*—with which, neither the spindles or looms of England can be employed. The merchant and manufacturer will have the gold in place of his manufactured goods—and circulated or exchanged as that gold may be, the issue will be this, that Australia has got a substantial article of food or clothing, and Great Britain has got a certain quantity of gold!

It is idle to shut our eyes to the fact, that the discovery of gold in Australia will to a large extent practically reduce the exchange betwixt that colony and this country to an exchange of gold (and that rapidly falling in value,) for articles of food, clothing, and luxury—Great Britain rejoicing in its glittering treasure, and Australia revelling in luxurious abundance of food, clothing, and splendour!

Our space does not admit of considering the effects of the influx of gold on the great question of the currency. It is to be feared that there will be only too frequent occasion to recur to it in future Numbers of the 'Eclectic.'

MANY OTHER TOPICS CROWD UPON US, BUT WE MUST PASS THEM BY in order to say a few words respecting the impending election. We had expected to be able to announce the dissolution of parliament. It has not, however, yet taken place, but is expected to occur in a few days. Within a very short time of this Journal being in the hands of our readers, it will be matter of history. We take advantage of the interval to ad-

dress a few words of counsel to our friends. In doing this, we assume nothing. It would be idle to pretend to any authority. We speak only as honest men to honest men, and we ask for our suggestions such consideration only as they merit. We have evidently arrived at a crisis. This language, we are aware, is common. It has been used a thousand times, and for various purposes, and we would not recur to it now, did we not really feel that it was well-timed and descriptive. For some months we have been looking to the period which is now imminent. All parties have done so—Lord Derby and Lord Russell, protectionists and free-traders, conservatives, whigs, peelites, and radicals, the friends of sacerdotalism, and the advocates of religious liberty. After doing their utmost to stave off a dissolution, ministers have been compelled, as in sheer despair, to make up their minds to it. Willing or unwilling, the thing must be. The public jury is about to be impannelled; the people, so far as they have a voice in our representative system, are to be appealed to, and on their decision the complexion of our future legislation is suspended. Cliqueship is, for the moment, kept out of sight, and every method is adopted which practised ingenuity can suggest, to make us believe that our interests are contemplated, our welfare is sought, by the several parties who solicit our support. What may be the result it would be premature to say. We have our opinion, and it is not of a gloomy or discouraging order.

In the first place, then, let it be borne in mind, that the issue to be tried is not between Lord Derby and Lord John. We do not underrate the latter, nor are we unmindful of the services he has rendered: yet we say that the contest now waging has an infinitely higher bearing than this. From Lord Derby we might possibly, by external pressure, extort more than from Lord John; but there is an uprightness, an English integrity, in the latter, which would ever incline us to prefer him greatly to his opponent. We never had any faith in Lord Derby's sagacity. What has occurred since his accession to power, has effectually destroyed all confidence in his reputed honor. What we specially want, then, to have impressed on our countrymen is, that we are not shut up to these two noblemen as our political leaders. Let them be put aside to-day, and we should yet have men equal to our requirements. Could we see no other result of Lord Derby's overthrow, than a return of the whig family cliqueship, we should not feel sufficiently interested in the struggle to take part in it. But this is not the case. We do see other and more hopeful issues, and are therefore prepared to labor with all our might in the electoral contest to which we are summoned. Toryism has long been a broken reed; whiggery is now much the same; and it remains for the people to put in their claim to a fair share of the government of the land. We have no objection to a conservative element—rightly and intelligently interpreted—but we do ask for our countrymen, that their affairs should be administered by men who understand and sympathize with their interests. The men of the middle-class, our manufacturers and merchants, must exercise their fair influence over a government to which they contribute so largely.

Again: it must be borne in mind that there is a special question lying near the door and hearth of every man, on which the pending election is to pronounce judgment. The party in power consists of the sworn

enemies of commercial freedom. They have labored long and earnestly against it. They opposed its introduction. Their rage knew no bounds when their selfish monopoly was broken up by Sir Robert Peel. They did all they could do to embitter the close of his life, and have since striven with ignoble diligence to blacken his memory. They were prophets of evil from 1846 to 1852, and when in February last they took possession of the Treasury bench, a shout of triumph was heard from the protectionist camp. The laborer and the mechanic, the manufacturer and the merchant, were alarmed, but the nobility and the squirearchy exulted in the prospect of high rents, and continued prodigality. It was soon found that the return of protection could not be effected so easily as had been supposed, and hence the chancellor's budget speech, and the hundred artifices resorted to in order to lull the public into false security. Let our countrymen, however, be assured that the return of protection, or *something equivalent to it*, will be kept steadily in view. This is the one paramount object of the party in power, whatever may be feigned to the contrary. It was only yesterday (the 24th) the 'Morning Herald' affirmed that the only chance of regaining protection was to maintain the Derby cabinet in power. On this subject, therefore, we must go to the poll. Here at least there must be no hesitation; short-comings must not be tolerated; equivocal and suspicious positions must at once and unmistakably be condemned. The man who avows himself a free-trader, yet promises support to the existing government, is either weak in intellect, or dishonest in purpose. Defeated in argument, their forebodings falsified by facts, the protectionists now carry the appeal to the polling-booth, and if they triumph there, the poor man's loaf will soon be taxed for the special benefit of the landed gentry. We say then, to all, calmly and deliberately say it, let nothing jeopardize this great and paramount interest. Be united here, on whatever other topics you differ.* We have our convictions, long and dearly cherished, and there are moments when the thought of their being inwrought into our legislation, gives a brightness to the future, rarely permitted in this murky world. But much as we love, fondly as we ponder over them, our solemn and growing conviction is, that at the present election, our first and paramount duty is to guard the poor man's bread from the grasping policy of a selfish class.

But again: we are advocates of religious liberty, and are therefore hostile to the civil incorporation of Christianity. To this we are deliberately pledged, and we hold in utter scorn the sneer which is veiled under the cognomen of 'political dissenters.' We are such. If there be shame in it, we glory in such shame, for it is only by political action that Christianity can be released from state trammels, and be left free—unvitiating and unweakened—to pursue her pure and heavenly mission. Our religion, therefore, makes us political dissenters, and as such we would carry our principles to the polling-booths. Wherever, therefore, it can be done *without injury to the special question of the day*, candidates should be

* We wish that space permitted us to transfer to our pages some admirable tables, prepared by Mr. Peto, illustrative of the immense social benefits of free trade, which are printed in the 'Norwich Mercury' of the 12th. Anything more conclusive cannot be imagined. The man who resists such evidence is inaccessible to proof.

pledged, not to *details*, but to *principles*. Our votes may rightfully be suspended on satisfactory evidence being obtained that our views will be faithfully carried out. Great care, however, should be taken, as to the mode in which the views of candidates are sought to be elicited, and everything dictatorial or assumptive must be carefully avoided. Much weight should be given to character, and attachment to principles rather than to our pet projects, should be the determining consideration. We could add much. The theme grows upon us; but our space is entirely exhausted, and we must close. We hope next month to announce that the 'good cause' has triumphed. Few will regret the old parliament. May the new one be greatly its superior.

AS THIS SHEET IS PASSING THROUGH THE PRESS, the prosecution of Dr. Newman for a libel on Dr. Achilli has been concluded in the Court of Queen's Bench. With the exception of one charge, which Dr. Achilli never denied—his deposition by the holy office—the jury found that none of the filthy charges contained in the libel had been proved. Though the theological questions at issue between the Roman and the Protestant churches could in no way be affected by the decision, we cannot but regard the whole case as a disgusting exhibition of the policy of the Roman system. We do not envy Dr. Newman on having brought such a mass of polluting perjuries before the British public. It will be duly appreciated by the thoughtful and the virtuous.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Vol. IV.

The Idol Demolished by its own Priest. An Answer to Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Transubstantiation. By James Sheridan Knowles.

What is the Human Soul? By Rev. W. Mason.

Visits to Female Prisoners at Home and Abroad. Edited at the request of the Committee of the British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners. By Matilda Wrench.

Lydia; a Woman's Book. By Mrs. Newton Crossland.

Heroes of the Bible; or, Sketches of Scripture Characters. By W. S. Edwards.

Modern Geography Simplified; to which is appended, Brief Notices of European Discovery, with select Sketches of the Ruins of Ancient Cities. Second Edition, revised.

Life of Roger Williams, the earliest Legislator and True Champion for a full and absolute Liberty of Conscience. By Romeo Elton, D.D., F.R.S.

The Families of Holy Scripture. By Charles Larom.

Books and Reading. A Lecture delivered to the Young Men's Christian Association, Devonport, on Tuesday Evening, March 9, 1852. By the Rev. George Smith, of London.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2 vols.

The Importance of Literature to Men of Business. A Series of Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions.

Lectures and Miscellanies. By Henry James.

Political Economy, illustrated by Sacred History. By James Taylor.

Sermons on National Subjects, Preached in a Village Church. By Charles Kingsley.

A Help to the Knowledge of the Kingdom of God, as contained in the Scriptures, a kind of Liturgy for the Church. By Robert Duncan.

Sketches in Canada, and Rambles among the Red Men. By Mrs. Jameson. Parts I. and II.

Modern Poets and Poetry of Spain. By James Kennedy, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Judge in the mixed Court of Justice at the Havanna.

History of the Council of Trent, from the French of L. F. Bungener; with the Author's last Corrections and Additions communicated to the Translator.

The Fisherman's Daughter; a Tale. By the Author of 'Rosa,' the 'Work-Girl,' &c. &c.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Poets, Philosophers, &c. &c.; with Biographies originally published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Part VI.

The Pictorial Family Bible; with copious original Notes. By J. Kitto, D.D. Parts XXIV. and XXV.

Thesaurus; or, English Words and Phrases classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of Ideas, and assist Literary Composition. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S.

The Bible Class Manual of the Life of Christ; or, a Harmony of the Gospel in a Continuous Narrative, with Notes and Questions. By Andrew G. Fuller.

Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; or, The Tale of the Four Sermons. By Sullivan Earle.

The Free Schools of Worcestershire; with a Statistical Chart of their Scholars, Revenues and Privileges. By George Griffith, of Kidderminster.

The Christian Law of Life; a Sermon preached in Surrey Chapel, before the London Missionary Society, on Wednesday, May 12, 1852. By John Stoughton, of Kensington.

Tales and Legends of the English Lakes and Mountains, collected from the best and most authentic sources. By Lorenzo Tuvar.

Poems illustrative of Grace—Creation—Suffering. By the Rev. Richard Sinclair Brooke, A.B.

Allegiance to the Faith; a Discourse occasioned by the Death of Robert Kettle, Esq., Preached in Hope Street Baptist Chapel, Glasgow, on Sabbath, April 4, 1852. By James Paterson, D.D.

A Sufficient Maintenance, and an Efficient Ministry; a Sermon, with Notes. By Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

The Homilist; or, The Pulpit for the People. Conducted by Rev. David Thomas. June. No. IV.

The Age and the Church; or, The Church called to Exertion. By T. Cartwright.

A Theory of Population, deduced from the General Law of Animal Fertility. By Herbert Spencer, Author of Social Statics. Republished from the Westminster Review.

The Course of Faith; or, The Practical Believer Delineated. By John Angel James.

Rhymes for Youthful Historians on the History of England, brought down to the Reign of Queen Victoria; together with a Brief Poetical Chronology of Ancient and Modern History. With Thirty-seven Portraits of Sovereigns.

Journal of a Tour in Ceylon and India, undertaken at the request of the Baptist Missionary Society, in company with the Rev. J. Leechman, M.A. With Observations and Remarks by Joshua Russell.

The British Controversialist. January—June, 1852. Half-yearly volume.

A Ride through the Nubian Desert. By Capt. W. Peel, R.N.

Remarks on Certain Statements by Alexander Haldane, Esq., in his Memoirs of Robert Haldane, of Anthrey, and his brother James A. Haldane. By John Brown, D.D.

Practical Suggestions for Reforming the Educational Institutions of Scotland. By Rev. R. J. Bryce, LL.D.

Transubstantiation for the Million; a Popular Exposition of the Popish Doctrine of Transubstantiation. By an Old Cantab.

Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally among the Dens of London. By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary.

Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. By John Kitto, D.D. Evening Series, Isaiah and the Prophets. April—June.

Scripture Teacher's Assistant; with Explanations and Lessons, designed for Sunday Schools and Families. By Henry Althans.

The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon; a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. By Thomas Wright, Esq.

The Contest with Rome; a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lewes, delivered at the ordinary visitation in 1851. With Notes, especially in answer to Dr. Newman's recent Lectures. By Julius Charles Hare, M.D.

Extracts from the Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, intended chiefly for the use of the Managers and Teachers of such Elementary Schools as are not receiving Government Aid.

The Pope's Supremacy a thing of Priestcraft, alike unwarranted by Holy Scripture or Tradition. Being a compendious Refutation of the Arguments by which modern Romanists attempt to support Papal Usurpation. By Charles Hastings Collette.

Lectures. By Samuel Martin, of Westminster Chapel, Westminster—

No. I. True Christianity—Pure Socialism.

No. II. The Straits of Pure Socialism.

No. III. The Anti-Socialist Warned of God.

Sabbath lessons for a Year. No. XI. By Samuel Martin.

A Latin Grammar. Containing—Part I. The Eton Grammar revised and corrected; Part II. A Second or Larger Grammar, in English, for the higher classes of Schools, &c. By Rev. J. T. White, A.M.

Popular Scripture Zoology. Containing a Familiar History of the Animals mentioned in the Bible. By Maria E. Catlow.

Voices from the Dead: a Sermon occasioned by the death of the Rev. Wm. Rooker (late of Tavistock). Preached at Norley Chapel, Plymouth, on Sunday Morning, April 18, 1852. By Eliezer Jones. To which is appended a Sketch of Mr. Rooker's Life and Dying Experience.

The Bookselling System. Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Campbell, respecting the late Inquiry into the Regulations of the Booksellers' Association, more particularly in reference to the Causes which led to its Dissolution, &c. By a Retail Bookseller.

A Discourse Delivered at the Funeral of Professor Moses Stuart. By Edwards A. Park, Andover, Massachusetts.

THE
Eclectic Review.

AUGUST, 1852.

ART. I.—6. *A Letter on the Cultivation of Cotton, the Extension of internal Communication and other Matters connected with India, addressed to Sir Harry Verney, M.P.* By Edward Money, of the 25th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry. London: James Ridgway.

7. *Parliamentary Paper, 622.* Aug. 1, 1851. *East India Public Works, India.*

It was not considered necessary in our former notice of this important subject to give any elaborate proof of the deficiency of roads in India, and the miserable character of such as there are. The testimony of Mr. Money (art. 6, above) is, however, so pertinent and decisive, that it would be a grave omission not to quote it, premising, that whilst he admits the deplorable want of roads in India, he is an eulogist of the Indian Government, and evinces some portion of that *esprit du corps*, which attaches to the members of all corporate or administrative bodies. Mr. Money's competency as a witness rests on the fact that he 'resided in India for a number of years, and was employed on the public works, both military and civil; during a part of which time he was located in one of the great cotton districts, and on one of the great cotton thoroughfares, of which he was in charge.' The following is his testimony:—
'That India is destitute of roads, no one who has studied the maps, with the power of testing their accuracy, and knows what interminable difficulties present themselves in the way of wheel carriages, or who has seen the manner in which the merchan-

dize or produce of one district is, perforce, transported to another, or who has seen grain at a famine price in one spot and in abundance at another a hundred miles distant, CAN DOUBT FOR ONE MINUTE; . . . or that the want of good roads is *the* great evil of our Indian administration, and is that for which the East India Company will have most difficulty to find an excuse when the renewal of the Charter comes under discussion.'—pp. 31, 32.

Mr. Money states further, (p. 34,) that 'until roads are constructed in India, all improvements, whether it be in the cotton or other cultivation, or in the education and civilization of the natives, must be retarded.' It will scarcely be believed, that in the Bengal presidency, comprising 360,000 square miles, nearly five times the area of Great Britain, the length of roads (not exceeding in any case forty feet wide) 'on which a four-in-hand could be driven fifty miles on end without let or hindrance,' is not 1500 miles; whilst in England and Wales only, in 1829, there were turnpike roads to the extent of 20,875, to say nothing of 80,000 miles of bye-roads, all passable for carriages.

Turning to other testimony (art. 6, above), and confining quotation to the expenditure on public works in the Bombay presidency, that being the one from which an augmented supply of cotton must principally, if at all, be obtained, the following is a condensed abstract of the 'EXPENDITURE on the construction and repair of PUBLIC WORKS, in the ROAD and TANK DEPARTMENT, from the 1st of May, 1836, to the 30th of April, 1847:—

	£.		£.
Repairs of roads in 10 years . . .	200,774	per ann.	20,077
Construction of new roads, do. . . .	105,454	„	10,445
Repairs of old bridges, do.	6,068	„	606
Construction of new bridges, do. . . .	23,377	„	2,339
Repairs—old tanks, do.	43,840	„	4,384
Construction of new tanks, do.	20,740	„	2,074
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Total.—Repairs in 10 years	250,682	„	25,068
New constructions, do.	148,591	„	14,859
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GRAND TOTAL	399,273		39,927

The area of the presidency being 65,000 square miles, and its revenue about £2,500,000 per annum, it follows that the expenditure on *all* these objects has been at the rate of 12s. 3d. per square mile annually, and has constituted a charge of 3½d. in the pound on the annual revenue. Miserable as is this result, it is not the worst to be deduced from the significant figures quoted. The whole expenditure in the ten years on

new roads, at £800 per mile, would give 130 miles, including bridges, or thirteen miles per annum: whilst in England and Wales, in the eleven years from 1818 to 1829, 1000 miles of turnpike road were constructed at a cost incomparably greater than £800 per mile! Extending the comparison from the Bombay presidency to the whole of British India, it appears that in the fourteen years, from 1834 to 1848, the whole expenditure of the Indian government on roads, bridges, and tanks, was £1,434,000, *less by £140,000 than the expenditure for the single year 1841*, on the repairs only of the 20,000 miles of turnpike roads in England and Wales, which was £1,574,000. It would be an almost sinful waste of words to adduce another proof, that 'AS A SYSTEM, ROADS HAVE NO EXISTENCE IN INDIA!'

Sir James Hogg may, however, be commended to Mr. Money's pamphlet, and the Parliamentary Return which shows the construction of thirteen miles of new roads annually over a surface of 65,000 square miles, to correct that poetic tendency which was so wonderfully displayed in his speech of June 18, 1850, on Mr. Bright's motion; and more especially in his quotation of Mr. Bell's evidence, relative to Candeish, that 'the intersection of the roads is the first thing which strikes a stranger!' Sir James Hogg, and his compeers in the East India Directory, may rest assured, that neither alleged facts, argument, nor oratory, will remove, in one iota, the belief, amongst all who understand the matter, that roads are vitally essential to the prosperity of India, and that some body or bodies shall be made responsible for their construction.

The question of immediate and indispensable urgency to answer is, then, simply this—Who, in India, is responsible to make the roads? Clearly, we think, the Hon. Company itself. THE COMPANY IS PROPRIETOR OF THE SOIL. All its acts proceed on this assumption. In virtue of proprietorship, rents are fixed, annually, or otherwise, by the Company. Rent or land-tax is the principal source of revenue. The government either takes as rent all that the cultivator or Zemindar can afford to pay after providing for roads, or it does not. If the former is the rule, clear and distinct regulations should be in existence for the construction and maintenance of roads on some municipal or district system. If the latter be the rule, then the government alone is responsible, and must be judged by its deeds. There is little, if any dispute, that the actual system belongs to the second category; and it follows that, waiving all censure on account of past omissions, a present and most onerous obligation rests upon the government of India. The capability of that vast country to produce a large supply of cotton, is not

doubted by any competent judge ; but difficulties in the way of transit render unavailable that capability, not simply as they enhance the price and deteriorate the quality of the cotton produced ; but as they offer almost insuperable obstacles in the way of direct European agency and capital, directed to the staple, the better picking, sorting, and packing of the cotton, and the emancipation of the cultivator from his present situation of serfdom to the village banker and other classes of middlemen, who, together with the government, leave him little else than labour-wages for all his toil.

. But it is objected that the government of India is in debt, and that on the average of the last four or five years the expenditure has exceeded the income ; and so a government is neither to see to it that municipal provision is made for the construction of roads, nor to do the work itself, because its income is not sufficient. No such defence can for a moment be tolerated. It supposes that a government can dispense with the performance of some of its first duties, involving the essential conditions of national well-being, on the score of poverty ; just as a man may dispense with superfluities and luxuries in the hour of reverse and loss. There are certain things a government *must* do, or forfeit its right to govern ; and in the present condition of India as to roads, the competency of any government for the onerous rule over that vast territory must be tested amongst other things, by what it does to facilitate exchange and production. It is sheer sophistry to urge that what is asked is in violation of the principle of free trade. All that is asked of the government is, that it shall provide all those social and material conditions which lie directly in its province—not that it shall provide and apply capital or labour directly in production. A government must do one of two things, as to roads—either provide them out of the general revenue, or make provision obligatory on municipalities or district to do so. At the low cost at which roads may be constructed in India, according to some authorities, £800 per mile, *but according to Mr. Money, £450*, there is no excuse for their absence. As an investment they would pay ; for it is well known that, wherever they have been found, the increased interchange has augmented the customs' duties in a more than proportionate degree, quite apart from the tolls collected.

What has been done in the neighbouring island of Ceylon under the enlightened administration of Sir Emerson Tennent, amply illustrates this view of the matter. In this island, with a revenue not one-fifth of that of Bombay, 1247 miles of road were rendered serviceable in four and a half years ; and the follow-

ing are some of the results :—‘ Before the Candy road was made, the paddy fields at Kaduganame were but worth one-half what they now sell for. Before the road was made to Anarajapoor, the people could not sell their rice for more than 6d. or 7d. a parrah ; and they could scarcely get fish or salt to buy at any price, *because the dealers could neither come to sell their fish nor to buy their rice* ; now they get from 2s. 6d. to 3s. a parrah for all rice they can grow ; and they get their salt, and fish, and every other article, abundant and cheap, *so that the effect of new roads is to double the value of land, to double the value of every thing you have to sell, and to lower the cost of everything you have to buy.*’ The philosophy of these changes is simple enough. Exchange was rendered practicable betwixt those who could produce salt and fish and those who could grow rice, and their mutual interests and necessities led to increased production and traffic. Land became more productive, and paid a correspondingly higher rent ; the cost of carriage being reduced, the grower of rice could command a higher price at the place of production, *equivalent to that reduction*—the price at the remoter places of production being governed by the price in the immediate vicinage of the places of consumption and export ; and for the same reason all articles of coast produce could be sold in the remoter provinces at a price less by the reduction of carriage—the first price of such commodities being determined by competition *at the coast*.

In any arrangement which may be made betwixt the supreme legislature of this country and the East India Company, there will be a culpable neglect of duty on the part of the legislature on the one hand, and of the several parties on the other, who are interested in the most perfect and speedy development of the resources of India ; unless distinct and efficient regulations are secured, touching the construction and maintenance of roads. A revenue of twenty-five millions sterling, out of which four or five millions is annually transmitted to Great Britain as rental or tribute-money, call it which you will, and out of which £140,000 or £150,000 only is annually expended on roads, for the benefit of those who pay the tribute, involves all who administer it in deep responsibility ; and patent as the fact is now made, will not long be suffered to offend the national sense of propriety and justice by its continuance.

By whatever mode the want of common roads in India may ultimately be supplied, most strongly is any government or municipal action to be deprecated in the construction and management of railways. It may be said, if common roads may be entrusted to municipalities or governments, why not

railways? The obvious answer as respects municipalities or parishes is, that as to common roads, the most minute subdivision of responsibility as to their construction and management does not *necessarily* prevent their serving the proposed end. It may, indeed, happen, as in fact it does, that some portions of a great trunk road are very good, and others execrable, but the road is open and practicable nevertheless. In the case of a railway—whether of 30 or 300 miles—it is a machine to all intents and purposes only to be wrought effectually under *one* management—nay, the unity of system must extend, as practically it does in England, over the entire of a kingdom! The safety and efficiency of each line of railway depends on the coherence of its whole arrangements with the arrangements of all other lines. For all practical purposes the railways of England are *one* vast machine, deriving motion from a central and common source of power. It is obvious that the only issue open, as to the proper source of control and management is, whether government or public companies are most fit. The abstract question is discussed with considerable acuteness by Mr. Chapman in the 9th chapter of his valuable book, pages 327 and 362. The argument will not bear compression within the needful limit of this article; but there are two short passages, so pithy, pointed, and forcible, that quotation is only a just acknowledgment of their merit. Replying to the proposal of a ‘government department for railways,’ suggested by those who feel that there is great force in the objection against the administration of them by the ordinary executive bodies, he says,—

‘If such a department be under the effective control of the heads of the government, it must partake of all the delays and incertitude of government action; nor does it seem possible that the most gigantic and unwearied intellect, occupied imperatively with the multifarious concerns of government, should preserve continuity of recollection and permanence of purpose enough to dictate with effect even the general measures to be taken in the various stages of industrial affairs. If, on the other hand, the department be not so effectually controlled, the whole amounts to nothing more than giving the name, weight, and authority of government to men who, with less than the ordinary inducement to acquire qualifications, or make efforts, are placed exactly in a position to have everything their own way. It is in these bye-nooks of organization, where some extraneous object is hung on to the great legitimate business of the political system, that official incompetence or indifference is most likely to nestle itself; and where it snugly holds in defiance that responsibility which can only reach it by first tearing away the much-abused screen of “the government.”’

To this inaptitude of government and government bonds for the management of industrial enterprises he opposes the

following contrast descriptive of private enterprise :—‘ The energy of single character, in which, unshorn, lies its strength—the wary alacrity with which its objects are pursued and its opportunities seized—its freedom and care in selecting and changing its agents—its exemption from trammels imposed by other duties and relations—its less wide-spread risks of extraneous obstruction—its simplicity of purpose and unity of plan—the caution with which each of its minor operations is made to fall into system with all the rest, and its deep-felt interest in the result, give it a character altogether different from that of a government management of the like affairs, and leave it to be regretted that no mode of association has yet been devised by which the great undertakings of our age can be made to participate more in its advantage.’

It is difficult to add to the force of this reasoning, but the subject demands further amplification.

Two railways are now in course of construction in India,—the EAST INDIA RAILWAY, and the EAST INDIA PENINSULAR RAILWAY. The first is to form part of a line of communication from Calcutta to the upper provinces of India; the second commences at Bombay, and proceeds to the Ghauts by way of Callian. Both railways are to be constructed by companies, finding a specific capital on which a profit of five per cent. per annum is guaranteed by the East India Company for ninety-nine years, *the land being provided by the East India Company.* The whole outlay already thus guaranteed is £2,000,000, about five per cent. of the sum sunk in British railways in some five or six years!

Whilst the fact that railways *are* commenced in India is to be rejoiced at, the fact that government control in the shape of a guarantee is involved in that commencement, is to be deeply regretted. Wherever there has been a fair mercantile prospect of advantage British capital has ever been found ready for investment. To mix up the certainty of a profit under any possible issue of an adventure is to neutralize the motives for caution and foresight which are most strongly wrought upon, when men feel that all depends on their own good management. Besides, a party guaranteeing is likely to be an interfering party—it has a right so to do—and will not be slow to exercise it. The history of the East India Company is pregnant with meaning as to any connexion to be allowed betwixt it and any undertakings of a purely industrial character. Trade with India and China languished so long as the Company alone had the control of it—was, in fact, the only channel of exchange. How that trade has increased since it was thrown open is matter of notoriety. But a guarantee to a railway company is

a resumption, to a limited extent, indeed, of the trading character of the Company—a mixing up of uncommingable things—defence of rights, and the administration of affairs purely and necessarily imperial, with matters of individual action, effort, and enterprise. In what manner the action of the government of India will show itself as respects the railways in question is matter of speculation. That its action will be felt is an absolute certainty. It may, to use the words of Mr. Chapman, ‘bring into the affairs of the railways the procrastinating complexity and stifling formality of all government proceedings,—it may substitute official supervision for the solicitude of ownership,—it may endanger the reputation of government for impartiality amongst the interests it ought to protect, and over which it ought to adjudicate alike’—and if so, no prophet is needed to tell us that its connexion with such undertakings will be an unmixed evil. The true course for all parties concerned is for the undertakers of such companies to *help themselves*, and to leave the government to its ‘sole functions in all such matters—that of a judge and protector of rights.’

The whole theory, in fact, of government action, either in whole or part, in any matter, out of its own specific province, as the conservator of interests purely national and the judge in questions of individual rights, stands opposed to the whole economy out of which has issued the present commercial manufacturing and social elevation of the British people; it is the antagonistic idea to that of the division of labour; and in whatever form it manifests itself, whether in respect to the assumption of railway property as was once proposed in England, in the over-riding control of central boards, poor law, sanitary, or what not, or in the management and direction of the education of the people, its action ought to be resisted.

On the subject of roads and railways in India, it only remains further to add, that Mr. Chapman’s book is full of details as to the eligibility of particular routes, and ought to be diligently read by all who intend to invest in East India lines; and let it be added, that as it will only be by British capital that any great extension of the system will be carried out in India, it concerns all who are anxiously looking to that vast country for a larger supply of cotton, thoroughly to master the considerations which show the superior eligibility of one or other of the projects for the extension of the line in the Bombay presidency, beyond its present terminus at Callian; and for impartiality’s sake, let them read Colonel Grant’s work as well as Mr. Chapman’s.

The incidence of the land tax is the vexed question betwixt the members and subordinates of the East India Company on

the one hand, and the Manchester spinners on the other. By the former it is contended that the land tax is, in fact, rent, and not tax, and therefore, if remitted altogether by the government, it would either be received by somebody else; or, if the ownership of the soil reverted to the present occupier, in consequence of the surrender of the tax by the government, no more cotton would be grown than at present, because other produce pays better. These persons further maintain that the assessment of the tax is conducted with so much care, and with such scrupulous regard to the interests of the cultivator or Ryot, that he is in no degree worse off because of the tax than he would be if the ownership of the soil were in a body of resident landowners, as in England, the rent being adjusted, as in England, by two free and independent parties—the landlord and the tenant. The civil servants of the Honourable Company, as might have been guessed beforehand, in the evidence before the committee of 1848, drew a very flattering picture of the paternal care of the governor and council of India in relation to this matter of the land-tax, and of the strict regard paid by the collectors to their instructions. True, the rule of the East India Company is a despotism; but, as the Iron Duke said, it is a ‘mild despotism,’ and according to the collectors of the land tax, it is a most kind, paternal, and just one.

How far these abstract opinions are correct, and the alleged leniency and mildness of the Honourable Company’s revenue administration are sustained by stern facts, will best be decided by describing the machinery of the system. Preliminarily, however, it is necessary to explain from what sources the revenue of India is derived, and the several methods of assessing and collecting the land tax.

The sources of Indian revenue are six—1. Land Tax; 2. The Salt Monopoly; 3. The Opium Monopoly; 4. Stamps; 5. Post Office; 6. Abkary, or Tax on Spirits. Of these, the first produces about three-fourths of the entire revenue, and the salt and opium monopolies probably an equal proportion of the remaining fourth. The land tax is, then, the great source of revenue. Up to a recent period, other taxes, such as transit dues, taxes on implements, &c., were in existence, and were most annoying and mischievous; but these have wisely been abolished in the greater portion of the presidencies, if not altogether; for there is some confusion in the evidence on this point. The land tax is an ancient tax, to which the people of India are accustomed, and to which they submit as a necessity of state and a matter of course, though they are made to feel from time to time—as are all tax-payers—that it may be made as oppressive as it is regular and customary. There are certain

exemptions from it, arising out of grants from successive sovereigns, either as the rewards of military service or of political subserviency, or even treachery, the existence of which has led to immense litigation betwixt the East India Company and the present proprietors; and, according to some well-informed writers on Indian affairs, to much practical injustice in the *resumption* of such rent-free properties on the *pretence* of insufficient title on the part of the possessors; but in reality, under the promptings of a greedy desire for revenue. Nor is the struggle betwixt these hereditary owners of portions of the soil and the government of India ended; for a recent writer advocates a wholesale system of resumption, which would disturb millions almost of individual tenures, if it did not convulse society in India. That subject is, however, foreign to the immediate object of this article, and must be dismissed with this allusion to it.

There are three principal modes of assessing the land-tax, namely—1. The permanent assessment; 2. The settlement for long periods, varying from twenty to thirty years; and, 3. The Ryot-warry system, which, in other words, means an annual assessment.

The permanent settlement originated with Lord Cornwallis, in 1793, and extends throughout Bengal, Bahar, Benares, and Orissa. The principle of this settlement was, simply, that an average of the rents which had been paid for ten years should be established as a perpetual rental, the government giving to the Zemindars, or large landowners, the right to their lands in perpetuity, subject to the rental established, as before shown. Of course, the Zemindars underlet, just as the landed proprietors of England do, for the best rents they can get; and it is stated, that the present rental of the Zemindaries is equal to double the quit rent paid by them to the government. Be that as it may, and waving inquiry whether the government, being proprietor of the soil, acted wisely in alienating the ownership, subject only to a perpetual fixed rent, certain it is, that the *settled districts*, as they are called, have been just those in which European enterprise and capital have been most extensively employed. The portions of India under the long-lease settlement are the north-western provinces of the Bengal presidency, the sub-presidency of Agra, or the north-west presidency, as it is sometimes called, and portions of the Bombay presidency. In the first two portions of India, the settlement is for thirty years; and in such parts of the Bombay presidency as have been settled the lease is for twenty years, but with this peculiarity in the arrangement, ‘that a rental is fixed on each field, *payable only if the field is cultivated.*’

General opinion sanctions the long-lease settlement as the

best arrangement to encourage improved culture, and the most just to all parties. In the north-western presidency the settlement is a very recent one, and appears to have been made with great care and after minute inquiry. In the Bombay presidency, the same system is in course of introduction; but the Ryot-warry system still prevails over a large portion of that presidency, and altogether in that of Madras.

For the purposes of assessment and collection of revenue, the provinces, under the Ryot-warry system, are divided into collectorates, over which a principal collector, whose office is a very important one, presides, and who is, besides, a magistrate, invested with large powers to carry out his decisions. Theoretically, it is assumed that the head collector annually visits the several parishes, or *villages*, as they are called in India, for the purpose of determining, according to the extent of land under cultivation and the prospects of the crop, the amount of land-tax to be paid. Practically, the head collector visits only a small section of his collectorate, the work of assessment being conducted by sub-collectors and their assistants. For the purposes of this subdivision of labour, each province is divided into counties or *talooks*, over which a native officer with a suitable staff presides, and who is charged with the management of the police and revenue of his county. In Madras, this officer is designated a *tassildar*, and his functions are very onerous and important. As respects the land-tax, he is in reality a land agent, whose business it is to survey and assess the several parishes within his county, and to correspond with the head collector. On the other hand, he also puts himself in communication with the *pattels*, or head men of the village, and the village accountant; both formerly hereditary officers and independent of the government, but now paid servants of the East India Company.

At the proper period for determining the amount of the annual tax, the collector or his representative visits the villages in succession, and having pitched his tent, calls before him the *pattel* and the village accountant, and invites the cultivators also, to come and state their objections, if any, to the assessment which he determines, after hearing the report of the proper officers, and referring for correction to the records of past assessments, as shown by the village books. The whole proceeding is, in fact, a rent-audit, in which the village collectively, as a body of tenants, or the individual cultivator, seeks to obtain the lowest terms from their landlord—the Honourable Company; and for this purpose they represent, as English tenants would in like circumstances, all the unfavourable symptoms and circumstances of the growing crop, as, on the other hand,

the collector is sure to urge the *per contra* view of the case. In most cases the head cultivators, after the assessment is finally agreed upon, become responsible for the assessment of the entire village, and agree amongst the whole body of cultivators on the individual amount to be paid. The collector has power to prevent the removal of the crops until the instalments of land-tax are paid—a power which frequently prevents the crop being reaped, and thereby causes its destruction on the ground. He has also power to remit balances or arrears of land-tax; and there is abundant evidence that this has frequently been done, clearly proving that the assessment had been too high.

Such being the system of the annual assessment and collection of the land-tax, its wisdom and policy may be judged of in two ways: 1. By the law of probability, founded on the working of analogous institutions; and 2. By the actual results, in the condition of the cultivators, or Ryots. By either, or both methods, we conceive, it must stand condemned, as a most clumsy and injurious system.

A hasty analogy would suggest, that the relation of the Ryot to the East India Company, under the system of annual assessment, is nearly identical with that of an English tenant-at-will to his landlord. No more false analogy can be imagined. The only semblance of agreement is, that the rent is fixed *only for one year*. The points of dissimilarity are many and striking. The rental in India is determined on an annual survey and valuation of the crops; and is, in fact, an annual adjustment of the rent or tax; the rent in England, on a tenant-at-will farm, is *practically* determined by a free contract betwixt landlord and tenant, each party having a thorough knowledge of the average prices and produce of the land for years back, the tenant being governed in taking the farm by the prospect of a fair remuneration for his capital, and the probability of a prolonged holding of his land at the rent agreed upon. There is uncertainty, more or less harassing, in the former case, just according to the fairness and judgment of the collector and his subordinates; in the latter case, there is certainty, both as to amount of rent and continuance of tenure, only short, in a great majority of cases, of a lease for a term of years. In England, the arrangement is practically made with the owner of the land, who knows all about its capabilities, and in the main has no interest in rack-renting it, but the contrary. In India, the tenant, if he may be called such, makes his arrangement with the landlord only through a host of subordinates, who may, and probably have, an interest in making the most of their county or collectorate, and in standing well with the

révenue department. In point of fact, the rental of a tenant-at-will in England cannot be altered without his consent, and after free bargain, whilst the rental of the Indian cultivator is absolutely at the decision of the collector or his subordinates; for although he is bound to hear all that the cultivators wish to urge, his power is absolute, and absolute power may rest in a man who is disposed to regard the Ryots as prone to over-reach, or is wrong-headed and overweening in the conceit of his own judgment, or is anxious to make a large return, and who, therefore, will always lean to the side of over-assessment. And last of all, the English tenant-at-will belongs to a class that will not continuously cling to the land, except as it affords the average profit of capital, for although the man who has once acquired the status and habits of a farmer rarely quits his occupation, a permanent diminution of the profits of farming below the general rate of mercantile profit, would drive his sons to one or other of the thousand channels of employment which are open to them in the national manufactures and commerce—a resort, in point of fact, which is extensively adopted by that class throughout the entire agricultural districts of great Britain—a fact well known on many an exchange, and in every large manufacturing town. But the Ryot has no alternative. He is either a cultivator of the soil, or nothing. Trade and commerce are shut to him: they are only open to the few rich natives, who have for generations, perhaps, been engaged in them. The very carrying trade is in the hands of a particular caste of the people, and so are the various artizan crafts. To argue then, as some of the witnesses before Mr. Bright's committee did, that the land-tax of India is analogous to the rent of land in this country, and still more to maintain, as Dr. Royle does, that the system meets those conditions of national taxation which Mr. Mill defines as least interfering with the development of national resources, and realizing a sufficient revenue with the least possible deduction for the expenses of collection, is simply absurd; because there is no analogy, not even a remote one, betwixt the two cases. In fact, the question as to the land-tax is mystified by any reference to the theory of rent as existing in England. It will be time enough to draw parallelisms when other and equal channels of employment for capital and labour exist in India besides that of the cultivation of the soil,—when that cultivation has arrived at the stage of requiring considerable capital in the cultivator,—and therefore constituting him an independent party in the bargain—when the ownership of land shall become matter of purchase and sale, and rent measure, as it does here, the

difference betwixt the value of the produce of the soil and the fair profit of capital, after defraying all the expenses of cultivation.

There is, then, as it seems to us, no ground whatever for placing the land-tax of India and the rents of land in England in the same category as identical things. Yet it is on the alleged identity of the two things that the bold assertion has been hazarded, that the land-tax does not interfere with the production of cotton in India; always, however, remembering that this allegation is coupled with another—namely, that other crops pay better than cotton, and *therefore* land-tax is no land-tax—the cultivation of cotton will be the same. The second allegation will cease to have force the moment the cost of transit is reduced, and the consequent deterioration of the staple is obviated by the formation of good roads or railways. Even supposing that the cotton is in no respect improved in staple or cleanness, cheaper carriage to the coasts will make up all the difference in the comparative profitableness of cultivating cotton and articles of food. Assuming that—then, if it can be shown that even on the admission that the land-tax is simply rent, it operates injuriously on the cultivation, because of the mode and manner of its assessment and collection, the whole argument in its defence falls to the ground.

An attentive perusal of the evidence for and against the land-tax will establish the fact, that, on both sides, the real question has been overlooked. Mr. Brown may be right in saying the land-tax is *not* rent, or Mr. Mangles may be right in saying that it is rent. On either hypothesis the relation of the two parties—the land-owner and the occupier or cultivator—may be such, that improvements in cultivation and a general advance in wealth may be impossible; and such, it is believed, is the fact. That the Ryots are steeped in poverty is admitted on all hands. It matters not whether the witness be retained by the Company or by the Manchester Spinners, all the evidence in the Blue Book, 'Growth of Cotton in India,' goes to establish the fact of the deep poverty of the Ryot, and his absolute dependence on extraneous aid for carrying on his business. It is as clear as evidence can make it, that his personal remuneration is simply that of the wages of labour. His stock in trade is contemptible in amount, his living is cheap and simple, and for the very means of producing his crops he pawns them to the village banker at an extravagant rate of interest—that disinterested functionary enjoying, besides his claim for interest, the pre-emption of the crops in repayment of his advances, which, it is almost needless to add, he gets below the market price. The Ryot, in one word, is a mere labourer, cultivating, with the

capital of the village banker, the soil owned by the Honourable Company, and giving either in interest to the one, or as land-tax to the other, all the produce, save the miserable pittance on which he subsists. He *does not*, because he *can not*, accumulate capital—improved culture is, therefore, out of question, whether of cotton or anything else. The fact of his poverty being undeniable, it is clear that he either pays too much as land-tax, or that the mode of the assessment discourages all attempts at improvement. Both causes, it is believed, are in operation. It does not seem to have occurred to the Honourable Company, or their servants, that it was needful to disturb the *status quo* of Indian customs—even as respects matters of trade and production. Because the Ryot had always paid, as land-tax or rent—call it which you will—all but what would keep body and soul together, they fulfilled the obligation of rule if they kept him in the same position in which conquest handed him over to them! That such is the incidence of the land-tax is a stubborn fact. Wherever it prevails, as an annual tax, the Ryot, like the Irish cottier, is a mere serf or labourer; and he is so, because of the conditions of his tenure. The rule of assessment has palpably been to leave *him* subsistence, and to take all besides. It is idle, then, to say that the land-tax does not interfere with the production of cotton. It interferes with production generally, and therefore with cotton as well as grain and other produce. The remedy is suggested by the disease. The evil is, that saving or accumulation is impracticable, and the condition of the Ryot is the stereotyped one of vassalage and poverty. The remedy is to provide that accumulation shall be practicable, and to leave the result to the operation of the ordinary motives which induce thrift and economy. A tenure, which will secure these conditions, is that which is desiderated. Obviously and notoriously the Ryot-warry system has not secured them, nor is it consonant with fact or analogy, that an annual settlement, conducted as that is, under the Ryot-warry plan, can ever offer the inducement to enterprise and effort; that inducement always being the certainty of profit and accumulation.

The first step in the course of improvement is the substitution of a *certain* for an *uncertain* tenure of land. The extinguishment of hope is the extinguishment of effort; and when there is no expectation of beneficial results there will be no manful struggle. A system which admits of the abstraction of all but mere wages from the cultivator precludes all advance, and stereotypes the arts of life. Such is, in truth, the present condition of our Indian empire. Whether the land-tax be rent, or simply tax, is not the true question, that question being the incidence of the assessment on the energies and resources of the cultivator. It

would be difficult to devise a scheme more mischievous and depressing than that of the land-tax as an *annual* assessment. It has the two vices of uncertainty and arbitrariness, which are just the conditions of a low state of the productive arts; and experience has shown that much and almost irreparable mischief may be inflicted by the erroneous judgment of a collector. The servants of the Honourable Company, as might be expected, vouch unhesitatingly for the fairness of the assessment, and assert the extreme anxiety of the executive to deal fairly with the Ryots; but all analogy contradicts the idea that the *tax assessor* will look more to the interest of the tax payer than of the tax receiver. In fact, one notorious cause of over assessment is on record, the case of Bundelcund and Mr. Scott Waring. Our rule commenced there in 1806, and up to 1816 that rule appears to have been wise and equitable. In the latter year, Mr. Scott Waring, the collector, misled by a sudden increase in the price of cotton, raised the assessment in the western districts thirty per cent., and in the eastern districts forty-six per cent. The result was the ruin of all parties, the Zemindar and the Ryots alike. Of the total number of villages, amounting to 621, only 139 were preserved to the original landowners; of 137 villages brought to sale, no less than 61 were purchased by the government, because there were no bidders at all. In the western district, the proprietors of 178 villages threw up their lands rather than agree to the extravagant demands of the collector. So matters remained for five years; and so complete was the prostration of the province, that twenty years of just assessment has scarcely sufficed to restore the revenue to its original point.

The broad general conclusion at which we arrive is, that the annual assessment in the Madras presidency, and in parts of the Bombay, is a positive evil; and that whether it be considered to be rent or tax. Fixed tenure and fixed rents, always supposing rent to be determined in a fair bargain betwixt the landowner and the tenant, are the essential conditions of agricultural prosperity. The annual assessment in India violates these conditions, and therefore necessitates the opposite of prosperity. It would be difficult to show a condition of more abject poverty than that of the Indian Ryot—always excepting the Irish cottier—and the fact of that condition proves the virulence of its cause.

Turning from the economical question of improved roads and the incidence of the land-tax, other and graver subjects present themselves in connexion with India. Our past rule has had its basis, partly in the prestige of military skill and prowess, and partly in the general fairness and equity of our judicial and

revenue administration. The whole of Hindoostan is now directly or indirectly under our rule. Hitherto the ever-recurring spectacle of military achievement has held the people of Hindoostan in awe and subjection ; for the future, the continuance of our power will have to rest on the proved equity of our administration. The Indian government has, by its own acts, made this a condition of permanence. It has provided a complete education for the nation, quite rivalling a university education in this country. That education will bear its fruits. Minds will be awakened, and in a thousand forms will demonstrate its power ; it will be impossible to exclude native talent and native thought from its due share in the general government. Not more surely does water seek its level than does mind. In what form the cultivated mind of India will exert itself it would be rash to predict ; but assuredly the minds of 150 millions of people must have force as against the minds of some 80,000 Europeans, when the difference of intellectual status ceases to exist. Add to this the necessary results of improved roads and railways, in bringing into contact the intelligence and energy of the Saxon character with the Hindoo, and it is easy to see that new conditions are dawning upon India, the ultimate result of which can only dimly be foreshadowed. Self-government may be, as yet, a distant thing, but native participation in rule, in some form or other, must follow the development of Indian resources, physical and mental. If India is to produce cotton in any quantity commensurate to our wants, a complete revolution in all the modes of culture, of transit, and of exchange, is inevitable ; and that revolution supposes a higher form of enlightenment and civilization. India cannot rival the United States in the production of cotton, except as it approaches to it in the arts of cultivation, and the general habits of trade.

Of the capability of India to produce cotton of an improved quality, no doubt exists. The experiments of the East India Company have set that question at rest. It is clear that in certain soils the yield is more abundant, and the quality superior, from American seed. It is a question of time and profit, which, with improved modes of transit, will soon be settled. It may be that the productiveness of the cotton district of the United States places the chance of competition much against the East Indian cultivation, but, on the other hand, the wages of labour are so low in India, as to form a strong drawback to the difference of production, and it remains to be seen how far it is possible to ensure the average crop of Indian cotton by improvements in the methods of cultivation.

ART. II.—*The Poetical Works of David Macbeth Moir (Delta)*. Edited by Thomas Aird. With a Memoir of the Author. In two vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1852.

THE simple life led by almost every poet is not to be explained according to the old definition that *genius is something superhuman*, isolating its possessor from mankind, turning his very cradle into a cloud tended by unseen beings, and fixing his after home in some peculiar and spiritually-haunted sphere. There would, indeed, be no difficulty in accounting for his meagre and uninteresting history, if we had any faith in such a traditional conceit about his nature and calling. He would be as a cuckoo, only near us when he sang, and not seen by us even then. Let Dr. Beattie's 'Minstrel' be a genuine, or even a representative biography, and what *facts* does it contain but that Edwin spent his time in solitary and endless pedestrianism, roaming by day and night beside streams, groves, and hills, occasionally seeing fairies, and only once meeting with a man, and that man, too, a reverend and hoary hermit who professed to be separated from the world, not by miles, but by infinity? Genius is not something superhuman, but is the most concentrated and pure essence of humanity in its manifold existence, and intensest moods. Its mantle is of no ethereal texture, but is the very flesh of human flesh, quivering, or thrilling, or shuddering, in quickest response, to every breath of earthly influence, and all its being is thoroughly *manned*. The poet is connected with humanity, more like the race than the individual, and hence the material world belongs to him more than to others. Humanity lies within and around him, moving soul and sense, and reaching and pressing upon him from flower and star. To the common heart he is closely and directly related, as others are to their own heart. He, unresisted, passes through all the barriers of time and place, and of conventional law, from man to man, associating with, and knowing them all, just as we do in dreams. Well may the poet be called a dreamer, not because of his abstraction, but because of the very opposite—his blending himself with human beings and destinies far remote from the ken or the intercourse of his own actual lot. Indeed, the common dreamer and the great poet are, in some important respects, placed on a level. The most unimaginative clown has, when dreaming, Shakspeare's dramatic power: he enters fully into the individuality of the persons of his visions, and brings it out in genuine soliloquy, dialogue, and action.

The simplicity of the poet's history is not, therefore, to be explained by the false and mythological views of genius, to which we have referred, but is, in all cases, owing to his being but little of an actor in the world. He is a thinker—a student; and though in fellowship with man and citizenship with nature, yet his career is as uneventful as if he were a book-worm, whose earthly pilgrimage is from the top to the bottom of the pages. Byron, Scott, and Professor Wilson are exceptions, from being actors as well as thinkers.

The *Life* of a poet should be written by a brother bard, otherwise the main interest of the biography, which almost invariably hangs upon the formation and expression of the character, and not upon the course of incidents, will be missed. A prosaic acquaintance would overlook all the peculiarities which may have marked the deceased from boyhood, and which, though they shaped his labours, did not shape or stamp his lot, for the strongest idiosyncrasy is cloaked by very common-place events, and prose never pierces under these—never gets beneath the *Mr.* into the *man*. Hence the inane biographies of Shakspeare and Milton. Our poets, however, of the last half century have generally been more fortunate. Byron has had his Moore, Scott his Lockhart, and—to pass by many noble poets to whom a tribute has been paid by fitting biographers—Delta his Aird. In the last-mentioned case, the greater poet has done honour to the less, and not a few readers will take up the work which we now notice, rather because it comes from Thomas Aird, than because it is about Delta. They will eagerly lay hold of the new production of a man who has written several poems and essays, the most original and picturesque of the age, and whose only fault is that he has written so little, as if the very fulness and richness of his genius had resulted in a *plethora* to make him inactive; though still, when he does appear before the public, he shows the training and muscle of an *athlete*. The mystery about Mr. Aird's authorship is, that whilst his latest work leaves the impression that he could soon produce another of the same high class, and that, whilst as years pass by, and bring nothing more from him, you blame him for indolence, yet he sends forth—long after it was due—a new work to prove that his genius had been in daily exercise, though far too shy of tasks. Indeed, his most strongly marked characteristic is totally incompatible with indolence. That characteristic is the full, bony, and muscular structure which he gives to his ideas ere he wafts them off to float in the air of poetry. With him, the ideal always includes the real, and his smallest fancy, however delicate and fragile it may look, has a substantial frame

and a minute articulation. A lazy author would soon have lost such a characteristic.

None of Mr. Aird's admirers will class this biography with his previous productions. It is written in a style of charming simplicity, but lacks—except in a few passages—his stern grandeur of thought and diction. He was not sketching one of the mightiest sons of song, and his criticism had not to dilate itself in throwing measuring arms around the gentle Delta. Aird could only have found scope for his characteristic disquisitions on genius and poetry by pointing out the limits of Delta's powers; and friendship, all the more tender because broken off by death, seems to have forbidden such an ungracious task. When he has Professor Wilson's genius for his theme, how magnificent and sweeping, yet exquisite for discrimination, is the strain of his eulogy! But for Delta he has a genial tribute, compounded of little criticism, but of abundant affection and esteem. He rather drops flowers upon Delta's grave than hangs them upon his bust.

Whilst we have supposed that several readers will take up this 'Life' for the sake of the biographer, we doubt not that the overwhelming majority will be more interested in Delta, long and widely known as a tender poet, and the author of the delightful 'Mansie Wauch.' His was the soft lute—heard regularly during the pauses in the war-flourishes of the terrible orchestra of 'Blackwood.' Why he was *there*, sighing over faded roses and beauty, whilst Wilson and Lockhart were thundering against much good as well as much bad poetry, was a wonder to many; still the tenderness of the poetry gave him a large and constant audience. This sketch of the man will increase the general liking for his poetry; for whatever were the qualities of Dr. Moir's genius, it had no eccentricity either into habits or fits of immorality, dissipation, or improvidence. Not only did he not feel himself privileged to kick at religion, virtue, and prudence, but his whole character and conduct were imbued with their finest spirit. *He did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God.*

David Macbeth Moir was born at Musselburgh, in the beginning of 1798, of respectable parents. His mother had a fine and well cultivated intellect, was able to encourage and advise him in his first poetical attempts, and lived long enough to rejoice in his fame. Precocious excellence generally disappoints promise, and withers down into common qualities; and bright boys become dull men—to have their doings in mature strength and on a large and open stage contrasted ludicrously with their achievements at school or college. Moir was no child-prodigy. In schoolboy days, healthy sport was his main occupation; and

down to the close of his life, he spoke fondly of ‘flying kites, bowling at cricket, foot-ball, spinning peg-tops, and playing at marbles.’ A lengthy and very interesting extract from a series of Delta’s school-reminiscences is given by Mr. Aird; but a single sentence from Dr. Chalmers’ similar recollections—published in the concluding volume of the ‘Memoirs,’ by Dr. Hannah—when visiting his old school, is far more vivid;—‘I would just like to see the place where Lizzy Green’s water-bucket used to stand’—the water-bucket to which, through Lizzy’s kindness, the over-heated ball-players had enjoyed free access. That ‘one touch of nature’—on the part of Chalmers is far more potent—than Delta’s elaborate description—to ‘make the whole world’—of men looking back upon their boyhood—‘kin.’

At the age of thirteen, young Moir was apprenticed to a medical practitioner in his native town. Two years later, he began the writing of poetry in his leisure moments, for then, as always afterwards, ‘business first, literary recreation next, and poetry the prime of it.’ In 1816, he got his diploma as a surgeon, and in the following year joined Dr. Brown, of Musselburgh, as partner in his very extensive and laborious practice. His father had just died; the support of his mother fell now upon him, and he entered bravely upon the discharge of his duties; yet even during that period of struggles, he did not neglect literature. His brother Charles says,—‘When the duties of the day were over, after supper the candle was lighted in his bed-room, and the work of the desk began. Having shared the same room with him for many years in my early life, the routine of those nights is as fresh in my mind as if it had been but yesterday. He used to persuade me to retire to rest; and many a time have I awoke, when the night was far spent, and wondered to find him still at his books and pen.’

So strict was his attention to professional duties, that, from 1817 to 1828, he did not sleep a night out of Musselburgh. In this interval, however, he had ‘stepped out upon the bold arena of “Blackwood’s Magazine,”’ and was producing poetry both sentimental and comic. It now appears that some of the cleverest squibs for which Dr. Maginn long had credit came from Moir. His introduction to Professor Wilson is described by the biographer in the following graphic way:—

‘This acquaintanceship with the professor gradually ripened into a friendship not to be dissolved but at the grave’s mouth. In the multi-form nature of Wilson, his mastery over the hearts of ingenuous youth is one of his finest characteristics. It is often won in this peculiar way. An essay is submitted to him as professor, editor, and friend, by some worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms.

The youth is not satisfied, and in the tone of one rather injured, begs to know specific faults. The generous Aristarch, never dealing haughtily with a young worth, instantly sits down, and begins by conveying, in the most fearless terms of praise, his sense of that worth; but, this done, woe be to the luckless piece of prose or numerous verse! Down goes the scalpel with the most minute savagery of dissection, and the whole tissues and ramifications of fault are laid naked and bare. The young man is astonished, but his nature is of the right sort—he never forgets the lesson—and with bands of filial affection stronger than hooks of steel, he is knit for life to the man who has dealt with him thus. Many a young heart will recognise this peculiar style of the great nature I speak of. The severe service was once done to Delta; he was the young man to profit by it—the friendship was all the firmer.—Vol. i.

Yet, though Mr. Aird does not say so, we should imagine that this friendship on Delta's side had more of reverence than of frankness, and that Galt and Macnish would be shaken more freely by the hand as familiar companions. The terms in which he repeatedly speaks of Wilson to his correspondents ('Met the Professor last night—he was bold as a lion and fierce as a tiger') indicate a feeling of awe, strong, though not unpleasant. If it be true that the men most likely to be warm friends on a full equality are those who could—if they chose—most effectively ridicule and mortify each other, and who, therefore, have a mutual apprehension under their affection, then Wilson should have been mated with Carlyle! How Carlyle could have scoffed at Wilson's exuberance of imagination and overflow of pastoral sentiment; and how Wilson's riotous humour would have dealt with 'Sartor' as with a common tailor, turning his 'immensities' into broad cloth! And then, after abusing each other, they would meet—the best of friends.

Lockhart, in his 'Matthew Wald,' makes a shrewd remark to the following effect, that whilst the clergyman sees, in exaggeration, the *best*, and the lawyer the *worst* features of human character, the doctor sees the *real*. He alone obtains a true view of men, for in his presence they are not tempted to a conscious display of greater virtue than they possess, nor to an unconscious manifestation of greater moral obliquity than commonly marks them; and he is privileged to notice and study them in their everyday lights and shades. His profession does not evoke the hypocrisy of goodness which greets the clergy when they make a call; nor does it tend to develop and harden the many repulsive forms of injustice with which lawyers become familiar, and on which they practise. On his appearance, he does not find faces lengthening as if they were yard-measures of the Ten Commandments; nor contracting and wrinkling as if they were legal quirks and snares; but they simply wear

their own natural expression. When he enters, a large Bible will not be ostentatiously open on the table, as it would be in expectation of a clerical visit; neither will he behold the disagreeable indications of a wish to gain by all means a cause—be it right or wrong—with which a lawyer is but too familiar.

But how does it happen that the doctor, having the best opportunities of acquainting himself with the realities of character, should so very seldom have put these into a *literary form*; whilst, strangely enough, at the same time, both the clergyman and the lawyer, with the serious disadvantages to which we have referred, have become distinguished artists? It cannot be that realities are tame, unromantic, and incapable of being set in interesting sketches, or embodied in fine poetry. Be the cause what it may, it is certain that doctors have contributed little to literature. Moir, however, was an exception. In 1828, he republished from Blackwood, 'Mansie Wauch,' a tale written in Dutch-like illustration of Scottish humble life and simple manners; but differing as much from Galt's novels as from Scott's. It is singular that neither before nor since has the same class of characters been sketched, though the innumerable anecdotes which circulate in private conversation chiefly relate to such characters. Scottish villages are the museums in which odd characters are collected. Almost every villager is a *character*—a shape after no pattern; his individuality strongly indenting each line of resemblance to his neighbours. We regret that Delta, endowed with the requisite powers of observation, and humorous and kindly description, did not again and again address himself to sketches of village originals. For a few pieces like 'Mansie Wauch,' we could have wanted all his poems but 'Casa Wappy.' Of the hero, Mr. Aird says finely, 'What an exquisite compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping silliness, pawkiness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian principle—the whole amalgam with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero, at once ludicrous and loveable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle!'

In 1829, Moir was offered the editorship of the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,' and recommended to settle as a medical practitioner in Edinburgh, where he was sure of a large and remunerative field; but both invitations he declined. In the summer of the same year he was married. In 1832, during the ravages of the cholera in Musselburgh, he fearlessly, and with extra professional zeal and charity, attended to the numerous patients, though he held the belief that cholera was

contagious. In 1838, he lost two of his children, whose death he bewailed in stanzas which for pathos have never been surpassed. Poetry from the soul of a mourning parent must be exquisite ; though it requires the lapse of some interval ere the reality of grief can be suited for and transmuted into poetry. Dr. Johnson's objection to elegies has some elements of truth. A relation or friend will not, in the first troubled moment after the bereavement, think of pouring out his sorrows in melodious verse. So far we agree with the Doctor ; but that that friend cannot afterwards, when the troubled soul is composed into a melancholy mood, bewail his loss in song, is egregiously untrue. He may produce the finest elegy without being exposed to the vile charge of counterfeiting grief. Who would doubt the sincerity of Milton's attachment to ' Lycidas ?' We should not expect a mother to plant a rose over her son's grave on the day of burial ; but if some weeks afterwards she should do this, would she forfeit the character of being an affectionate mourner ? The broken heart does not make melody, and under the immediate and crushing pressure of grief the harp is hung upon the willows. Then, the only vision which fills the soul is the cold face, as unsuggestive of poetry as a mask. Genius is altogether inactive beside the unburied, beloved dead. But when the grief is becoming calm—when it can be studied as well as felt—when the soul is set free from the death-chamber, suns itself in the past, and can go backwards gleaning fondly the memorials of the precious life which has been withdrawn, and forming an image to be cherished as the substitute of the lost one, when thus the process of imagination is being begun upon the anguish, then flows freely the exquisite poetry of grief. Moir's ' Domestic Verses' consist of such poetry. ' The simple, sobbing, wailing pathos of " Casa Wappy," ' says Mr. Aird, ' has drawn more tears of mothers than any other dirge of our day. Poem we are loath to call it : such things are not made by the brain ; they are the spilth of the human heart.' The dirge over his infants is also triumphant with the best hope ; ' for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Delta's grief does not wrong the small dust which rests in the most certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

In 1845, he was thrown out of a phaeton, which rendered him lame for life. He continued, however, to attend as conscientiously as before to his professional duties, though these were now more exhausting. In 1849 he went, for the sake of his health, to the Highlands, along with Professor Wilson, who stood, during some days, for ' eight hours up to the waist in water,' following his favourite sport of fishing. It is melancholy to think that, in less than three years, Wilson has become

unable to stand even for one hour to lecture in Edinburgh College, and that his glorious professorial career is now ended. Alas ! his well-known *alias*, Christopher *with the crutch*, is now his proper self.

In the spring of 1851, Delta delivered a course of lectures on the 'Poetical Literature of the past Half-century,' at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. These were forthwith published, and we noticed them immediately on their appearance. Some remarks in the concluding lecture—to the effect that the progress of science was prejudicial to poetry, and explains the dearth of our times in great poems—excited a friendly controversy between Delta and Mr. Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist, who maintained that science would give new life to poetry, and hinted, that even if it did not, science was still greater than poetry. It is imperative that we notice these disputed points ; and we think we can show satisfactorily, that whilst Delta was erroneous, Mr. Miller was very far from being correct.

We deny the alleged fact, that the present time is unpoetical. It has, indeed, produced no great poem ; and the reason, we believe, is, that the poetic element has burst over its old embankments and boundaries, and flowed into the territory of general literature, leaving its old course dry, with the exception of small pools which appear here and there, such as songs, odes, and sonnets. If we cannot boast of such poets as adorned the beginning of the nineteenth century, we have at least a much larger amount of poetry, though not in the shape of verse. What would previously have been great poems are now tales, narratives, and essays ; and just as Shakspeare is not less poetic in those passages of his dramas which want rhythm, neither should the age be marked as peculiarly prosaic, because abandoning verse. There may be as much alloy in the guinea as in the lump of gold ; and California, still more than the Bank of England, is a golden region. The neglect of the cultivation of *poetic forms* may be wrong, but does not imply the absence or the degeneracy of the *poetic soul*.

The thought of the present is too earnestly impassioned to direct itself carefully and nicely into the old moulds. It is no capricious or whimsical order which Carlyle gives to our men of true insight—'Speak out what you have got to say, and don't waste time in trying to sing it.' Delta was then first wrong in point of fact ; and so was Mr. Miller, in believing that the position of the poet has come to be recognised as inferior to that of the scientific man. A transcendently great poet would in this as in all ages, eclipse the fame of the most eminent astronomer or geologist, simply because his genius must be of a far

higher order than any science needs, tasks, or can exhaust, and because his work would be of nobler use to the soul of man. It has been well said that 'it would take many *Newtons* to make up one *Milton*;' and, we may add, all the sages that ever lived to form a Shakspeare. The fame which attends either past or present scientific discoverers is of a totally different kind from that which surrounds genuine poets and literary men. The public interest lies in the discoveries or inventions themselves, as things for knowledge and use; but the men who made them are not in uniform admiration associated with them. Are gun-powder, the telescope, the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the planetary system, and the earth's formation, associated with those who discovered or invented them in the same invariable, unforgetful, and impassioned manner as 'Hamlet,' 'Paradise Lost,' &c. &c., are with their respective authors? Poetry is—far more than science—a thing of humanity and for humanity, and its prerogative is to connect in an immortality of admiration and love the poem with the poet. *Scientific* genius does not lay hold of a man's complete individuality; it does not absorb his identity along with all the characteristics of his nature and the associations of his life; but *poetic* genius does, and receives into its own constitution the whole being of the man, to act upon all his readers. Besides, the poet, from the very nature of his office, touches humanity at all points; whereas, the scientific man only addresses the understanding. Let it not be imagined, however, that in our comparisons we set *small* poets and litterateurs against men eminent for science. We have seen this done on the other side, when flashy and frothy contributors to literary journals were estimated alongside of Newton, Cuvier, Buckland, &c. We might as fairly put science-retailers and geological stone-breakers for schools, against Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, and Wordsworth. Let the small be set against the small, and the great against the great, and poetry at once carries off the palm from science. This is well exemplified even in Mr. Miller himself; for long after, in the progress of new geological discoveries, his *lights* shall have been lost, his *flowers* will continue to bloom in the daylight, just as, after Newton's 'Principia' is obsolete, his noble simile, descriptive of himself as but a boy gathering pebbles on the shore, with an ocean of unfathomed knowledge before him, will be remembered. The sublime muttering of Galileo—his truth after his lie—'*still it moves*'—will circulate with the revolving earth, as if it were the very sound of that earth's motion! Such immortality has a poetic saying. Mr. Miller may rest assured that this age has not taken away the stimulus to poetry by degrading the poet's position below that of the scientific man.

Along with Mr. Miller, we hold, against Delta, that poetry need not show the least resentment towards the march of science. Science may make havoc upon the old stock of fantastic materials used by small poets, but cannot destroy the tendencies or mar the creations of genuine bards. Let us hear Wordsworth on the question :—

‘ Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge ; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. The objects of the poet’s thoughts are everywhere ; *he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings.* If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually perceive, the poet will be at the side of the man of science, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet’s art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to man, shall be ready to put on a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.’

In relation to poetry, science is neither a master nor a conqueror, but a pioneer and a servant. Believing that no bard need be troubled with those fears of Delta’s which Mr. Miller rebuked away, we must, at the same time, express our dissent from some of Mr. Miller’s opinions. We think that he is over sanguine and positively extravagant in his expectations of the assistance which poetry is to get from matured natural science. The past does not show that the extent of that assistance has been great. It is true that geology is of too modern a date to have hitherto been largely available ; and, just as when mythology is old, so when science is young, they are both too pedantic for poetry to meddle with. But astronomy, a much nobler and older science, has not been of much use to poetry ; and the reasons for this in the past will be still influential in the future. Astronomy and geology may give new heavens and a new earth, yet external nature remains an *ancient* to the poet, exercising upon him the same charm which was felt by Homer, and receiving a tributary strain, which says—

‘ I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.’

Mind, more than matter, is the ‘ main region of song,’ as it is the grand source of new sympathies and impulses. Man is more

relative to the poet than the outward world can be. The seasons of his place are little, compared with the cycles of his race. The poet is the circle and complement of progressive man, but only the parallel and counterpart of old nature. Besides, physical science, with all its discoveries of truth and corrections of error, can neither give nor take away the sensations which have been and will be imparted in a communion with the external world, whose power of sensuous impression is the very same, whether its proper organization and laws be hidden or revealed. Who can doubt that, to men collectively, the present surface of the earth, *as scenery*, covered also with associations, is and will remain far dearer than the earth's appearance and state during any of the geologic periods; and yet, nature as it is and looks at present, is but the sweet, varied, and retreating background to the interesting forms of humanity, and the order is, faces before flowers, flesh and blood before earth, sky, and ocean, and families of men and women before all other groups. Poetry would rather enter the house where human beings are than revel in the world as it was up to the sixth day of creation. The music of the spheres is a prosaic and meaningless sound compared with the low throbbings of the heart. The insensate universe is but an incidental though glorious *association*, but man is the *subject* of poetry; the sky is over *him*, earth under *him*, the ocean around *him*: and these are all, as it were, imaginary lines of latitude and longitude defining *him*. If this be true of nature as it *is*, then nature as it *was*, and was unnumbered ages ago, must be a still more remote and incidental association for poetry to deal with—scarcely, in fact, an association at all, for it does not hang over any point of the whole course of humanity.

Man, then, being the grand theme of song, the question is—How far can any physical science operate upon man's nature, not upon his understanding, much less upon his mechanical and conventional life, but upon his whole nature; for unless that nature—as the subject of poetry—receive important influences or changes from physical science, then the poet can only draw upon science to furnish him with a few loose illustrations and analogies not in the least homogeneous. Are Shakspeare's dramas a whit the worse from his being a poor astronomer and no geologist? The conditions, as laid down by Wordsworth, on which poetry can lay hold of science bodily, are not likely ever to be fulfilled. Science may be 'familiarized' to the understanding of the great majority of men: but can it, or, at least, *will* it, ever be 'familiarized' to their whole nature, to their sympathies, and imaginations, and sensations, like the earth and the sky? All science is valuable to the poet as *discipline* or training; but the question is concerning the worth of physical science as affording *poetic materials*. Geology

may furnish a poet with sublime lessons or illustrations to be introduced into descriptive or didactic pieces; but even in these pieces they will but be occasional, and only for a few readers, just like two or three fossils lying on the mantelpiece of a room. Nor should it be overlooked, in the case of such a geologist as Mr. Miller, who, in addition to scientific culture, possesses a poetic imagination, that he brings poetry *to*, rather than *out of*, science. His finest passages are those in which he *transfers* pictures of the existing landscape to some of the old geologic panoramas, much in the same way as Professor Nichol draws upon the scenery of the earth for the scenery of the moon.

On the 22nd of June, in dismounting from his horse, Delta received a serious injury. On the 1st of July he left, for change of scene, his native town, and went to Ayr and Dumfries. At the latter place it was at once manifest that his recovery was hopeless. He died on the 6th of July, after having fervently breathed the following prayer, which is all the finer from being destitute of poetic expression:—‘And now may the Lord my God not separate between my soul and my body till he has made a final and eternal separation between my soul and sin, for the sake of my Redeemer.’

Mr. Aird thus describes the personal appearance of his friend:—

‘Delta was tall, well formed, and erect. The development of his head was not peculiar in any way, but good upon the whole, and he carried it with a manly elevation. His hair was light, almost inclined to be sandy, and he usually wore it short. His features were regular and handsome; but he had rather too much colour, not in the cheeks merely, but diffused over the whole face. His eyes were grey-blue, mild withal, but ready to twinkle sharp. When the sense of the ludicrous was full upon him, he had a way of raising his eyebrows as people do in wonder; and there was a moist confused ferment in his eyes, glaring in the very riot and delirium of over-boiling fun. This was one of the strongest expressions of his nature; but, with the high moral powers ever watchful and dominant to chasten and subdue, it was not much indulged in. His usual tone of voice had a considerate kindness in it which was very pleasant to the ear.’

Delta’s poetry is chiefly descriptive and reflective—not imaginative. Scenery is delineated, and not idealized; thoughts and emotions are inferred from the landscape, rather than incorporated with it; and the moral hangs on the vegetation, like clothes on a hedge. It is nature unfolding herself, by a simple presentation of her features and bulk, rather than proceeding from the poetic soul, instinct with a twofold life. He is deficient, too, when he attempts to invest scenery with an historic interest. He brings out admirably the natural features and ex-

pression of a landscape ; but *the genius of the place* escapes him altogether.

Whether Delta's busy life, with his profession calling him away from his musings at any moment of the day or of the night, was favourable to the production of poetry, is not so easily settled as at first sight might appear. Uninterrupted leisure, enjoyed in unbroken seclusion, often makes study a vague, if not a vacant dream. It was believed that the last thirty years of Wordsworth's life had been accumulating several grand poems ; but, lo ! it has turned out that, during that long term passed serenely—as he had often wished—in communion with nature and his own soul, a few sonnets and other small pieces were the only fruits. The hours snatched from some secular employment frequently achieve more than days or years said to be consecrated to the service of the muses. The muses are virgins, and will allow lovers occasional interviews and dalliances, but will not marry, so as to be always in the house. The ardour with which a man who spends much of his time in some secular calling betakes himself to his desk, is but rarely felt by the seemingly more fortunate man who may sit at his desk all day long. We have an apt illustration in the case of the biographer as compared with the subject of his biography. Mr. Aird has incontestably a higher and purer poetic nature than Delta, and he has also had more leisure for the display of his gifts ; and yet he has not written one-half of the quantity of Delta's verse. Delta's laborious profession does not seem, then, to have interfered with the amount of poetry, which, considering the character of his mind, could fairly be expected from him ; nor do we think that it spoiled the quality. His genuine poetry was elegiac, as his best prose was comic ; and the medical profession furnished him with scenes to be rendered into tuneful sadness. His melody is but the echo of his tread into many chambers of affliction and death.

The two volumes of poetry, to which the 'Life' has been prefixed, do not contain the half of what Delta wrote. Mr. Aird has acted on the advice of Professor Wilson, that 'the selection should be a narrow and severe one ;' and those who are familiar with the pieces formerly published, will appreciate the taste and judgment of the editor.

ART. III.—*India in Greece ; or, Truth in Mythology.* Containing the Sources of the Hellenic Race, the Colonization of Egypt and Palestine, the Wars of the Grand Lama, and the Bud'histic Propaganda in Greece. By E. Pococke, Esq. Illustrated by Maps of the Punjaub, Cashmir, and Northern Greece. London: J. Griffin and Co. 1852.

THE inquisitive mind, wishing to penetrate the mythical and mythological clouds which obscure the regions of past time, has often proposed to itself such questions as the following:—How was Greece peopled, or colonized at the earliest period? What was its language, and whence derived? Who created its mythology, or whence came its myths? What relation have they to fact? Is Greek etymology reliable, or are we to dig deeper into antiquity, and in another land, for the roots of our historic knowledge? Are the sources of Greek mythology native or oriental? Who were the Pelasgi? These and numerous other inquiries are suggested in the reading of this volume; and we shall endeavour to furnish some notion of its contents.

It is curious to observe the various derivations of the term, which, as our author remarks, appeal to a Greek etymology in the absence of Greek history, and thus conduct to no practical result. Pelasgi is taken from Pelagos, 'the sea'—intimating they were a people who came into Greece by sea. Another explanation is found in Pelagoi, 'Storks,' from the lower dress of that people, or from their wandering habits. Peleg is also adduced. Müller and Wachsmuth choose Pelargos as the primary form of the word, and derive it from *pelo*, 'to till,' and *agros*, 'a field.' Another etymology is from *pelazo*, and another supposes the people were called *Pelasgoi* from their own barbarous language. Mr. Pococke lays down the following as the etymological and historical basis. *Pelasa* was the ancient name for the province of Bahar, (so denominated from the *Pelasa*, or *Brutia Frondosa*, a large tree of the mountains). Pelaska is a derivative form of Pelasa, whence the Greek, Pelasgos. The Pelasgi spoke the Sanscrit language; and the Greek is a derivation from the Sanscrit. Those who spoke the former language, therefore, must have come into Greece—that is, they were the Indians, or first settlers, whose language then became corrupted or modified. Now, the province of Bahar was the stronghold of Bud'hism which the Brahmins detested. The fierce and prolonged contest between these rival sects issued at length in the expulsion of the

Bud'hists, whose country then poured its expatriated population into many regions of Asia and of Europe. Hence arises the term Pelasgic Hellas, or Greece. The peculiar claim to preference in regard to this derivation is, that it is historic rather than etymological ; and, therefore, that a conjectural etymology, which is solely founded on a corrupted language, is displaced, as it surely ought to be, by facts which have relation to the geography of distant countries, and the movements of tribes and people in a remote antiquity. Mr. Pococke's work comprises an account of the locality of the Bud'hist emigration in Affghanistan and North-western India ; and the occupation of Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Italy ; whence arose the great Scandinavian families, with the early Britons. Thus the way is opened to the revision of Grecian history, and the detection of the truths which lie concealed in Grecian mythology. The labours of the Bud'hists in Greece are traced, and the wars of the Great Lama, together with the localities of the Pelasgi and the Sindian colonists of Palestine and Italy. These new interpretations of ancient documents, if well founded and substantiated by geographical evidence, plainly affect the question of the originality of the Greek and Latin languages, and are alike important to the classical and scriptural student, to the searcher into ancient history and antiquarian lore.

The first subject of consideration respects the evidences of an Indian colonization. This is indicated in the reproduction of India in Greece, as manifested in the habits and language of a portion of its early possessors. In the heroic period of Greece we find the perfection of the arts, the profusion of golden vessels, ornaments of ivory, embroidered shawls, the products of the needle and the loom, carving and sculpture, and whatever else distinguished oriental elegance and luxury, thus bespeaking their origin. The Sanscrit was the language of Pelasgic and Hellenic Greece ; a fact which may unravel the earliest poetic fallacies. ' Amidst the numerous dialects which compose the English language,' says our author, ' the Saxon has left the strongest impression upon our native tongue. The deduction, therefore, independent of history, is, that people once speaking the Saxon language lived in this island : it is then equally clear that these were Saxons. Apply this to Greece. What strikes us so forcibly as this identity of structure, of vocables, and inflective power, in the Greek and Sanscrit languages ?' The Greek language is a derivation from the Sanscrit ; therefore Sanscrit-speaking people—that is, Indians—must have dwelt in Greece, and this dwelling must have preceded the settlement of those tribes which helped to produce the corruption of the old language ; in other words, the Indians must have been the primi-

tive settlers—at least they must have colonized the country so early, and dwelt so long, as to have effaced all dialectic traces of any other inhabitants. The evidence of this fact derives additional confirmation from the transference of geographical names, and from the philosophy, mysteries, and religion of the mighty East. It would not be sufficient to weaken, much less to overthrow this argument, to allege, that a considerable portion of the influence in question might have sprung from traditionary causes and from the incidental, it might be the frequent, visitations of travellers, or others, from the distant lands, who, in the course of time, infused their notions, habits, and observances into the general mass of the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil; because the question lies between Greece and India, and the origin of attainable history in the remotest times, and because it is not conceivable that the entire language, literature, customs, and religion of a people, and the alteration of the very names of their mountains, rivers, and various localities, could have been accomplished by stray visitors or temporary means. The annihilation or formation of a language, in particular, seems to be the inevitable result of conquest or colonization.—

‘ We are ignorant, let us not deny it, of the simple meaning of the name of nearly every place in Greece; and yet we flatter ourselves that we are writing what we call Classical Geographies and Grecian Histories. But now mark the perilous position to which this admission will reduce us. If we, through either the vanity or the ignorance of Greeks, are unacquainted with the original import of the geographical nomenclature of Greece, then are we equally ignorant of the history of that period, if our Grecian informants have not, with historical facts, given us the full value of *historical names*.

‘ What I have now to show is, that they have given us those names; but as those names have no *signification* attached, they are historically, as the earliest map of Greece is *geographically*, worthless; nay, more, they have led, and still lead us, astray. They have told us of Pelasgoi and Pelargoi, and forthwith our literati expend their energies upon problems impossible of solution, with the feeble means at their disposal. They attempt to draw from the Greek language, a language not in existence at the Pelasgian settlement of Hellas,—a history of the origin of the Pelasgians,—a process similar to an investigation of the origin of the Saxons, by the sole aid of the English language.

‘ What then, having confessed our ignorance of men and things in the olden times of Greece, that is, in the time of the Pelasgian race,—what then is the remedy? Simply to refer to the *Pelasgian*, instead of the *Greek* language, for solid information in lieu of fabulous commentary. Is that language still in existence?—It is. It is the Sanscrit, both pure, and in the Pali dialect: sometimes partaking of the form and substance of the Cashmirean, and very often of the structure and vocables of the old

Persian. But what, it will be asked, is your proof of this? My proof is one of the most practical that can be imagined; a proof geographical and historical; establishing identity of nomenclature in the old and new country of the Greek settlers, and acquiring the power, by this language, of restoring to plain common sense the absurdities of the whole circle of Greek literature, from Hesiod and the Logographers downwards.'—pp. 23, 24.

The cause of the Indian emigration is traceable in the following manner. A religious war prevailed for a long period, and to a great extent throughout that country, which issued in the expulsion of vast multitudes of people. Driven from the Himalayan mountains on the north, and across the valley of the Indus on the west, they carried with them art and science into Europe. The Brahminical and Bud'hist sects were the two great combatants; and the former being victorious, the latter sought refuge in Bactria, Persia, Asia Minor, Greece, Phœnicia, and Britain. In the Greek language alone—that is, the modified Sanscrit which we receive as Greek, in its disguises and transmutations, there are evidences of this position. The author first takes a connected view of this immense emigration, and then of its subordinate results in the actual progression and final settlement of the true Hellenic populations. The former part of this subject is discussed in the third, fourth, and fifth chapters of the volume; the sixth introduces us to the Hellenes.

The term Hellas was derived from the range of mountains in Beloochistan, called the Hela mountains, which are connected by another range with the lofty region of Affghanistan. The chiefs of the country were denominated Helaines, or chiefs of the Hela. Mr. Pococke expresses a confident persuasion, that both the name of the mountain and that of the chiefs was of a secondary form—namely, *Heli*, 'the sun,' proving that they were of the genuine race of Rajpoots, who were all worshippers of that luminary. The formation of the term Helenes in Sanscrit, would be identical with the Greek. Helen, the Sun-king, is said to have left his kingdom to Aiulus, his eldest son, while Dorus and Xuthus were sent to conquer foreign lands. Haya was a warlike tribe of Rajpoots, the worshippers of Bal, or the sun. They were also called Asii, or Aswa, and their chiefs Aswa-pas. The Aswas descended from the Amoo, or Oxus—the Oxud-racæ, or Rajos of the Oxus, and their kingdom was Oox-ina, or Euxine. This sea was said to be called Axeinos, or the *inhospitable*, and was then changed to Eu-xeinos, the *hospitable*. Ooxa with ina, will, by the rules of Sandhi, exactly make the old name Ookshainos (Αἰεῖνος). Thus the Greek *Myth*, observes our author, is Αἰεῖνος, 'the inhospitable' (*sea*); the Sanscrit *History*, Ookshainos, 'the chiefs of the

Oxus. These mighty tribes, from their appellation 'Asii,' gave the name to the continent of 'Asia.' After tracing the Athenians to Affghanistan, and following the emigrations along the course of the Indus, touching on the Locri, the Bœotians, the Tettiges, or people of Tatta, Mount Kailas, which gave the name koilon, heaven, to the Greeks, and cœlum to the Romans, and referring to the correspondences of manners and habits, our author proceeds :—

'Such is a description of the great river of the Indus and its border inhabitants at this day ; and such, no doubt, judging by the steadfastness of the oriental type, both in language and custom, were the inhabitants on the banks of this celebrated stream from the most remote periods. Can we now, after surveying the primæval settlements of the Cor-Indi, and those people of the sea-board Attac, the Tattaikes, wonder at the happy choice of locality made by both these great mercantile people ? We see that both came to their new country fraught with all the appetences and qualifications of a great commercial people ; both made a most brilliant, as well as judicious, choice of their respective coasts and harbours, and both ran a noble career in the civilization of their species. The early abundance of gold—the graceful fabrics of the loom, and the arts of embroidery—these and a host of similar peculiarities distinctive of oriental life, all are now satisfactorily accounted for, by the simple geographical evidence of the exact origin and locality of the classical Athenian and Corinthian. What can be more thoroughly Indian than Homer's description of the venerable Nestor's cup :—

"Next, her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylean kings
From oldest time ; embossed with studs of gold,
Two feet support it, and four handles hold :
On each bright handle bending o'er the brink
In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink."

'The early civilization then—the early arts—the indubitably early literature of India, are equally the civilization, the arts and the literature of Egypt, and of Greece—for geographical evidences, conjoined to historical fact, and religious practices, now prove beyond all dispute, that the two latter countries are the colonies of the former.'—pp. 73. 74.

In pursuance of the general argument, we are now introduced to the northern tribes, or the group situated in North-western Epirus, Bullini, Taulantii, and Chaonia. Bullini is the Greek form of writing Bolani, the people of the Bolan ; a pass in Beloochistan, or rather a succession of ravines and gorges, on the route from Northern Sinde to Kandahar. The Talan, or people of Tal or Tull, lie to the north-west of the Bullini, in the desert of Sewestan. Chaonia, in Greece, was represented in Affghanistan as Kahun, a little to the south-west of the Bolan Pass. Thus the Taulantii, Bullini, and Chaonia,

in Greece, are the reflections of the Talan, Bolani, and Cahun in Affghanistan; and the mountains of Kheran are the Kerannii Montes, or Thunder Mountains of Chaonia.

The mountain chain of *Pindus*, traversing Greece, midway between the Ægean and Ionian Seas, forming the boundary of Thessaly and Epirus, is named from the Pind, or 'Sall Range' of Affghanistan, which stretches to the River Jailum in the Punjaub. An ancient race inhabited these heights called the Athamanes, whose habits resembled the North American tribes, who are of the same stock with the ancient Hellenes. The Ac-Helous or Hela's water, the largest river in Greece, so called from the Hela mountains in Sinde, traverses the whole country from north to south, like the Indus in the Punjaub. 'There is a remarkable point in Greece where four mountain ranges converge; the Cambunian, Pindus, Tympha, and Lacmon. The latter glows like a gem, throwing its light on the noble bosom of Hellas. Behold in Mount Lacmon, the Lughman of Affghanistan. To this central point run the Pindus and the Athamanian mountains in Greece, the Pind and the Damian mountains in Affghanistan—now blending with Lacmon, Mount Kerkutius, runs nearly north and south, while advancing north to Lughman, Mount Kerketcha, rivets this powerful geographical evidence.'

The ninth chapter of this volume refers to the Himalayans, containing, as we shall presently see, a curious and interesting development of a portion of our national history. Three separate groups of colonists came from north-western Asia into Greece. The Ac-Helous, or Helas-water, is the representative of the Indus; the Saneios (Paen-i-Os, 'the chiefs of the Ookshus,' or Oxus); and the Sperchius (river of Sverga) of the Ganges. The Ionians, after their emigration, formed on the western banks of the Pindus. From this branch, noticed by the Hebrew legislator as Javan, was named the Hiyania (Ionian) Sea, and Hipairus (Epirus). It is to be observed, that the southern boundary of Thessaly is edged by a powerful body of Bud'hists, and thus the inhabitants of a northerly latitude descended from the north-westerly boundaries of the Punjaub, and the frontiers of Thibet, and with them the names of their mountainous dwelling places: and here mythology and history are one, carrying up the Hindoo system to a vast antiquity. Among the Bud'hists, to the south of Othnys, were the Lamunses, or Lama tribes. To the south of Lamia, the chief city, or Lamas' town, is the River Durus, Dras, or Draus of Thibet, which flows through a valley of that name, near the northern frontier of Cashmere. Bordering on the people of Lamas, extending eastward as far as Thermopylæ, were the Dryopes,

so named from 'Drus,' an oak, and 'Ops,' the voice—the Greeks insinuating that they spoke from the oak. These people, however, are no mythological beings, but Dru-o-pes, or 'chiefs of the Draus,' and their southern settlement is in Doris, on the river Chara-dras (Kira-Dras), or the Cashmir Dras, where they again appear as Dryopes. They are also among the Cassiopæi, or Cashmirians, at the sources of the Chara-dras (Kira-dras), in Epirus.

'So much for truth and so much for fable. The truth is the Sanscrit version, the fable is the Greek; yet both fable and truth repose upon an historical and geographical basis.

'But I cannot be content with a passing notice of the people of the Dras; for, as a nation, we are deeply interested in their early history. Not only so, we have been closely connected with them; and, farther still, long did they dwell in our island, and by the interesting records and traditions concerning them that have descended to our own times, they have provoked our unabated and lively curiosity. Why should I conceal the fact? These DRUO-PES are our own ancient DRUI-DES or DRUIDS!

"Hark! 'twas the voice of harps, that poured along
The hollow vale the floating tide of song.
I see the glittering train, in long array,
Gleam through the shades, and snowy splendours play;
I see them now with measured steps and slow,
'Mid arching groves the white-robed sages go.
The oaken wreath with braided fillet drest—
The Crescent beaming on the holy breast—
The silver hair which waves above the lyre,
And shrouds the strings, proclaim the Druid;
They halt, and all is hushed."

'These venerated sages, chiefs of the tribes of the Draus, were of the INDU VANSA or LUNAR RACE. Hence the symbol of the CRESCENT worn by these Druids; they too, like most of their race, were Bud'hists, and they shall tell their own history. Their chief settlement here, was "the E-BUDES," i.e., "HI-BUD'H-DES," and their last refuge in Britain from the oppression of the Romans, the descendants from their own stock, was the "Isle of Saints" or "Mona." This is indeed the Druid Bard—this, the minstrel of the Cymry—this, the Bhaut of the ancient Rajpoot—this, the harper of Homeric song—this, the Demodocus of Homeric feasts—this, the glorious minstrel, who, in the guise of a divinity, draws homage from his fellows—this, in truth, the Delphic god—this, the founder of the wealthy shrine, the oracular response—this, the subject of the glowing lay, the living faith of the Homerid of Chios. This is the god, who, from his lofty watch-tower, spies the tall bark of Crete as it ploughs its way towards the Peloponnesus; he it is, whom the Bud'hist poet glorifies with the ascription of saintly power over the elements of nature.

'The settlement of the people of the Draus in this island, the northern

part of which was essentially that of the **HI-BUDH-DES** (**E-BUDH-DES**), or the land of the **Hiya Bud'has**, at once accounts most satisfactorily for the amazing mechanical skill displayed in the structure of Stone Henge, and harmonises with the industrious and enterprising character of the Buddhists throughout the old world; for these are the same people who drained the valley of Cashmir, and in all probability the plains of Thessaly.'—pp. 102-104.

Mr. Pococke proceeds to show that the **Lapithæ** and **Centaurs** (**Kentauroi**) are *not* fabulous, that **Cheiron** was the instructor of **Achilles**, living on **Mount Pelion**, from which, like the other **Centaurs**, he was expelled by the **Lapithæ**. The most celebrated heroes in Grecian story are described as the pupils of **Cheiron**, distinguished for hunting, medicine, music, gymnastics, and the art of prophecy. The people called **Kentauroi** by the Greeks were among the settlers in eastern Thessaly, emigrants from **Kandahar**. The history of the celebrated oracle of **Dodona** is rescued from its mythological character by the town **Dodo**, in the northern Punjab, amidst the mountains south of **Cashmir**. The tribe **Dodo**, or **Dor**, is the most ancient of the thirty-six **Rajpoot** tribes of the **Hiya** or **Aswa Sachas**. The powerful state of this great tribe is also proved by their people being the central point of the **Soo-Meroo**, the mountain of glory, the **Olympus** of the **Hindoo** deities, which, both in the Punjab and in Greece, is a geographical position. About thirty miles to the south of the Greek **To-Maros** are the people called **Cassiopæi**, who came from the **Y'Elumio-tis**, or 'land of the river **Yelum**,' which encircles their western and north-western frontier. They are the tribes of **Cashmir**, the **Casyapas**; and here we have a geographical base for supposed mythological tale, being brought into juxtaposition with the most important point in India for an historical foundation. The most authentic document of north-western India (now made synonymous with northern Greece), is the **Rajatarangini**, written at **Cashmir**, whenever the **Cassopæi** set out on their emigration, to Greece. It is a record of the princes of that famous valley, whose chronicles extend into the remote antiquity of **B.C. 2448**, contemporaneous, as the biblical student will recollect, with the birth of **Japhet**. Both **Chæroneia** and **Plateia** are settlements from this district, which thus gave to **Hellas** her stock of vigorous warriors, splendid poets, and beautiful daughters. As the geography of north-western India is the geography of northern Greece, so will it be found that their histories are identical. The heroes of India are the gods of Greece, and the process of deification continued down to the most historical periods. The doctrine of *Greek invention* is thus set aside.

The worship of the sun and moon gave a distinctive title to

the hierarchies of the solar and lunar races—a title applied to the primeval inhabitants of the world. When we read of the ‘children of the sun,’ or ‘children of the moon,’ these titles are not to be regarded as mythological, but as designating two vast sections of the human family, traceable in the annals of the Apian land, and of Egypt, Rome, and Peru; and thus in India the two great dynasties were divided into the Surya Vansa, or Solar dynasty, and the Chandra Vansa, or Lunar dynasty, of whom the former were the earliest settlers in Greece, and their religious teachers the Dodan, or Brahminical priests of the great tribe Doda. The earliest records we have of their worship are the Vedas, which consist of invocations to the sun, moon, winds, and other agents of nature. In time, the Lunar race, Bud’ha being its head, adopted the worship of one God. This occasioned a vast and long-continued religious warfare. Our author shows, by an elaborate production of evidence, that the same errors of record which have disfigured the annals of primeval Greece, have not spared those of Asiatic countries, and that the names, for instance, of ‘Iran and Turan,’ as the warlike parties described in the Persian annals, correctly interpreted, would exhibit fact as the foundation of fable, just as the Greeks of antiquity conceived Sanscrit vocables to be Greek. Ira was the wife of Bud’ha; Airan, the plural form, the people of Bud’ha, and Iran and Irania their land. Turan was a corrupt form of Suran. Sura, the sun, Suran, the suns, or sun tribes.

The line of the Oxus and the northern Indus sent forth the inhabitants to colonize Egypt and Palestine. The Indian tribes, under the appellation of Surya, or the Sun, imparted its lasting name to Suria, that is Syria. Ægypt (Græcè Aiguptia), was so called from its colonists, the h’Ai-gopati, settlers from the same land with the Hya or Horse tribes, chiefly the ‘children of the sun,’ worshippers of Gopati, a term signifying at once the Sun, the Bull, and Siva, a portion of whom were the Cushites. Cusha was a son of Rama, sovereign of Oude, in whom Rameses took its rise; the members of the same solar dynasty giving the title to Ramoth-Gilead, one of its settlements in Syria. Rameses was king of the city designated from his mother Cushali. His sons were Lova and Cush, who originated the races which may be termed Lovites, and Cushites, or Cushwas of India. Rama and Chrishna are both painted blue, holding the lotus, emblematic of the Nile. Their names are often identified, Ram-Chrishna, the bird-headed divinity. Both were real princes, though Chrishna assumed to be an incarnation of Vishnu, as Rama was of the Sun.

Egypt was called by the Hebrews Misraim, a mode of writing Mahes’ra-im, the Hebrew plural of Mahes’ra, the name of Siva.

Egypt and the neighbouring countries are representative both of the high northerly latitudes of the Himalayas, Thibet, and Oude, and of the more southerly provinces of the Indus.

It has been mentioned that a people inhabiting the vicinity of the Himalayan mountains and the province of Ladakh settled in the land of Egypt; that people are again visible in Palestine; the Tartarian population went to the northern part, while the tribes of Oxus passed into Canaan. Their various localizations are traced in the names of the places and districts occupied. Monuments still remain of the Greek connexion with Phœnicia. The Phœnicians were emigrants from a district in Affghanistan, called the Hya Bud'hists. It appears that the Cuvera of the Hindoos, the Pataikoi (Lunar tribes) of the Phœnicians, and the Cabeiri of the Greeks, are simply distorted records of the facts of Bud'hist worship, industry, and wealth, abounding in Kaiber, that is, the Cabeiri or people of Khyber; that is also the Khebreui, or Hebrews, or Hyperboreans, whom the Greek writers celebrate for their piety. Five things are distinctly seen, namely, the identical localities in the Indian and Tartarian provinces whence Palestine was colonised, identity of idolatry between India and Palestine, the use of the war-car both in the provinces of India and those of Syria, the identity of the rajpoot of India and of Palestine, and the notification of the distinct tribe which the Israelites encountered and overthrew. The Philistines were the most ancient original tribes of India, a branch of the people of Haman, called by classical writers Allophuli (that is, Halaphula), the tribes of the Hala mountains (Hela), the ancestors of the Hellenes; and thus we are brought into contact with the Hellenes from the coasts of Phœnicia.

The author pursues his ingenious, and, as we think, his truthful, representations further, under the general heads of Time, the basis of error and truth, Hesiod's History of Greece, Phœnician Bud'hism, Apollo, the Bud'hism of Ladag and the Ladachaimen, the Attac'mans, and the Bud'hist missionary; but our space will not permit us to follow him even in an abridged detail. We can only now just refer to the second of these articles. He would have it distinctly remembered, in referring to former statements in connexion with the tracing of Hesiod's History, that in contemplating the geographical facts, as recorded on the mountains and rivers of Hellas, *history* has been equally reviewed in the names assigned to them by those people. If any discrepancies are to be found between the writers and the state of society, those writings must be either fabrications grounded on pure inventions or the perverted relics of ancient history. If the Cyclopes, the Autochthons, the Athenian Grasshoppers, Cheiron, and others have been found gross perversions of plain

fact, these names and others occurring in the writings of Hesiod and the Logographers will be chargeable with corrupt orthography, and corrupt history based upon that orthography, the representative to Hesiod of words apparently Greek, but really Sanscrit, Thibetan, or the Pehlari dialects. The outlines of such history may be authentic, while the features of individuals are distorted; and such is Hesiod's history.

The author of 'India in Greece' may fairly claim the merit of discerning a vast corrupted text running throughout the geography of the world as known both to the Greeks and Romans. And indeed how could it be otherwise? Is Herodotus our informant? 'Though we do not question his veracity, we may reasonably doubt his power to write the names of tribes or mountains correctly which were caught only by the ear, and reduced to no uniform standard. Suppose a well-informed Frenchman, skilled only in his own language, to have visited this country, and, guided only by the ear, to have taken down the names of our chief towns, rivers, and mountains, is it probable they would be easily recognised by a native of England? Supposing, further, Rosbif, Boulingrin, and Redingote, to be geographical terms, what Englishman, unaware of the Gallic system of metamorphosis would have imagined them to have been Roast-beef, Bowling-green, and Riding-coat? We knew a friend who was once much puzzled on being informed by a Parisian that he had a brother living at *Suzanton*. He at length discovered that this *terra incognita* was to be interpreted by the ordinary Anglo-Saxon form of *Southampton* !'

Mr. Pococke's chapters on the Bud'hism of Ladak and the Ladake-men (Lakadæmon), and the Indian origin of the worship of Apollo, are of singular interest. The existence of Bud'hism in the sixth century before Christ, as an authenticated historical fact, is indispensable; and authorities adduced by M. Rémusat and other eminent orientalists leave no reason to doubt of a venerable succession of Lamas in Tibet, of whom the last Budha, so copiously noticed in the Mahavansa of Ceylon, seems to have formed the extreme link. The classification of the ancient people of Khiva, the Amoo (Oxus), and the R. Gilghit and Bashan, as the Hivites, Amorites, Gilgites, and people of Bashan of Scripture, with the Tartarian Cocaunes (Græcè Caucones), appears to rest upon a sound and natural basis, especially taking into consideration the singular coincident antiquity of these roving tribes, both in Greece and in the Holy Land.

Our author has certainly shown a Tartarian population in Palestine on the entrance of the Israelites; and if to these we add the Girgishi (Gergishites) as the Tartarian Kirghis of the Oxus or Huesos, such evidence cannot but possess an historical

value. In connexion with the primitive Tartarian population of Greece, the author's reading of the usual Greek text *Helotes*, or *Eilotes*, is a most happy one. To us he appears to have restored the true form, namely, 'Eluths,' or, as given by excellent authorities, *Oeloets*, another member of those vast Tartarian tribes whom he has pointed out to the north of Greece as the *Maghedan*, or *Moguls*, shepherd warriors, possibly the *Abheras* of the *Sanscrit*. This version would give us, both in Greece and Palestine, at nearly the same relative era, a similar population; and it would rationally account for the term, of which no satisfactory definition has hitherto appeared in Greek etymological principles. Even Müller's origin of the term, as *είλωτες*, 'prisoners,' is very tame. His supposition, however, of their being an aboriginal race, reduced to early serfdom, receives the stamp of truth from this interpretation; for we are thus not only directed towards the subjugation of a primitive Tartarian population, but to the suppression of the early worship prescribed only in the mysteries of Greece. The most extraordinary demonstration of the existence of this first Tartarian religion is to be found in Mr. Pococke's translation from the Thibetan of the celebrated Elusinian formula, 'Konx Om Pax,' to penetrate whose mysteries many attempts have been made, but all ineffectually till the present time. The full formula is given to us in the celebrated abstract of the sacred Thibetan books by *Csoma de Cörös*. The antiquity of these famed mysteries has never been questioned; and the fair inference to be drawn from the important fact of the use of the Thibetan language, coupled with the slavery of the *Eluths* and the wanderings of the *Cocaunes* is, that the earliest population of Greece was Tartarian or Tibeto-Tartarian. This consideration alone will explain the confusion into which the early history of Greece is thrown, and will demonstrate the feasible formation of a mythology based upon Tartarian terms, and evolved by a language so flexible as the Greek. Thus the popular Greek idea of the *Helots*, as recorded by *Myron*, that these serfs were compelled to 'wear a dog-skin cap and a garment of sheep-skins,' is not, as our author has shown, to be attributed to them as a badge of Spartan degradation, but as the ordinary Tartarian clothing of the *Eluth* (*Helot*) race. Mr. Pococke's extraordinary development of these facts is in complete harmony with the researches of the most celebrated ethnologists. Both *Dr. Prichard* and the great Egyptologist, the *Chevalier Bunsen*, look to the high table lands of Asia as the early place of sojourn for the human race.

In accordance with the twofold movement to the East and to the West, we observe that the author takes an enlarged and comprehensive view of mankind, and points out the harmonic

progression of settlements in Greece, Egypt, and Palestine. This portion of the work is more hastily dismissed, and therefore more scantily supported, than the importance of the subject demanded. A rigid scrutiny as to the sources whence the original picture of primitive society is drawn must be expected, but there is so evident a conviction of the truth of his system of research pervading the tone of the writer, that it is entitled to the utmost candour and respect. Whatever errors may be found, this process of investigation is the only one that can afford any chance of the recovery of the ante-historic era of our race, not only in Greece, but throughout the ancient world. It is not to be expected that the sagacity, the learning, and the wide research requisite for the restoration and interpretation of a corrupt text, so vast as the entire nomenclature of ancient geography, will readily be found centred in an individual; but we agree with Mr. Pococke, that text is to be interpreted, and we moreover feel that he has been eminently successful in the main outlines of his work, and has shed much light upon the primitive history of our race.

It may, indeed, be asked, Where is the history? The answer, we think, is a sound one, 'The geography is the history.' The names of rivers, mountains, and seas, that is to say, are historic documents; the only question is the interpretation. In this volume there is an identity which goes far towards an historical value, though we may doubt the identity of mere towns in Thessaly with towns in India. This, indeed, is one of the weak points of the evidence; but the case is widely different in the identification of vast communities, large rivers, or chains of mountains, for these may be fairly regarded as the interpretative *lexica* of the respective populations dwelling in their vicinity; and if Mr. Pococke had confined himself solely to these strong points, his base of operation would have been more commanding and secure. Still we are satisfied that the principle laid down is one of great importance. It seems to us a defect that the author has not exhibited fully and methodically that philological basis upon which the results have been wrought out, presupposing, we presume, that his reader is as familiar with it as himself. He therefore dismisses with a passing allusion facts which should have received a notice alike plain, distinct, and detailed.

The chapters on the quasi-identity of Bud'hism and the papal system, as the rival representatives of the true church, are admirable, as they present a species of theological anatomy of the eastern and western races. The ritual, the dress, the miracles, the relics, and a long train of similar exhibitions, which our author has not inaptly described as marking the

‘Hierarchy of senses,’ connect the Rome of the present day with the Bud’histic system of Ceylon, and not improbably with the Lamaism of antiquity.

The author has not allowed sufficient scope to the Tartarian portion of the first population of Greece, and has laid too great a stress upon its quasi-Indian totality. In this way it is probable that he has written down as purely Himalayan, not a few who should have been classed among the Sogh-pa, or the wanderers of the Mongolian prairies. He has apparently lost sight of the extent of the great migratory tribes of antiquity, and has attributed to fragmentary sections of their race an importance which should only attach to their entire horde. On further investigation, we believe, he will be found to have contracted the sources of the primitive races, which, both from the testimony of classical writers and from the analogy of early Biblical ethnology, must have been essentially nomadic; in fact, both warlike and pastoral. We are rather sceptical of the origin of the Hellenes as ‘chiefs of Hela,’ on historical grounds, whatever the evidence may appear to be philologically. A rigid adherence to philology has led to the adoption of an opinion which Indian traditions do not support, notwithstanding the presumed aboriginal position of the Brahmoic tribes. The account of the settlers in the Ægian, as the ‘Aigaias’ (Vijaquas) of Mahabaralian history, and the origin of the term and race of the Hai-gopati (Aigupti), however natural, are, from the author’s own canon, hardly to be accepted. He has shown us no geographical monogram, to stamp them with the same historical value as the existence of the Caucones and the Adrian tribes; and, again, though we grant the singular harmony of the position of the Pindus of Greece and the Pind of the Punjab, as compared with their surrounding settlements, we cannot but conceive, taking this primal feature of Greece in connexion with the Othrys or Himalaya, it should rather be considered as the ‘Bindhus’ or Vindhya—the great range that traverses India from Bahar (Pelasa and the Pelasga of our author) nearly to Guzerat. We should thus have the two greatest mountain chains of both countries—the Bindhya and the Odryes, the Pindus and the others—adequately and most beautifully represented, and a higher historical value imparted to our author’s discoveries. To sum up the purely historical results of these independent researches, we have for the first time disclosed to us in Greece and its border lands two great populations; the one primary, the other secondary settlers. We had given these in a tabular form, but want of space compels their omission.

We now ask, then, What tribe was that, which, first appear-

ing as a bright streak upon the north-eastern horizon of Greece, is seen, like the sun, to glow more and more over the land of classic song? What but that which was at first seen to shine above the peaks of Othrys? In their vicinity we mark the small band of Hellas, and not only is the first home of this tribe in the neighbourhood of what our author calls the 'Himalaya Nova,' but, as though to mark more strongly their antecedent abode of towering peaks, vast glens and mighty torrents, Hellas is first seen immediately to the north of 'Kaila' (Kæla) the name of the highest peak of the Othrys (Odryes), or Himalaya of India. Our long nurture in the autochthonous lore of Greece must not induce us to condemn such evidences as this, to which we cannot attribute a fortuitous character. Here a philological chain of research has undeniably drawn after it historical results of great value. Thus, everything is in harmony: a language, called the Greck, confessedly derived from an Indian language, called the Sanscrit; Indian mountains, the most striking in physical geography; Indian peaks, the most famous in mythology; Indo-Tartarian tribes, whose appellation conquest has never obliterated, and whose population still subsists under its aboriginal titles.

To the question, then, which naturally arises, Is the whole of mythology purely inventive; or is it only so in part, and what proportion does the historical bear to the fabulous; we reply that there is an unusually strong ground for suspecting the existence of some ruined temple of time, from whose foundation many of these visions of antiquity shall come forth to scare or to charm us. The Iliad and Odyssey in Greece, the Shah-Nameh in Persia, and the Ramayuna in India, amply establish this fact.

In the absence of distinct historical records, there is one test which may be applied with positive advantage to mythological coinages—namely, the science of ethnology. With the canon laid down by Mr. Pococke, we entirely agree. Granting the origin of a nation to be ascertained, we may reasonably expect that its geographical nomenclature may be explained from its own language. If it cannot be explained, we may conclude, not only that the language of the original settlers has become practically lost, but that, together with that loss, there has been an entire misapplication of primitive terms, allusions, and customs, which have, in their turn, been fitted to more modern usages, and to language of homogeneous sound. Thus, for example, assuming the cradle of the Hellenic race to have been India, it cannot reasonably be expected that the most ancient names of its rivers and mountains can be explained by an interpretation from the Greek. On this principle we con-

sider our author particularly happy in his illustration of the Cyclopes. Here is an instance where, granting the colonization of Greece to have been from India, a satisfactory account is at once given of 'Greek fable and Indian truth.' The Greek fable, to use our author's words, is of the giants of 'the round eye' (κυκλιος); the Indian translation tells us of the 'chiefs of the Jumna,' (Gok-'la-pes.) Take, again, the Cyclades. The Greek etymologist informs us, that these islands were called κύκλαδες, from their lying in a circle round Delos. This is very jejune. A translation from the language of the first colonists informs us, that the term signifies 'the land of the people of the Jumna;' and thus the Cyclades and the Cyclopes are brought into historical connexion.

Again, we would ask with Mr. Pococke, what can the Greek scholar make of a term so non-Hellenic as Othrys? There is no such Greek word; and he is obliged to apply to some form as Ὀρθιος, 'the straight' or 'the steep' mountain. How much truth and simplicity appear at once in the reading of Othrys as Odrys—that is, the Himalayan mountains; for, in the philological part of his system (which, by the bye, we could have wished more in detail), Mr. Pococke has demonstrated that the *th* of the Greek, corresponded in sound to the *dh* of the Sanscrit, and in fact that there are in the masterly work of Bopp, constant proofs of the equivalent forms *th* Greek, and *dh* Sanscrit. Hence the reader will easily perceive the reason why Adris or Odrys appears as Othrys, scarcely any difference existing between the Greek and Sanscrit sounds. In fact, this is simply the process of archaic structure in the Latin language, in which we find *trumphe* as *trumpe*. A familiar example is evident in such words as *théâtre* in the French language, where, for all practical purposes, the *h* is of no service.

We shall hail the further treatment of this investigation, and trust that the inquiry will be conducted upon a purely geographical basis;—being assured, if this principle be rigidly adhered to, and if the same sagacity which has detected beneath the nomenclature of the great nations of antiquity authentic facts, be restrained within legitimate bounds, that results of much importance to the knowledge of the ante-historical period must ensue. Whatever speculative errors may obscure the demonstrative character of Mr. Pococke's volume, he is entitled to the credit of having been the first to discover, and to apply to historical purposes, those treasures which have for innumerable years lain unnoticed and unvalued by the historian and the philologist. His inquiry is not one we can afford to despise. He has opened to view a rich vein, which literary labourers, possessed of the requisite talents and sagacity, will not fail

eagerly to work. If, in developing and dispersing myths and fables, he has not woven a new fable, his services must be appreciated as tending towards a termination, 'devoutly to be wished'—namely, the discovery of a real historical and geographical basis for our knowledge of men and things which have been hidden in clouds and darkness. The object in view is always kept distinct, and pursued with eagerness, we hesitate not to add, with no little success; and it is this assurance, in connexion with the importance of the subject in relation to history, that has induced us to devote a somewhat extended space to the consideration of this volume.

An appendix contains several apt citations from the writings of Oriental scholars. Two valuable and illustrative maps are also given: the one of Affghanistan and the adjacent countries, showing the corresponding settlements of the Hela chiefs or the Hellenes, the Cassiopæi or Cashmirians, the Bhutias (Bud'hists) or Tibetians, the Othryans or Himalayans, the chiefs of the Oxus, Lama tribes, the Philistines, Tartar tribes, &c., in Greece, Palestine, and Egypt; the other of Greece, exhibiting the primitive colonization of the country, from the provinces of the Indus, the Ganges, the Himalayan Mountains, Tibet, Cashmir, and the Oxus.

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- ART. IV.—*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran.* By R. P. Gillies. In 3 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1851.
2. *The Autobiography of William Jerdan.* Vol. I. London: Arthur Hall and Co. 1852.

WHEN a man sits down in his old age to write the record of his past life, his work must at best be a somewhat melancholy one. There is a pleasure to be derived from the recollection of certain events in which we have been interested, and it is also sometimes pleasant to go back over passages in the history of our past existence with others, but it must be with those who have run a certain length in the race of life with us, or those to whom we feel that the narration has more in it than the eye of mankind generally can perceive. The task of making the public our *confidante* is quite another thing. An autobiography must be something more serious than fireside talk of a winter evening, or it is all but worthless. It must be regarded as a sober duty when once undertaken, and let no one who is in the

very slightest degree sensitive about his own weaknesses, or disposed to deal with himself otherwise than he would with an oyster, ever dream of sitting down to write it. If he has lived to any purpose, and can find no one to whom the value of his existence has suggested the idea of recording it, it is better far that his name be writ on water. He must bear in mind that obscurity is better than scorn, and that once pledged to unbosom himself—pledged to himself to write faithfully the lessons of his career, he must bear down the rising self-love, and with an earnest purpose lay his heart and mind open for the instruction of his fellow men. Anything else than this would be but a mere mockery of himself—a deception which the world in general has shrewdness enough to detect, and is ready enough to expose.

A distinct impression of the responsibility connected with the right discharge of such a duty as that to which we refer, has deterred many from giving to the world the results of their own experiences, than which few books would be more valuable. With equal truth may it be said that a great proportion of our autobiographical literature is amusing, and nothing more. There is nothing of the man's real life to be found in it—nothing of what he knows himself to be, and everything about his friends, all that he remembers about individuals with whom he has dined, or corresponded, or met no matter where; everything, in short, which the writer knows, except himself, obtains due attention, and is read as mere literary gossip may be read—it is not a whit more valuable.

The autobiographies of politicians and literary men are too often of this description. The former, in fact, have scarcely a claim to any other title than that which the editor of a deceased statesman's notes and letters puts upon the volumes he sends to Mr. Murray or Messrs. Longman;—they are merely 'Papers and Letters.' There is really less of the man's life about them than the reports of his speeches in a daily journal contain. In the one case we have a whole phase of his life; in the other, we only get an imperfect glimpse of the phase, which it is of most importance to know. A man of letters, of all others, might, with the necessary amount of courage and self-knowledge, give us by far the most useful autobiography, and it will be generally admitted that the fragments of such works which we do possess are much more interesting, more refreshing, and more instructive, than the bulk of the works to which they are prefixed. While the world has cause to regret that these really valuable contributions to the study of human nature cease just as their value begins to be apparent—just as the writer's self-consciousness is unfolding

itself—it is also to be deplored that the full-length portraits which literary men have given us of themselves are so often painted in a bad light—so lacking in real life-warm colour. One thing is very noticeable about them—viz., the unfavourable impression which they give us of the literary profession. The class of professional literary men has suffered more from the manner in which it has been shown up to the world by individual members of it than by anything that has ever been written or spoken regarding it. The two works before us are written by men who have taken to literature as a profession, who have held honourable and responsible positions as editors of high class periodicals and influential newspapers, and who from certain circumstances, either of a personal kind, or connected with the pursuit of literature, have been left in a much worse position in their old age than that from which they started upon a race in which it is scarcely necessary to say there are both pleasures and prizes for many. If the autobiographies before us have been faithfully written, it is greatly to be deplored that the happiness and the worldly prospects of so many must be sacrificed to the increased and increasing demand for knowledge, and the growing taste for literature. It will scarcely, we think, be doubted that the change which has taken place in the production of books, and the diffusion of knowledge, by whatever medium, within the last half century, has been attended with many beneficial effects to mankind in general. It is quite clear that those who cultivate a taste for letters—who make their literary pursuits the mere occupation of leisure hours—could neither have originated that demand, nor met it with an adequate supply. Are we, then, to conclude that those who, feeling that they were competent to do so, have made it their vocation, must be regarded as having sacrificed themselves for the good of mankind? Few will forget the opinion which Scott gave in the form of an advice: that literature may be both pleasant and useful as a staff, but is after all a sorry crutch. This is a favourite theory with many professional literary men, and especially with those who condescend to be confidential to the public in recording their experiences. It forms the conclusion of all the *jeremiades* about neglect, starvation, unappreciated efforts, and misery; all the charges of heartlessness and dulness which are brought against the world by those who have not succeeded in making fortunes by their labours. Now we have always been very much disposed to question the correctness of the great novelist's figure, so far, at least, as its general application is concerned. The opinion which it conveyed was not, or ought not to have been founded on his experience; for who will be bold enough to say that

Walter Scott, the advocate, or clerk of session, could either have built a princely mansion such as that which the author of 'Waverley' reared by the waters of his own romantic river, or lived in it with the freedom of an ancient border chief, and the expensive tastes of a modern baronet? If literature was a sorry crutch to him, it only became so when he sought to make it something more, and it certainly was strong enough to bear him up bravely and nobly so long as he kept on the path upon which he set out. His difficulties were never the result of his literary avocations, but were greatly modified by his reliance upon these avocations. And when the disastrous effects of his ambition to be something more than that which was his glory, and of commercial speculation combined, came upon him, it was neither the thought of failure in his true career, nor the feeling that his efforts had been unappreciated, that troubled him, but the reflection 'how could I tread my halls with diminished crest?'

We have always been accustomed to regard the fragment of Sir Walter Scott's journal as a model of autobiography. It is so thoroughly truthful and honest, that no one can regard it as other than an expression of the writer's own feelings, set down not for book-making purposes, but in the spirit of a worthy self-examination. How very different is everything about the two works before us. A glance over the headings which Mr. Gillies has given to some of the chapters of his memoirs will enable any reader to see that his case has been that of too many literary men, and that he is much more disposed to lay the blame of his failures upon the unfortunate impulse which led him to make literature a crutch, than upon any lack of energy, or any indiscretion on his part. After a great many more excuses for egotism than are at all necessary in a work which professes to be a record of a man's own experiences, Mr. Gillies gives us the first hint of his contempt for worldly prudence, and the *pensieri stretti* at the close of his first volume; and such words as 'pecuniary embarrassments,' 'pecuniary troubles,' 'renewed misfortunes,' and 'blighted hopes,' appear with very lamentable frequency in the headings to the chapters of the other two. Let us glance at a few of the facts connected with the writer's career as they are stated by himself, with the view of ascertaining whether the things which these distressing words convey have all resulted from a professional connexion with literature, and whether he has been faithful in giving us the real causes for them.

Mr. Gillies, although he never occupied any very prominent position, was once well known in the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis. Left by his father—of whom it is recorded, in the volume before us, that 'he entertained both an aversion

and a contempt for worldly wisdom'—with landed property of considerable extent, connected, too, with families of some note in Scotland, he in very early life obtained the entrée of all the literary and, we may add, high-class convivial circles of Edinburgh forty years ago. Sir Walter Scott he had some title to consider as one of his most intimate friends and valuable advisers. Lord Gillies, the well-known Scottish lawyer, was his father's brother; and he could number among his associates and correspondents most of the literary men, philosophers, and poets of his time, from the celebrated literary nuisance, Lord Buchan, up to such as Playfair, Professor Wilson, Southey, and Wordsworth. If a tendency to outrage the ordinary laws of prudence, and the only ones upon which a man, whatever be his profession, can make progress, or even maintain his position in the world, may be considered hereditary, Mr. R. P. Gillies has at least one plea for his failures. He tells us, with a frankness which we could have wished to see combined with a little less bravado, that he was a very faithful follower of his father's lessons: '*My mistrust and dislike of self-elected saints and church attending people has been very steadfast; and as regards contempt for worldly prudence, I have carried that far beyond the bounds of common sense.*' This is at least candid; but are we to suppose that in the subsequent references to pecuniary matters, Mr. Gillies attributes all or any of his misfortunes to these characteristics? Quite the contrary. He even seems to congratulate himself upon this highminded disregard of what society demands of all its members; and while he does so, of course he by no means stints his abuse of the world in general and those parties in particular to whom he was indebted, or who were enabled to take advantage of his magnanimous contempt for prudential considerations.

A very transparent artifice involved him as security for a loan, and his paternal acres were handed over to the lenders. He shortly afterwards passed as an advocate, but seems to have had no idea of ever practising at the bar. Expensive tastes and rambling habits soon involved him in deeper difficulties, and in almost every instance in which he refers to his personal concerns in the second and third volumes, debt is the theme, and the ingratitude of friends or the hardheartedness of creditors the text for a melancholy digression on the misery of a hand-to-mouth existence.

Ultimately the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' was projected, and through the interest of Sir Walter Scott and a few others, Mr. Gillies was appointed editor of it. In this capacity he laboured very assiduously, reckoning that he could gain by his own efforts an income of at least £800 a year. These efforts

were afterwards relaxed, however, for he tells us, that instead of attending to his duties as editor, he made repeated and long visits to Edinburgh, for the purpose of raising £1000 or £1500 on the strength of his *prospects*. Difficulties increased and interfered with his duties. 'Instead,' he writes, 'of limiting my family expenses to £400 per annum, which I might then have most easily earned, I gained the renown of being the most persevering and extravagant of spendthrifts. A very long attorney's bill of costs was set down against me to the account of daily turtle, champagne, and the four-in-hand turn out,' (p. 235). He was then thrown into prison, the publishers of the 'Review' failed, his establishment was broken up, his family left in want, and he as well as they homeless. A brief residence in France, fruitless attempts to make financial arrangements out of the little he could earn amid trouble and distress, which might redeem the loss caused by that vaunted contempt for worldly prudence, arrests and imprisonments, such are some of the items in the catalogue of wretchedness with which the last part of Mr. Gillies' book closes. According to his opinion, literary labour could not even be relied on now for the bare necessities of life :—

'Instead of being able to earn £40 per month, as heretofore, I received for papers sent to London only thanks and praise, for the pecuniary recompence was comparatively infinitesimal. The market was said to be overstocked with "copy" in all departments, and what was worse, editors and publishers no longer had money to spare. Railroads occupied the attention of the rich. "Cheap literature" had come into fashion. Penny papers almost supplanted magazines and reviews; and authors who used to gain £500 could scarcely acquire £100 per annum. Through that gloomy month of February we had great anxieties, and a daily struggle for subsistence.'—pp. 292, 293.

And so ends Mr. Gillies' career, begun in what, apart from early training, seemed the most favourable auspices, run in reckless extravagance and most woeful improvidence, and closed as such a career, be it that of merchant, tradesman, or man of letters, must close—in wretchedness and poverty.

Are we, then, to conclude that all this misery is the result of Mr. Gillies' connexion with literature? He would have us to suppose so, for all his confessions of indiscretion and irregularities come in the shape of excuses for getting into difficulties—all his misery is laid at the door of inexorable creditors, who, refusing to make any distinction between an author and a person of any other profession, would not allow him time nor peace to work as he wished to work. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gillies was very often a hard working man; but, by his own confession, he was a lavish spender also; and unfor-

unfortunately he spent much more rapidly than he could work. He neglected or despised the claims made upon him as a member of society, and the father of a family—moral claims which it is more than mere folly to disregard, choosing rather to obey the dictates of selfishness, and a wayward ill-balanced judgment; is it either manly or honest to attribute the result to anything else?

The autobiography of William Jerdan, of which the first volume lies before us, though much better written, is equally pervaded by that spirit of acrimonious raillery, and that tone of melancholy, which characterize the book we have just noticed. Of a piece with the apologies which Mr. Gillies puts forth for the disjointed memoranda of his recollections, and the egotism necessarily involved in his references to pecuniary difficulties, is the excuse which Mr. Jerdan gives us in a postscript, for the errors and the hasty statements that may be found throughout his pages. 'Private circumstances occurred to break hurtfully into his work; and on coming to consult data, which the writer had presumed to be readily found and accessible, he discovered that the materials of from forty to fifty years ago were dissipated, no one knew whither.'

Mr. Jerdan begun his career in circumstances by no means so favourable as those of Mr. Gillies, and he attained a much higher position as a man of letters. Energy, and abilities considerably above the average of men in his sphere, enabled him to ascend rapidly from a merchant's desk in London, and a lawyer's office in Edinburgh, to honourable and responsible situations in connexion with the metropolitan press. In 1813, while he was only in his thirty-first year, he was appointed editor of the 'Sun' when that paper was regarded as an able organ of the government; and in four years after he became responsible editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' a position which he held until 1850. According to his own statements, his connexion with literature could not be unprofitable. During his editorship of one of the journals referred to, he enjoyed an annual salary of £500, with a tenth share of the profits; while as editor and either proprietor or part proprietor of the other, he was by no means ill paid. Notwithstanding all this, he sits down in his old age to chronicle, in bitterness of spirit, a succession of disappointments and difficulties, and looks back through a vista of seventy years upon a life made up of 'uncertain rewards' and broken hopes. The moral of that life, as it is recorded by himself, and according to his estimate of it, is, that the man who adopts literature as a profession must be prepared for all that he has suffered, and for the result which he is now experiencing. If Mr. Jerdan had not recorded a plea against himself in his reference to the profits derived from his literary labours, we

might have adopted his conclusion as a very fair one from the premises, in his allusion to the 'bitter disappointments and uncertain rewards' of a literary life. The contradictory character of the two statements, however, lands us in a difficulty from which we are only extricated by means of a serious homily upon the distress of being in debt, and from an intimation that in very early life Mr. Jerdan 'got his first lesson of that fatal truth, that debt is the greatest curse which can beset the course of a human being.'

This curse seems to have clung to him throughout a great part of his life. This it was, we do not hesitate to say, that put him in the sad position from which he is now looking up, 'with aspirations crushed, from the clouded bottom of the hill' upon 'his early comrades, who, having boldly climbed the summit, range along the height, and in happiness enjoy the brilliant region on which, humanly speaking, warm and eternal sunshine settles.' Leaving the writer to his own idea of the ultimate issue of human effort, and the happiness of those whom he looks up to with such a bitter sense of his own humiliation, let us see who these 'early comrades' are, and why Mr. Jerdan lies at 'the clouded bottom of the hill' while they 'range along the heights.' One of them, Peter Laurie, was a townsman of his own, an apprentice to a saddler, in Kelso; the other, John Pirie, was a native of Dunse, a clerk; and both became in time lord mayors of London. Another early friend is now Sir Frederick Pollock, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and another is Baron Truro, ex-Lord Chancellor. Now, it is obvious enough from the facts of Mr. Jerdan's history, that he was not only a young man of much more promise than any one of these, but his start in life was much more favourable, or might have been so at least, had he followed up his advantages. He admits this much—'My prospects,' he says, 'were apparently as bright as theirs.' 'Why, then, did my friends so nobly succeed, and why did I ultimately so grievously fail?' These are questions, which had the writer put them to himself somewhat earlier, and with an honest desire to shape his future course by the answer, might have rescued him from difficulties at least, if they did not elevate him in his worldly position to the level of his youthful friends. But how does he answer these questions now? Not by any candid confession of his own failings; not by owning that he did not avail himself of the advantages he possessed as a vigorous and well remunerated writer; but by throwing the whole blame upon his connexion with literature. 'I unsteadily forsook the choice of a profession, and within a few years found myself leaning for life on the fragile crutch of literature for my support.' In a previous

chapter, Mr. Jerdan says, in reference to his early connexion with the law,—‘ I never liked the law, and certainly I was not dosed with it.’ He forsook it accordingly, voluntarily adopting a profession in which he was eminently successful for a time, but by which he could not keep himself out of difficulties, just because these difficulties were the necessary result of inattention to what constituted, perhaps, the primary elements of the ultimate success in which his friends repose. Had he adhered to the law, the process which has made him what he is—poor in his old age, would have led to the same result; and had either Sir Peter Laurie or Baron Truro failed to regulate their course by right principles and by their circumstances, considering their early difficulties, they might have been in a much more lamentable condition than that in which Mr. Jerdan now is. A successful professional career in law or literature, or anything else, implies severe labour and steady pertinacity. Conceiving that all the world is as destitute of these as himself, Mr. Jerdan gives us the following bitter, and, as we believe, mistaken counsel:—

‘ And here, again, would I earnestly advise every enthusiastic thinker, every fair scholar, every ambitious author, every inspired poet without independent fortune, to fortify themselves also with a something more worldly to do. A living in the church is not uncongenial with the pursuits of the thinker and scholar, the practice of medicine is not inconsistent with the labours of the author, and the chinking of fees in the law is almost in tuning with the harmony of the poet’s verse. Let no man be bred to literature alone; for, as has been far less truly said of another occupation, it will not be bread to him. Fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, uncertain rewards, vile impositions, and censure and slander from the oppressors, are their lot, as sure as ever they put pen to paper for publication, or risk their peace of mind on the black, black sea of printer’s ink. With a fortune to sustain, or a profession to stand by, it may still be bad enough; but without the one or the other, it is as foolish as alchemy, as desperate as suicide.’—p. 39.

There is quite enough in the volume from which this is taken to show that it is a fallacious excuse for an ill regulated life. We regret that so much must be said; but truth and the character of the profession to which Mr. Jerdan belongs require that it should be said.

Let us now turn from the unpleasant subject into which the want of sincerity, so observable in autobiographies, has led us, to the more genial task of noticing a few of the livelier topics referred to in the book before us. It is too early to pronounce a decided opinion upon it, perhaps; but judging from the first volume, which contains a great deal of pleasing gossip, we are disposed to consider it one of the best books on literary society

twenty or thirty years ago, which has been published for some time. Its author numbered among his friends many who have earned a high reputation. Thomas Wilde, the late Lord Chancellor as we have already observed, was one of these ; and no one will peruse the tribute paid to his indomitable energy without a feeling of high satisfaction. Wilde's prospects in life were by no means such as to make him an object of envy to his literary associate, when the two met on summer Sundays to regale themselves on ' a be-knighted joint of roast beef in the so-called drawing room of a little house at the foot of Highgate Hill.' He was of humble parentage, his father being an attorney in a very limited sphere. But there was an obstacle of a far more formidable kind in the way of his success at the bar—he had an impediment in his speech, which produced a very ludicrous effect whenever he attempted to discourse at any length or with any seriousness. This he set himself to overcome, however, with an amount of energy and perseverance perfectly surprising, and he was ultimately successful. The methods he adopted to resist the annoyance of this defect, and to get rid of it altogether, are thus described. Such instances of self-cure are, we believe, extremely rare.

' He would stand silent till he had composed the organs of sound for the distinct articulation of what he desired to say ; and by the skilful and constant application of this inviolable resolution, he, by his own unaided and untaught efforts, conquered the annoying affection. I remember his taking me to some dark office in the Inner Temple-lane, to shew me Bloomfield, the author of " The Farmer's Boy," who, through the interest of Capel Lofft, had been appointed to a situation for some distribution of law forms administered there. The excitement caused a fit of stammering to come on ; and there he stood, dumb as a statue, for several minutes, till he had forced his organization, by the effort of will over physical defect, to perform the duty he demanded, and give utterance to well-delivered and well-rounded periods. Such a self-cure is extremely rare, and in this case was nearly perfect ; for the only remains that ever appeared in after years, was a slight, occasional, and hardly observable hesitation when pleading at the bar.'—p. 45.

The present Solicitor-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, was another of Mr. Jerdan's associates, as well as his younger brother, who, ambitious of histrionic fame, became an actor, and having signally failed, shortly afterwards died ' of an almost broken heart.' Among the smaller celebrities introduced to us there is a curious old man named Proby, whose personal appearance and peculiarities will still be in the recollection of many persons connected with literary life in London. He was a reporter for the ' Morning Chronicle,' and in the early days of reporting sat in the gallery of the House of Lords, and afterwards wrote

reports of the proceedings without taking a single note—depending altogether upon his memory, which was marvellously retentive. Mr. Jerdan gives us a lively sketch of him.

‘Proby had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bag-wigs he wore a bag; he was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without, in wet weather or dry; yet he wrote two or three novels, depicting the social manners of the times! He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners’ shops; he was always in a perspiration, whence George Colman christened him ‘King Porus,’ and he was always so punctual to a minute, that when he arrived in sight of the office window, the hurry used to be,—‘There’s Proby—it is half-past two,’—and yet he never set his watch. If ever it came to right time I cannot tell; but if you asked him what o’clock it was, he would look at it, and calculate something in this sort,—‘I am twenty-six minutes past seven—four, twenty-one from twelve forty—it is just three minutes past three!’ Poor, strange, and simple, yet curiously-informed Proby, his last domicile was the Lambeth parish workhouse, out of which he would come in coarse grey garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who entertain ‘an ‘orrid’ jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was shown in. The last letter I had from him spoke exultingly of his having been chosen to teach the young children in the house their A, B, C, which conferred some extra accommodations upon him, and thanking me for my share in the subscription of a few pounds in the year, which those who knew him in happier days put together to purchase such comforts as his humble situation could admit.’—p. 167.

Mr. Jerdan narrates with great minuteness the assassination of Mr. Percival, of which he was an eye witness, and describes the appearance and conduct of the assassin Bellingham, whom he was the first to lay hands on, with a distinctness and amplitude scarcely necessary at this late day. He had the honour of knowing the victim, however, and that circumstance, taken in connexion with a proximity to him which would have been fatal had the bullet swerved many inches from its course, may account for a lengthened description of a scene which has been so often described. Lord Byron is also mentioned in connexion with a sharp review which appeared in the ‘Sun,’ and which, but for the prudence of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, would have led to a hostile meeting between its editor and the noble poet. Mr. Jerdan’s connexion with the daily press brought him into contact with persons in almost every grade of life, and he seems to have been by no means chary about some of his acquaintance, who were scarcely so creditable as those we have already mentioned. His tory politics and his position as editor of government newspapers, brought him into frequent association with

Ministers and their parliamentary supporters, while in one instance he made the acquaintance of no less notorious a personage than Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, at the very time that all London was ringing with the Duke of York's affair, and while the writer himself was, by his own confession, injuriously affecting the circulation of the 'Morning Post' by his remarks upon her. The story of this once celebrated personage is not worth reviving, but the reference to it in the book before us furnishes a curious illustration of the means adopted to gain over those who were disposed to animadvert upon her personal performances with any degree of severity. Mr. Jerdan confesses that his introduction to Mrs. Clarke, and the artillery of 'wheedling,' confidential secrets, allurements, prospects of advantage, *piquant* familiarities, *recherché* treats and lies,' brought to bear upon him, had the desired effect to a certain extent. They did induce him to moderate the tone of his strictures. His moral firmness was never strong enough to resist temptations such as these at any time, we are afraid, and if he placed reliance upon the 'prospects of advantage' held out to him in such circumstances, need we wonder that he now writes in such a melancholy strain about the 'fallacious hopes, bitter disappointments, and censure' which fall to the lot of literary men?

With its author's visit to Paris in 1814, when the continent had been opened, the first volume of the autobiography closes. A long appendix follows, in which a poem by Hood is published for the first time. This work, which we do not mean to notice here, is entitled 'Lamia,' the subject being similar to that for which Keats chose the same title. It will add very little to the reputation of the writer, although there are many fine passages to be found in it, and we question its appropriateness at the end of a book like the one before us.

ART. V.—*Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England.*

4 vols. 8vo.

'THE savage,' says Gibbon, 'who hollows a tree, inserts a sharp stone into a wooden handle, or applies a string to an elastic branch, becomes, in a state of nature, the just proprietor of the canoe, the bow, or the hatchet.' We may add, that in a state of nature, the savage dying, would probably say to one and another around him, 'This is yours, that yours;' and if a scramble ensued, the legatees would have the immense advantage of a claim manifestly reasonable, and be justified in de-

fending their right by the uplifted tomahawk. In civilized society, no such scrambling is allowed; and society must, therefore, in lieu of that right which it takes away, secure to the legatee the sure and peaceful possession of the gifts made to him by the departed. The right to bequeath property is clearly a corollary of the right of property; for he who possesses it may, because it is his own, sell it or give it away. A bequest is simply a dying gift; and a testamentary bequest is that gift sufficiently attested, so that there may be the means of proving the donation, when the donor can no more be questioned concerning it. While, however, the right of property, and the right of the owner to bequeath it, are considered by all intelligent and right-minded men as settled points; the extent of the latter right, or, in other words, the legitimate limits of testamentary bequests, is still an open question, to which we propose to devote a few pages.

‘Testaments are of very high antiquity. We find them in use among the ancient Hebrews. . . . Solon was the first legislator that introduced wills into Athens, but in many other parts of Greece they were totally discountenanced. In Rome they were unknown till the laws of the twelve tables were compiled, which first gave the right of bequeathing; and among the northern nations, particularly among the Germans, testaments were not received into use. And this variety may serve to evince, that the right of making wills, and disposing of property after death, is merely a creature of the civil state, which has permitted it in some countries and denied it in others; and even where it is permitted by law, it is subjected to different formalities and restrictions in almost every nation under heaven.’—Bk. ii. c. 32.

Purposely avoiding the minutiae of the subject, we propose to seek an answer to the three following questions:—*Ought man to have the power of bequeathing landed as well as personal property?* Supposing this conceded to him, *Ought he to have the power of bequeathing all his property to whomsoever he will?* And, *Ought society, besides securing the transfer of the property, to undertake to carry out the wishes of the testator, as to the subsequent uses of that property?*

It is often assumed that an essential distinction exists between land and all other commodities, considered as property; so that, while the possessor of a house or a five-pound note holds it by a natural right—always supposing him to have obtained it honestly—the owner of land holds it by the acquiescence of society, rather than by a tenure which will bear rigid scrutiny. We have been amazed at the easy assumption that the foundations on which landed property rests are precarious. There seems to be a rather prevalent opinion, that land belongs to the community in some other sense than other

things do ; and that other kinds of property, houses and carriages, for example, belong to individuals in some sense in which land does not. Probably the more intelligent and honest writers, who are throwing out vague hints to this effect, would recoil with horror from the idea of depriving the present proprietors of the land which they have obtained by heirship or purchase ; but would desire for the future, not only the abrogation of the laws which encourage the accumulation of landed property, but also the enactment of other laws which would prevent such accumulation. If we understand them, they would at least place restrictions on man as the owner of a field which they would not impose on him as the owner of a house or a printing-press.

In one part of the British dominions, where the old Norman laws still prevail, such a distinction between landed and personal property is in force. The owner is permitted to bequeath the latter, but not the former. While he lives, he can give away his land at his pleasure, or sell it, and dispose of the proceeds according to his judgment or his caprice ; but if he die seized of it, the law undertakes its appropriation, dividing it among his children or nearest heirs. The design of this law is, the prevention of the undue enlargement of landed estates ; an object certainly of very high importance in a territory so limited as the Channel islands ; but it does not follow that it is incumbent or wise to compass that object by means of law.

We can, perhaps, conceive of a case in which the well-known rule—*lex suprema salus populi*—would justify this limitation of testamentary bequests ; but the case we submit would be an exceptional one. As a general rule, it is to be condemned, because no necessity has been shown for it ; condemned, therefore, with a thousand other examples of over-governing. Property should, we grant, circulate freely ; like water, if it become stagnant, it becomes mischievous ; but if there be perfect freedom of barter and sale, it will so circulate, as is manifest from the ingenious devices to which the aristocracy of England have recourse in order to keep it stationary. It will be time enough to have laws to force the division of landed property, when it has been found in practice that the necessities and convenience of society are not of themselves sufficient to insure the result desired.

The restriction is objectionable, also, because it is probably sought on the ground of a distinction between landed and other possessions, which cannot be sustained. The land, it is said, is the gift of God ; a house, or a garment, the creation of man. Allowing the distinction, the reader will perceive, that it is not the land as given by God, which the possessor is forbidden to

bequeath, but that land as it has been cultivated by man. The stones and the wood of which a house is built are as truly the gift of God as the soil; but the builder, by shaping and arranging, and cementing them, has given them a value increased a hundred fold. A similar remark applies to the land. Where it exists as God gave it—for example, in the prairies of America or of Australia—no man dreams of a law to compel its division. Legislation aims rather at accumulation. An acre of land in its wild state may be worth half-a-crown. Cultivation and population make it worth a hundred pounds. Why the half-crown should not be given by will is not apparent, and surely it is unreasonable to subject the ninety-nine pounds seventeen and sixpence to such limitation. The Norman law of inheritance, which has been explained, is therefore, we submit, unsound in principle, and a law for which no necessity has been shown.

Taking it, then, for proved, that a limitation of testamentary bequests cannot be based upon varieties in the species of property possessed, *ought man to have the unrestricted power of bequeathing his whole property at his pleasure?*

Among the Romans the power of a father over his children was absolute and perpetual: absolute, for in his father's house the son, in his adult age, was 'a mere thing,' his property being his father's, who could also sell, or punish, or kill him at his pleasure; perpetual, for it terminated only with the death of the father, during whose life the son, though he became consul, remained in the bonds of filial subjection. And though the law was mitigated with the increase of civilization, it continued to the very last distinguished by singular sternness; for it is affirmed in the Justinian code that there are no other men who have such power over their children as Roman citizens.* For this stringency in the law in relation to their persons, the Roman youth found a slight compensation in the law of inheritance.

'The jurisprudence of the Romans,' says Gibbon, 'appears to have deviated from the equality of nature, much less than the Jewish, the Athenian, or the English institutions. On the death of a citizen, all his descendants, unless they were already freed from his paternal power, were called to the inheritance of his possessions. The insolent prerogative of primogeniture was unknown; the two sexes were placed on a just level; all the sons and daughters were entitled to an equal portion of the patrimonial estate; and if any of the sons had been intercepted by a premature death, his person was represented, and his share was divided by his surviving children. On the failure of the direct line, the right of succession must diverge to the collateral branches.'

* Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' c. 44.

In the early times of the Roman state, the inheritance was so determined by heirship, and not by will, that a citizen was compelled to show cause for departing from the rule of heirship; and if he had failed to do this, the will was invalid. By the laws of Justinian, neither son nor daughter could be disinherited, excepting for certain crimes, and unless the offence were specified in the will. And further, unless a fourth part of the inheritance were secured to the children, they might appeal from the decision of the father to the judgment of the magistrate, such fourth part, moreover, being payable before the legacies; so that if the estate were not found commensurate with the testament, the deficiency fell upon the legatees, not the heirs.

At Athens, a childless father only could make a will.

And English law has recognised very considerable limitations to testamentary bequests:—

‘By the common law, as it stood in the reign of Henry II., a man’s goods were to be divided into three equal parts, of which one went to his heirs or lineal descendants, another to his wife, and the third was at his own disposal; or if he died without a wife, he might then dispose of one moiety, and the other went to his children; and so *e converso*, if he had no children, the wife was entitled to one moiety, and he might bequeath the other; but, if he died without either wife or issue, the whole was at his own disposal. This continued to be the law of the land at the time of Magna Charta. In the reign of King Edward III., this right of the wife and children was still held to be the universal or common law. Sir Henry Finch lays it down expressly, in the reign of Charles I., to be the general law of the land. But this law is at present altered by imperceptible degrees, and the deceased may now by will bequeath the whole of his goods and chattels, though we cannot trace out when first this alteration began.’—Bk. ii. c. 32.

Our present inquiry is, whether any such limitations as have been described ought to be imposed by law. We will assume that where there is neither wife nor child, a man should be left to do what he will with his own. In the case of a wife, we submit that this power ought to be limited. During her husband’s life she helps to obtain, or assists him in the care and due appropriation of, his property; and has a legal, founded on an obviously natural right to alimony. She is, in truth, a sharer in her husband’s property equitably and legally; and the limitation, therefore, of the husband’s power of bequest, so far as to forbid him to alienate all his possessions from his widow, is not a limitation of the rights of property, but the assertion of them.

In the case of children, it may be argued that the father is the means of bringing them into existence; that if he have property, by means of it he places them, from infancy, in a peculiar posi-

tion in society ; and that he ought not to be allowed to do them the injustice of capriciously leaving them in poverty.

Still we apprehend it were wise to leave the control of the father over his property absolute. As a counterpoise to the supposed claim of the child, it were easy to plead the trouble and expense he has entailed on the parent. By the rule of affection, the children's claim takes precedence of every other ; but *that* rule the law cannot properly pretend to enforce ; and if the plea of equity be put in, it is barred by the considerations already advanced. Indeed, justice and expediency seem alike to condemn the limitation of the father's power of bequest : justice, for if the child have given to him a legal hold on the property of the father, he is, without the consent of the owner, made the proprietor of that which he has not helped to obtain, and of which he may be wholly undeserving ; while the mischievous indiscretion is committed of rendering him independent of his natural governors ; expediency, for in England, where the power of bequest is unlimited, we never hear of the capricious disinheritance of children on behalf of strangers. The intensely strong ties of natural affection, combined with the wish which every man feels to act rightly when he is about to die, afford a sufficient guarantee for the pecuniary interests of children in the testamentary arrangements of their parents, a guarantee unincumbered by the dangers which a legal provision would create.

First ascertaining, then, what share of the husband's possessions can fairly be considered as belonging to the wife, and of which, as he has not the right, he ought not to have the power, to deprive her, there should, we apprehend, be secured to him the absolute power of bequeathing, at his pleasure, every other shilling he may be seized of at the time of his decease.

The third question yet remains. *Ought society, besides securing the transfer of the property, to undertake to carry out the wishes of the testator as to the subsequent uses of that property ?*

'By the Roman law,' says Gibbon, 'the power of the testator expired with the acceptance of the testament, each Roman of mature age and discretion acquiring the absolute dominion of his inheritance ; and the simplicity of the civil law was never clouded by the long and intricate entails which confine the happiness and freedom of unborn generations.' English law adopts the very opposite principle. It allows a testator to affix almost any project to the property he is leaving behind him, and undertakes to render the property the means of carrying out such project in perpetuity. Is this right ? We apprehend not, and that the Roman principle is the sound one.

The present state of English law is obviously inconsistent.

It will not ensure to man the fulfilment of any wish he may have as to the appropriation of his property, but only of such wish as the state may deem legitimate. If the purpose be in the judgment of the state immoral, though the donor should have deemed it most sacred, the bequest is void; and it has been ruled that a will may be set aside on the ground of absurdity. Either the state has not gone far enough, or it has gone too far. If it assume to judge in some cases whether the bequest is for the good of society, it should exercise such judgment in all cases; if not in all, then in none. If it is to enter on this sphere of moral judgment, it should compass it; if it do not compass, it should not touch, it. The endowment of all religious sects is the logical sequence of the position in which the English government now stands in relation to national endowments: the office of judge of the utility of all wills, the logical sequence of its present position in relation to testamentary bequests. The dictate of truth in both cases is, neither to stand still nor to advance, but to undo that which has been done. At present, if a wealthy man leave ten thousand pounds for the spread of socinianism, the state undertakes to use that sum for that purpose; but if it be bequeathed for the promulgation of atheism, the state refuses to execute the trust. We submit that it would be wise in the state to escape from this and similar inconsistencies by declining all trusteeship, and undertaking only to insure the transfer of the property with all its powers, from the deceased to the donee.

Especially as, by the existing system, the community suffers itself to be fettered by limitations to which the individuals composing that community would scorn to submit. They who leave property by will, seldom permit the first testament to be final. Their opinions change, their circumstances also, and the circumstances of those around them. Man is far from possessing infallibility in his judgment of the present, and to prescience he can make no pretension. Were a testator to live ten years longer than he does, it is highly probable that what proves to be his last will, would not be the last; and if therefore society will accept at the hands of a dying man the power of appropriating his property, it ought to possess the correlative power which the owner would never have surrendered, of changing its appropriation. No wise man, at the age of thirty, would so tie up his property that without extreme difficulty he could not in after life alter the use of it. He would say 'No! I wish to have the power of using it according to changes which may arise, but which I cannot foresee.' Why should society subject itself to the bondage which the individual would not endure?

We object, further, to the English power of entailing property, as a robbery of the existing generation. The earth and its increase God has given to the children of men—that is, to the living generation. Why should the present race suffer its heritage to be curtailed by the intermeddling of the dead? Let man during his mortal existence plant or pluck up, build or pull down, buy or sell; but why is he, who has been in his grave a century, to determine for what purpose the land shall yield its increase, and the house its rental? We respect the memory of the dead, but we do not think it is their province to have the control of our gold and our fields. Manifestly, if the principle were carried out to its full extent, the existing generation, the gods of the scene, would have no power at all: the dominion conferred by the Creator would be lost, and they would be reduced to mere stewards of the dead. The true lords of the soil would be those who had taken bodily possession of it by descending to the grave, and all the living would be but tenants at their will. We deny the right of the dead to determine the expenditure of a single halfpenny.

A vicious principle brings its own punishment, and so works out its own cure; and there is some hope that Englishmen will at length be driven to abandon their present testamentary system, by the difficulties in which it involves them; for these are many and great, and they arise from the law of bequest, both directly and indirectly. Indeed, it would be both difficult and tedious to trace out the various modes in which the substitution of the Roman for the English law of inheritance would simplify our national movements, exchanging the labyrinths we are now doomed to thread, for straight paths. A few of the more salient points only can we attempt to indicate.

Every community will be naturally desirous that no laws should be enacted which would retard the physical improvement of its territory. And though a government cannot intermeddle with a proprietor so long as he does not injure his neighbour, albeit he should wholly mismanage his estate, because the interference would involve greater evils than it would remedy, it cannot be wise in a government to undertake to execute the schemes of the dead, if it can be shown that these directly tend to a waste of property, and the obstruction of improvement. Now, it is notorious that trustees have, as compared with owners, but a slight interest in the management of estates, and by that power of devising we are now calling in question, a very large amount of property is continually kept under such careless guardianship. Look to the leased estates of the church, to the reports of the commissioners of charities, to collegiate estates, to property in general held on similar con-

ditions, and what can be more manifest than the great public waste incurred? The land so held is the last to exhibit agricultural improvements; cities existing under this tenure always appear as in a state of dotage; if a house in a street be half a century out of date, the phenomenon is fully explained when we are told that it is an endowment: and thus does the nation pay a well-deserved penalty for intermeddling with matters that belong not to it.

The want of simplicity in English law, and its unsearchable involutions, are a standing reproach. All admit the evil, yet where the gigantic industry to work the cure is to be found no one knows. The most inscrutable of these cycles and epicycles are generated by the law of entail. 'It is the landed property of the gentry, with its long and voluminous train of descents and conveyances, settlements, entails, and incumbrances, that forms the most intricate and most extensive object of legal knowledge.'—(Intro. sec. I.) Regard the earth as the centre of the universe, and our astronomical theory must be complex in the extreme. Regard the sun as the centre of the solar system, and the theory is at once and fully simplified. Let property be left to its natural course of descent, and our laws to secure its transmission need be but few, and those of the plainest kind. You have to legislate only for existing facts. But if you are to legislate for all futurity, with all its contingencies, the laws must of necessity be past finding out.

The main reason why the English law of bequest is valued, is its obvious adaptation to perpetuate the families, or rather the titles, of the nobility. Their estates are entailed, and in almost every imaginable way. A rich man, for example, may choose to settle two vast estates on his son, with this condition annexed: that one of them shall be held for ever in *tail male*, and the other in *tail female*. We can suppose that son to have an only child, a daughter; and that daughter to have an only child, a son. This son, the great-grandson and only lineal descendant of the testator, can inherit neither of the estates, but they must pass away from him to other heirs, however remote. He loses one of them because his mother had the misfortune to be a woman, and the other because he has the misfortune to be a man. And if this should be treated as an hypothesis only, it is certain that startling and distressing exemplifications of the working of our testamentary system are frequently arising. Thus the late Earl of Montague had most extensive possessions, and a large family, who were, however, all guilty of the crime of being daughters, and were therefore all disinherited by the decision, not of their father, but of some ancestor or ancestors whom neither they nor he ever saw. The inhuman inequality

thus introduced into families, the miserable position of daughters and younger sons, and the expense thrown upon the country of maintaining, by a vast system of sinecures, a large proportion of these foundlings, may well lead us to suspect that the system of entail itself is essentially vicious. Men do not gather thistles from the fig-tree, nor briers from the vine.

The perpetuity of possession and appropriation at which English law now aims is generally defeated by the very means it employs to secure its purpose. Is the object of man to build up his family? He succeeds only in building up one member of a family, by doing injustice to all the other members in each successive generation; and the one member who becomes the heir, ceases generally at no distant time to be the offspring of the testator. By the failure of issue, or the accident of daughters, the inheritance passes to strangers. His own family, if it do not become extinct, is blended in the general mass of society, and overshadowed and oppressed by means of the entails he creates. Is an estate bequeathed to endow in perpetuity, not a name, but an opinion; not a title, but a sect? It seems to be the peculiar misfortune of such a bequest to embalm the opinion if it be erroneous, and to suck out its very life-blood if it be true. Take away the glebes and rent-charges, and the Episcopalians of England would at once soar from the degradation of a worldly corporation into the majesty and life of the Christian kingdom. Relieve many a dissenting congregation of the mistaken bounty which has endowed it, and it would exchange the corruption and inertness of pauperism for the vigour and health of self-dependence. And if in some cases the endowments do not appear to be only evil, but to serve some useful purpose, yet are they ever subject to a special liability to abuse; while in these cases of seeming utility they would probably be needless but for the existence of some kindred and contiguous mischief. A Christian church is, by such artificial aid, sustained in a village, where, without that support, it must be dissolved. But were there no state-church in that village, it would probably contain, as it ought, but one church, and that self-supporting; and if otherwise, the inhabitants being so schismatical that they could not be content with one church, it surely would not be desirable to nurse that spirit of schism by endowments.

We reach, then, the conclusion, that it is wise and expedient that Government should ensure the transfer of property according to the will of the testator, but should peremptorily decline to be responsible for its appropriation. If men wish to build an hospital, or a meeting-house, or a club-house, let them do so, and leave to their successors all the powers they themselves

possess; or, to quote again the sentiment of Gibbon, let the power of the testator expire with the acceptance of the testament, each Briton of mature age and discretion acquiring the absolute dominion of his inheritance; and let not the simplicity of law be clouded by the long and intricate entails which confine the happiness and freedom of unborn generations.

ART. VI.—1. *The Grenville Papers; being the Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Hon. George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries.* Now first published from the original MSS. formerly preserved at Stowe. Edited with Notes, by William James Smith, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.

2. *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries.* With original Letters and Documents, now first published. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

UNTIL recently, our historical literature of the last century has been very scanty and incomplete. Even intelligent men have known little of what occurred from 1688 to the breaking-out of the first French revolution. A few names are familiar to English ears; but, for the most part, the interval which elapsed from the accession of the house of Hanover to the period we have named, has been devoid of personal interest, unoccupied either by men or incidents capable of awakening enthusiasm, or of perpetuating their memory. The intrigues and unscrupulous ambition of Bolingbroke, the administrative talents and corrupting policy of Walpole, the worn-out cliqueship of the great whig houses, the effete officialism of Newcastle, the imperious and haughty dictatorship of Chatham, the servility of Bute, the courtly sycophancy of 'the king's friends,' the unpopularity of the first and second George, and the stolid obstinacy and despotic temper of the third, lie on the surface of our history, and are known, though vaguely and with much misapprehension, by all well-read Englishmen. These are the prominent objects on the political canvas, and even their features are but imperfectly sketched. Of the remainder scarcely anything is known. Their very features are distorted; they appear only in groups, and fail, in consequence, to produce any permanent individual impression.

The same remark holds good in reference to the more important transactions of the period. In illustration, we may adduce the revolt of the North American colonies. It is only of late that the origin, grounds, and course of this momentous event are beginning to be known. Even yet there is much to be learned respecting it. Immediately before the French revolution, it was lost sight of amid the greater turbulence and more terrible incidents of that tragedy. This may account, in part, but it does not account wholly, for the apathy with which the American struggle has been regarded. The period in question, with brief and fitful exceptions, is remembered with humiliation and shame. It was a season of 'dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, in which political delinquency reached its lowest depth, in which patriotism was but a name, self and power the stimulants of ambition, and mediocrity of talent, coupled with party passion, sullied our national honor, and endangered our very liberties. No wonder, therefore, that our countrymen turn from it with disgust. What they know of the men and the occurrences of that day is deeply mortifying to their pride, and they may well plead, to be excused from a closer and more scrutinizing glance. Where the little they do know is so repulsive and humiliating, it is no marvel that they decline the labor required in order to a more intimate acquaintance. And yet it is not wise to yield to this impulse. There is much to be learned from the period in question. If it does not furnish many examples it holds out ample warnings. It shows, at least, what statesmen and politics may become when not controlled by a healthful popular influence, and thus deepens the conviction which every page of our history produces, that there is no security for freedom, no effectual guard against corruption and tyranny, but in the intelligence, virtue, and political activity of the people.

It is a hopeful sign, and one in which we much rejoice, that the materials for an enlightened estimate of this period have been recently greatly increased. The Walpole, Chatham, Burke, and Bedford Correspondence, with several Biographies, and the volumes now before us, have cleared up many difficulties which were previously impenetrable, and have set in a just light the character both of actions and of men, about which much misapprehension had existed. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that on some points we are more competent to form an impartial and sound judgment than even the contemporaries of the men to whom we refer. This advantage is gained at some cost, yet we estimate the former so highly that we are quite willing to pay the latter. The *Correspondence* which has been given to the world, while containing much that is valuable, contains also

much that is worthless or trifling. There is chaff mixed with the wheat; and he who wishes to possess the wheat must be content to examine thoroughly and sift the chaff. The 'Grenville Correspondence' illustrates what we mean. It is not easy to over-estimate its value, yet a considerable part of it might have been withheld without any loss to our historical literature. Very many of the letters have no historical worth whatever, nor is it easy to divine the object for which they are printed. They only serve to swell the collection, augmenting its bulk, without adding to its value; thus increasing the labor of the inquirer, and in some cases, it may be, concealing what he is most intent on ascertaining. As the inevitable consequence of this want of due selection, the *Correspondence* is to be extended to four volumes, only two of which are yet before us. Had a more rigid rule been adopted, two volumes would have been amply sufficient, and many readers would thus have been secured who are now lost by the bulk and expensiveness of the work. This is an evil against which future editors should carefully guard. Family vanity may be gratified by displaying the extent and variety of the correspondence which their great men have carried on; but this is a poor ambition, and is far outweighed by the injury done to the interests of the many.

We have classed together the two publications named at the head of this article, from the fact of their relating to the same period of our history, and having to do, for the most part, with the same personages. The 'Grenville Correspondence' commences earlier than the 'Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham,' and is further distinguished from it by being simply a collection of letters and other papers. The *Memoirs* make much use of original documents, but these are judiciously interwoven into a continuous narrative, of which the *Correspondence* is wholly destitute. The former, therefore, is the most readable book, and is adapted for the many, while the other is suited only to the few. The one will be perused with pleasure by all intelligent Englishmen, while the other will be prized by historical inquirers only. Both works are illustrated by a large body of foot-notes, in which interesting and valuable information is given on multifarious topics. We shall be glad to find that the example of the Earl of Albemarle is followed by the future editors of family papers. No works are less attractive than those which consist of a bare collection of letters; while few have greater claims on public attention, or more richly reward it, than those which present such letters as parts of a connected narrative.

The 'Grenville Correspondence' consists principally of letters to and from Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, and his brother, the Right Hon. George Grenville. The former was born September 26th, 1711, and the latter October 14th, 1712. Lord Temple was successively First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Privy Seal, under the administration of the elder Pitt, formed in November 1756. Pitt, it will be remembered, married Lady Hester Grenville, after which her brother, Lord Temple, was 'his most intimate and affectionate friend.' The *Correspondence* contains some beautiful letters, to which we shall presently advert, pertaining to this marriage. He resigned office with Mr. Pitt in 1761, and became a zealous leader of opposition, both to Lord Bute's cabinet, and to that which was subsequently formed under the premiership of George Grenville. He was reconciled to his brother in 1765, but, as we had occasion to show in a former article,* broke with Mr. Pitt in the following year. Their alienation lasted till the autumn of 1768, after which they acted together to the close of life. George Grenville filled various public offices from 1744 to 1765. He did not resign with his brother and Mr. Pitt in 1761, but retained office under Lord Bute, and, on the resignation of 'the favourite' in April 1763, he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. This brief glance at the history of the two brothers is needful to a clear understanding of the *Correspondence* before us.

It is painful to remark throughout this collection—in its earlier as well as its later periods—the evidence furnished of the terrible bodily sufferings of Pitt. The malady which clouded his latter days, and for a time obscured the light of his genius, is frequently referred to, in terms which betokened its fearful severity. It must suffice to give one example. Writing from Bath, March 6th, 1754, he says,—'I am myself still suffering much pain, under the third attack of the gout in both feet. I am, indeed, much out of order, and worn down with pain and confinement: this gout which I trusted to relieve me has almost subdued me: I am the horse in the fable, *non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore*. I must, however, endeavour to look forward to ease and health in reversion, and support myself as I can.'

On the following day he reported to the Grenvilles the death of Mr. Pelham, respecting whom he remarks,—'I am sensibly touched with his loss, as of a man, upon the whole, of a most amiable composition: his loss as a minister is utterly irreparable, in such circumstances as constitute the present dangerous

* March, 1852. Art. VI.

conjuncture for this country, both at home and abroad.' Pitt differed on this occasion from some of his associates. They were inclined to secede from the government, of which Pelham had been the head; but 'the great commoner,' contrary to his usual policy, counselled moderation, and his advice was taken. Writing to Lord Temple, March 24, 1754, he says:—

'I am still more strongly fixed in my judgment from the state of things as it opens, and will open every day, that the place of importance is employment, in the present unsettled conjuncture. It may not to us be the place of dignity, but sure I am it is that of the former. I see, as your lordship does, the treatment we have had: I feel it as deeply, but I believe, not so warmly. I don't suffer my feelings to warp the only plan I can form that has any tendency or meaning; for making ourselves felt, by disturbing government, I think would prove hurtful to the public, not reputable to ourselves, and beneficial in the end, only to others. All Achilles as you are, Impiger, Iracundus, &c., what would avail us to sail back a few myrmidons to Thessaly! Go over to the Trojans, to be revenged, we none of us can bear the thought of. What then remains? The conduct of the much-enduring man, who by temper, patience, and persevering prudence, became *adversis rerum immersabilis undis*.'—Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 116.

In the autumn of 1754, Mr. Pitt made proposals of marriage to Lady Hester Grenville, which were cordially approved by her brother, Lord Temple.—'You sent me from Stowe,' he says, 'the most blessed of men, and every hour I live only brings me new and touching instances of the unceasing goodness and most affectionate and endearing partiality towards me, of the kind, noble, and generous fraternity to which it is my glory and happiness to be raised.' The language of Lady Hester was equally grateful. Writing to her brother, she says,—'I have millions of thanks to offer you for your love to him, to me, and for those expressions of affection and regard which give me a double joy, as they will recommend me further to your friend, to whom I wish to be recommended by every endearing circumstance, feeling that pride and pleasure in his partiality for me which his infinite worth not only justifies, but renders right.'

Lord Temple's professions in this matter were not idle. They were well sustained, as the following brief letter shows. Pitt's circumstances were never affluent. Temple knew this, and with a generous promptitude and delicacy, for which we can pardon him many faults, he wrote Lady Hester on the 20th of November 1755:—

'I cannot defer till to-morrow morning making a request to you, upon the success of which I have so entirely set my heart, that I flatter myself you will not refuse it me. I must entreat you to make use of all your interest with Mr. Pitt to give his brother Temple leave to become his

debtor for a thousand pounds a year 'till better times: Mr. P. will never have it in his power to confer so great an obligation upon, dear Lady Hester, your most truly affectionate brother.'—*Ib.* p. 149.

The proffer was accepted with a cordiality which warms the heart:—'Judge,' said Lady Hester in reply, 'if you can, how my heart is affected by being, not the sharer only, but the means, of your proving in so noble a manner your affection for a person dearer to me than myself. You make me the happiest woman in the world, so that, to avoid ingratitude, I must forgive your having laid me under an obligation to those who, in turning us out, have furnished the occasion of so much joy to me.'

The correspondence was honorable to all parties, and affords an explanation for—what otherwise is unaccountable—the tenacity with which Mr. Pitt clung to the political companionship of Lord Temple, to the serious detriment of his own interests. Again and again he declined office, because Temple refused to join him; and it was only when the necessity of the case precluded further refusal that he acceded to the overtures of the Crown. The readers of this period of our history need not be informed of the severe censures he incurred for deferring so long to the views of his brother-in-law.

George III. succeeded his grandfather in 1760, and immediately commenced the policy which he had been taught by his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, and by his governor, the Earl of Bute. Neither of these personages was fitted to train the mind of an English monarch. The views of the former were founded on the despotic sovereignty of a petty German court, in which she had been brought up, while those of the latter betokened an intriguing and arbitrary mind, inexperienced in state affairs, and far more concerned to maintain his sway over a youthful monarch, than to consult the welfare of a nation. 'George, be king,' were the inauspicious words which his mother incessantly whispered into the ear of her son. His father's residence, known as Leicester House, had been the centre of disaffection to the Government of George II.; and when at length the time of his own sovereignty arrived, he showed himself an adept in the learning taught him. From the accession of the House of Hanover, the whigs had been in power. Having secured the rights of the reigning dynasty against the treasonable machinations of the tory party, they were naturally rewarded with the confidence of the Crown. A long possession of office, however, had materially impaired their patriotism. They merged their more illustrious character in that of the placeman; and at length assumed to divide

amongst themselves the emoluments of office, as their undoubted right. Had George III., in opposing their pretensions, shown that he was influenced by a regard to his people, he would have entitled himself to our gratitude. But such was not the case. It was quite clear that his policy was selfish and arbitrary. It was founded on the maternal instructions he had received, and was designed rather to establish his own supremacy, than to secure to his people the benefits of a large and tolerant policy. At an earlier period, and under more favorable circumstances, he would have vied with Charles I. in maintaining the royal prerogative. We feel, therefore, no gratitude, as we are not sensible of any benefits.

At the time of his accession, William Pitt was minister, and never, probably, had the fortunes of England been more nobly redeemed than by this prince of statesmen. His temper, however, was too unyielding, his genius too self-reliant, to suit the policy of George III. It was nothing that he had retrieved the fading honors of his country, that he had raised England from debasement to a pinnacle of transcendent glory, that he had infused vigor into all departments of the public service, and had commanded for himself and his country the respect of other powers. His very successes were a crime. The triumph of his policy was his great fault. Before his commanding genius, the limited intellects of the monarch and of his favorite stood abashed; and it was therefore resolved to take advantage of the Spanish question to drive Pitt from office. The intrigue succeeded, and we need not say how rapidly England sunk from her proud position. The patriot was exchanged for the courtier. Pitt retired, and Bute became virtually prime minister in October, 1761. This had been foreseen from the commencement of the new reign, and might have been foretold from the circumstances mentioned by the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Hardwicke, in his letter of October 26th, 1760. The scheme ripened rapidly. 'The king,' says the same restless intriguer, in the following September, 'seems every day more offended with Mr. Pitt, and plainly wants to get rid of him at all events.' This object was at length effected, and the little men who succeeded glorified themselves on the attainment of their end.

'The cause,' wrote Lord Temple, 'of his quitting the ministry was from a difference of opinion in a capital measure relative to Spain, as you know; the favourite united with the minister of numbers, bore down the minister of measures, and by that means in effect removed him from the king's council, and deprived him of the means of further serving the public. A time will come, I trust, when these matters will be fully explained to both Houses of Parliament.'—*Ib.* p. 404.

On quitting office, Pitt was induced to accept the barony of Chatham for his wife, and an annuity of £3000 during three lives for himself. That he deserved these rewards is undoubted. He had rendered signal services to his country, and might rightly claim what was so lavishly conferred on men far less meritorious. His resources were, moreover, very limited, while his devoted attachment to Lady Chatham and his children must have disposed him to rejoice in placing them beyond the reach of pecuniary anxiety.* Nevertheless, the wisdom of his course in this matter is open to grave question. His whole strength was popular. He was the man of the people, and his influence rested entirely on their faith in his independence and disinterestedness. Whatever affected this was fatal to his power. It was the basis on which he stood, which had enabled him successfully to contend against the whig aristocracy and the tory faction, nay, which had upheld him against courtly intrigues, and the ill-concealed aversion of royalty itself. The policy of the king was sufficiently apparent. No one suspected him of attachment to Pitt, and a generous appreciation of the great merits of his retiring minister was not in the nature of the monarch. To destroy the reputation of that minister was, we believe, the policy of the king. If the patriot could be turned into the pensioner, it was hoped to deprive Pitt of the popular support which had hitherto rendered him formidable. Such was the low-minded and unworthy design with which the royal favors were conferred; and for a time Pitt was duped. It would, perhaps, be asking too much, that he should have declined to accept for those he loved so tenderly, the honor and the provision that were proffered; but we do wish he had been less profuse in his expressions of gratitude—less obsequious and courtier-like in his mode of accepting them. Self-respect, a sense of what was due to his great services, ought to have kept him from the servile and adulatory style in which he acknowledged the hollow favors of his sovereign. His delusion, however, could not be long maintained, for the same 'Gazette' which announced his retirement from office, reported also his acceptance of the peerage and pension. The announcement produced its expected effect. 'The city and the people,' wrote Rigby, 'are outrageous about Lady *Cheat'em*, as they call her, and her husband's pension.' This resentment, however, was short-lived. Pitt vindicated

* 'When Lord Bute,' it is remarked in a memorandum preserved in Mrs. Grenville's handwriting, 'told Mr. Grenville of Mr. Pitt's resignation, Mr. Grenville mentioned what he apprehended to be the distressed state of his private affairs, and as much as possible forwarded Lord Bute's disposition to recommend to the king to give him a mark of favour.'

himself in a letter to his friend, Alderman Beckford, which was printed in the 'Public Ledger,' and the good sense of the people speedily did him justice. On the 20th of October, the Duke of Newcastle reported to the Earl of Hardwicke, 'that Mr. Pitt's letter had brought back all his old friends to him; that there was to be a meeting of the Common Council to instruct his Majesty in the most violent manner to support war and warlike measures; with some compliments to Mr. Pitt.'

Of the writer of this report it is difficult to speak in moderate terms. His long tenure of office kept him before the public nearly half a century, and his weak points were so obvious as to be noted by men of all parties, and generally, in terms of severe reprobation. Few statesmen have been sketched by so many unfriendly pens, nor is it possible, after an interval of many years, to cherish respect for his memory, or to dwell with satisfaction on his career. The Earl of Albemarle does his best to mitigate judgment on his behalf; but the utmost that even an apologist can plead is contained in the following sketch:—

'He was, in fact, the butt against which contemporary ridicule levelled all its shafts. That he was fretful, busy, intriguing, unmethodical, and self-sufficient; that his demeanour lacked dignity, and that he mistook expedients for principles, cannot be denied; indeed his numerous unpublished letters, to which I have had access, rather corroborate than weaken the fidelity with which these traits have been delineated. But his contemporaries would see only the superficial and ridiculous points of Newcastle's character. They would not do justice to his many sterling good qualities. He was courteous, affable, accessible, humane, a warm friend, a placable enemy. His talents were not sufficiently appreciated. They were far above mediocrity. It was his want of method that made them not more generally available. He both spoke and wrote with ability and readiness. Upon his private life rested no stain, and in an age of political immorality he was one of the most personally disinterested men of his day. He understood clearly our relations with the continental states. His views of civil and religious freedom were in advance of his age, and he acted on them whenever his fears, his jealousies, or his ambition—a most comprehensive exception indeed—permitted his opinions to affect his conduct. His faults were obvious; he clung indecorously to place and power. But it does not appear that either its emoluments or even honours were the real attractions of office. Newcastle, like the Sergeant-at-Law in Chaucer's tale, had a morbid appetite for employment:—

"No whar so besy a man as he thar n'as,
And yet he seemyd besier than he was."

'To this restless craving for occupation, may be ascribed the duke's officious intermeddling with the departments of his colleagues, and his querulous jealousy of the least interference with that over which he himself presided. Like an enthusiastic chess-player, he would eagerly direct

another's moves, while he would hardly endure even a looker-on at his own game.'—'Memoirs,' Vol. i. pp. 11-13.

It was the policy of Bute gradually to drive the former ministers from office. He had succeeded in the case of Pitt, the most formidable of them all, and it was not long before Newcastle saw that his own fate was predetermined. He had permitted himself to be played off against his colleague, and had doubtless imagined that his own influence in the cabinet would be strengthened by the absence of the great commoner. His vanity was gratified by the supposition, but he soon learnt his error. So long as there was fear of Pitt, Newcastle was courted; but when once the former had retired, the latter perceived himself to be a cipher, laughed at and insulted by those whose counsels he expected to influence, if not direct. His complaints were frequent and loud. He wrote and spoke with the bitterness of a disappointed man; but his complaints excite no indignation, as his patriotic professions awaken no confidence. He deserved the treatment he received, and his career may serve as a warning to vain and unscrupulous intermeddlers in all coming times. Many of his letters are printed by Lord Albemarle, and they are all more or less characteristic. Lord Bute is termed the *sole dictator*, and important decisions are alleged to have been arrived at without the cognizance of the Duke. 'Was ever man in my station,' he asks, 'or infinitely less, treated with so much slight and contempt?' The indignities now received called up with complacency the memory of days, of which he formally complained. Writing to Lord Hardwicke, December 30th, 1761, he says, 'Even Mr. Pitt, till towards the last, always paid that attention to me (and I believe to your lordship) as constantly to send me his draughts, with copies for my own use, desiring me to make such alterations as I should think proper, before he produced them at the meeting of the king's servants. These ministers act in a very different way.'

It was soon obvious to the veteran intriguer that there was an *imperium in imperio*, an inner cabinet, to the consultations and resolves of which he was a stranger. This was gall and wormwood to his vanity and ambition, and his querulous complainings were poured into the ears of his correspondents and friends. These things could not but be known. They were probably reported to Bute with exaggerations, and the crisis, which every one foresaw, was thus accelerated. At length, on the 10th of May, 1762, Newcastle informed Lord Hardwicke that he had made a discovery 'tending to prove the resolution taken by my Lord Bute to force me out immediately. The

king,' he adds, 'who was very gracious the other day, said not one word to me upon my own subject—a proof the party is taken.' Had the duke possessed a tithe of the spirit which became his rank and office, he would have held his opponents at bay, by spurning the semblance of power when deprived of its reality. Such, however, was not his nature; and hence the pitiful complaining of the following letter to the Marquis of Rockingham, dated May 19th:—

' I was this day at Court. His Majesty was barely civil; would not do a very right thing in the post-office at the recommendation of my Lord Bessboro' and Mr. Hampden. I desired the king's leave to attend his Majesty some day next week to settle my *private account*, and that I hoped his Majesty would allow me to retire from my employment a day or two after the Parliament rose. His Majesty asked me, whether I should go to Claremont. I said, 'Yes; I might afterwards go to other places.' The king did not drop one word of concern at my leaving him, nor even made me a polite compliment, after near fifty years' service, and devotion to the interest of his royal family. I will say nothing more of myself, but that I believe never *any man* was so dismissed. But all this puts me the more in the right. C—— told the Duke of Devonshire that the resolution was taken not to *ask* me to stay.'—Ib. pp. 111, 112.

The Court was not satisfied with the retirement of Newcastle. A thorough clearing was resolved on, and the prerogative was, therefore, stretched beyond anything which had been known since the Revolution. 'It is believed, and given out, wrote Lady Temple to her husband, Dec. 17th, 1762, 'that, even to a hundredth cousin of those that have not behaved well are to march out of the most trifling places.' Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, was prominent in these proceedings. Lord Bute sought to avoid the odium they created, but his policy was sufficiently obvious, and his duplicity, therefore, availed him little. 'As to one set of men,' said the Duke of Devonshire to the Marquis of Rockingham, Dec. 26th, 1762, 'endeavouring to throw it upon the other, I look upon it as mere artifice, for measures of this kind cannot be done but in concert, and therefore I pay no regard to what they say on the subject, and only wish the time was come to retaliate upon them, and that they may have ample justice done them.'

Fox and Bute persisted in their policy, and the Duke of Newcastle consequently wrote, on the 24th of January, to Lord Hardwicke:—

'I send your lordship the most cruel and inhuman list that was ever seen, not only in a free country, nor even in any civilized nation. This list, as I understand, was sent to the Custom-House on Saturday last, and yet, cruel as it is, we are told it is only their *first fire*, and that we are to have a *second*; and what favours that opinion is, that they seem hitherto to have gone through only the Port of London, and the poor unhappy

county of Sussex. Their brutality and inhumanity may have satisfied, in some measure, their revenge. But if they meant by it to promote their interests in our county, I can assure them it will have a quite different effect. . . . There is not one single man turned out, against whom the slightest complaint can be made, in the execution of their office. Most of them were excellent officers. I find several of my friends are determined to mention these cruelties in their speeches in the House of Commons.'—Ib. pp. 158, 159.

That Henry Fox should have lent himself to any measures by which wealth and power were promised is not surprising; but that his sagacity should have been so at fault, as to permit the supposition of such wholesale proscription being serviceable to his interests, is, indeed, marvellous. He was an able but unscrupulous man, combining many of the worst qualities which in other times would have made him a dangerous minister. Of honesty he knew nothing; expediency was his rule; the *present* was the time for which he acted, and the judgment of posterity he either overlooked or despised. His recklessness made him a fitting tool for Bute, and commended him to the temporary favor of George III. Happily, events were approaching which called for another order of statesmen, and summoned into political life an element which had been too long banished from the national councils.

The continuance of many whigs in office after the retirement of Pitt, Newcastle, and others, cannot be reconciled with integrity. Burke, in his 'Thoughts on the Present Discontents,' has done his best to vindicate their policy, but the defence is unavailing. The fact admits of one explanation only, and that is far from creditable. The truth is, that faction had supplanted principle, and selfishness had eaten out the heart and soul of political ambition. Long possession of office had corrupted the whigs, who were broken-up into several cliques; and Jacobins, converted into rampant tories, were ready to sacrifice both constitution and liberty for a share of the spoils which the monarch bestowed. It would be difficult to fix on a period of our history when public virtue was at a lower ebb. We have had seasons of more gigantic crimes—the days, for instance, of Henry VIII., of Strafford, of the popish and Rye-House plots, and of the western campaign—but we look to our annals in vain, for any such collapse as had befallen the great body of our statesmen at the period of which we write.

On the Duke of Newcastle's resignation, Lord Bute became premier, and Mr. Grenville secretary of state. The latter had remained in office after the retirement of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, and was, in consequence, deprived of their friendship and intimacy. The cause of the rupture is easily traced in the correspondence printed in the first of the works named at

the head of this article. We do not wonder at the alienation which ensued. Under the circumstances of the case it could scarcely be otherwise. Lord Bute evidently made a point of retaining Mr. Grenville. His talents were considerable, yet not so first-rate as to permit his setting up on his own account. Separated from his brother and brother-in-law, he was probably expected to be at once useful and pliant, serviceable as the leader of the lower house, and grateful to the favorite who commended him to the king. The following letter discloses the terms of intimate friendship in which Grenville's aid was sought:—

‘MY DEAR GEORGE,—I write to you in a very painful minute. Mr. P. has taken leave of us, and the king left in a most perilous situation to form a new ministry. I avoided the desiring you to stay in town, though I thought this event likely, and that out of real tenderness to you, judging it more eligible for my friend to go to the country and remain there ’till the king desired his presence, than by waiting here to seem in a state of expectancy. I hope you will think my opinion no unkind one. I own to you, so impossible have I found it for some time past to go on with any hopes of success, that I should have thought it necessary at this juncture for our sovereign to have taken new ministers, though untried, inexperienced men; but the high opinion I have of you, the warm friendship I feel for you, and the entire confidence I place in you, makes me see this dereliction with much more indifference than I otherwise should do. I know your love for the king; and I flatter myself, when his service demands your presence, you will not lose a minute in coming here. Jenkinson flatters me I may see you to-morrow at dinner. ’Till then, my dear George, adieu! Yours most entirely,

BUTE.’

Grenville Papers, vol. ii., pp. 392, 393.

Lord Bute's ministerial efforts were unavailing. His influence with the king and the princess dowager was omnipotent; but throughout the nation he was regarded with disfavor, which neither his capacity nor his experience enabled him to surmount. The English people are specially hostile to court favorites; and in the present case national antipathies were employed to spread the discontent. The cabinet, moreover, was divided, and some of the Government measures were open to very severe and damaging reflections. Mr. Pitt, on first leaving office, was cautious and moderate; but his terrible oratory was ere long directed against the policy of the Crown. It was therefore felt necessary to enlarge what Lord Bute termed ‘the too narrow bottom of the cabinet.’ This was announced to Mr. Grenville October 10th, 1762, and negotiations were set on foot with a view to it. These, however, proved abortive, and the favorite was compelled to bow before the storm of popular disfavor. It would be difficult to exaggerate his un-

popularity. It was at once intense and universal. Wherever he appeared, the voice of the people was raised against him, and serious apprehensions were entertained for his personal safety. Writing to Lord Hardwicke, April 11th, Viscount Royston says :—

‘The alarms of Lord Bute’s family about his personal safety are reported here to be the immediate cause of this sudden and unexpected *abdication*. I shall make no *reflections* on this strange scene ; your lordship has already reflected much better for *yourself*. The *nil admirari* of Horace seems in our days to be as applicable to politics as it is to ethics and philosophy.’—Memoirs, vol. i. p. 165.

Bute pleaded ill-health as the cause of his retirement ; but no person was deceived. It was known on all hands, and by all parties, that he resigned office because he could no longer carry on the government. Had it been possible to do so with safety to himself and the king, he would have remained nominally, as he was still really, the adviser of his sovereign. His sole dependence had ever been on the royal favor. In the closet he was omnipotent, but *without* that charmed enclosure he was amongst the weakest and most detested of men. His powers of mischief indeed were still considerable. He could sow dissension, could whisper away reputation, could raise up amongst ‘the king’s friends’ opponents to the king’s ministers ; and thus perplex councils, which he was not permitted to rule, and embarrass men on whom had been devolved the management of national affairs. As a minister, however, he was incompetent and powerless. The king would have retained him ; but the necessity of affairs constrained his resignation. On the 25th of March, 1763, he wrote to Mr. Grenville, informing him of his purpose, and inviting him to take the premiership. It was imposed, however, as a condition, that he should ‘forget old grievances, and cordially take the assistance of all the *king’s friends* that are determined to give it.’ Bute, it is obvious, possessed full power to name his successors, and he probably expected to rule the royal councils, though nominally separated from them. How far he was disappointed is shown in the subsequent part of this history.

On the 8th of April, Mr. Grenville was declared First Lord of the Treasury, and a fortnight afterwards appeared the celebrated ‘Number forty-five of the North Briton,’ in which severe strictures were passed on Lord Bute and the king’s ministers.

‘After a week’s deliberation, Wilkes was seized on a *general warrant*, and brought before Lords Halifax and Egremont, by whom he was committed to the Tower. His demeanour on the occasion would have served as a warning to wiser men against meddling with such a firebrand. On arriving at the place of his imprisonment, he wounded the stately pride of

Lord Egremont, by desiring to be confined in the same apartment where his father, Sir William Windham, had been kept on a charge of Jacobitism ; and the national vanity of Lord Bute, by hoping that, if possible, he might not be lodged where any Scotchman had been prisoner.

‘ On the very day of his commitment to prison, his friends procured a writ of habeas-corpus from the Court of Common Pleas ; and on the 3rd of May he was brought before Lord Chief Justice Pratt. In a speech, which lasted an hour, Wilkes complained “ that he had been worse treated than any rebel Scot,” a remark that was hailed with loud acclamations by the crowd in Westminster Hall. Three days afterwards, Pratt delivered his judgment, in which he declared that Wilkes was “ entitled to his privilege as a member of parliament, because, although that privilege does not hold against a breach of the peace, it does against what only *tends* to a breach of the peace.” Wilkes was, in consequence, set at liberty.’—*Ib.* p. 166.

We avoid entering on the disgraceful contest that ensued. The government most stupidly committed itself to a conflict with Wilkes on unconstitutional grounds, and in a spirit of bitter personal hostility. Unpopular itself, it converted an audacious and profligate demagogue into a martyr for liberty, thus enabling a reckless adventurer to trade on the patriotism and generosity of the people. But we need not enlarge. There is no difference of opinion as to the worthlessness of Wilkes, or the policy of that ministry which suffered itself to be embroiled in such a contest. ‘ The Grenville Correspondence ’ supplies ample proof of the close intimacy that existed between Lord Temple and Wilkes, and of the pecuniary aid which the former supplied to the latter. We are glad that the intimacy did not extend to Pitt. The coarse manners and profligacy of Wilkes might be tolerated by the master of Stowe, but would have been sadly out of place in the presence of the elder Pitt. We dismiss the subject with a brief extract from a letter of Wilkes to Lord Temple, July 9, 1763, in which his hatred to the king, and his servility to his noble correspondent, are sufficiently indicated :—

‘ I hear from all hands that the king is enraged at my insolence, as he terms it : I regard not his frowns nor his smiles. I will ever be his faithful subject, never his servant.

‘ Churchill has stolen some of my ideas :—

“ I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.”

‘ Hypocrisy, meanness, ignorance, and insolence, characterize the king I obey. My independent spirit will never take a favour from such a man. I know that I have neither the lust of power nor of money ; and if I leave my daughter less dirty coin, I will leave her more honest fame. I trust, next to her own virtue, her greatest honour will be derived from her father. I am every day more and more philosophic and retired. I live

to the world, not with the world. I am my own man and Lord Temple's. If I have any talents which can please, they shall ever be dedicated to his service. I know that next winter I shall be *wholly* the man of business, and indefatigable in it ; yet all my pursuits shall be directed, all my studies drawn to the focus he prescribes.'—Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 73.

Of the Grenville administration we say little. It was short-lived, and its record is inglorious. Mr. Macaulay is not far wrong in representing it as the worst 'which has governed England since the Revolution.' Destitute alike of royal favor and of popular support, it was the mere creature of the day, called into existence to serve the purpose of Lord Bute, when constrained to retire from the king's councils, and incapable, therefore, of maintaining itself when his support was withdrawn. So long as it was possible, Bute remained at the head of affairs ; and when this could be continued no longer, he sought to perpetuate his policy and rule, through the medium of a nominee. This could not continue long. Grenville was too proud and ambitious to act the part assigned him by Bute ; the king detested his ministers ; the American colonists were driven into rebellion ; and the prosecution of Wilkes, notwithstanding his utter worthlessness, turned against the government whatever patriotism existed at home. Negotiations, therefore, were speedily opened with Mr. Pitt, who was summoned to the royal presence in August, 1763. The meeting took place at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, the 27th, and was immediately reported by Grenville to the Earl of Halifax. 'My interview,' says the minister, 'was very short, and no notice was taken of the long audience that preceded mine. I have since heard from other hands that *carte blanche* is given, which account tallies with such observations as I could make.' Pitt himself considered the arrangement concluded, and immediately summoned his political friends together. He miscalculated, however, the state of the royal mind. Bute's influence was still omnipotent ; and though in the early stage of the negotiation he had favored Pitt's views, he was subsequently induced to throw his weight into the scale of Grenville. When, therefore, according to appointment, Mr. Pitt attended the king on the 29th, he was astonished to find that his whole arrangements were objected to, and a resolution obviously formed to retain the existing ministry. It is usual with the advocates of George III. and his favorite, to attribute the failure of this negotiation to the hard terms imposed by Mr. Pitt. They are shut up to this course. No other is open to them consistently with the royal integrity ; yet it is quite clear that this line of defence is the mere result of necessity, and has no foundation in the

facts of the case. No objection was taken on the 27th to the terms proposed. On the contrary, they were supposed to be ceded ; and the marvellous change exhibited on the 29th we are compelled to attribute to the interviews which, in the meantime, had taken place between the king and Lord Bute, and subsequently between the former and Mr. Grenville. The irresolution and timidity of Lord Bute, rather than the extravagant demands of Mr. Pitt, were the cause of the decision announced by George III. on the 29th. 'The Grenville Correspondence' throws much light on this knotty point of Court intrigue, and does not certainly raise our estimate of the straightforwardness and integrity of the king. Other proofs of duplicity exist in abundance, and the admirers of George III. will do well not to insist largely on his personal honor. We are much of Lord Shelburne's opinion, who, writing to Mr. Pitt, 'felicitates him personally and very sincerely on a negotiation being at an end, which carried through the whole of it such shocking marks of insincerity, and if it had taken another turn, must have laid a weight on his shoulders of a most irksome nature, on account of the peculiar circumstances attending it.'

Grenville was retained, and aid was procured from the Bedford section of the whigs. The alienation, however, between the king and his favorite on the one hand, and his nominal advisers on the other, became daily more obvious. Application was again made to Pitt, and for a time he was expected to take the lead of affairs. The Duke of Cumberland, uncle to the king, was the negotiator, and has left a narrative of the transaction which possesses much historical value. Lord Temple, however, refused to join Mr. Pitt, who, in consequence, declined the proffered honor. Lord Albemarle, referring to the failure of this negotiation, remarks, that 'if Pitt had been guided by his political principles, he would at once have coalesced with Lord Rockingham and his friends. But, influenced by Temple (who wished the 'brothers,' as they were called, should form a government of themselves), he declined the overtures of the court.' We are not clear that his lordship is right on this point. His theory does not square with the facts of the case, while the issue is more satisfactorily accounted for on a different supposition. The object of the king, it must be remembered, was to rid himself of George Grenville, towards whom he entertained a stronger dislike—and that is saying much—than to Pitt and Temple. It seems, therefore, in the highest degree improbable that the notion assigned by Lord Albemarle should have been entertained. It would have been, in fact, to counter-vail the policy of the king by forcing on him three unwelcome

ministers in place of the one he shunned; and its adoption, therefore, must have been in the last degree chimerical. Further than this, Mr. Pitt had practical experience of the hollowness of the court, and the little reliance to be placed on the monarch; and might, therefore, well shrink from undertaking the task proposed without the associate on whose fidelity he firmly relied, and to whom, as we have seen, he was under deep obligation. As to Temple himself, we need not go far to discover his motives. He had been insulted by the king and 'the king's friends,' and placed no reliance on the professions now made. Let this suffice for our present purpose. The negotiation failed, and after an abortive effort to secure the services of Lord Lyttleton, the former ministers were recalled for a season. We could have wished that a cordial understanding had taken place on this occasion between Pitt and the Rockingham whigs. It ought to have been so. Each would have contributed what the other required, and together they might have set the favorite at defiance, and compelled the servile crowd which gathered round the throne to leave state affairs to those who were responsible for them. The warmest admirers of Mr. Pitt must acknowledge that personal ambition probably affected his decision in this matter. There was so much in common between the political principles of himself and the Rockinghamites, and the efforts of the latter to secure his co-operation were so marked, that we cannot but regard his policy in relation to them as amongst the most questionable points of his public life.

Failing with 'the great commoner,' and subsequently with Lord Lyttleton, the king turned to the Marquis of Rockingham. A meeting of whig leaders was held in June 1765, and a majority resolved that, certain conditions being agreed to, they would assist to form a new administration. The character of the Marquis has been variously drawn. Lord Mahon does it gross injustice, affirming that 'everything about him bore the stamp of the tamest mediocrity,' and attributing his leadership exclusively to the aristocratical policy of the whigs. We are not disposed to deny that his 'extremely large and fine' estate, with his hereditary honors, had much to do with his selection. It has ever been the policy of the whigs to take their leaders from the nobility. With rare exceptions they have done so, and their reputation and party interests have thereby been greatly damaged. Men of genius have been permitted to serve in their ranks; but the instances are few of such being permitted to occupy the higher and more influential posts. Burke and Sheridan in former days, and Sir James Mackintosh in our own are cases in point. We are willing, therefore, to cede to Lord

Mahon that the circumstance he names had much to do with the adoption of Lord Rockingham, as the leader of the whigs; but his personal qualifications were much higher than is alleged. Even Lord Mahon admits that he 'had clear good sense and judgment, improved by the transaction of business. His character,' he adds, 'was without a stain, marked by probity and honour, by fidelity to his engagements, and by attachment to his friends.' Through every variety of fortune, he retained the allegiance of his party for eighteen years, and was amongst the most patriotic; and—if judged of by his measures—the most liberal statesmen of his day. In forming his ministry, Lord Rockingham did everything in his power to conciliate Mr. Pitt. 'With this view he appointed his friends, the Duke of Grafton and General Conway, Secretaries of State; his brother-in-law, James Grenville, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and raised Chief-Justice Pratt to the Peerage, with the title of Baron Camden. But the advancement of friends, relations, or recent colleagues did not conciliate the impracticable minister. He not only would not assist the government, but by the disparaging tone that he adopted, he discouraged many of his followers from joining them.'

Lord Albemarle sketches the character of the new premier with much more accuracy than Lord Mahon. His party leaning is doubtless observable, and from some of his judgments we dissent; but making due allowance, we accept the following as a correct delineation of one of the most virtuous and constitutional politicians known to our history:—

'Eighteen years the leader of a party, and twice summoned to the councils of his reluctant sovereign, Lord Rockingham holds a prominent station in the reign of George III. Nor can it be objected to him that the fidelity of his adherence was secured by the ordinary ties of faction or interest. Faith to their leader was, to the whigs, a virtual renunciation of all those rewards which a chief magistrate has it in his power to bestow. Their adherence was the loyalty of respect and affection, not the casual allegiance of a cabal. It stood the test of long discouragement. It survived the severer trial of a brief official prosperity. The causes of the attachment of his followers must be sought in the character of the leader himself. Lord Rockingham possessed by nature a calm mind and a clear intellect, a warm benevolent heart, of which amiable and conciliatory manners were the index. He was imbued with sound views of the principles of the constitution, and with a firm resolution to make those principles the guide of his actions. If eloquence were the sole criterion of a great leader or a great minister, Rockingham would have but small claims to such a title. The malady which consigned him to the tomb, when he was little more than fifty years of age, had imparted to his frame a sensibility of nerve which only extraordinary occasions enabled him to overcome. He was a hesitating and an inelegant debater.

His speeches, like those of the late Lord Althorp, commanded attention, not from the enthusiasm aroused by the persuasive arguments of the orator, but from the confidence placed in the thorough integrity and practical good sense of the man. He stood in a similar relation to a great minister—to a Fox, a Grey, or a Russell—which an able chamber-counsel bears to an Erskine. He lacked the outward graces. He possessed the inward power. If success in public measures be a test of ability, Rockingham stood pre-eminent. In no one year between the Revolution and the Reform Bill were so many immunities gained for the people, or, more properly speaking, so many breaches in the constitution repaired, as in what was contemptuously called the “Lutestring Administration;” and all too in the face of one of the ablest and most unscrupulous oppositions, of which the king himself was the head.

‘In his relations to George III., Rockingham was “*impar congressus Achilli*.” He was thoroughly in earnest, but his earnestness was for his country. The king was likewise in earnest, but his earnestness was for his prerogative. The one was all honesty, the other all insincerity. As the reader proceeds, he will find the royal letters most gracious, the royal conduct most disingenuous. He will perceive that the king authorized his ministers to contradict rumours which himself had circulated, and that the “King’s friends” were busily employed in refuting the official statements of the cabinet. Had George III. possessed common sincerity, Lord Rockingham’s efforts to preserve the American colonies would probably have been effectual. But between the minister, whose “virtues were his arts,” and the monarch, who, like Lysander, pieced the lion’s hide with the fox’s skin, the struggle was unequal, and Rockingham was arrested in his career of usefulness, and added one more ministerial victim to royal duplicity.’—‘Memoirs,’ vol. i. pp. 140-142.

It was not to be expected that the king would regard his new ministers with much favor. It was from no partiality that he adopted them. Of all political sects, they belonged to the one most distasteful to him. Their wealth and party connexion rendered them more independent than suited the temper of the monarch, and his ‘friends’ consequently soon recorded their votes against them. One of the first measures of Lord Rockingham was the repeal of Mr. Grenville’s Stamp Act, ‘and from that hour,’ we are told, ‘the king determined to remove him.’ Anything more false, more unworthy of a monarch, or more foreign from the spirit of the constitution, cannot well be imagined than the conduct of George III. at this crisis. The American colonies were in rebellion; his responsible advisers deemed the repeal of the Stamp Act essential to the restoration of tranquillity; but the personal adherents of the king, the men who were in his confidence, and made his will their rule, voted against the repeal. ‘The second Lord Hardwicke, after assigning, in his own “Memorial,” his reasons for assenting to the repeal, adds: “But, from a *personal inclination* of the king, and influenced by Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, the

followers of Court favor went the other way, and half the Court at least voted in opposition to administration.” To vindicate the honor of George III. in this matter is impossible. We would advise his advocates to say little respecting it. He may have been a faithful husband; his private morals may have been irreproachable; his observance of the externals of religion decent and devout. We are not disposed to question these things; but as a monarch, he knew little of the spirit of our constitution, and, had times permitted, would have stretched the prerogative as far as any of his predecessors. We say it with regret; but truth compels the assertion, that he was utterly unfitted to discharge the trust of a constitutional monarchy.

Negotiations with Mr. Pitt were speedily reopened, and were conducted with a secrecy which sought to elude the observation of ministers. At this very time the king avowed to his advisers—who were desirous of securing Mr. Pitt’s co-operation—that it was not consistent with his dignity to open ‘a fresh treaty with that gentleman.’ ‘The fact was,’ as Horace Walpole states, ‘the king, not desirous of the junction of Pitt and the actual ministers, and choosing that Pitt should solely to him owe his admission, pleaded that he had sent so often for Mr. Pitt in vain, that he would condescend no more, a resolution his Majesty was at that very time in the intention not to keep.’ Walpole is not always a safe guide; but in this case his view is confirmed by other and more trustworthy authorities. ‘Lord Rockingham himself told me,’ says Nicholls, ‘that the king never showed him such distinguished marks of kindness as after he had secretly determined to get rid of him.’ The result of these intrigues was the dismissal of the Rockingham administration in the following July, and the appointment of William Pitt, under the title of Earl Chatham, to the premiership. Burke published a masterly summary of the conduct of the ministry during their brief tenure of office, in the course of which he truthfully asserts—

‘With the Earl of Bute they had no personal connexion, no correspondence of councils. They neither courted him nor persecuted him. They practised no corruption, nor were they even suspected of it. They sold no offices. They obtained no reversions or pensions, either coming in or going out for themselves, their families, or their dependents.

‘In the prosecution of their measures they were traversed by an opposition of a new and singular character; an opposition of placemen and pensioners. They were supported by the confidence of the nation. And having held their offices under many difficulties and discouragements, they left them at the express command, as they had accepted them at the earnest request, of their royal master.’—*Ib.* p. 370.

We shall not dilate on the events which followed, having recently noticed them in our review of Lord Mahon's 'History.' Our space too is exhausted, or we should give entire the letter of the Princess Charlotte, dated Jan. 12th, 1812, in which she dwells with so much complacency on the character of Charles James Fox. We must, however, content ourselves with pointing the reader's attention to it. It is one of the most remarkable documents we have read; and considering the period at which it was written, and the position of its author, is eminently deserving of attention. Lord Albemarle's sketch of Thurlow (vol. ii. pp. 447—451) is one of the most elaborate and finished portions of his work; but, for the reason already stated, we refrain from quoting it.

We have only space to record our high estimate of the value of both these works, and to commend them most cordially to the students of English history. Lord Albemarle's volumes are the most readable;—indeed their attraction is equal to their merit. He has displayed great judgment in the execution of his task, and has added largely to the accessible stores of our historical literature.

ART. VII.—*Tower-Church Sermons; Discourses preached in the Tower Church, Belvedere, Erith, Kent.* By the Rev. A. Monod, Paris; the Rev. Dr. Krummacher, Berlin; the Rev. T. Binney, London. Edited by T. Binney. London: Jackson and Walford. 1852.

For some years past, Mr. Binney has almost entirely abstained from controversy. For ourselves, we are inclined to regret this. His intellectual gifts fit him so well for exposing and refuting the absurdities of sacramental superstition that we are unwilling to see his offensive weapons rusting for want of use. But his pen has not been idle. Many readers will think that it has been much better employed even than in refuting high church pretensions and tractarian absurdities.

He is not the author of the whole of the volume to which we now invite the attention of those of our readers who have not yet studied it. The title is unfortunately chosen. It conveys no idea of the contents of the book, except to the persons who heard the sermons, or who know the church, on Sir C. E. Eardley's estate at Erith, in which they were delivered. It may be needful to explain that one of these sermons, 'The Law our

Schoolmaster,' was preached by Mr. Binney at the opening of the Tower Church, and that the three others were preached, in the same church, after the special meetings of the Evangelical Alliance had been held in London last year. Of these three, the first is by A. Monod, and was delivered in French; the second by Dr. Krummacher, and was delivered in German. These have been translated into English for the volume before us. The remaining discourse, 'Salvation by Fire, and Salvation in Fulness,' was preached by Mr. Binney on the same interesting occasion.

Both Mr. Binney's sermons have been written since they were preached, and have been also very much enlarged. They fill 200 out of the 275 pages which this volume contains.

We do not wish to disparage the sermons, by our foreign brethren, here presented to us in such goodly fellowship, but shall pass at once to Mr. Binney's discourses, which we are especially desirous of bringing before our readers. We do not know his own estimate of them; but they contain so many indications of having been written both carefully and with delight in themes felt to be congenial to his mind and heart, that we should not wonder to hear him say,—'If any one wishes to know me as a preacher, it is by these sermons I should prefer to be judged.' Originally they were *spoken* with the noble freedom which, as we think, becomes the Christian preacher incomparably better than the slavery to the manuscript to which we lament to see so many nonconformist ministers submitting themselves. When the preacher began to recall his trains of thought, and to give suitable written expression to them, his interest in them increased. He saw in them a special adaptation to the Christian young men of the present day. In the one, 'The Law our Schoolmaster,' he addresses almost exclusively the intellect, endeavouring to aid his youthful readers especially in their acquisition of Christian truth. In the other discourse he addresses the conscience and the heart, seeking to aid his readers in their efforts after practical excellence. The one is a specimen of the argumentative, the other of the hortative, sermon.

The text of the first sermon is Gal. iii. 24 and 25; its subject—'Judaism preparatory to Christianity, and spiritually developed in the Gospel.' This sermon is constructed on a plan which is applicable to almost every argumentative discourse; and it has not, therefore, the charm which is felt when everything in a discourse is seen to belong to its own text, and to no other. The preacher purposes to '*explain* and *illustrate* the apostle's statement, and to add to the exposition such

general concluding remarks as the subject may seem appropriately to suggest.'

We shall not attempt an analysis of this discourse. It is characterised by exceedingly close thinking and concise expression, and cannot be abridged except by being mutilated. Many of its sentences might be expanded into volumes. They will be to many readers the seeds of thought.

Our purpose may, perhaps, be best accomplished by indicating very briefly the end which the preacher has in view,—the questions which he helps his readers 'to study,' that they may make progress towards the satisfactory solution of them. These questions relate to points of moral and religious truth, which thoughtful students of scripture have long felt to be of much difficulty, and yet of great importance. They arise as we compare with each other the Old Testament and the New, the ceremonies and emblems of Judaism and the facts and truths of Christianity. It is difficult to give definite explanations (except so far as the Epistle to the Hebrews guides us) of the relations between those ceremonies and these facts, those emblems and these truths. It is more difficult to throw ourselves back into the intellect and heart of 'the church in the wilderness,' and to show how far the devout Jew read Christian truths in Mosaic emblems, how far, even, these emblems were intended to be understood by him, and in what precise way these emblems are to instruct and benefit ourselves.

The preacher's answers to these questions are given with the caution of one who has felt their difficulty, but with the clearness of one who has distinguished accurately between those parts of his subject which must remain doubtful, and those parts of it in which certainty is the recompence of patient and devout inquiry. Light is poured upon the whole theme. We feel as if an accomplished and spiritually enlightened priest were our guide through the Jewish temple, and were disclosing to us the hopes and wishes, 'the throbbings and searchings of heart,' the 'passionate longings after a higher life and more spiritual conceptions,' which arose with him as, in favoured seasons, he ministered at the altar and 'inquired in the temple.' We are thus prepared to recognise in the gospel 'Judaism spiritually developed.'

'The tabernacle and temple seem to enlarge their proportions. The earth is the court in which death is inflicted; the overhanging sky is the mysterious veil; and high heaven, the dwelling-place of God, is the holy of holies. The one only sacrifice is understood to be that of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; the virtue of those sacrifices which sanctified only to the purifying of the flesh, or to the conferring of an external and ritual absolution, is seen to typify 'the blood that cleanseth from all

sin'—which purges the conscience, and literally reconciles man to God.'—pp. 100, 101.

The first aim of this discourse is the explanation of Scripture to the believing and docile inquirer; the next is the refutation of superstitious corruptions of Christianity, and of sceptical objections against it.

The Scriptural principles which are established in the expository part of the sermon, are applied, directly or analogically, to the prominent questions and controversies of our own time. This is done with most fulness and strength with reference to prevailing errors regarding sin and forgiveness. Of this argument, Mr. Binney says in a note, that it is 'professedly a mere outline,' 'quite fragmental,' and that 'instead of being referred to in one division of a discourse, the subject requires a whole discourse to itself, and may, perhaps, some day have one.' Compared with a treatise on sin and pardon, such as, with health and leisure, Mr. Binney could produce were he to apply his highest energy, and bring all his resources to the noble task, this argument is, of course, truly 'a fragment;' yet, as an outline, it is singularly complete and satisfactory. The principle that 'future punishment is not an infliction, but a result; not a thing added to sin by external power, but flowing out of it, by inevitable necessity,' shows at once and decisively the folly of the sentimental notion that sin need not awaken any deep emotion, since forgiveness is easily obtained. The same principle, taken in connexion with the revealed fact of a supernatural redemption, affords a confutation of the conclusion which is drawn by certain more patient and logical thinkers, that '*there can be no forgiveness of sin at all.*' In this part of the sermon, evangelical truths are shown to be the explanations of sceptical difficulties,—the solutions of sceptical doubts,—in way that pours on our minds the self-evidencing light of Scripture, and will, we trust, lead many minds to the truth—and to peace in believing.

When the philosopher says, and says 'possibly with sadness and tears, tears wrung from him by the force of his relentless logic, I see no hope of the forgiveness of sin; properly understood it would involve a miracle—nothing less; a supernatural interference with established law. I can see no ground for expecting *that*. Christianity replies, 'but I can and I do; I come to announce exactly that thing which you feel to be necessary . . . It is, then, my office to make known the divine fact, the miraculous interposition, which your philosophy tells you is required, but of which, instead of showing the possibility, it can only teach you to despair.'—pp. 144, 146.

The sermon on 'Salvation by fire and salvation in fulness—the

Christian doctrine of warning and reward,' will probably be preferred by very many readers to the preceding discourse. It taxes the attention much less, and interests more the imagination and the feelings. Two texts are taken (1 Corinthians, iii. 15, and 2 Peter, i. 10, 11.) In a very few introductory sentences the pith of these texts is placed before us. The central subject is Salvation. Two sides of it are exhibited,—in the allegory addressed to the Church at Corinth, salvation with difficulty, '*so as by fire*;'—in the beautiful exhortation of St. Peter, salvation in fulness, '*an abundant entrance*' into Christ's everlasting kingdom. The whole subject is illustrated and enforced by 'going over the previous trains of thought with which each text is connected,' rather than by preaching from the two texts themselves. Hence we have full expositions of two of the most important passages in the New Testament, expositions which deserve the careful and repeated study of all who wish to understand the Scriptures, and especially of those who wish to acquire or to cultivate the invaluable talent of pulpit exposition. The meaning is brought out vividly and forcibly. Conviction is produced, not so much by *proving* the interpretation to be correct, as by the clear statement, to which the mind responds as the statement of that which *must* be true. In the first exposition we seem to see—the builders engaged in their work—to witness the trial and its issues. We triumph with the builder whose work abides, who 'receives a reward,' and then shudder, as if we were ourselves almost consumed with the builder whose work is burned, and who himself is 'scarcely saved.' The other exposition is of a very different character; it is less impressive, but much more beautiful. The principle of the metaphor, employed in the first passage, affords a key to the interpretation of the second. Each Christian is a temple. The virtues which the apostle commends are the 'gold, silver, and precious stones,' which are to be built upon faith, the foundation grace. Each of these virtues is clearly described, and accurately distinguished from the rest; and the fair proportion and harmony of the whole of these graces, in the character of the mature Christian, are portrayed before us. And then comes a description of the 'abundant entrance' of such a saint into his Saviour's kingdom, to *hear* which must have been like standing with Bunyan's pilgrim in sight of the gates of Paradise. The imagery employed is almost hackneyed. It the more required genius to give to it freshness and force.

'You may take another illustration from a vessel returning after a long voyage, and being received and welcomed by expectant friends. She has been, let us suppose, absent for years; has been toiling and trafficking in every sea, touching in the ports and trading in the markets of many lands; she is approaching at last her "desired haven," the harbour from which

she set out, whence loving thoughts went with her as she started on her perilous way, and where anxious hearts are now wishing and waiting for her return. She is descried in the distance; the news spreads; all is excitement; multitudes assemble; pier and quay, beach and bank, are crowded with spectators, as the little craft pushes on, and every moment nears her destination. There she is! wind and weather-beaten it is true, covered with the indications of sore travail and long service, and with many signs of her having encountered both battle and breeze. But all is safe. Her goodly freight is secure and uninjured; her profits have been large; the merchandize she brings is both rich and rare; she is coming along over a sunny sea, leaping and dancing as if she were alive; her crew are on the deck, and, with straining eyes and palpitating hearts, are looking towards the shore. A soft wind swells the sails; the blue heavens are bending over the bark as if smiling on her course, while the very waves seem to run before her, turning themselves about as with conscious joy, clapping their hands, and murmuring welcome! How she bounds forward! she is over the bar! she is gliding now in smooth water; is passing into port; and is preparing to moor and to drop her anchor for the last time! While she does so, there comes a shout from the assembled spectators—the crowds that witness and welcome her approach—*loud as thunder, musical as the sea.*—pp. 224—226.

This is the preacher's illustration of 'salvation in fulness.' For beauty and nobleness it is a passage rarely equalled, and scarcely ever surpassed.

The practical inferences and appeals which conclude this discourse, invite quotation and remark, but our space will permit only one observation. In a way that must have been startling to hearers accustomed only to the technicalities of systematic theology, Mr. Binney insists upon excellence of character as indispensable, not, indeed, to salvation itself, but to 'salvation in fulness.' There is a *prize* of our high calling as well as a *gift* of eternal life. Only by eminent personal virtue can that prize be won. The statements and appeals to which we now refer deserve to be deeply pondered, especially by all who are engaged in Christian teaching. One objector might allege that the preacher is *legal*, and complain that he demands good works with an urgency inconsistent with 'the doctrines of grace.' Another objector might take advantage of the strong requirement of purity as the meetness for heaven, to infer that there must be a purgatory in which this indispensable purity may be acquired. The preacher is not careful to answer either class of objectors, except by falling back on obvious scripture declarations, the truths which are taught by inspired men, and which, because so taught, must be in harmony with each other and with all truth, whether we can perceive the harmony or not.

We must refrain from specifying various characteristics of Mr. Binney's preaching, which are prominent in these dis-

courses. One feature we are pleased to notice as more obvious than in his preceding publications—the copious and skilful quotation of scripture. The texts quoted are such as precisely to meet and supply the defects that are felt in the teachings of merely natural religion. They are recognised as the voice of God answering the questionings of man. They are necessary to the argument. They resemble not so much the ornaments of a column as the key-stone of an arch.

We covet a diction more purely Saxon than that employed in some portions of these sermons; for we should, indeed, be sorry if modern innovators, upon the purity, sweetness, and strength of our noble English language should be able to quote, even a single sentence or word of Mr. Binney's, in palliation of their affectation and pedantry. The specimens we have given will show that there is much to be admired in the style of these sermons, as well as in their thoughts; and we freely commend them to all who welcome the bold, yet reverent, investigation of moral and religious truth.

ART. VIII.—*Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University and Colleges of Oxford: together with the Evidence, and an Appendix.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty. London: 1852.

THE inability of corporations for self-reform is a familiar axiom of political thought; and of all corporations, none are so incapable of it as the ecclesiastical. If indeed they are subjected to a quasi-monarchical sway, beneath some pope or general of the order, there is just a possibility that a man of genius and resolution may be found sooner or later in that position, and may resolutely commence a career of reform. History indeed gives little confirmation even of this faint hope; but in the corporations which are internally oligarchical or democratic, the case seems to be quite desperate.

Perceiving the enormous power to resist change possessed by our old universities, political reformers have long looked to parliament as the sole force capable of serviceably remodelling them. Supported by the interests of the church, they are far more occult than the church in their doctrines and system. At least in a Protestant country it is impossible to hinder laymen from sitting in judgment on church doctrines; but as to those

of the university, our abler public men show astonishing and unaffected diffidence even in their private conversation.

It is scarcely possible to move public enthusiasm in favour of a university reform, from the profound ignorance of the great mass of the people as to the nature of the existing evils or the suitable remedy. Hence many have felt great despondency as to the power of any statesmen to carry effective measures, except in the direction and for the victory of some newly-ascendant party.

But the English universities are institutions too peculiar to be judged of by any abstractions of politics, or any experience of history. Scarcely is their own history an adequate guide to our prognosis: yet, looking to it, we do find the remarkable fact, that, first, Cambridge, towards the close of the last century, and soon after Oxford, uncompelled by any political stir, introduced a great internal reform of the studies—a reform most necessary indeed, and in many respects far short of what was desirable, yet one which has made these institutions to be, instead of despicable, highly respectable, and, in certain directions, very efficient. As the church of Rome felt it necessary to improve her discipline and decorum, in order to oppose the Reformers, so do the most bigoted of our academics feel that a certain literary reputation is essential to their rank, and honour, and safety: and though they may lag behind the public awakening, they will try to anticipate the public action.

This is evidently the side (internal reform of the studies) on which the obstacles to change are weakest, and the inward impulse to movement strongest: and if this be once carried out effectively, other reforms will not be long delayed. It is at least our creed, that whenever the ablest men in Oxford and Cambridge have their due weight, a constant effort for improvement of every kind will certainly be at work, and will very soon discover the unreasonableness and the mischief of those inflictions and disabilities of which Dissenters complain. In a papal and Jesuitical *regime*, a 'reform' is never anything but the white-washing of a sepulchre: knowledge is not free, nor vigour imparted to the mind. But when our universities become ambitious to attract professors eminent in every branch, and to become celebrated schools of all high science, they must necessarily leave and make the mind free, and ecclesiastical domination will become impossible. In fact, it is already felt impossible to exact subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles from professors of modern languages. It will soon appear, when a Faraday or a Liebig, or, it may be, an Ewald, is to be attracted to the university, whether this barrier will not be forced to give way. Subscription seems, perhaps, a light thing to residents who

have been accustomed to it from boyhood ; but when proposed suddenly to men of mature age, its solemnity will assuredly make it an unendurable yoke, and the university will be called on either to throw it off or visibly to lose men of pre-eminence merit. In such circumstances we expect the effort for removing the subscription to come from within.

Undoubtedly there are changes most necessary to the improvement of the universities which cannot be effected by university power, were it unanimous. But this very circumstance is a moral justification to the reforming minority for appealing to parliament, and lessens their disinclination to such a step. The real question then is, What is the strength and respectability of this reforming minority ? Does it, in a numerical or moral sense, grow stronger or weaker ? Is it likely to give to statesmen and to parliament that moral courage in which they are proverbially so deficient, when called to interfere with even the shadow of the church ?

Here we are happy to be able to give a reply favourable to the interests of freedom and the hopes of rightful progress. Confining ourselves to that university which is treated of in the very ample report before us, we see everything to denote that the better elements in Oxford must prevail over the worse. The ambition of the place will be too much for its bigotry. There are, in fact, numerous causes which assure us of deep inward discontent, likely to increase and to give a greater and greater impetus to the reforming party. It was not the object of the Commission to state and explain these, yet they appear distinctly enough in the report, and need to be well meditated on and digested by those who desire university reform.

In the last two centuries, physical science has arisen from its infantine state of hypothesis and conjecture, and has assumed the adult form of demonstration or cogent proof. In the same period, a vast growth of German, French, and English literature has taken place, and the extension of the British power has put us in close relation to the languages of the East and West. The vast new accumulations of knowledge, both in science and literature, dwarf the old classics, and make the Oxonians uncomfortably sensible that their institutions are old-fashioned. Zealous friends of Oxford have founded a large number of professorships for new studies, which the university has uniformly accepted—ambition prevailing over caution—and has thus nurtured in her bosom an important element of disaffection. The professors are, or ought to be, by station, and age, and scientific culture, the ablest men in the university ; their name and authority must necessarily carry weight with it, and by the peculiar development of affairs they are made pre-

cisely the permanent nucleus of reforming efforts. Even the old theological professors are discontented, however little disposed to the reforms which we might desire. More than twenty years ago, Dr. Pusey, on becoming professor of Hebrew, dissatisfied at the total neglect of his branch of study, endeavoured to encourage it by liberally founding* new scholarships, with the aid of his brother, Mr. Philip Pusey, the agriculturist, and a certain Dr. Ellerton. The desire and the effort were noble, but the result has been almost nothing. After this, Dr. Burton, the regius professor of divinity, was scandalized that degrees in divinity are taken without any examination, and with a notorious absence of superior acquirements or ability. The knowledge of theology which suffices to scrape through the examination for holy orders must be kept down to the minimum, which will not damage the property of titled patrons; yet this small minimum suffices afterwards to obtain also the degrees of *bachelor* and *doctor* of divinity. But the attempts of Dr. Burton were all in vain, and it is clearer than ever that neither Hebrew nor Theology can be cultivated at Oxford without some great reform. This conviction cannot be very pleasant to theological professors of the present day, however conservative in other respects.

The professors of law and of medicine (who in the old system were next in importance) are in a still more hopeless case. They are called to haunt desolated halls, and to listen to the quiet declaration that 'it is neither possible nor desirable for Oxford to be a great school of law or of medicine.' The mathematical professors are by no means so ill-treated, at least in the theory of the university studies; nevertheless they find that in practice their subjects cannot receive the attention which they claim; and, we believe, these professors have for the last twenty-five years been regarded with suspicion or displeasure by the conservatives, as peculiar stimulators of reforming efforts.

But if the *old* professors are neglected in the university system, what shall be said of the *newer*? Men who have any love or taste for their own branch of knowledge are discontented to find themselves turned into mere show-lecturers, and that energetic pupils are never to be hoped for. The university likes the credit of well-sounding names, and succeeds in getting a respectable quota of men eminent, though not pre-eminent, each in his own science; and the number is formidable.

* At this very time, Mrs. Kennicott, widow of the Hebrew scholar, Dr. Kennicott, had bequeathed certain monies for founding two Hebrew scholarships at Oxford, £70 a year each. There are *three* Pusey and Ellerton scholarships, of £30 a year.

Botany, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, medicine, anatomy, jurisprudence, law, morals, poetry, political economy, Anglo-Saxon, Italian, Arabic, Sanskrit, Hebrew, modern history, do not exhaust the list of professorships. The holders of these find too little sympathy, and no aid, in their studies within the academic precincts; and whether their clinging be weaker or stronger to Toryism or to Puseyism, they have an inward sense that things are not as they ought to be,—that, however undesirable the process of a parliamentary reform, the end aimed at must give moral weight to it. No resident professor will struggle hard against a reform which re-distributes revenue and power in order to improve the university without touching the interests of the church; most of them will wish well to it, many will give it their avowed and eager support, and those who oppose are not likely to put forth fanatical energy.

At the same time, among the tutors of colleges, new and unexpected advocates for reform have arisen. The impetus given to the public schools, which may be dated, perhaps, from 1828, when Dr. Arnold became head master of Rugby—the year in which also University College in London was founded—has introduced into them many of the best scholars of the universities; and as they do not vacate their places by marriage, the pupil who passes from school to college frequently finds that he goes to a less able, because a younger, tutor. We know that many Oxford tutors are secretly humbled, by feeling that they are inferior to the masters at the public schools; and they are painfully aware that their classes are beneath the requirements of their abler students. Nor is this all. The tutor dares not to give the class his own best knowledge, but must accommodate himself to the average, and must work towards the ‘schools’ (or public examination) as his goal. He is depressed into a teacher of grammar, when he desires to rise into higher questions; and the greater his activity of mind and his powers, the greater his desire of certain reforms.

Such are in fact the influences which, two or three years ago, carried through, first at Cambridge, and next at Oxford, very significant statutes of reform. The great object aimed at in these was, to enlarge the circle of possible study to the undergraduates. It was distinctly perceived that the large fraction of wholly or partially idle men, who, to their own loss and to the discredit of the university, passed three years within its precincts, were idle, chiefly because they could not be made to sympathize with those particular studies which alone were patronized in the schools. Many clever young men come to Oxford knowing twice as much Latin and Greek as is requisite for a degree. They instantly feel themselves superior to the

college lectures, and thus are tempted to waste a year in idleness. Afterwards, some make double efforts at study, others have lost both the taste and habit, and become confirmed dawdlers. Others have no taste at all for ancient languages, but might, perhaps, pursue studies in which hitherto the university has provided no public examinations. The desire to turn these energies into a wholesome and recognised channel, and at the same time, to obtain classes of diligent pupils for the many neglected professors, animated the movement in both universities. It was probably aided also by a reaction against Puseyism. We do not mean to deny that this principle is decidedly in the ascendant at Oxford at present among the resident masters; we believe it is. But one effect of this remarkable mania was to turn the energies of young men into the reading of ecclesiastical fathers, and especially to produce distaste for all accurate science; so that the public professors were neglected far worse from 1835 to 1845 than they had previously been, at least in Oxford. After the tendency of these influences to Romanism had been so undeniably manifested, it is probable that the heads of houses (of whom a great majority have been *anti-puseyitical*) looked with less displeasure on the proposed change, from the vague hope that an increased prominence to a stable body of professors might usefully prevent in future so great a disturbance to university affairs as had recently been produced by the singular influence of one man without official position: of course we allude to Dr. Newman.

But one half of the statute of reform was rejected by the Oxford convocation; and the reforming party distinctly saw that, had it even passed entire, their objects would by no means have been achieved. Suppose examinations held, and honours awarded in the public schools, for jurisprudence, or for modern history, or for chemistry; was it to be hoped that the professors of these branches would have vigorous classes of pupils? Nay, but the experience even of the mathematical studies showed the vanity of this hope. Mathematical first classes are bestowed in Oxford; very capable instructors are not wanting; yet very few pupils of highest talent will give their energies to the study. Why? The reason is notorious. Because the fellowships are always attainable by mere knowledge of classics, but seldom or never by mathematical knowledge. The fellowships are not merely a pecuniary premium, they are also the only ordinary door of admission to permanent residence and power in the university. Such endowments are not only a bonus to the sciences which they profess to foster, but they act as a *discouragement* to all the others. The study of mathematics, or of law, or of chemistry, would have a far better chance

in Oxford, if the fellowships were swept away by confiscation. We do not know that such ill-omened words have ever been uttered in an Oxford common room; but we believe them to express the convictions of many a professor: and since such a change in the destination of the fellowships, as would be equitable to the sciences in general, is not within the power of the university or the colleges to effect, the recent reform is so far from superseding parliamentary interference, that such interference is even needed to hinder it from becoming a dead letter. We have named the *Hebrew* scholarships. Neither these nor the still more valuable *Sanskrit* scholarships produce any perceptible effect in giving energy to study. In some years, we are informed, just so many young men appear as candidates as there are scholarships to be received: and a very miserable modicum of knowledge is necessarily accepted as adequate.

Beside this, there is another class of reformers among the conservatives—evangelical or puseyite—who desire to lessen the expense of a university education, and see how little has hitherto been done by any of the enactments. One part is scandalized at the enormous debts which young men of middle rank are tempted and enabled to heap on themselves or their afflicted relatives: another is persuaded that great numbers of the middle and lower classes are kept away from the university solely by its large necessary expense; and that if this were reduced, its influence on the nation might be immensely increased. Whereas, at present, they see that while population multiplies, no commensurate increase of numbers is found at Oxford, but new institutions are formed, more or less independent of it; which implies that the university is falling in national importance. This state of feeling makes many persons not unwilling to see a moderate interference of parliament.

At the same time, the ablest college tutors probably would be glad to rise into the position of professors, in order to get rid of the enforced celibacy and of the mere grammatical tuition imposed on them; but of this they see no chance at present. To give up their fellowships is generally to give up their occupation for another, different in kind perhaps, as parish priests or as lawyers; and that this should be the normal state of a university is felt by them as quite indefensible. Nor do they see that it is possible to raise the quality of the college lectures generally without a public *entrance examination*, from which the university continues to shrink, through the fear of excluding the scions of noble families. This measure might, indeed, constitutionally be passed by the university itself; but probably will not, except by strong influences from without.

We have stated what causes have actuated the reforming

minority of Oxford to feel that the statute of 1850 by no means superseded, but rather required the aid of parliamentary enactments. But what induced Lord John Russell, at that very crisis, to issue a royal commission of inquiry, we are not able positively to ascertain. It certainly caused great surprise, and had not been at all expected. We incline to believe that the explanation is to be found in the slow and cautiously advancing character of Lord John's mind. Possibly, from the time that puseyism undeniably manifested itself as Romanism, he saw that the universities were exposed to serious danger from the antiquated nature of their institutions. He was then out of office ; and upon this came the Irish famine, and the railway crash, and the continental revolutions ; and Lord John may have put off his intended move until he found the moment at which he least feared embarrassment to his other plans, in case of its producing an explosion of hostility. But about this we can only conjecture.

It is amusing to see the tactics of the academic conservatives. In the reigns of our early kings, there are well-known visitations of the universities by *royal* commissioners. Under Charles I., the University of Oxford had no objection at all to such visitation, but vehemently protested against *parliamentary* visitation as democratic. Lord John Russell, desiring to avoid any outburst of that old controversy, appointed a royal commission ; but the commissioners are now met with pretences of constitutionalism. Forsooth, if they have their powers only from the crown, and not from parliament also, they have no right to interfere ! The secret doctrine of these academicians, of course, is, that the university is their private property, which they are to defend by whatever arguments a mere lawyer may suggest. If parliamentary commissioners come, they will call that a usurpation of a strictly royal right ; but when the royal commissioners come, it is an unconstitutional straining of the prerogative. However, the commissioners wisely made short work with the legal question, by disavowing the desire to *compel* any one to give evidence. They *asked* evidence, and invited communications from all persons in dignity or in office, and accepted all the information and opinions tendered to them. In this way, they failed often of obtaining information in detail on many subjects (especially as to the *revenue* of the university and some of the colleges), but this has in no way affected their ability to draw up a valuable report, and support their conclusions by able reasoning and evidence. Perhaps we ought to be grateful to the reluctant academicians that they did not *all* communicate amply with the commission ; else the 456 closely-printed folio pages of evidence might have swelled into 1000.

The commissioners selected by the crown were *seven* in number:—one bishop (Dr. Hinds, of Norwich); one head of a house (Dr. Jeune, of Pembroke College); one professor (Rev. Baden Powell); one head of a public school (Mr. Liddell, of Westminster School, known as a Greek lexicographer); one dean (Dr. Tait, of Carlisle, late head of Rugby); one lawyer (Mr. Dampier); and a Mr. Johnson, of Queen's College, known at Oxford as an able mathematician. Besides these, Mr. Stanley, the biographer of Dr. Arnold, and now canon of Canterbury, was secretary to the commission. From his pen, it is rumoured, that the actual drawing up of the very able report has proceeded. In its conclusion, a summary is given of *forty-seven* proposals of reform, which have been made in the course of its pages; and from this summary much additional facility of understanding is given to those who can but cursorily dip into so lengthy a report. To go through and explain each of these forty-seven points ever so concisely, would be beyond our limits, and would be almost like a reproducing of the report itself. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to noticing the points which are of chief importance, or of most interest to our readers.

The commissioners believe that the vast facilities derived by the university and colleges from their wealth, antiquity, public interest and confidence, adapt them for far greater services than those which they actually render to the country. Accordingly, the report advocates university *extension* in many senses. It desires more pupils and more teachers; more efficient teachers and more diligent pupils; more, and more certain, rewards to proficiency in every branch of study which the university professes; more, and more speedy, control over the studies by the public professors.

In order to increase largely the number of students, the first question is, how to find room; and here, without definitely urging any one method, the report recommends a free trial of all of four methods which have been more or less confidently recommended in the evidence—viz., to found new colleges, or new halls in connexion with some colleges, or to allow members of colleges to reside in private chambers, or to allow members of the university to reside independently in private chambers free from connexion with the colleges. The last form of admission is that which would chiefly, or perhaps alone, effect the object of greatly lessening the expenses of an academical degree; but it is for many reasons the proposal which of all in this report encounters the strongest opposition at Oxford. As it stands quite by itself, and may be dropt without affecting any other of the recommendations, there is no propriety in endeavouring,

as some have done, to damage the report by attacking this one point. But it seems to deserve from us here a special notice.

For students *beyond a certain age* (in the case of whom alone the report distinctly advises the change), there is no reasonableness in pressing the necessity of that transitional system which the walls of a college give, from a purely domestic to a wholly free life; and it is peculiarly to students of this maturer age (probably of the age of twenty-one) that many of the professors must look to their classes. If law, and jurisprudence, and medicine, and theology, and modern history, and Eastern languages, are to be efficiently pursued, a large number of the students must be past the age of domestic discipline. If there are public professors anxious for classes, it seems unfair, without some great necessity, to limit them to pupils who are to be afforded from the colleges, when such pupils may be disabled from attendance by the college regulations, over which neither the professor nor the university has any control. Supposing a minimum of age (say that of legal minority) to free a student from the necessity of being a member of a college, this would interfere very little indeed with the existing supply of pupils to the colleges, and might be of much importance to some of the professors.

To build new colleges and halls is too expensive a process to be counted on, and implies growth by patronage more than by inward development. The commissioners, without expecting much from this, would permit it, under the condition that the *principal* of the hall should be appointed by the chancellor of the university. Concerning the *statutes* of new Houses they say nothing. We confess that we should look with much aversion on one possible result of too great freedom in this direction—viz., if this were exercised with the express object of upholding special religious opinions. In a national university, according to our ideal, all individuals of the nation should freely meet, without reference to their special religious opinions; and an aggressive and proselytising organised body, in the midst of a literary institution, is exceedingly to be deprecated. A few years back, it is certain that the friends of Mr. Sewell, or of Mr. (now Dr.) Newman, had the law allowed them, would have founded a college in Oxford for the express purpose of rooting and propagating puseyism: and a few years hence, it is within possibility that Drs. Wiseman and Newman, if then the law shall have put it within their power, may establish a Romish college there. The evil of this would be very slightly restrained by vesting the choice of principal in the chancellor, for he *must* be a Puseyite or a Romanist if the statutes were allowed to exact it. If parents found reason to imagine that in sending

their sons to Oriel or Christchurch they were exposing them to be decoyed into secret conferences with an unscrupulous combination organized to entrap young men into popery, the mere dread of this might inflict severe mischief on the university. To proselytism we have no objection, so that it be an open and honourable war of opinion, where no unfair advantage is taken of youth and inexperience: but even if we did not know of the sinister efforts in the last ten years made by Romish officials to proselyte the Rugby boys, the general history of Romanism would warn us as to what must be counted on from this quarter. If in the present stage it be allowed to the bishop of Exeter and Miss Sellon to establish a college at Oxford, *with their own internal regulations*, it will not be possible to admit Dissenters at any future time into the university without conceding to Rome the right of instituting colleges in Oxford devoted to her service. On these grounds, we are disposed to say that no absolute right to found new colleges (with fixed internal statutes) should be conceded to private persons; but that the university should have a veto on every new institution proposed in connexion with it, and a right to overrule its statutes at whatever time they should be found hurtful to the welfare of the university. A high power of this kind would never be used without strong necessity, and its very existence would aid to enforce good conduct.

Whatever be thought of either of these methods, that of *allowing* colleges to have students who reside outside the walls, seems beyond all reasonable objection. If moral evil should arise from it, the college itself will limit the permission more strictly, or decline to exercise the right. At Cambridge this has long been done, and without appreciable evil. To put power into the hands of the collegiate authorities in such a matter seems to be a most harmless kind of reform; and the effect would be great and immediate in enabling all the *best* colleges to increase by one-fourth, or by one-third, the number of their pupils. No college after this would be able to afford to have inferior tutors, and the backward societies would be rapidly brought up towards the level of the best. We must except those which have no free undergraduates—New College, Magdalen, All Souls—for which special enactments are on many grounds essential.

In order to lessen an evil which cannot be wholly extirpated, the inconsiderate contracting of debts, the commissioners advise that no debt whatever should be recoverable by law from a minor and undergraduate, unless the bill shall have been sent in to him within three months after the date of the earliest item; and in case of non-payment, a copy of the bill have been delivered within six months from the same date to the parent,

guardian, or college tutor. Moreover, for the recovery of debts, they advise that the vice-chancellor's court should proceed according to the forms of the county courts, and that the practice of the court should be thrown open.

In regard to university *legislation*, the report desires to destroy the too complete appropriation of the initiative by the board of the Heads of Houses. At present this board alone can introduce any measure, and convocation (or the assembly of masters and doctors) can merely say yes or no. The commissioners would reanimate the ancient body called the Congregation, which once consisted of the *bona fide* teachers of the university. If it were now to consist of professors and college tutors, it might beneficially have the right of deliberating in English, and originating measures to be approved or rejected by convocation. To prevent organized parties, or indefinite debate, the report advises that the congregation should not meet of necessity, but only when a certain fraction of its members require the vice-chancellor to summon it. Under such a constitution, it is probable that the Heads would desire to earn the credit of doing all the good work themselves, and so to supersede the summoning of the congregation.

The university professors at present are not a corporation, and can perform no university act *as* professors. They vote as graduates only. The report advises that they should be made a permanent *delegacy* (so they call a committee in Oxford), for superintending the public examinations, which would give to the professors a practical control over the studies, if the disturbing influence exercised now by the fellowships were removed. The Bodleian library also should be put under the management of this new committee.

In order to remunerate the professors more satisfactorily (for very few indeed are adequately endowed), the commissioners strongly urge to appropriate a certain number of the fellowships to this object. Magdalen College, for example, has forty fellows, of whom it is stated that the juniors receive about £250 a-year, while rumour assigns to the seniors near £500. The commissioners desire *twelve* of these fellowships to be appropriated to the endowment of *six* professors, who would be members and fellows of the college, like the rest, but be university officers, elected not by the college, but by the rightful authority without. Twenty-eight fellows would still remain for the direct service of the college, and this is more than could be needed for that object. Similarly, from other over-rich foundations, professors to the university might be supported.

But besides the professors and college tutors, the commis-

sioners desire the creation of university lecturers, and believe that the fungus-growth of private tuition (which is expensive to pupils, and unsatisfactory to the progress of teachers) would then be effectually stopped. Fees should be paid both to professors and lecturers, in increase of endowments; and in case no endowments can be had for the lectureships, the Report advises that a limited number of fellows of colleges, if appointed to lectureships, should be able to hold their fellowships even when married. The lecturers would be assistants to the professors, who would generally be elected either from the lecturers or from the college tutors. In this way the university would no longer lose its best men by marriage, and a continuous career would be opened, by which each branch of science might be selected as a lifework. Totally to rescind the law of celibacy, would too much break up the existing college relations, it is urged; but what we have stated shows that the commissioners desire to soften its present harshness.

They would also distribute the professors into four boards (or faculties?)—viz., I. Theology; II. Mental Philosophy and Philology; III. Jurisprudence and History; IV. Mathematical and Physical Science: and they regard the establishment of an efficient entrance-examination under university examiners as most essential to a real improvement. They propose to strip convocation, the Heads of Houses, and the graduates of divinity, of their present right of electing a few professors—(this is noticeable, not for the magnitude of the change, but for the principle,)—to leave the election of other existing professorships in their present hands, but to assign to the prime minister of the crown the patronage of all *new* professorships. This proposal is open to much discussion, as the commissioners are aware. On every side it is difficult to protect the exercise of patronage from sinister influences. We confess we fear that the best intentioned premiers will find no better course than to consult some particular friend among the heads of colleges on each occasion as to the right person to appoint. So it has been in the past; and we would rather that the crown, when each vacancy occurred, should nominate not fewer than five persons as a board to *report publicly* whom they *advise* to elect, and on what grounds. If responsible persons in the university were thus called to give public reasons, and the minister of the crown, after hearing their report, were free to take their advice or deviate from it, we believe that the advisers would exert their best powers to come to a right conclusion. Whether *candidature* to any of the offices should be invited or allowed, is also a secondary question of some importance, not dealt with in the Report.

It is, however, in regard to the colleges that the proposals of the commissioners are most stringent, and (in the existing prejudices of England) we are disposed to add, most meritorious. They broadly announce the fact that the statutes are not observed, cannot be observed, and, for the sake alike of morality and of high service, ought to be legally set aside. No more complete contrast is possible than that between the fellows of colleges as theoretically imagined by the founders, and the fellows as they actually exist. The fellows ought to be poor men, resident, and devoted to study and religious exercises. In Jesus' College, for instance, during dinner, the Bible should be read in hall; no one is to loiter or walk about under pain of fine or whipping; and all bachelors of arts, while within the college precincts, are to talk Latin, Greek, or *Hebrew*! The principal of this college, as of Wadham, was to be unmarried. At Queen's College, the fellows are to receive *ten marks yearly*, and £40 a-year is the maximum allowed in any case to the provost or Head. The fellows are never to sleep out of college except for a grave cause, and *two fellows at least* are to sleep in the same room. It is strictly commanded to increase the number of fellows in proportion to the increase of value in the estates, so as always to keep the fellows poor. These statutes the provost and fellows all swear to observe; but here, as nearly in all the colleges, those points which offend individual self-interest have been violated for centuries. In Magdalen College the founder utters imprecations on his society if the fellows do not abide by his statutes 'in their grammatical and literal meaning;' yet, against his command, they divide surplus revenues among them, and are the richest body in Oxford. He intended the head never to receive more than £40 a-year, and the fellows from twelve to sixteen pence a week; and he declares that any surplus shall be applied to the general good of the college, and '*strictly forbids, under pain of perjury*' any ampler allowances to the fellows '*in any way, or under any colour whatever.*' The president and fellows are bound to the observance of these statutes in oaths of elaborate length, and awful solemnity. Much the same may be said of New College. The warden is allowed £40 a-year by the founder; in fact, he receives £1400. The seventy fellows are to receive from twelve pence to eighteen pence a-week, according to the price of wheat; and 'that they may not blush for want of clothes,' each of them is to have every year cloth enough for a uniform livery, with six-and-eightpence for making and trimming! Not until a dress is five years old may they give it in charity to a poor freshman, and much less may they pawn or sell it. The priest-fellows are to divide between them forty marks, so that none of them

shall have more than forty shillings a-year, in addition to the allowance of food and clothes. It is believed that the actual receipts of these fellows is near £150 a-year at present.

Nearly in all the colleges a similar story is told. Christ Church alone has *no* statutes, and, wonderful to say, seems to need none; as is testified also by Dr. Macbride concerning Magdalen Hall, of which he is principal. It is delightful to discover that reconstruction is needless. But in sober truth, much as we previously knew of the *overthrow* of statutes by law, as a result of the Reformation, and of the neglect of petty enactments which were naturally obsolete, we had no conception, before reading this report, of the extreme liberties which private cupidity has taken with them. The exposure is complete. As the commissioners remark, it is not easy to imagine how the Heads and Fellows can vindicate themselves from the charge of perjury, if they talk broadly of the sacredness of statutes. We think our readers will go farther, and say that any man of really sound conscience, who found he had unawares sworn to obey, and cause to be obeyed statutes which now cannot be observed without a violent and destructive revolution in the society, would refrain from administering the oaths to new fellows, when it was manifest that they must be broken, and would publicly seek indemnity for this conduct. If the breach of statutes were less extreme, it might be hopeless to get the assent of the legislature; but we now almost think that even Sir Robert Inglis will cease to talk in parliament about the inviolability of college statutes.

The commissioners advise that all oaths to observe college statutes and all declarations against their change, be prohibited as unlawful. That all fellowships (except a few connected with certain schools) be thrown open to all bachelors of the university; that all fellows be released from the obligation to take holy orders, or proceed to certain higher degrees; and that steps be taken to keep £150 a-year and £300 as the minimum and maximum of fellowships; that any farther surplus be applied to found scholarships; that no scholarships be held for more than five years, and (with certain exceptions) be thrown open to all British subjects; that no scholarships should lead to fellowships without re-election; that the elections be always determined by merit manifested in an examination, and that the electors be either the whole society of fellows, or, in the larger colleges, a board of not fewer than twelve persons; and that a certain number of fellowships be set aside for the encouragement of the new studies brought into the academic system. Of the professor fellows we have already spoken.

Finally: that the head and fellows in each society should

have power (under such control as may be thought expedient) to alter or abrogate statutes, and to frame new statutes as occasion may require.

The claim of 'Founder's Kin' is repudiated by the report on legal grounds. When men have made wills which enact trusteeships for ever, in order to secure money for ever to their posterity, the courts of law have disowned such bequests as 'contrary to public policy.' But it is in principle the very same, if a founder orders his college to keep his property for ever in trust for his kinsmen. So clear is the case, that even without new enactments, it is probable that a college, which sustained a legal action from Founder's Kin, would make good the right to neglect such claims.

Important as is all the above, we still believe that many of our readers are surprised that so enlightened and liberal-minded a commission should overlook entirely the question of admitting dissenters. The truth is, that they were instructed to omit this point; and it is the more creditable that they have said as much as they have in that direction. They express a pointed disapproval of the subscription to the thirty-nine articles, as an obviously improper mode of testing church membership, inasmuch as this subscription is not demanded of the laity, even for the reception of the most solemn rites of religion: and while dissuading this subscription, they disapprove of substituting for it a declaration that one is 'Member of the Church.' Thus they leave the question wholly open. Moreover, they wish a parliamentary sanction given for all the colleges to the practice already (unlawfully, we believe) followed in some, of substituting select and concise prayers for the long and monotonous morning and evening service.

If each separate college had leave to remodel its statutes under some public control, as the report advises, we cannot doubt that, before long, some *one* or *more* would be found to admit dissenters, as in fact is done at Cambridge; and it would be absurd for the other colleges to complain of that.

We think the suggestions of the commissioners will so speak for themselves, that very little comment is needed on our part. It seems to us indisputable, that, in order to carry great academic reforms with the least possible shock and struggle, the parliament ought to give power into the hands of separate colleges wherever there is hope that this will suffice. Oaths to the statutes must be forbidden, because they fetter the collegiate action; and many other of the recommendations of the report would need a parliamentary enactment: but this is not the case in regard to various other matters. Especially con-

sidering the heat excited by religious controversies, it deserves to be considered whether, even as regards the subscription to the thirty-nine articles and conformity to college chapel, the safest and wisest procedure for dissenters is not to claim of parliament that *single* colleges should be empowered, if disposed, to give them relief. That the admission will at last come, we take for granted; how to effect it with the least irritation and ill-will, is a very rightful and Christian problem. We may add, how to effect it in such a form as shall least give to Romanist ambition the opportunity of turning their just freedom and equality into an engine for unscrupulous proselytism. The colleges, if duly armed with power, would more anxiously and sagaciously take precautions against this danger than parliament could be expected to do; and when Oxford studies are more developed, there will be no want of liberality. Already we can predict, there is a good time coming, although the report is hitherto nothing but good advice, which may be neglected.

Its eminent single-heartedness, we feel persuaded, will secure for it the support of those resident academicians who have most influence with thoughtful men in parliament. Already it has quickened the movements of the conservative party in Oxford. New College, one of the most backward colleges, with statutes eminently unsuited to the present day, and glaringly violated, is calling on its 'visitor' to examine and report on its state. This is undoubtedly intended as a defensive measure, to show that they have no desire to conceal anything, and that they are of themselves willing to reform; but we can conceive of no result of such visitation, except an additional impulse to the parliamentary aid which so obviously is needed.

The great deficiency is, a ministry which will move in the matter; and since Lord John is virtually pledged to do so, we cannot but hope that *any* liberal ministry, whoever may be premier, is certain to undertake it. Yet this certainly ought not to make the friends of reform inactive; we know that it does not so in Oxford. The reformers there, we are told, not only understand well the value of the report before us, but are bent to exert themselves vigorously for a real result. Individually they have most to gain by it, though the object is in the highest and truest sense one of national importance. All members of parliament, who call themselves liberal, ought to study the report diligently, and aid its objects perseveringly.

Brief Notices.

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The Days of Bruce ; a Story from Scottish History. By Grace Aquilar.
London : Groombridge and Son.

THE history of Bruce is, in itself, a romance, and we do not wonder at our northern countrymen being proud of it. It contains many of the highest and most stirring elements of which human life is capable, and constitutes an epoch in the history of Scotland of which her sons may well boast. The present work is an endeavor to place this portion of history before the reader in an instructive and entertaining light, and few efforts have been more successful. We have had an opportunity of observing the interest it awakens in different classes of readers, and in no instance has it failed to rivet attention, and to induce a high estimate of the author's power. We are sorry to learn, from the brief *Preface* of Mrs. Aquilar, that her talented daughter is now beyond the reach of earthly praise. She merited it largely. Her numerous characters are sketched with discrimination and skill; the ever-varying scene on which they acted is painted vividly, and a high tone of morality is maintained throughout. Miss Aquilar was evidently well read in the times of Bruce. She knew its history, and had imbibed largely its spirit, and her sketches of the female actors especially are distinguished by much purity, delicacy, and high-mindedness. It is long since we met with a work which combines so happily the best qualities of historical fiction. The outline is strictly accordant with fact, while the filling-up gives grace and charm to the narrative.

Sermons on National Subjects, Preached in a Village Church. By Charles Kingsley. London : Griffin and Co.

THERE is much in this little volume which merits commendation. The sermons are rare examples of simplicity and earnestness. They are evidently what their title imports, and as such, may be studied with advan-

tage by country pastors, whether in the establishment or out of it. We cannot, however, say that they come up to our standard. In manner they are all they should be, but in matter they are deficient. The distinctive truths of the Christian system,—its remedial mercy, the compassionate intervention of the Redeemer, salvation by faith in the atonement, the renewing operation of the Spirit, and the sanctification of man's nature by a believing apprehension of the Saviour, are not as prominent as they should be, and as is absolutely needful, in order that religious teaching should be productive of its legitimate effects. There is much to please, many things to admire, but the vital element of Christian faith is wanting, or at least is not displayed with that distinctness and prominence which is needful to the winning of mankind from the service of sin. We much prefer Mr. Kingsley's companionship as the author of 'Alton Locke' and 'Yeast,' than as a sermonizer. For the former he is admirably qualified, for the latter, he wants some essential ingredients.

Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions, in Search of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, in the years 1850-51. By Lieut. Sherard Osborn. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is the production of a seaman, better versed in his profession than in the niceties of authorship. It is written in an off-hand, frank, and intelligent style, and cannot fail to be read with pleasure. 'My motive,' says the author, 'is twofold, to tell of the doings of a screw steam-vessel, the first ever tried in the Polar regions, and by a light readable description of incidents in the late search for Sir John Franklin, to interest the general reader and the community at large upon that subject.' The volume is, of course, mainly employed in detailing the incidents of the voyage, and the narrative is deeply interesting. No opportunity, however, is lost of acquainting the reader with the nature of the regions visited, and the condition and character of the people with whom Lieut. Osborn came in contact. Its value is therefore considerable, and few will regret the time spent in its perusal. It is a pleasant book of light reading, which brings home to the knowledge of all the phenomena, both physical and moral, of a region which few of our countrymen will be tempted to visit.

Brittany and the Bible; with remarks on the French people and their affairs. By J. Hope. London: Longman and Co.

THIS publication forms No. 23 of 'The Traveller's Library.' We have read it with very considerable pleasure, and can honestly commend it to our readers. It consists of notes written during the author's residence in Brittany, is characterized by much earnestness, and throws light on the habits and religious condition of the Bretons. Mr. Hope draws a melancholy, yet we fear a truthful, picture of the general state of the French people. It is not, however, all dark. There are some bright colors—not many, indeed, yet enough to convince us of what may be looked for when the sanitary influences of religious truth are widely circulated. We are glad to find such a work in Messrs. Longman's series, and doubt not its being welcomed by a large class of readers.

Notes and Reflections on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Arthur Pridham, Author of 'Notes and Reflections on the Epistle to the Romans,' 'Notes and Reflections on the Psalms.' Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker and Co.; Nisbet and Co., 1852.

WE are always thankful for the fruits of thoughtful examination of particular books of scripture. Mr. Pridham is a careful writer and eminently evangelical. He has paid much attention to the neglected topic of the divine dispensations, and though some readers may object to what are commonly called 'Millennarian Views' in his volume, we do not hesitate to speak of it in general terms of commendation, because we happen to have views of our own relating to the connexion of the dispensation under which we are living, and *that* which, being yet future, precludes, as we think, the formation of any dogmatic judgment, and exposes the confident expression of opinion, on several sides, to the suspicion of rashness and party bias. We believe that the judicious and spiritual reader will find this volume very helpful in the study of the remarkable Epistle on which it is written.

The Families of Holy Scripture. By Charles Larom. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1852.

A PLEASING little book, by a very amiable writer, which will be read with interest by heads of families. Our neutral position disqualifies us for making any observation on a few passages suggestive of controversy, while it requires us simply to notify that there are such passages.

Voices of the Dead. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown-court, Covent Garden, Author of 'Voices of the Night,' 'Voices of the Day,' &c., &c. Third Thousand. London: J. F. Shaw; Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1852.

WE have copied Dr. Cumming's title-page, as somewhat entertaining, as introducing a gentleman who *twice over* tells his reader that he preaches to 'seventeen hundred people,' and that if he prints a sermon it is to be read by 'seventeen thousand people.' We suppose this volume consists of seventeen such sermons, and that they have been reported verbatim, with the corrections necessary to substitute the chapter for the sermon, and with the prefixes of poetry which, it may be presumed, were neither 'said nor sung' in the pulpit. We have no desire, and no power, to prevent these brilliant discourses being read by the thousands of the eloquent preacher's admirers, not only in these islands and the United States, but, as he tells us, his sermons are read in 'India, Australia, and the continent,' on which important fact we frankly tender him our felicitations. Writing critically, we are free to say that we desiderate greater accuracy in scientific allusions, less repetition, greater chasteness of imagery, and more *food for thought*. We have observed several minute contradictions which pass unnoticed in the rapid delivery of the speaker, but which cannot be concealed in a book. We think there is a difference between an extemporaneous discourse, and a chapter in a printed volume,

which it is inconvenient to overlook. The *cacoethes scribendi* is not exactly the description of Dr. Cumming's passion, but the *cacoethes publicandi*. It is no affair of ours that wealthy people should gratify their taste in such matters; but we demur to considering this volume as belonging strictly to the *literature* of our language. At the same time we cheerfully accord to every man the right to do good in his own way, and to make the best use he can of popularity. We do not think that any man can long be popular in a London pulpit without deserving it; but we confess to a certain squeamishness about any appearance of clerical solicitude in courting it, and turning it, in a worldly sense, to good account. So excellent a preacher as Dr. Cumming has no occasion to give such an impression, and we trust that so good a Christian will allow us to express freely our dislike, in religious circles, of what our friends in Germany express by a word for which we have no English—*aufschneidererei*.

Castle Deloraine; or, The Ruined Peer. By Maria Priscilla Smith. In Three Volumes. London: Bentley. 1851.

THESE volumes have a taking title, and a startling tale, well conceived, and told with much vivacity. The moral is not to our taste; and the long discussions in favour of communistic doctrines are not the less wearisome for being contrary to our convictions of truth. While we admire the tact and power of the authoress, and sympathise with many of her aspirations, we hold our Christian belief too strongly to be carried away by the dreamy philosophy of Ferrers Hartwell, or to be edified with the death-bed scene of Harry Thornton.

Heroes of the Bible; or, Sketches of Scripture Characters. By W. T. Edwards, Congregational Chapel, City Road. London: John Snow, 1852.

SINCE the publication of Robinson's 'Scripture Characters,' and Hunter's 'Sacred Biography,' we have had few works of the same order, with the exception of Dr. Cox's, of which a second edition was noticed in our last Number. We have often sketched, in thought, a plan somewhat different from those adopted by the writers to whom we have now referred, as well as by Mr. Edwards. Of the 'Heroes of the Bible,' we can only say, that, without any pretensions to originality of thought or richness of illustration, it is a good specimen of pulpit instruction—brief—lively—serious—scriptural in its tone, and eminently practical in its application.

Social Statics; or, The Conditions Essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed. By Herbert Spencer. London: John Chapman. 1851.

THIS is a remarkably lucid and well-sustained exposition of one simple principle in most of its logical consequences. The author begins with a brief but smart dissection of the doctrine of expediency, especially in the form given to it by Jeremy Bentham in his principle of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' during which he exposes the fallacy of assuming that men are agreed on either the definition of happiness, or the

methods by which it is to be attained, and the kindred fallacy of imagining that the stage of human civilization implied in government is the normal and permanent condition of man. The writer has not burdened himself with the consideration of the *historical* development of the social life, which is the only philosophical method of treatment. He can no more construct society on abstract theories than he can create planets. We look with distrust on all works of this description as likely to encourage the recklessness of innovation; at the same time, we acknowledge that many of the principles asserted are solid, and the inferences drawn from them are fair; only there are many other principles equally solid, of which this writer takes no cognizance, from which different conclusions, not less logical and cogent, might be drawn.

The Importance of Literature to Men of Business. A series of Addresses delivered at various Popular Institutions. Revised and Corrected by the Authors. London: Griffin and Co. 1852.

THESE addresses are by the following eminent persons:—G. O. C. Verplanck, Esq. (New York); Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart.; Right Hon. B. Disraeli; Lord John Manners; The Hon. G. Sydney Smythe; Sir T. N. Talfourd; Professor Philips; the Earl of Carlisle; Archbishop Whately; Charles Knight, Esq.; Lord Mahon; Professor Nichol; the Duke of Argyle; Sir David Brewster; and Henry Glassford Bell, Esq. As might be presumed, they are of varied interest, and abound in local references; but we know not any class of readers to whom they will not be deservedly welcome. They derive most of their interest from the reputation of the several speakers, and they set forth the themes of science and literature with a healthy freshness seldom found in more formal publications.

Anschar: a Story of the North. London: Parker.

IT would be a great blessing for writers and readers, if nine-tenths of our authors of fiction or historical stories were put under a 'gagging act,' and half of the other tenth forced to write what did occur, instead of what might, could, would, or should, have occurred. Here, for instance, is a gentleman, who is evidently well read in the history of the period he lays his tale in; but instead of writing what his acquirements would well fit him for—a life of the great Anschar, the apostle of Christianity in Sweden, by which he would do a service to our scantily-furnished shelves of ecclesiastical history—he must needs try to write what he is not fitted for—a story founded on the life—by which he only weakens the interest of the history, and gives us a second-rate, pale, colorless tale.

The author is evidently thoroughly at home in his subject, as far as student familiarity is concerned. The accessories, dresses, and decorations, are all quite correct; giant berserkirs, pirate Northmen, priestesses, runes, chaunts, Odin, Freya, althing, and all the rest of it, are here; but somehow, like Pharaoh's chariots, 'they drive heavily.' The characters are but unsubstantial personages after all; and though a scene or two are spirited, yet the whole surrenders the perpetually interesting power of real history without attaining the poet's power of the truer truth—the perfect fiction.

The Four Gospels Combined; or, the Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as narrated by the four Evangelists; being a Chronological Arrangement of the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; in the words of Holy Scripture, according to the authorized version, without any additions, and omitting repetitions only. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; and W. Adams and Co. 1850.

A Monotessaron; or, the Gospel Records of the Life of Christ, combined into one Narrative, on the basis of Dr. Carpenter's Apostolic Harmony. Edited by Russel Lant Carpenter, B.A. London: S. T. Whitfield. 1851.

WE have read each of these harmonies with much interest. Dr. Carpenter's differs from the former, which is anonymous, in occasional departures from the received version, in brief explanatory notes, and in what appears to be a more elaborate arrangement, and in a lucid exhibition of that arrangement in analytic sections, drawn up in a tabular form. We do not find any indication, in either the one or the other, of a theological bias. The former work is the more elegant in appearance; the latter more likely to assist the reader in a somewhat exact and critical understanding of the Gospels. We commend them both as laudable attempts to help the Christian student in the most interesting, as well as sacred, of studies, by presenting to him the 'Life' which, beyond others, is full of heavenly truth, which is the perfection of human goodness, and the brightest manifestation of the one living and true God.

Sermons Preached on various occasions at the West London Synagogue of British Jews. By the Rev. D. W. Marks, Minister of the Congregation; published at the request of the Council of Founders. London: Groombridge and Sons. A. M. 5711—A. D. 1851.

THESE sermons are respectable as compositions, and valuable as conveying a large amount of useful instruction. Their chief and proper interest, however, lies in their being an exposition of the doctrines held by men sustaining towards the Hebrew faith a relation like that of Protestants towards the Catholic church; that is, they reject the traditions of the elders, and hold fast by the Scriptures. Of course, the Christian reader regrets the absence of that faith which we believe to have animated the ancient Hebrews, and which is consummated in the teaching of Messiah. Nevertheless, there is much in these discourses which is worthy of attention on the part of Christians as well as Israelites. The movement of which they are a sign and an exposition is of great importance both in England and on the European continent, and one in which, so far as it reaches, we cannot but rejoice, while we hope it is but the precursor of one immeasurably more spiritual and glorious. We tender the reverend author of the volume our thanks for so precious a contribution to our sacred literature.

Health made easy for the People; or Physical Training to make their Lives in this world Long and Happy. By Joseph Bentley. London: Joseph Bentley. 1851.

A sensible and useful book.

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Ezekiel and the Book of his Prophecy; an Exposition. By the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, Salton, author of 'Typology of Scripture,' 'Jonah,' &c. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1851.

WE feel as though we were not doing justice to so large and so well studied a work as this by merely a 'brief notice;' and indeed we have been waiting for an opportunity of devoting to it, as it deserves, several pages of review; but as we are unwilling to keep back any longer a volume so important, we feel that we are better fulfilling our own sense of duty when we yield to the necessity of choosing between brevity and delay. Mr. Fairbairn has mastered the literature of his subject; is familiar with Greenhill and Newcombe, with Radus and Villalpandus, with Calvin, Rosenmüller, and Maurer, with Ewald, Hävernicks, and Witzig, and Hengstenberg; he has entered profoundly into the idiosyncrasies of Ezekiel's mental character; his imaginativeness, his sensuousness, his 'fleshy eye'; his love of strong painting and symbolical expression; he has seen the worth of such a prophet in the peculiar circumstances of his ministry among exiles and captives, while Daniel was directing the movements of an empire; he has seized the salient points of character and position which gave their tone to the composition; and has pondered the gorgeous visions of inspiration with learning, wisdom, devotion, and reverential love. We do not go along with him in all his expositions; yet, when we differ from him, it is with hesitation and unfeigned respect. We entirely concur in his views of the Vision of the Dry Bones, and of the Assault of Gog and Magog; and his dealing with the last eight chapters is the most satisfactory we have ever read. We prize the 'Exposition' very highly, as one which both vindicates and illustrates some of the principles of prophetic interpretation, which have been so grievously violated in a very large portion of books professing to foretell the future course of our world's outward history, by converting the symbols of poetry into the actual anticipation of events. We look on Mr. Fairbairn as a good expounder of the literal sense of the words of this inspired prophet.

Rural Economy for Cottage Farmers and Gardeners; a Treasury of Information on Cow Keeping, Sheep, Pigs, Poultry, the Horse, Pony, Ass, Goat, Honey Bee, etc., etc., etc. By Martin Doyle and others. London: Groombridge and Sons.

A USEFUL reprint, with additions, of the principal articles on rural economy in the 'Family Economist.' The very title is refreshing to us amid the *urban* labours of literature; and we know enough of country life to be satisfied that the practical advices here given are among the best things that can be said to persons of the class for which they are intended.

Instinct and Reason Definitively Separated; and, consequently, including an answer to 'The Vexata Quæstio of Brute Reasoning,' which has so long perplexed the ablest writers on that important point, by Gordonius. London: Effingham Wilson. 1852.

A really clever performance, which will amply repay perusal.

An Exposition of the Principal Motives which induced me to leave the Church of Rome. By C. L. Tuvier, formerly a Roman Catholic Priest. Translated from the French, by A. S. Busby. London: Bosworth, 1851.

THE writer is now the Protestant Minister at Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme, Auvergne, much esteemed by the Evangelical clergy of France. We commend it to our readers as the personal testimony and the enlightened defence of an intelligent and earnest convert to the Bible.

New and Popular History of England. By Robert Ferguson, L.L.D. In four volumes. London: J. Cassell. 1851.

THESE volumes are well written. They bring the history down to the year 1850. We are glad to find so much accurate information combined with principles so enlightened brought within the reach of the many. It is an undertaking which deserves all the encouragement it can receive.

A Week on the Isles of Scilly. By J. W. North, M.A., Chaplain. Penzance: Rowe and Son. London: Longmans.

A VERY intelligent, entertaining, and useful companion for tourists in the beautiful islands, which we commend to the attention of our readers who have leisure for excursions in the approaching summer. We omitted to notice it last year, because the grand attraction of the Crystal Palace interfered with our purpose. The volume will, however, be found both instructive and entertaining to those who are obliged to make their excursions on the wings of imagination. It tells them all about the topography, history, antiquities, statistics, and natural history of islands which, though but a few hours sail from Penzance, are less known, probably, to Englishmen than those of the Antilles or the Pacific.

The Slingsby Papers: A Selection from the Writings of Jonathan Freke Slingsby. Dublin: M'Glashan. London: Orr and Co. 1852.

THIS agreeable volume belongs to a series of 'Readings in Popular Literature.' The papers it contains are reprinted from the 'Dublin University Magazine,' which were much commended, not in Ireland only, but in Great Britain and America. They are written in a lively and somewhat brilliant style on the following attractive topics:—The Slingsbyan—General Thoughts on Christmas—Christmas Day at Castle Slingsby—Thoughts on the Old Year—The Old Year and the New—The Bells of St. Bruno—Twelfth Day; or, the Last of our Holidays—St. Valentine's Day—A Legend of St. Valentine—St. Patrick's Day in my own Parlour. The Selection is a wholesome addition to the many cheap publications for popular and family reading.

The Justified Believer; his Security, Conflicts, and Triumphs. By W. B. Mackenzie, M.A., Incumbent of St. James', Holloway. A new edition. London: Religious Tract Society.

A JUDICIOUS, practical, and highly Scriptural treatise on a vital aspect of the Christian faith, seasonable at all times, and adapted to all capacities and to every class.

Secret Prayer and its accompanying Exercises. By Rev. James M'Gill.
Glasgow : Bryce.

THIS little book is one that you cannot read for the purpose of writing a notice of it. The class of works to which it belongs—the devotional—are not meant to be criticized, but to be felt; and we should as soon think of taking a good man's prayers to review as of coming to such a volume for that purpose. We can only say of the present treatise that it is eminently practical and prayerful, simple and earnest; likely, therefore, to be peculiarly acceptable to the large class who seek in their reading for stimulus to their religious life from the affectionate reiteration in familiar words of familiar truths.

Michaud's History of the Crusades. Translated from the French, by W. Robson. In three volumes. Vols. I. and II. London : George Routledge and Co.

THIS is an excellent translation of the best history of the Crusades which European literature has supplied. Considering the great value of the work, and the high reputation it bears on the Continent, we are much surprised that it has not been previously introduced to the English reader. We are at a loss to account for the fact, and congratulate our countrymen that it makes its appearance at length in so authentic a form, and at so low a price. The translator and publishers are entitled to our best thanks for having catered so well for our instruction and entertainment. Michaud's History is the most complete record of the Crusades yet given to Europe. It distances all competitors, and leaves no hope of a superior. In the words of the author's biographer, 'It may be said without exaggeration, that it is one of the most valuable historical works that our age has produced. To its completion he sacrificed almost every moment of twenty of the last years of his life.' By issuing it in a cheap but neat form, the Messrs. Routledge have increased the obligation conferred on the public; and we shall be glad to learn that they have been amply remunerated. Two volumes of the work are already published; a third is to follow; and we strongly recommend all our readers—the young especially—to give to its pages an early and attentive perusal.

Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, principally amongst the Dens of London. By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary.
London : Nisbet and Co.

THIS small volume contains the unostentatious record of a city missionary's daily life. They who doubt the wretchedness, ignorance, brutality, and vice which abound in London, or are sceptical as to the good effected by religious agencies, will do well to consult its pages. It is a touching record which all may peruse with advantage, and from which some lessons of great practical value may be derived. The power of religious truth to purify and elevate the most criminal, is shown in the form best adapted to set incredulity at defiance.

The Epistle of Paul to the Philippians, and the General Epistle of James, Practically and Historically Explained. By Augustus Neander. To which is added, A Discourse on the Coming of the Lord, and its Signs. By the same Author. Translated from the German, by the Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A., Vicar of Holkham, Norfolk. Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. 1851.

WE hail the appearance of these minor works of the illustrious and ever-to-be-lamented German ecclesiastical historian. The more intimate the acquaintance of our ministers and theological students with the thoughts of this great man, the sounder and healthier will be their theological opinions. It is well to have the old and much-loved presented in a new terminology, and we welcome the introduction among us in an English dress of this explication of the Epistle to the Philippians, and that of St. James, because we find here new views of truth. We have not leisure to make an accurate comparison of the translation with the German, but we have no doubt, from the rank and standing of the author, that it is creditably performed. Those portions of the community who are devoted to theological pursuits in this country are under considerable obligation to the Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh for introducing to the public notice some admirable translations of the late works on biblical science in Germany; and chiefly for bringing within the reach of, we hope we may say, all our students the invaluable writings of Dr. Neander, one of the most powerful thinkers and most successful writers of modern times. We shall be glad to hear that this neat little volume has met with a large and remunerative sale in this country, and that it has become a favourite with them who have not the privilege of acquainting themselves with the author in his own language.

Review of the Month.

THE PAST HAS BEEN A BUSY MONTH. We have been immersed in the turmoil and excitement of a general election. This has been the one topic about which men have conversed, meet when and where they might. The ordinary occupations of life have been for the moment disregarded. The one engrossing theme has called off attention, and we have been elated or depressed according to the triumph or defeat of our favorite candidates. To the hangers-on of party the past month must have been a terrible time. The Tapers and Tadpoles, tory or whig—must have had a miserable season of it during this sultry July. Well, the elections are now generally over. Before this sheet meets the eye of our readers, the contest will have terminated, and the fate of the Derby ministry, whether for evil or for good, will be sealed. On both sides calculations are being made; losses and gains are counted up; and, what some perhaps will deem strange, the shout of victory is heard from both camps. Buonaparte is

reported to have said that English soldiers did not know when they were beaten. It is so with English citizens. In civil as in martial contests John Bull is no believer in his own defeat. He seems scarcely to credit its possibility; and merriment and revelry are therefore often heard when impartial bystanders suspect that other sounds might best become him. Something of this sort is occurring just now, unless we adopt the hypothesis—to which we are disinclined—that one or other of the two great parties is wilfully seeking to mislead the public. It may be so; but we believe that the facts of the case are to be accounted for on other and more honorable grounds. The discrepancy in the reports of various journals is very glaring, and may well deter from any dogmatic judgment. The ‘Morning Chronicle,’ for instance, some days since calculated the ministerial returns up to the 16th at 192, and the non-ministerialists at 284; thus giving to the *latter* a majority of 92. The ‘Morning Herald,’ on the other hand, computing the ministerial returns at 244, and their opponents at 242, gave to the *former* a majority of 2. The ‘Daily News,’ reporting the liberals at 266, and the Derbyites and Peelites together at 222, gives a majority against ministers of 44; while the ‘Times,’ ranking 238 only as liberals, and 244 as ministerialists and liberal conservatives, gives the government a majority of 6.

Amidst such discrepancies, it is sheer folly to attempt any minute calculation. The time is not yet come to ascertain the precise result. The ambiguous professions of many candidates render it impossible to determine their position; while the return of nearly sixty who are termed *liberal conservatives*, as distinct from ministerialists on the one hand and from liberals on the other, introduces an element which precludes the possibility of exact and certain classification. According to the point of view from which such returns are regarded, will be the estimate formed of the relative strength of the ministry and its opponents. On some questions—free trade, for instance—liberal conservatives will rank with the opposition; but on others, and those neither unimportant nor few, they will be amongst the foremost opponents of reforming measures. It were folly to expect Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Gladstone, and others of the same class, to be frequently associated with Messrs. Hume, Cobden, and Bright. We must know a little more of the temper and policy of the men in question before we venture to predict their adhesion to the cause of the people. While, however, we cautiously abstain from premature triumph, it may be possible to make an approximation to the truth. We may not yet be able to ascertain with certainty the precise result, but we may learn so much as will assure us of the general course and tendency of coming events. To this, therefore, we address ourselves, and so far as we are conscious, with an honest desire to know the facts of the case. It is in no spirit of partizanship that we prosecute the inquiry. To permit our judgments to be swayed by any such spirit would be sheer folly; for, apart from all other considerations, the truth must soon be known. Men’s votes will best explain their views. This criterion will dispel all illusions, and it is in vain for journalists to prophesy falsely during the brief period which elapses before the *House* meets. We have been at considerable pains to scrutinize the various reports which are afloat, and, on the whole, are disposed to

place most reliance on the following statement taken from the 'Examiner' of the 24th. It is calculated up to Friday, the 23rd, and does not include the Peelites or liberal tories as a section of the liberal party.

	Liberal gain.	Tory gain.
I. English boroughs	33	33
II. English counties	1	10
III. Welsh boroughs	1	2
IV. Welsh counties	1	—
V. Scotch boroughs	—	—
VI. Scotch counties	—	1
VII. Irish boroughs	3	4
VIII. Irish counties	2	1
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	41	51
		41
		<hr/>
Net gain of seats to Tories		10

Narrowness of space has compelled us to abridge this statement; but if it represents, with substantial correctness, the results of the elections—and on this point we have no doubt—then one thing is evident; the commercial policy of 1846 is free from danger, but the reform party has failed to obtain that accession to its numbers which would enable it to pursue a bold and comprehensive policy. Lord Derby has made an appeal to the country on the bread-tax question, and the response given is clear, unequivocal, and most decisive. On other points, a more dubious reply is rendered, and it would not be difficult—were it germane to our present object—to point out the reason of its being so.

There has been much attempt at mystification on the part of ministers. Before coming into office their rallying cry was *protection*; and when they gained possession of the treasury benches in February last, Lord Derby admitted that he was prevented from carrying out his views by a hostile majority in the Lower House. Against this majority he proposed to appeal to the country, and he was at first evidently sanguine as to the result. His lordship, however, soon found that the people were against him; and the special arts of Mr. Disraeli have been from that moment employed to throw dust into the popular eye. Democracy, the Church, Maynooth, Protestantism, and a hundred other things have been talked of, with the obvious design of withdrawing the obnoxious theme. The disreputable artifice has been adopted by the party, until at length, as if by universal consent, scarcely a voice was heard to whisper the dogma to which they had sworn fealty. It is strange to notice the length to which party trickery can go. We can respect a protectionist though we think him wrong. The honesty of the man makes some amends for the error of his creed. But we know no terms in which adequately to express our reprobation of the policy which, under other pretences, and with an affected liberality of speech, really contemplates the pecuniary interests of the few at the cost of the many. There is something generous in an advocacy of the poor when their interests are supposed to clash with those of the rich; but the nominee of the landlord, the pleader for a tax on bread, is the ally of the rich and the powerful in oppressing the poor and the weak.

In the present case hypocrisy has been added to injustice. Fair words and vague promises have been employed to delude a confiding people. 'I always thought,' said Mr. Cobden, at Wakefield, and there was terrible irony in his words, 'from the year 1846 down to last year, and even up to the beginning of this year, that the leader of the protectionist party in the House of Commons was a protectionist. I thought he meant by "protection," not merely a tax upon corn for the protection of the agriculturist; I thought he meant protection to all interests in the country—protection to shipping, protection to manufactures, protection to sugar, protection to the colonies. That was what I understood by the principle of protection. I thought as a freetrader I had been opposing a party who had a principle, and that that principle was opposed to free trade. But I see the tone altogether changed now, and changed in a way to expose, I think, the selfishness, the undisguised selfishness of the party, who are now advocating a change of taxation for the benefit of particular interests.' Mr. Cobden, it seems, was mistaken, and so, indeed, were all other men:—the Duke of Richmond equally with the member for the West Riding, the House of Lords as well as the House of Commons, the agriculturists of the three kingdoms as much as the manufacturers of Lancashire and York. Strange, this universal blunder. Had it been limited to one party, it might not have defied solution; but as it pervades all classes, is found in the palace equally with the cottage; is proclaimed triumphantly by the lordling and admitted with sorrow by the laborer; causing the farmer to exult in the prospect of artificial profits, and the merchant to despond in the contraction of his engagements; we know no principle on which it can be explained,—no rule by which it can be harmonized with fact. And yet, amidst the *arcana* of the universe, such rule must be, or we are driven to a conclusion which we are unwilling to admit, even in the case of Lord Derby's government, bad as we think of its *morale*. Who would have expected from the bitter and unscrupulous assailant of Sir Robert Peel, such words as the following:—'We have been taunted to-day with the question of "Are you a freetrader, or are you not?"' I am almost surprised that the big and the little loaf did not appear in the procession of the gentlemen opposite. The time has gone by when these exploded politics could interest the people of this country. No one supposes that the present administration have any intention, or ever had any intention, to bring back the laws that were repealed in 1846.' And yet these very words *were* spoken by Mr. Disraeli at his nomination on the 16th. A grosser insult was never offered to an English assembly; and if, at Aylesbury, they induced any other feeling than that of contemptuous indignation, the intellect of Buckinghamshire must be low indeed. One thing, however, is evident, protection is abandoned even by its sworn advocates. It has no chance of revisiting the abodes of the living. The *liberal conservatives* to a man are pledged against it; a large proportion of the borough members in the ministerial camp are sworn to oppose it, and even some of the county members are bound hand and foot. We have before us the address of the ministerial candidates for East Surrey, dated July 5th, in which they beg '*distinctly* to state' that they '*are opposed to the reimposition of ANY duty on the importation of corn.*' So hopeless is the case that Mr. Newdegate promises not to divide his party again respecting it. His

language is plaintive—somewhat penitential—but it speaks volumes. It is an acknowledgment of defeat so absolute as to preclude the possibility of resurrection. Mr. Denison might well tell his constituents '*the question of protection is at last gone and dead.*' Moralists are accustomed to say that truth only is consistent; and we need not, therefore, marvel that some discrepancies are visible in the responses of the ministerial oracle. While the Chancellor of the Exchequer repudiates protection, and the son of the premier assures us that nothing of the kind is contemplated, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Christopher, affirms, '*I say the government have no intention of abandoning protection, and, therefore, I support the government.*' Well, we shall soon see. Parliament will probably meet in November, and the views of ministers may then be brought to a clear and determinate issue. In the meantime we have no fear. Let justice be done to all classes, but favor shown to none.

The question of protection being settled, a clear stage is afforded for the consideration of other matters, and here, we confess to much solicitude. The state of parties cannot be viewed with entire complacency; it is hopeful, but nothing more; it awakens expectation, but gives no very satisfactory promise; it betokens a different state of things from that which existed in the times of our fathers; but it summons to labor, to conflict, it may be, to a protracted struggle, rather than to an easy and early triumph. The cohesion of party is gone. Great names and great families have lost their influence. Territorial possessions may give local power, but the national will refuses to follow, save where the national interests are consulted. A new order of political elements is introduced, and the most far-seeing and sagacious are at fault in calculating its tendency. This is especially seen—and for obvious reasons—in the reform party. The whigs no longer occupy the place they did in the days of Fox and Grey. We are not unmindful of their services, nor are we inclined to attribute them to the most questionable motives possible. Leaving, however, the past, we look to the present state of the whig party, and here we see the great difficulty with which reformers have to contend. No sooner will parliament meet than we shall hear much of the need of union, the responsibility incurred by dividing reformers, the necessity of each man abandoning his crotchet, the expediency and the obligation of adopting some common ground on which all may rally. If such language be interpreted by the past, it means simply that the views of the more moderate and aristocratic liberals should be adopted as the Shibboleth of the party. If such, however, be its meaning, it must be utterly and for ever eschewed. There must be give and take. Each section of reformers must yield something to the other. Concession must not be all on one side. If the men of progress check their speed, and consent to proceed at a slower pace, their titled associates must bestir themselves somewhat; shake off their inertness; and consent to win the people's triumph, by conceding the people's measures. The state of the liberal party is clearly unsatisfactory. Lord John has not the confidence of very many of his followers. Disguise it as we may, the fact is notorious, and it was exhibited most mortifyingly during the latter years of his lordship's premiership. It was not an uncommon thing to see him triumphing over the most consistent and veteran liberals by aid borrowed

from the tory camp. These things must not be repeated. Great injury has already accrued from them, and in the new parliament we must have an entire change. Either Lord John must abandon his position as leader of the liberal party, or he must adopt a policy which shall satisfy the great majority of his followers. 'Things have come to such a pass, that harmony between the people and their political chiefs must be secured. Without this we are at the mercy of our opponents; but let us have it, and we throw fear to the wind. We do not ask that Lord John and the whigs should go all lengths with us. This would be as unreasonable as the demand they have made on us. But we do ask that such a programme should be issued as will suffice to awaken popular enthusiasm, and thus give to a liberal government the strength required for the carrying of their measures. To descend to particulars, three things appear to us absolutely needful.

First, *There must be an infusion of new men into the government.* The cliqueship of the whigs must be abandoned. When the people were less enlightened, it may have been needful, but the case is different now. They are competent to the management of their own affairs, and feel insulted by the theory on which their leaders act. Let us have men of the nobility by all means, but let them be associated with others reared amongst the people, and practically acquainted with their wants. This association must be on terms of equality and mutual respect. Let the men most fitted for office, whether titled or not, occupy the higher posts of the state.

Again, *There must be a large extension of the suffrage.* The present state of the constituency is a disgrace to the liberal party. It is only a fraction of the population which is entrusted with a vote, while all are required to contribute to the support of the state. Taxation and representation ought, in our judgment, to be coextensive; but if this is making too large a demand on the Whigs, let them meet us on the medium ground of household suffrage.

But again, *We must have the ballot.* Without this we do not believe that any other measure will be efficacious. The complaint of intimidation is universal. Even Sir George Grey encountered it in Northumberland, and the loss of his seat has been the consequence. In the recent elections it has been far more general than bribery. Bribery, however, has been freely resorted to where impunity was calculated on. Witness the case of Derby, with the mysterious letter, bearing the Carlton Club seal, and the initials W. B. Major Beresford denies—not, be it remembered—the writing of this letter, but the practice of bribing. If his denial be not worth more than his statements respecting the 'Morning Chronicle,' it will not avail him much. Men have feared to practice bribery because the law stood ready to punish the misdeed, but where is the legal agency by which coercion can be prevented? 'The immense majority of the population in Wales,' said Mr. Cobden at Wakefield, 'were dissenters and liberals, verging almost to radicalism; yet there was the glaring fact that the great majority of members returned for Wales were churchmen and high tories. What greater proof could there be that the people having votes were not allowed to exercise them as freely as they ought? These elections, instead of being scenes of popular

elevation, evinced in the exercise of a great popular right, were periodical scourges afflicting the rank and file of the liberal party, with not merely the greatest evils which they could labour under as politicians—not merely depriving them of the use of a franchise, but sinking them in moral and social degradation, putting them to torture, and inflicting positive losses and wrong on them. . . . If there was to be any enthusiasm excited among the old liberal party, he did think that the heads of that party (the parliamentary chiefs—the statesmen of the party) must be prepared to look this question of the exercise of the franchise fairly in the face, and devise means by which an extension of the franchise should not be made an extended curse to the great body of the liberal party.’ We rejoice in these words. Rumor points out the speaker as destined to take part in the next liberal government, and we hold him to the pledge thus virtually given. Every day convinces us, yet more and more, that the ballot is absolutely needful to the purity and independence of the electoral body.

The return of several protestant dissenters is a marked feature of the recent elections, on some of the bearings of which we should be glad to enlarge, if our space permitted. A few had seats in the late parliament, but their number is now considerably increased by the addition of Sir J. Anderson for the Stirling district, Mr. Alderman Challis for Finsbury, Messrs. Ball for Cambridgeshire, Barnes for Bolton, T. Chambers for Hertford, Cheetham for South Lancashire, Crossley for Halifax, Sir George Goodman for Leeds, Messrs. Hadfield for Sheffield, and Miall for Rochdale. With a solitary exception, these gentlemen will be found in the foremost ranks of reform.* Protection, like toryism, finds little favor amongst dissenters, nor can its advocacy long coexist with the large and catholic spirit which genuine dissenterism inspires.

We rejoice in the return of these gentlemen. Their presence in the British legislature is a sign of the times which thoughtful men will ponder, and from which the philosophic statesman may learn the change that is passing over the public mind. Much will depend—so far as religious liberty is concerned—on the course they pursue. Their first object should be to gain a thorough knowledge of the usages and practice of the House, and then to avail themselves of every opportunity to correct prevalent misconceptions, to expose sophistry, to lay bare the working of the state-church, and to render palpable the fact, that Christianity and the hierarchy are not identical. They must be content for a time to be the pioneers of truth. There is a vast amount of error to be corrected; and this will be best done by watching the course of parliamentary debates with a vigilance that never tires, and an intelligence that commands respect. Especially should they avoid prematurely committing themselves to any substantive proposition. The legislature is not prepared for this, and they must, therefore, be content, for a time, to feel their way, until sounder views

* The ‘Patriot’ of the 26th is, we believe, in error, in classing Mr. Ball with the baptists. If we mistake not he is a member of the Congregational Church at Burwell, and is himself a pædo-baptist. Of the sincerity and earnestness of his political course no doubt will be entertained by those who know him.

are prevalent, or a practical case calls for the interference of parliament. Their position requires discretion as well as earnestness. There is a large amount of work ready to their hands; and if this be done well, they will indoctrinate the public mind with other views than churchmen have propounded, and thus prepare the way for the disenthralment of religion from state patronage and control. An intelligent and able exposition of the evils resulting from the established system, and of the competency of Christianity to maintain itself, is the great want of the day, and we rejoice to believe that it is now in the way of being supplied.

Many things have occurred in the course of the elections on which we should like to dwell, but we are compelled to restrict ourselves to two or three. The Norwich election is especially note-worthy. Popular enthusiasm attained its height in that city. The liberal candidates, Messrs. Peto and Warner, threw themselves on the people, and their confidence was nobly rewarded. There was no concealment or mystification about them. They spoke as they felt, and their words went direct, and with vast power, to the hearts of the people. The contrast between them and their opponents in this respect was most striking. The one courted, and the other shrunk from, the people. Messrs. Peto and Warner were frequently in public. They addressed large assemblies, and were everywhere, and at all times, received with enthusiasm. On the other hand, the Marquis of Douro and Colonel Dickson did not hold a single *public* meeting, and made no other avowal of their political faith than that of confidence in Lord Derby's government. The result was such as might have been anticipated. The Marquis of Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington, is displaced from the seat which he has occupied for fourteen years, and Messrs. Peto and Warner are now the representatives for Norwich. 'It is to us,' says the 'Norfolk News' of the 17th, 'a source of inexpressible gratification that this great triumph has been achieved by the energy and enthusiasm of the entire population—that it has been, in fact, the people's work—that *they* have won the battle—and that to *them* the glory of the victory belongs. Never was so large a population so stirred up. Through every street, and from every lane and alley, the shout echoed and re-echoed, 'Peto and Warner!' 'Peto and Warner for ever!' Every man, every woman, and every child, seemed animated by the same overwhelming zeal. The city has been redeemed, and the people have done it.' The return of the liberal candidates was triumphant, the numbers at the close of the poll being,

Mr. Peto	2190
Mr. Warner	2145
Marquis of Douro	1592
Lieut. Colonel Dickson	1465

But this was not all. The contest was distinguished by other and still more gratifying features. The electioneering reputation of Norwich has been at a sad discount. We have heard strange tales of the doings of the 'old city' in days that are passed. Such things are scarcely to be credited now. They are happily matters of history, and what has recently taken place will help to prevent their recurrence. For the first time, probably,

a Norwich election has been conducted with purity; and this is owing, be it remembered, to the earnestness of the people on the one hand, and to the virtuous resolve of the candidates on the other. Appealing to the intelligence and political integrity of the constituency, Messrs. Peto and Warner pledged themselves to offer no bribe, and to attempt no intimidation. Fears were at first entertained that the tory party, in order to counteract the enthusiasm of the people, would betake themselves to the corrupt practices of former times; but the precautionary measures adopted prevented the possibility of their doing so, and thus saved the city from the debasing influences which might otherwise have been brought to bear upon it. The non-electors of Norwich—wrongfully deprived of the franchise—did good service in this matter. They became guardians of the public morals,—thus setting a noble example, which may well shame those who refuse them the common rights of Englishmen. We are informed by the ‘Norwich Mercury’ of the 10th that it was ‘the determination of the non-electors to keep watch and ward to prevent bribery. This plan had been closely adhered to. For many nights patrols have been established. On Wednesday night, the patrols were largely increased, numbers of families, who never went to bed, were on the *qui vive*, and there was no place which did not undergo increasing vigilance until the business of the day commenced.’

This was a noble work, and it was nobly done. Vast numbers walked the streets throughout the night preceding the election, ‘watching the enemy, and preventing them from bribery.’ Their own candidates were resolved, come what would, to adhere to the *purity principle*, and the people would not permit *their* return to be endangered by the corrupting influence of tory gold. The city was thus guarded from pollution, and both parties have come out of the contest free from the stains of former times. Such conduct is worthy of all praise. No terms can exaggerate its merit. It is an example held up before the citizens of this great empire, and preaches, with a voice not to be misunderstood, the omnipotence of the popular will, when enlightened by reflection and based on justice. It must have been with no ordinary satisfaction that Mr. Peto, at the close of the election, affirmed, ‘I rejoice beyond expression to say, that not one shilling has been spent in contravention of the law. The election has been conducted on independence and purity of principle. The only force which has been used has been that of moral suasion, and the only impetus which has been given to your feelings, has been the determination that your own principles should be carried out.’ This testimony is corroborated by a local journal, which, speaking of the election, says, ‘Not one voter has been bribed, not one shilling has been spent in corruption. The election just won was the purest and most honest which ever occurred in this old city.’ This is as it should be, and we shall be glad to find the example so worthily set in Norwich, closely imitated by other constituencies. Let candidates and electors making a religious profession, carry into politics the same integrity and single-mindedness as into other matters, and the grosser forms of corruption will be eschewed, and a higher tone of morals pervade every department of public life. We specially congratulate Mr. Peto, the senior member, on the result of the

contest, and on the means by which his success has been achieved. In an old constituency, long habituated to bribery, he has shown the possibility of achieving a popular triumph, without resorting to practices which the constitution condemns, and at which a Christian man should blush.

The return of Mr. Macaulay for Edinburgh is a circumstance not to be overlooked. We freely admit his great talents. It were mere folly to deny them. The splendor of his genius is unsurpassed, and his powers both as an orator and an historian are of the first order. His principles, moreover, are substantially those of the popular party. He is an onward man, who, in doing justice to the dead, is not unmindful of the living. We are, therefore, glad to see him once more in parliament, and are free to acknowledge that the mode of his return has been most flattering. Yet we could have wished, for the sake of Edinburgh itself, that some other place had had the honor of restoring him to the legislature. No change has passed, so far as we are informed, over Mr. Macaulay's views. They are the same now as they were in 1847; while the question which then lost him his seat is more prominent, possesses far more relative importance in 1852 than it did five years back. We are driven to the conviction that vanity has much to do with the choice of the self-styled 'Modern Athens.' But enough of this. May the historian of England, the man of whose genius we are proud, and on whose pages we love to ponder, prove equal to his situation. There is another feature of the Edinburgh election to which we must advert, though we cannot dwell upon it. The tactics of the free-church party were those of bitter and relentless hostility to the Lord Provost, a thorough reformer in politics, and a voluntary in religion. A more estimable man than Mr. M'Laren does not exist. His private worth is universally admitted, and his public principles—whether right or wrong—have been advocated without dogmatism or asperity. Yet against such a man the free-church party have resorted to the lowest, meanest, most scurrilous manœuvres. We envy not their triumph. Mr. Cowan has indeed been returned by a majority of 1754 to 1559, but in that majority are included 390 electors who split their votes between Mr. Cowan and the tory candidate. 'I have had the honour,' said the Lord Provost, 'of having had recorded in my favor the votes of 1,559 independent electors, not gathered together from all corners of the globe, but the very heart's blood of the liberal party. All of us are united as the friends of civil and religious liberty. We recognise no parties among us—neither the conservative party, nor the old whig party, nor the church party, nor the catholic party, nor the free-church party, nor any party but the citizens of Edinburgh, who wish to support me irrespective of any party combinations whatever.' The old whig party—and this has been the dominant one in Edinburgh—put forth its strength against Mr. M'Laren. We had hoped that this policy was abandoned. Its chiefs would do well to discountenance it, for anything more suicidal cannot be imagined. As to the free-church party, they may learn, when too late, the folly of the course they have taken. Of its *morale* we do not speak. This is needless. It has been a blunder for which they will yet pay dearly. A truce had existed between them and the voluntaries of Scotland. That truce they have broken, and they must

not, therefore, wonder if dissenters in principle refuse any longer to aid dissenters from mere circumstance.

We cannot close without adverting to the loss sustained by the liberal cause in the defeat of the late members for Bradford (York) and Cocker-mouth. Colonel Thompson was one of the first, as he has ever been one of the ablest and most consistent, advocates of free-trade. He is, moreover, an enlightened radical, and his integrity is above suspicion. At the close of the poll he was in a minority of six; and we have good reason to believe that this was caused by the Roman-Catholic electors, who thus sought to punish the votes he had given on *The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill*. Up to two o'clock we are informed that the return of the Colonel was deemed certain, but the votes of Catholic electors, kept back till the last moment, turned the scale against him. What *they* will gain by the election of Mr. Wickham remains to be seen.

In the case of Cocker-mouth, General Wyndham, a ministerialist, has been substituted for Mr. Horsman. The bishops and their friends will rejoice in this, and we do not wonder at it; to us, however, it is matter of unfeigned regret. Mr. Horsman is not a Dissenter, nor did he ever do justice to our services. We have, therefore, no special cause for thankfulness to him. But he was an honest and fearless man, who hated wrong, especially when perpetrated in the name and under the garb of religion. He was, moreover, a pains-taking man, unappalled by labor, and undeterred by obloquy. It will not be easy to supply his place. He occupied a niche for which few were fitted, and that will probably remain void until he is restored to the House. A report reached us some time since that his defeat was mainly owing to the defection of the dissenters of Cocker-mouth; but having instituted inquiries on the point, we are able to give the report *an emphatic denial*. There is no truth in it, as we are assured on the best authority. The main cause of Mr. Horsman's defeat was the defective state of the registration.

We cannot dwell on the cases of Liverpool and Middlesex, as we had intended. The success of the ministerialists in the former instance prompted a resort to the same measures in the latter. Happily, the good sense and sound-heartedness of the men of Middlesex were proof against the artifice, and Mr. Osborne continues to represent the metropolitan county. The rampant bigotry and intolerance to which the conservatives appealed did their best, but the popular candidate was borne on to triumph by the zealous co-operation of all true reformers. We know no terms in which to express our loathing of the hypocrisy of the cry raised against Mr. Osborne; yet we should be wanting in frankness if we did not say that his electioneering speeches were much too personal for our taste, and that many of his reflections on the cant employed against him were capable of being wrested to a meaning foreign from his purpose. His cause was injured by these things, and we hope on future occasions that he will more obviously discriminate between the affectation of religion and religion itself. The terms he employed were, on many occasions, sufficiently large to cover the real as well as the counterfeit. He did not so mean it, but his opponents availed themselves of the opportunity to arouse prejudice against him.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Brittanny and the Bible ; with Remarks on the French People and their Affairs. By J. Hope.

The Natural History of Creation. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D.

Magnetical Investigations. By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. Vol. II.

Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. By Richard T. Burton, Lieutenant Bombay Army.

Walks after Wild Flowers ; or, The Botany of the Bohereens. By Richard Dowden (Richard).

Reasons for Believing that the Lord has restored to the Church Apostles and Prophets. By a Clergyman.

Louisa, from the German of Voss.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. By Dr. Kitto, D.D. No. IV. July 1852.

A General Introduction to the Epistles of the New Testament ; with a Table of St. Paul's Travels. By a Bishop's Chaplain.

The Journal of Physical Regeneration. A Monthly Epitome of Public Health ; conducted by William Bayes, M.D. Nos. 1 to 6.

Wonders of Organic Life. Tyre ; its Rise, Glory, and Desolation. Religious Tract Society.

The Children of the Bible. Do.

A Book for the Sea Side. Do.

The Channel Islands ; Historical and Legendary Sketches. By C. J. Metcalf, Junior ; with Illustrations.

Heaven ; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Enquiry into the Abode of the Sainted Dead. By the Rev. H. Harbaugh, Pastor of the First German Reformed Church, Lancaster, P.A. 4th edition, revised and improved.

The Saints our Example. By the Author of 'Letters on Happiness.'

The Walk and Triumph of Faith, exemplified in the Life and Death of Ann Wright. By John Hayden.

Miss Sellon and the Sisters of Mercy ; a Contradiction of the alleged Acts of Cruelty exercised by Miss Sellon, and a Refutation of certain Statements put forth in the Tracts of the Rev. Mr. Spurrell, Miss Campbell, and others, &c. By Commander Sellon, R.N.

Money and Morals ; a Book for the Times. By John Lalor.

The Tagus and the Tiber ; or, Notes of Travel in Portugal, Spain, and Italy in 1850—51. By Wm. Edward Baxter. 2 vols.

On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity. Part. III.

The Principles and Duties of Congregationalists. By Rev. John Harris, D.D.

Ecclesiography ; or, The Biblical Church Analytically Delineated. By John G. Manly.

Life of the Rev. William Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Rector of Barheen. By John Freeman, M.A.

The Child's In-Door Companion ; or, Stories for Rainy Days. By S. S. S.

The Textual Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By H. N. Champney.

Formation of Character ; a Book for Young Men ; being a Companion to Maidens and Mothers. By Rev. Thos. Binney.

The Illustrated London Geography. By Joseph Guy.

The Illustrated London Drawing-Book. Edited and arranged by Robert Scott Burns, M.S.A.

THE
Eclectic Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1852.

ART. I.—*Pauperism and Poor Laws.* By Robert Pashley, Esq., Queen's Counsel, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London : Longman and Co.

2. *First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reports of the Poor Law Board.*

IF the condition and character of the mass of the people of England and Wales are to be decided by reference to writers on crime, pauperism, and national education, there is only one possible conclusion—namely, that the English working-classes are the most brutal, ignorant, pauperized, and criminal in the civilized world. If, on the other hand, reference be made to queen's speeches, and the responses of parliament to the same, to hustings addresses, and after-dinner speeches on great public occasions, or to works touching on the national industry, wealth and power—the English people are the most loyal, energetic, frank, and virtuous of the world's races. Could Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, the sagacious Lien Chi Altangi, come again amongst us, like another Rip Van Winkle, though after a longer sleep, he would be still more puzzled than on his first visit, to arrive at a true conception of the national character. No Frenchman was ever more perplexed with the multifarious sounds of our vowels than our good citizen would be with the conflicting testimony of official and non-official statisticians—of parliamentary blue books—of 'moral and educational statistics,' of writers on the progress of the nation, and of the whole class of advocates *for* and *against*

a system of national education ! A celebrated county member, the champion of the league, has declared that the working-classes of England are the most ignorant and uneducated of civilized people—almost quoting the words of the ‘Cambridge Travelling Bachelor’—writing in 1846—‘that we have the most uneducated and demoralized people in Europe.’ The inspectors of schools, headed by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Symonds, join in the cry, and draw even a blacker and more revolting picture of England’s sons of toil. It requires some courage, indeed, to hazard a public disbelief in the disgusting and nauseating details which are given of the brutality, licentiousness, and wickedness of the mass—and now comes a queen’s counsel, who speaks from long and extensive experience relative to ‘Pauperism and the Poor Laws,’ who gravely and deliberately assures his readers, that ‘three millions of our people belong to an ignorant, degraded, and miserable pauper class, and indicate the existence of a *still larger class* to which they belong, and which is but little, if at all, less ignorant, degraded and miserable than themselves !’ If these witnesses are true—alas for England ! If knowledge and morality are the essential conditions of national wealth and power—and who doubts it?—then is England on the wane, and ere long will go down to dishonour and degradation in the scale of nations. But are they true ? A bold unhesitating denial is hazarded ! As a class, the witnesses are chargeable with partial and narrow conceptions of the actual condition of society, and with the prejudice arising from their particular studies and professions. *All*, too, are chargeable with the gross logical error of delineating a people by portraying all that is bad in their character, and ignoring all that is good ; verifying the words of Quetelet, that ‘hitherto, to estimate the morality of a people, *bad actions only have been examined* :’ words which need ring in every man’s ears every moment he peruses the productions of the class of writers described, if he would not be deluded, by the very iteration of the foul calumny on the national character, into the belief that it is sober, though most sad, truth.

But recrimination is neither argument nor proof. It has been said that these witnesses have narrow and partial conceptions of the actual condition of the class which they describe. There is not one who belongs to the class so described, and nearly all belong to classes removed by association and profession from direct contact with the people. True, they may examine schools of infants and juveniles, and draw the conclusion that such education as is given is worthless, because in their fright and terror at the august sight of a clerical government inspector, the little urchins give absurd answers to questions

almost as absurd in the mode of putting them. True, they may question criminals on the amount and character of their general information and *education*, and infer the quality of a whole people from these—its scum and off-scouring—or they may practise in the criminal courts, or on poor-law appeals, and having only the vicious, the helpless, or the vagabond classes in their immediate vision, conclude that all behind are like them! *Actually*, this is the mental process. The educated and refined classes are rendered incompetent judges of the true moral and intellectual condition of the mass, by the very refinement of their own character. The exterior and all the adjuncts of the working class revolt and offend a too fastidious sensibility, and thus prevent a true judgment. It is no uncommon thing to hear the owner of some princely domain express his unqualified horror and detestation of the ‘manufacturing districts,’ just because of the physical contrast of green lawns, and smooth lakes, and stately woods, and the sweet sounds and scents of the country, with the smoke, the dirt, and the Babel noises of large towns: ignorant, or regardless, that in connexion with the latter there is indomitable energy, untiring industry, prudent thrift, general kindness, and large intelligence. In one word, few men are so much under the influence of what Bacon calls ‘Idols of the Den,’ as your merely literary or professional classes. They live apart from the toiling mass, and very much in an imaginary world—imaginary in the sense that their notions of what society *is* are just the reflex of the circumstances by which they are immediately surrounded. Nor is this the worst. One and all join to ignore all the good elements of character in the working classes. Rarely, in the pages of the class of writers alluded to, is the admission to be found of any one virtue or excellence in the working classes. Their kindness to each other in periods of distress and privation, their frank manliness, their independence, their industry, and their general respect for law and order,—all count for nothing with men who have before their mind’s eye only the criminal records, or the statistics of poor-law relief! They think of England’s workmen only in connexion with gaols and workhouses, until they are visited with a kind of monomania, which transforms the distinctive and characteristic habiliments of the several classes of workers into the badge of the criminal or the pauper.

But enough, in the general, on a phase of our literature relative to social statics and economics which it is hoped will work its own cure by the extravagance of its statements and allegations, refuted and contradicted as those are by the daily experience of actual life. Details will now be gone into, so

far as pauperism is concerned—those details having reference to Mr. Pashley's elaborate *proof* (so supposed) of the wide-spread and desolating character of English pauperism.

Mr. Pashley commences his elaborate and unquestionably able work by a minute examination of the character and extent of English pauperism, apparently with the intention of bespeaking the more earnest attention of his readers to the general subject of poor-law legislation; though, as no remedy is propounded for the evil, but simply and solely a mitigation of the cost, and an improvement in the machinery of relief, the elaborate proof of the length and depth of pauperism seems a little out of place.

The first step is to state *what* Mr. Pashley avers 'as the extent of pauperism.'

He asserts (page 8) that for the last ten years 1,000,000 persons, on an average, have been *constantly chargeable* to the poor-rates. This number, he correctly enough argues, represents a still larger number, who, for longer or shorter periods in each year, *are so chargeable*. On various data, Mr. Pashley arrives at the conclusion (page 13) that three millions of persons receive relief throughout each year. On other data he concludes that 333,840 *able-bodied adult males* are relieved during the year. From a careful examination of his 'facts and figures,' the following would seem to be the numbers of each class of the population forming the terrible army of 3,000,000 paupers:—

Adult Males	690,000
Adult Females	1,260,000
Children	1,050,000
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Total	3,000,000

Now, it must be especially noted that these three millions of paupers, 'ignorant, degraded, and miserable,' represent, according to Mr. Pashley, a still larger 'class, *little, if at all*, less ignorant, degraded, and miserable than themselves.' Some men are fond of strong language; they delight to feel moved themselves, and to move others, by vivid and startling pictures. This is excusable in the pages of Dickens or Punch, but utterly out of place and indefensible in a work which professes to give the anatomy of a great and fearful social disease. It is not enough to follow out a series of figures which *appear* to result, and that necessarily and inevitably, in a definite *quantity*. That *quantity* ought to be subjected to independent tests and a comparison with collateral circumstances ere it be admitted as a demonstrated thing; and such testing will often develop a flaw in the series of figures which otherwise would remain

undetected. What Mr. Pashley has not done will now be supplied.

The numbers—three millions—relate to England and Wales. Taking the population in 1851 at 17,979,286, the following would be the proportions of adults and juveniles of both sexes, supposing those proportions, in 1851, to be the same as in 1841:—

Adult Males.	Adult Females.	Males under 20.	Females under 20.
4,667,760	5,056,016	4,118,239	4,137,271

It is well known that few persons of the middle or upper classes are ever chargeable to the poor-rate. They must be excluded, therefore, in any estimate of the proportions which the several classes of paupers bear to the total population of each class. Now, it is a moderate calculation that one-fifth of the entire population consists of the two classes indicated; and thus we have, as the sum of the working classes—

Adult Males.	Adult Females.	Males under 20.	Females under 20.
3,734,208	4,044,813	3,294,592	3,309,817

Dividing these numbers by Mr. Pashley's aggregate number of paupers of each class, the following proportions come out:—

Proportion of adult male paupers to total population . . .	One in 5·4
„ adult females	3·2
„ males and females under 20	6·3
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Total paupers to total population . . .	4·7

It is, perhaps, sufficient to say, in reference to these inevitable results of Mr. Pashley's figures and statements, that there are not half a dozen men in the kingdom, at all conversant with poor-law statistics, who do not know *absolutely* that no such proportions exist betwixt the *total population* and those who, for longer or shorter periods, are yearly chargeable on the poor rates. So far, especially, as the factory districts are concerned, the proportions are ridiculously untrue. There are whole classes of artisans who hardly ever come upon the rate, and mill-owners may be found in great numbers in Lancashire and the West Riding of York, employing from 500 to almost as many thousands of hands, who would be startled by the assertion that a proportion of one in twenty or thirty of them were chargeable yearly to the parish. Periods not seldom occur in which every person of tolerable skill, whether man, woman, or child, is in request, and that for one, two, or more years, in succession; and yet, during such periods even, the number of persons on

any one day receiving relief, as paupers, shall be from 700,000 to 800,000, or even more! The infrequency of applications for relief from large sections of the working classes, and the large number of persons *at one time* on the poor rate, is only explicable on the supposition that, in the main, those who are chargeable are such as, from various causes, are for long periods on the list; or, as respects the able-bodied, are temporarily disabled by sickness or accident, and are consequently unable to work.

Mr. Pashley states, that he has made extensive inquiries, through the clerks of a great many unions, on the specific point of the average periods during which relief is given to individual paupers, and on the answers of the parties named, and other grounds, he concludes that the number of distinct individuals annually relieved is about three millions—upwards of three-fold the number relieved on any given day. This is a frightful fact—if fact at all; but other and more reliable evidence will have to be furnished, before we admit it into the category of known and demonstrated things. That evidence is attainable by the machinery of the poor-law board and of the unions, and is so important that no pains should be spared to attain it. All that is needed is to record the length of time each individual is in the receipt of relief in each union, and if relieved twice or oftener, at intervals, the fact should be noted. Then, if age, sex, occupation, and birth-place be noted, and the circumstances which have thrown the paupers on the rates, the causes and extent of pauperism would be ascertained; and what is of vast importance, the extent to which it pervades particular classes and sections of the operative body would be clearly demonstrated. Until this is done, and done it ought to be, all who are acquainted with the industrial and social economy of the working classes will reject as absurd, and utterly improbable, a calculation which brands as a pauper nearly every fifth man, every third woman, and every sixth child, of the class in question.

Meanwhile, a careful inspection of the poor-law reports goes far to show that some undetected fallacy pervades the calculations of Mr. Pashley and others.

In the Fourth Annual Report of the Poor-law Board (page 113) there is a comparative statement of the number of persons of all classes who received relief, on the 1st of January and the 1st of July respectively, each year from 1849 to 1852. The following is a very condensed abstract of the same:—

	Paupers.	Per centage.	Per centage.
Adult males—In and out-door, able bodied . . .	35,461	4·4	
„ „ „ not able bodied . . .	127,838	15·8	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
Total adult males	163,299		20·2
Adult females—In & out-door, able bodied . . .	91,211	11·3	
„ „ „ not able bodied . . .	236,388	29·3	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	
Total adult females	327,599		40·6
Children under 16—In & out-door, able bodied . .	211,485	26·1	
„ „ „ not able bodied . . .	85,711	10·6	
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Total children	297,196		36·7
Adult females—Wives of criminals, soldiers, &c. .	5,597		
Children of ditto	14,764		
	<hr/>		
Total	20,361	2·5	2·5
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	808,455	100·0	100·0

The first remark which this table suggests is, that the able-bodied male adults chargeable to the rates on any one day is only 4·4 per cent. of the total number of paupers, and that adding the class ‘not able-bodied,’ the proportion of adult male paupers to all paupers, is 20·2 per cent. But Mr. Pashley supposes that able-bodied adult male paupers are not chargeable to the rates, on the average, more than two months, and therefore, that the total number of this class annually relieved, is six times greater than the number relieved on any given day. If so, then in 1852, there will be 212,766, or 1 in 17, of the total number of adult able-bodied males of the operative class chargeable to the rates. This number, Mr. Pashley argues, (page 19), measures the *deficiency of employment*; in other words, it is ‘want of work,’ which makes them paupers, and prevents their becoming ‘useful members of society.’ The correctness, or error, of this statement is easily ascertained. The table already referred to shows the following figures:—

	Number.	Per centage.
Able bodied adult males relieved Jan. 1, 1852, in-door, .	6,682	·8
„ „ „ out of work . . .	4,108	·5
Chargeable on account of accident, sudden sickness, &c. } of self, or some member of the family }	24,671	3·1
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	35,461	4·4

Supposing the able-bodied resident in the workhouses to

be there, because of 'want of work,' and multiplying the total number of the two first lines of figures by 6, there is a result of 64,740, who for two months each, annually, are chargeable to the rate; being one in fifty-seven of the total number of adult males of the working classes. It appears, further, that the proportion of this class of paupers to all paupers relieved on a given day, is only 1·3 per cent., and to the paupers relieved in one year, 2·1 per cent. The proportion of those relieved on account of accident, sickness, or infirmity of self or family, is 3·1 per cent. of the paupers relieved on a given day, and 5 per cent. of the paupers relieved in one year. Here, then, is the measure of 'want of work'—namely, 1·3 per cent. at any one moment, and the measure of *disability* to work, at any one moment, 3·4 per cent., as respects *able-bodied* adult males. There remains the adult males who are *not* able-bodied, in number according to the same table, 121,564. Of these a large proportion will be old and infirm, and incapable of much, if any, work. Be that as it may, they constitute fifteen per cent. of the paupers always under relief, and supposing the total number relieved *annually* to be 480,000 (and that number is required to fill up Mr. Pashley's three millions of all classes of paupers), the per centage to all paupers would be sixteen per cent. The following table will place these conclusions in a clear point of view:—

Paupers.—Able bodied adult males.

	For want of Work.		Disabled by Accident, Sickness, &c. of Self or Family.	
	Percentage to all Paupers.	Percentage to total prop. of Adult Males.	Percentage to all Paupers.	Percentage to total prop. of Male Adults.
Relieved in one day .	1·3	·3	3·1	·4
Relieved in one year .	2·1	1·7	5·0	4·0

When it is considered that, in the main, the subsistence of adult females and the children of the working class depends on the employment of the adult males, it must be considered as somewhat consolatory, that of the latter class, 1 in 340 is on the rates, *permanently*, from want of work; and 1 in 151 from disability of one kind or other. As Mr. Pashley puts the proportions (page 19), 1 in 17 of the total population of adult males would *seem* to be paupers *wanting employment*. True, Mr. Pashley virtually *states* that such is the proportion of the *total number of individuals of this class relieved in one year*, to the total population of that class; but he virtually points his readers to the contrary inference, when he compares the *whole* number relieved in one year, at an average of two months for each, with the proportions of a section of the Austrian army to the population of the countries to which it belongs; and

thence concludes, that '*if pauperism, like soldierism, wore a badge or uniform, paupers would be met with in England as often as soldiers in Austria.*' It is a miserable arithmetic, however, which, because the population of a portion of Austria and its soldiers respectively, are identical in number with the population and the *annual number of* paupers in England,—*therefore* paupers are as numerous in England as soldiers in Austria—although in Austria the soldiers are such all the year round, and the paupers in England are paupers only for two months in each year. True, at *some time* in each year, there are chargeable to the rates as many adult males in England as there are soldiers in Austria,—but a right logic, and a correct arithmetic, both repudiate the conclusion—that therefore pauperism in England is co-extensive with soldierism in Austria. It is statements like these, loosely made, that have frightened the people of this country, contrary to the evidence of their own senses and their daily experience, into the belief that one in five, six, or seven, of the total population is a pauper. It cannot be too strongly put, or too often repeated, that the true measure of the *pauperism*—or, in other words, the *destitution* of the people, is its daily incidence, as respects the population, and not its annual one. It is a miserable logic, which confounds the *liability* of a population, at some time, to become chargeable to the rates, with the *actual and constant pressure* of that population on the rate.

Passing to the other items of the table (page 207), it appears that the proportion of able-bodied adult females daily chargeable to the rates, is 11·3 per cent., and of adult females, *not* able-bodied, 29·3 per cent.; that children constitute 36·7 per cent., and the families of criminals, soldiers, sailors, &c., 2·5 per cent.

It appears, then, that four-fifths of the total paupers, *daily chargeable*, are females and children; and adopting another method of analysis, the following figures come out:—

	Percentage to all Paupers.	Percentage to all Paupers.
Adults—males, able bodied	4·4	
„ females, able bodied	11·3	
Total able bodied adults	—	15·7
Adult males not able bodied	15·8	
„ females, not able bodied	29·3	
	—	45·1
Children under 16, able bodied	26·1	26·1
„ „ not able bodied	10·6	10·6
Other classes	2·5	2·5
	—	—
Total	100·0	100·0

It seems, then, that *able-bodied* adults constitute only fifteen per cent. of the pauperism of the country, and that the adults, *not able-bodied*, constitute 45·1 per cent. If to the latter be added the children, not able-bodied, and the wives and children of criminals, &c., then it appears that 58·2 per cent. of the entire pauperism of the nation has reference to the class—*not able-bodied*. How far that term is co-extensive with decrepitude, or with bodily and mental infirmity, there are no sufficient means of determining ; but the poor-law returns do furnish the means of determining, *proximately*, what proportions are chargeable to the poor-rate from causes quite apart from the ‘want of work,’ or ‘the ignorance, brutality, and demoralization of the country.’ Adopting another method of analysis, the table (page 207) gives the following result:—

Proportion of the undermentioned Class of Paupers, January, 1852.

Class.		Per cent.
1.	Adults of both sexes, able bodied and not able bodied .	47·0
2.	Adult males, chargeable on account of accident, }	3·1
	sickness, or infirmity }	
	Adult females—wives of same	2·8
	Children of same	8·6
		14·5
3.	Widows	5·8
	Children, dependent on same	14·8
		20·6
4.	Orphans	4·6
5.	Other children	6·9
6.	Mothers of illegitimate children	·4
7.	Illegitimate children	1·7
8.	Lunatics	1·8
9.	Families of criminals, &c.	2·5
		100·0

It appears, then, that whilst forty-seven per cent. of the pauperism of England and Wales is that of adults, class 1, having in a great measure for its immediate causes old age, sickness or infirmity ; 39·7 per cent. of that pauperism is that of widows and their children, and orphans, (classes 2, 3, and 4) having for its immediate causes the untimely decease of one parent, or of both ; and being, therefore, attributable rather to a dispensation of Providence, than to ‘ignorance, improvidence, or vice.’ It may be true, that the death of one or both parents may have had its remote cause in dissipation or vice, and that the chargeability of widows and children frequently arises from their own, or their deceased parents’ improvidence ; still, there cannot be a doubt that a large proportion of classes 2, 3 and 4,

are chargeable to the rate because of misfortune, rather than of moral fault.

From the preceding analysis and considerations the following conclusions seem legitimately deducible :—

First.—That the pauperism of England and Wales, in years of ordinary good trade, is only in a very small degree attributable to the insufficiency of employment.

Second.—That the non-able-bodied paupers constitute the great charge on the rates, and that of these a very preponderating proportion consists of persons more or less incapacitated to work, or unable by their individual exertions (as in the case of widows and orphans) to provide their whole subsistence.

Third.—That there is no sufficient, or even probable evidence, which will warrant the assertion, that *all pauperism* is attributable to the ‘ignorance and moral degradation of the people.’

Fourth.—That looking to the large proportion of paupers, who must be chargeable to the rates, *for a considerable length of time*, it is in the highest degree improbable that so large a proportion as one-fifth, or even one-sixth of the working classes, are annually chargeable for a period of more or less duration, to the rates.

One other and distinctly different test may be applied to the estimate formed by Mr. Pashley and others, as to the extent of pauperism—namely, the relation of the sum paid as poor-rate to the whole earnings of the operative class. It is a moderate calculation, that the *actual workers* of the operative classes divide amongst them 120,000,000 sterling per annum. There are good grounds for estimating their wages at 150,000,000. But on the lower calculation, the money actually expended in the relief of the poor, in the year 1851, would be equivalent to one twenty-fourth part of the earnings of this class. Putting the wages and the poor-rates together, as the whole income of the class, the operative finds twenty-four parts, and the rest of society one part of the same—no very frightful proportion, or such a proportion as warrants the silly cry that the poor-rates will swallow up all rent and profits; and especially when it is considered, that under any possible and realizable conditions of society, there will ever be the thriftless, the incompetent, the aged and infirm; and lastly, widows and orphans who have nowhere else to look to—but to private charity or the poor-rate.

The question of the *extent* of pauperism may now be dismissed; not, however, without the expression of a hope that the multiplicity of details as to dietary, cost of paupers, election of guar-

dians, and the thousand other *little* matters about which the poor-law board concerns itself, and torments the officials of the various unions in the kingdom, will not prevent its obtaining such statistics of the extent and character of pauperism as have been indicated in page 266, and which, once ascertained, would solve many a vexed question; and what is almost as desirable, would save the public from the infliction of much pain and alarm arising from the exaggerated guesses, for they are nothing else, of most of our writers on 'Pauperism and Poor Laws.' The preceding observations on Mr. Pashley's book refer exclusively to the *first chapter*. Of the following nine chapters it will suffice for the purpose of this article to say, that while they are deeply interesting to the legal or philosophical student of the poor laws, they will not much aid the practical administrator or the legislator of the present day in the reform of poor-law abuses and evils. It is not intended, however, by this remark, to depreciate the two chapters on the extent of pauperism in the metropolis, and in the manufacturing and agricultural districts respectively. To do justice to those chapters would require a separate notice, and some elaborate details—the more so, as on one or two salient aspects of the subject, dissent would be recorded from Mr. Pashley's conclusions. One only can be noticed. On pages 52 and 53 statements occur relative to the different duration of life in cities and in rural districts, having reference to Paris, and also to London, and England generally. Mr. Pashley's statement as to England is, that the gentry, including children, die at the average age of 44, tradesmen at 25, and labourers at 22. The inference which 99 out of 100 persons would draw from this statement is, that the average age at death, and the average duration of life in these classes, as shown by the statistics of cities and rural districts respectively, are identical. Mr. Pashley *seems* to assert this, and if so, he has fallen into one of those statistical pitfalls which are ever and anon engulfing those who are better jurists or classics, than statisticians. The average age *at death* of those who die in London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, on the one hand, and of those who die at Great Marlow, or Blandford, or Malton, on the other, is no index whatever of the comparative *duration of life*; simply because the average age at death is governed primarily by the *proportions of the ages* in each locality, and only secondarily by causes which affect the vital functions, and shorten life. If, in Liverpool or Manchester, the number of persons of both sexes, from 20 to 40 years of age, greatly preponderate relatively to the whole population, over the numbers of the same ages in Marlow or Malton, it will necessarily happen that deaths will be more frequent in the former places, and the average ages will be less,

because in the former the married couples will be correspondingly more numerous, and the children in greater ratio to the total population; though without giving the most remote warrant to the conclusion, that taking a given number of persons *of the same age* in each locality, the whole duration of life will be different. It is a gross fallacy in practice to measure the *duration of life* in different localities by the *average age at death*, no reference being made to the elements of the population, as to the proportions of the ages. But on this point we must not enlarge. Mr. Neison will set Mr. Pashley right if he will consult his contributions to the 'Statistical Magazine.'

For analytical purposes, Mr. Pashley's work may be divided into three sections—the statistical, comprising the three first chapters; the historical, embracing chapters iv. to xiii. both inclusive; and the critical and suggestive, consisting of chapters xiv. to xix., in which results of poor-law legislation are developed, certain plans of change or reform are examined, and the author's own plan as to the law of settlement and the assessment of the poor rate are propounded.

The first seven chapters under the second division have already been alluded to and dismissed; the remaining three demand a brief notice; not because they are unimportant, but because most persons who concern themselves about 'pauperism and poor-laws' are tolerably familiar with pauper legislation and its results from 1800 to the present time. No one disputes the fact that the change made by the law of 1834 was absolutely necessary to check the frightful progress of demoralization which the old law, or rather a vicious administration of it, was spreading throughout the country, chiefly amongst the labourers in agriculture. The changes made in the law (in 1834) no doubt greatly checked the mischief produced by the older system; nevertheless, 'it was,' says Mr. Pashley, 'little more than an improvement in administrative machinery, and merely provided means of insuring a due performance of that duty of relieving the poor, the neglect of which had been attended by great injury to all classes.' The law of settlement and removal, however, was little altered by the legislation of 1834, although the commissioners reported strongly in favour of a great alteration in it. Chapters xii. to xiv. are mainly devoted to an exposition of what is *now* the law of settlement and removal, and will amply repay a careful perusal. They do not admit even of a very condensed abstract here. It must be assumed, for the purpose contemplated in further comments on the subject, that the law, as it now stands, is exceedingly complex, involves parishes in great uncertainty and expense, renders it exceedingly difficult for the labourer to *acquire* a settle-

ment at all, causes great practical injustice, as betwixt OPEN and CLOSE parishes, and is a grievous hardship to the working classes, on whom it operates just as the corn laws operated on commodities of use and necessity—that is, to prevent the free and natural circulation of the *commodity* they have to dispose of—that is, *their labour*. More especially the retention of the law of ‘derivative settlement,’ coupled with the new restrictions on ‘settlement by hiring and service,’ have had this effect; for nothing can be clearer than that if an order for a pauper’s removal to the place of his birth, or the place of birth of *father* or *grandfather*, may be quashed by proving the birth-place of a *more remote ancestor*, it is perfectly obvious that the issue must be to force back labour from the places where it is in demand to places where it is not wanted; in other words, to interfere with its free circulation. The law, in fact, prevents emigration from the agricultural districts to the manufacturing, and from one agricultural parish to another, thus limiting most injuriously the equal partition of labour according to the demand for it in the several seats of industry, manufacturing or agricultural.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that it is the mighty change in the distribution and localizing of employment, effected by improvements in the arts of manufacture, and the means of transit and exchange, which have rendered the old law of settlement and removal so inapt and unsuitable to the existing condition of society. The law restricts the labourer when needing relief to the place where he was born, or where some ancestor, more or less remote from him, was born, and with which place he has no connexion or relation, except the natal one, in place of giving him a right to relief in the place where his industry has for years been exercised, and to whose wealth and growth that industry has largely contributed. For the last eighty years, a steady tide of immigration has set in to the seats of manufacturing industry from the purely agricultural countries of England and Wales. Improvements in agriculture have led to the consolidation of farms and the economy of labour, and contemporaneously, science has mightily augmented the productive power of the nation as respects every article of clothing, furniture, or luxury—from which conjunction of circumstances it has happened that the food of the people has year by year required a diminished proportion of labour to produce it—and there has, consequently, been a yearly increasing proportion of labour available to produce other articles of use, comfort, or luxury, distinct from food. It has necessarily followed, that, as respects large masses of labourers—aye, and of shopkeepers and merchants too—located and *naturalized* in the towns—they have

a legal settlement in some remote and obscure country parish, just because they were born there; and *none*, where the whole energy of mind and body have for a life been exercised, and with which they have far stronger and more numerous ties, industrial and social. So long as manufactures were conducted on what was called the domestic system—in which the spinning-wheel and the loom were interchangeable with the plough and the sickle, the distribution of labour was pretty uniform—in relation to the average of parishes; and the labourer worked and died in the parish of his birth. It is altogether different now. The rural parishes throw off every year more or less of their younger population, who resort to the towns, and become an integral part of their population; and these, if the law of settlement is to be altered in conformity with the altered relations of society, should be *their parishes*. To this conclusion Mr. Pashley had come. After discussing, in chapters xvii. and xviii., various plans suggested to obviate the acknowledged evils of the existing law of settlement and removal, and also the inequalities and anomalies in the rating of parishes; he gives, in chapter xix., a condensed, but lucid exposition of his own plan, which is as follows:—‘That the law of settlement be wholly repealed; that the various provisions for raising and administering relief to the poor be consolidated into one statute; that the yearly sum needed for such relief continue to be raised by parochial rates on real property; that *two-thirds* of this sum be raised by a pound-rate, equal throughout the whole country; and the remainder by a further pound-rate, raising in every parish a sum equal to one-third of the actual expenditure of such parish.’

Two great and sweeping changes are involved in this proposal:—

1. That the right to relief shall be altogether irrespective of the accident of birth, or any other arbitrary rule of settlement, the destitute poor having an undisputed claim on the poor rate of the parish in which their destitution has arisen.

2. That an approximation shall be made towards a national rate, without impairing the motives to economy and caution in the local administration of the funds so raised, or contracting the range of municipal or union self-government.

To the first, assent has already been given. The old law is utterly unsuited to the present condition of society, restricts the freedom of the labourer, more especially the agricultural labourer; gives vast facilities for closing some parishes, and throwing a most unequal and unjust charge on others, and, in the words of the lamented Peel, ‘subjects the poor to great annoyance and suffering; and not only inflicts great injustice on the rural dis-

tricts, but gives a shock to the feelings of every just and humane man.' The plan is in accordance with suggestions thrown out from time to time by able men who have sat on commissions of inquiry into the operation of the poor laws ; but, like all propositions for reform which go to the root of an evil, the proposed change shocked too many prejudices, and interfered too much with the easy-going habits of officials to find much favour. Too few persons also were made uncomfortable and uneasy by the existing law (always excepting the poor themselves) to excite a movement of sufficient force to carry so sweeping a change : for it is now an established fact in the psychology of the English mind, that it is never, or rarely, incited to systematic and vigorous action in political or social reforms, unless the evil to be removed dips into the purse too deeply, or makes the physical man uncomfortable.

Mr. Pashley examines briefly the current objection against the entire removal of the law of settlement, that it would lead to a kind of vagabondism amongst the working classes,—numbers of them strolling about the country, knowing they had a home everywhere, and anywhere. No doubt some restless and idle spirits would do so, though it may fairly be doubted whether the existing vagrant law does not give verge enough for these. Recent experience, too, has shown that for such there is a ready and most simple check. Mr. Buller's minute of August 4th, 1848, prescribing a certain dietary for vagrants, a separate ward, *the administration of a bath, and a complete change of clothing*, has had a marvellous effect in diminishing applications at the vagrant offices. The 'Second Annual Report of the Poor-law Board,' pp. 85—138, gives ample details from the Poor-law inspectors of the good effects of these regulations. Mr. Farnall, inspector of a district comprising Derbyshire, Nottingham, the East Riding of York, and part of Lincoln and Stafford, shows that the average diminution of in-door and out-door vagrants in 1848—9, was $69\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., so effectual did the simple test of Mr. Buller prove, that test involving the discovery of *pecuniary resources*, if the vagrant had any, as in the majority of instances they undoubtedly have. But if no such simple means existed of detecting imposture and vagabondage, it would be monstrous folly and gross injustice to prevent the *free circulation of labour* because a fraction of the operative classes might abuse the privilege (say right) ; and let it be especially noted, that the whole argument against making a working man's parish co-extensive with the kingdom, rests on the stupid and calumnious supposition that the English operator is, what all who know the class must deeply regret to find Mr. Pashley describing as being the character of at least

three or four millions of them, 'ignorant, degraded, and miserable.' It is past comprehension how men who have the fact patent before them every day and hour, that in no land are the results of industry so large, should persist in asserting that the producers are the most 'ignorant and degraded of civilised nations.' If they are correct, then ignorance and immorality are no barriers to material national progress; or, to put the converse, intelligence and virtue are not essential to it. The final conclusions from such premises need not be elaborated. Suffice it to say, if true, there is no harmony and no necessary connexion betwixt moral and material well-being. If so, Solomon was a fool!

But the abolition of the Law of Settlement, if unaccompanied by such a re-arrangement of the poor-rate, as would proximately equalise its incidence throughout all the parishes of England and Wales, would inflict considerable injustice on the rate-payers, and would hermetically seal some parishes against any future charges. The exemption which such parishes now enjoy from the burden of rates in consequence of the systematic removal of old cottages, and the prevention of the erection of new ones, would be effectually removed by a national rate equivalent to two-thirds of the whole charge in England and Wales, and which would further have the good effect of relieving those open parishes on which a most unfair pressure is thrown by the owners of property in the close parishes, by the practice of clearances.

It cannot be denied that this proposal approximates to a NATIONAL RATE, and that if it should be found in practice to neutralise the motives to a judicious and economical, but still humane administration of the poor-rate funds, and if besides it should undermine and destroy the principle and practice of self-government, its evil would be far greater than its good. Once withdraw the vigilance of local and interested administration of the rate, make the fund a public one, accessible to all, and derivable from the whole nation, administer it through paid officials, and a central board, and lavish expenditure will be the order of the day. Pauperism will be unblushing, insolent, and exacting, and the morals of large sections of the working classes will be seriously deteriorated. Mr. Pashley aims to combine a just distribution of the pecuniary pressure of the rate, with the preservation, *intact*, of all the motives to a vigilant administration of it, by providing that one-third of the sum required for the relief of the poor in each parish or union, shall be raised by a separate local rate. He evidently assumes that considerations of economy and personal interest will be as effectual in securing local supervision and watchfulness, when

all that can be economised is one-third of the actual sum expended in any given parish. Now the average rate for England and Wales during the last ten years has been about 1s. 6d. in the pound. Mr. Pashley holds that, as respects the activity and vigilance of the rate-payers, the control over an expense of 6d. in the pound will be as effectual as the control over 1s. 6d. in the pound. His position, however, is by no means a self-evident one, and, unfortunately, there are no logical formulæ, and no moral axioms on which to decide the point at issue; for there does seem to us great difficulty in determining whether on the known fact that a pressure of 1s. 6d. in the pound on a man's pocket makes him look sharp after its outlay, it is demonstrable or probable that a pressure of 6d. in the pound will do the same thing. We cannot estimate the intensity of motives of the class under consideration, and determine the relative intensity of the impulse at the opposite ends of the scale of charge. It may happen that, as in the case of magnetism, the impulse ceases altogether at a given point; and if it should turn out that the vanishing point is 7d. in the pound, Mr. Pashley's plan would, in effect, destroy all local control, and hand over the administration of the whole poor-rate to a central board, and a whole army of greedy and rapacious officials, to the great waste of the public money, to the destruction of the spirit of self-government, and the serious injury of the working classes. The plan is worth careful and serious consideration. That it will soon or hastily be adopted is altogether improbable; the danger is that it may be summarily dismissed without due consideration.

In conclusion, it is only justice to Mr. Pashley to say, that it would be most unfair to him to judge of the merit of his work by the degree of dissent from some of his positions expressed in this notice of it. It must be repeated that the object of this notice is confined to a limited portion of the whole subject taken up by the author. A large portion of what he has written, and ably written, too, is matter for the legal, rather than the general critic, and for the philosophic investigator of the changes in social relations from one generation to another, and their causes. Except to such, many of his chapters are uninteresting, not because they convey no political or moral lesson, but because the lesson is too recondite and occult for the *multitude*, and the *multitude*, in one sense of that term, is found in all grades, aye, even in our halls of legislation and justice. Referring to those chapters which relate to existing social relations, and the actual character and operation of the laws relative to poor-relief, settlement, and removal, there is abundant evidence that Mr. Pashley's knowledge is

minute and accurate. He also displays great acuteness in detecting not merely the defective state of the law, but, what is a proof of still higher intellectual power, great sagacity in foreseeing the final incidence of the many schemes of Poor-law Reform which have been propounded of late years. It is a comparatively easy thing to discover the defects of actually working machinery ; it is a very difficult thing to forecast the working of machinery planned only on paper. The eye measures the one ; the mind, by an abstract process, resting on a thorough conception of the laws of motion and of forces, calculates the other.

ART. II.—*Le Robinson Chrétien.* Par Madame Le Prince.
Paris : 1851.

IN this extraordinary book we have a story intended to illustrate the wretched character of infidelity. The unreasonable doctrines of what is styled rationalism are dealt with by a master pen. The author chooses a new scene of adventure, and basing her plot on the favourite history of Robinson Crusoe, has written a narrative of intense excitement, but all directed to a noble purpose. Instead of criticising her production, we may more profitably employ a few pages in laying the substance of it before the reader.

Solitude is the nurse of great thoughts, and forms the crucible in which our reflections become refined and purified. Great minds have loved it, because by the force of fancy, what is loveliness to others is not such to them ; for shapes and forms of beauty people the copse, the woodland, and the vale, which breathe inspiration upon them as they pass, and plant the first germs of those ideas which are destined afterwards to burst in superior grandeur upon the world. But to the young the charm of solitude is the boundless thought of independence it infuses. To be responsible to none, to be sole sovereign of a territory, sole possessor of its productions, to live in perpetual excitement and apprehension of danger, such is the fascinating ambition which inspires the boy when he peruses the adventures of 'Robinson Crusoe.' Hence the popularity which has ever attended works of this description ; and numerous are those which have appeared in emulation of the great original.

The trials and sufferings, however, of the Christian Robinson, lead but to one result—his conversion from unbelief to belief.

Thrown, at an early age, into the dangerous society of Voltaire, and the disciples of his school, he imbibed their notions, and became reckless of his own opinions and their expression. His state of mind was such as few can conceive. Supported by false philosophy, buoyed up by unstable conjectures, he lived in perpetual excitement, scarcely daring to project his fancy forward, haunted by desire to know something, yet fearing to know the truth. His mind presented a hideous blank, dark thoughts overwhelmed his soul, and retreating, left a desert covered with wrecks and shattered fragments of all to which his spirit once clung, and the degrading idea of annihilation bounded his existence to the brief span which experience has set as the limit of human life.

The pride of this creature's heart refused to recognise the truth of Christianity; he was a miserable sceptic, and was in perpetual perturbation. The soul of man, in its passage through this transitory state, requires a resting place on which to repose its weakness. It refuses to be content with pleasures which result from the mere indulgence of earthly appetites and passions. It shrinks, as the sensitive plant recoils from the touch of man, each time that we are led into forgetfulness of the spiritual and divine portion of our nature. The God that called all things into existence implanted in our hearts a yearning for something purer than the delights of this world to distinguish and elevate us above other portions of the creation. He gave us thought, and the power of arranging thought with order and method, and the faculty of projecting our imaginations into a future, which is, in other words, the hope of immortality; of nourishing a never fully to be satisfied desire of eternal life, which, acting as a beacon through our mortal existence, beckons us forward, and teaches us how best we may attain to it. And this insatiable desire is the very essence of religion, by which mankind and states must stand or fall. They must be led by it to glory, or crumble to ashes. Each earthly fabric that has risen without it has fallen, the most glorious efforts of human genius have perished, the expansions of the finest intellects have been dimmed without its presence.

To understand the story of Robinson, for such we must call him, it is needful to reflect on his early career. In Paris he had mingled in every description of society; the lofty and inspiring oratory of Mirabeau and Lameth fired his enthusiasm; Robespierre subdued him by the fire of his genius. Into these ranks he entered, and was welcomed; but venturing to protect the cause of the Girondists, he was compelled, in order to avoid the

vengeance of Robespierre, to fly from France. England, the universal shelter of the oppressed, was open to receive him, but it created for him no home. His thoughts were his worst enemies, continually urging him hither and thither, lashing him like scorpions into perpetual excitement; his faith in holy and spiritual things was shaken; and instead of repelling the assailant, he took it into his bosom and nourished it.

The vast, intricate, and subtle theories of metaphysics spread before him, his mind was too weak to follow out their investigation, to trace them back to their ONE origin. All we know, all we behold, the study of the stars, the planetary system, the dim glimpses we obtain of other worlds, of planets inhabited by beings like ourselves, confused and bewildered him; and pausing on the threshold of research, he retreated with his mind overpowered, and his reflective faculties apparently annihilated by the intricacies of philosophy.

It is but too often that a superficial glance at metaphysics leads to this result; therefore, it is the duty of those to whose care the task of instructing the young is confided, to impose upon them the necessity of either bending their whole powers of thought and reflexion upon the study of this branch of philosophy, and faithfully pursuing it, or of leaving it alone altogether. The young student, eager to grasp his subject at once, to embrace it in its whole extent, glances hither and thither, and, imagining he perceives on its surface a few discrepancies and inconsistencies, not being able at a glance to reconcile all that he beholds, hastily retreats with a disordered and shattered state of mind from whose ill-regulated thoughts spring a series of doubts and hesitations, which ultimately lead to loss of faith and dependence on a higher power. Then comes a pause. A reaction speedily takes place; the soul, not having its natural resource to fly to, steals about in its nakedness, seeking rest and finding none. Man shatters by one weak impulse of thought the great and glorious system on which the theory of the universe is founded, without being able to raise up another in its stead. In vain does he seek to supply a wiser and nobler reason for the things that be. Each day his own weakness becomes more felt, as well as his incapability to soar upwards and look down upon the world, and comprehend the causes which maintain its balance. And, because of such results we say, it is far better for man to rest in ignorance of these things, than to go only so far in the study of them as to unsettle his thoughts upon higher and more important kinds of knowledge.

Religion is as necessary to our real happiness as light is to our existence. Without dependence on some higher and nobler

influence than his own, how weak is man ! And this principle is developed throughout every part of creation. The little child must have the support of its mother ; without her care it prolongs its existence with difficulty ; the mother of that child requires the support of a husband ; that husband is dependent on the community, without whose direct or indirect assistance he cannot procure the means of daily existence. All mankind are indissolubly linked together ; all created things draw nourishment one from the other ; the fishes of the sea find sustenance from small ones of their own species ; the plants require the shelter of hills and oftentimes the shade of trees ; the stately oak is fed by the rain and the moist earth ; the coral must be washed by the great ocean ; the diamond nestles amidst rougher stones ; the bird seeks a home in the friendly copse or lonely dell ; the flower must have its proper warmth and light ; and light is regulated by Him from whom it flows. Hence, if we examine all things, we shall find all creation, all material things, united in one grand chain, one of whose links cannot be broken without injury to the whole.

Robinson now joined a vessel on the point of starting upon an expedition through the Arctic Sea. We pass over the details of the voyage until the vessel, on the point of return home, is suddenly surrounded by frozen water, and detained amidst a mass of floes ; the cold was intense, and, alternating between hope and fear, exposed to tempests, and speculating on the danger which threatened if detained in these seas, and surrounded by the bergs, the crew of the *Ptolemy* passed a monotonous time. After a sojourn of many weeks amidst the frozen waters diversified only by the sound of cracking floes as they swept past the vessel's side, the supposed appearance of land a-head was hailed with joy by the whole crew. A boat was let down, which soon returned with the intelligence that the supposed land was a belt of bergs, slowly but surely advancing upon them, and by the aid of glasses its undulating motion on the surface of the horizon could be clearly discerned. To retreat was their first impulse ; and a faint breeze which now sprung up took them on a few knots, when suddenly the wind was hushed, the sails flapped against the mast, and a sort of stagnation passed over the face of everything. Their very breath seemed congealed ; and so intense was the cold, that, forgetful of the danger likely to come to the vessel, even the men on the look-out were compelled to descend below. The few waves that had hitherto washed the vessel's sides sank, and a leaden silence proclaimed that the sea was one vast frozen mass. Strange fears of abandonment in that voiceless solitude stole over the hearts of the crew ; the surrounding of the ice,

the blockade of their vessel was so sudden that they had scarcely in imagination prepared for it, and now they had nothing to do but to watch the grandeur of their ice-bound territory, and hope for the appearance of water faintly oozing up between the floes and bergs. For months this state of things continued; but gradually a mildness seemed to steal over nature, and they were enabled once more to appear upon deck, and look out for the excitement of the chase.

One day whilst the crew were taking their ordinary recreation of walking up and down, a group of large bears made their appearance within gun-shot of the vessel, which they at last were so hardy as to advance to attack. Foxes, rein-deer, &c., were successively seen, and flights of birds swept above their heads too high to ascertain their species. These facts induced the supposition that there was some island near at hand, which proved to be the case, and permission was accordingly given to the staff to go on a hunting expedition. At first the greatest discipline was maintained. The lieutenant was desired to keep a sharp look-out upon his charge, to see that they did not stray out of sight. By degrees, however, they expanded imperceptibly into small groups, as the strict discipline at first observed was relaxed, and further approach upon the island seemed to inspire them with security. Robinson, at the head of one or two, advanced forward in the pursuit of a flight of birds, and hastening on without looking back, called out to his companions to follow. Onward he went, and at length shot down one of the birds, which, however, wounded as it was, rose to continue its flight, but soon fell dead. Proud of his capture, Robinson turned to receive the congratulations of his friends, but found himself utterly alone. Crying out their names, no answer but the echoes of his words was heard. A fear of being surrounded by the bears was at first his only apprehension, since he felt certain that the moment he was missed others would be sent in search of him; but as time stole on, and his cries and volleys continued unnoticed, his distress became great. A small barrel of rum, his sword and gun, constituted his stock of wealth; and overcome with fear, he stole hither and thither, bending down his ear to the earth to listen for some sound to break the dread silence. The night—a long night—passed at length, and the sun rose upon the sublime solitude of the frozen territory, but it aided him no more than the stars had done before. Another day was spent in wandering to and fro, in scanning the horizon in every direction through his spy-glass, to discover traces of the vessel, but nothing around gave him hope. No sign of life disturbed the grandeur; all was still, deserted; and his own wildly-throbbing heart seemed the only thing that did not rest.

The vast ocean was quiet and glassy. A frozen hand had passed over and stilled its waves. Vast broken substances reared themselves from its surface, forming mountains, and hills, and hillocks, from which darted irregular peaks and arms of frozen water. During this time his barrel of rum, the bird he had slain, and the pure snow that glistened around, had formed his sustenance; but the desire of sleep after a waking so unnaturally prolonged, now became so strong that he saw no resource but to lie down, and accept the death which this exposed slumber should bring to him. But courage and the desire of life inspired him once again. He rose from the earth with a bound, and continued his course, in the hope of discovering a safe retreat for the night. At length, following the track of some foxes, he came to a fissure in the mountains, which presented to his view two openings. Into one of these he fired the contents of his gun, and five or six foxes immediately crept out on the other side and made off. Into this place he succeeded in creeping; and when within, a bit of twine dipped in rum served him for a torch. Here, wrapping himself in the skin of a deer he had previously killed, he fell asleep, and did not awake for more than eleven hours, as he discovered by consulting his watch. The next morning beheld his temporary home crushed by the melting of the snow, and underneath it were buried his gun, his barrel of rum, the reindeer's skin, &c. These losses were great. They left him with a pair of pistols and a knife to defend himself against the attacks of bears, and to procure himself food. Regrets, however, were vain, and he once more set out in the hope of discovering some traces of his vessel. Faint tremblings of the earth, and a sound in the distance as of thunder tremulously muttering at broken intervals, inspired him with the fear that he was standing on a volcanic isle, a fear that was but too soon realised! At some little distance a-head he beheld a dark mass spreading over the snow-covered ground which attracted his attention. Advancing rapidly towards it, he discovered a troop of polar dogs surrounding the carcase of a huge bear. The animals took to flight on his approach. The creature had been lately wounded, and, as it proved upon examination, by guns; and had evidently crawled thither from some spot at no great distance to breathe out its last. By the lingering twilight he still saw the track of blood distinctly marked on the glistening snow. Hope fired him once more. Following the dark traces, he hastily proceeded, confident that he should be able to discover his friends. Night, however, fell, and about midnight he came upon the spot where the combat must have occurred. Three bodies, freshly skinned, lay

around. Certainty that he was not far distant from those he so anxiously sought to join animated him, and with a light heart he awaited the dawn, that, following still the tracks of blood, he might come upon the ship. Early as light shone upon his path he advanced, and as the morning fog cleared away he beheld the white sails of the ship gleaming in the sun. They were, however, spread, and intently watching, he perceived that they were in motion, filled with a light breeze, and were steadily, slowly, bearing her away. His heart seemed about to break with its fearful agony. He had seen her for the last time! His companions had then quietly deserted him! With a cry of despair he rushed forward, and flung himself upon a small berg, which he hoped, driven by the waves, might overtake the rapidly disappearing ship. For a time his ice boat rose and fell on the crest of the waves, and faint hopes kept him from the last agony of despair; but ere long it ceased to move, and he knew it had struck upon some strand. When he strained his eyes athwart the strange sea, he discovered no sign of the ship; the bergs alone, in their grand threatening aspect, travelled and rocked on the waves, and he once more felt himself abandoned to all the horrors of his position.

A series of sufferings and of protracted struggles between hope and despair, convinced him of the necessity of action; and the chance sustenance he had hitherto relied on, save birds, and the uncooked flesh of the reindeer, inspired him with the natural desire of providing something better to satisfy himself. Cinders, sulphureous incrustations, ravines, and basaltic rock, convinced him of the nature of his island; and as escape from it seemed impossible, he resolved to find for himself a habitation. Excavations and grottoes, formed by volcanic stones, served him for a home; and selecting one, he set about clearing it, and soon converted it into a broad open hall. Here he located himself, and spent his time in reconnoitring his territory. In one part of the island he discovered an anchor, and portions of her cable, which proved that some wreck had taken place within a few years. Proceeding further, he came upon a rivulet gushing from beneath a mass of lava, and rendering the earth close upon its banks green and fertile. Other signs strewn around convinced him of the existence of some village, once filled with human beings, but now completely engulfed beneath the surface. Searching about, he at length found the earth give way under his feet, and was himself precipitated some considerable distance down. Here he discovered a grotto, evidently formed by the hand of man, strewn with signs of its former inhabitants—dried fish, cooking utensils, and rough beds,

decorated the apartment; and the state in which all these things still existed proved that much time had not elapsed since their occupation.

A fearful eruption overtook him as he was journeying back to his grotto. A muttering sound arose as from the midst of the sea, whose waves rushed to land with such violence as to engulf the border of the island. They were like mountains, lashing each other and foaming; tall bergs rocked to and fro, and the mountain on which Robinson stood participating in the general disorder of nature, opened in the centre, and rolled down vast portions of her rocks to the ocean. Blood-red clouds swept over the sun, and waves rose, all coloured as with ruby flames, to meet the overhanging and lowering horizon, while streams of fire burst upward from the sea, casting a lurid glare upon the surrounding scene. Gradually these sounds became hushed and the convulsions stilled; and when the morning rose, a few streams of smoke slowly curling upward, were all that remained of the tempest, save that an infant islet rested on its green waving bosom, born from the commotions of the night.

A few weak efforts at procuring himself sustenance by smoking the birds he had killed, and amusement by wandering in and out of his grotto, diversified the early days of his sojourn on the volcanic isle. Each day the lingering hope of being discovered inspired him; but as it grew more faint, he became habituated to his position, and inspired with courage to confront it. His first experiment was to manufacture salt by evaporation, since without that preservative it was useless to attempt a store of provisions against the winter. After much labour and pains, he succeeded in his attempt. In the buried grotto he discovered some few utensils, some tools, foxes' skins, a wooden box full of pointed bones, probably intended for the points of arrows, and a few other useful articles. Fishing, now, by means of skins cut into strips, constituted his principal employment. The first day that he threw his strange line over the water he was very fortunate; but, inspired by this success, he set his line by night, fully anticipating that on the morrow he should rise to a plentiful harvest. What was his mortification at discovering that the skins had dissolved, or been washed away by the force of the waves, so that there remained nothing but the stakes by which they were fixed to the earth. Fresh endeavours upon the hair of the fox, by twisting it inwards, proved no more successful, and he found himself compelled to renounce this mode of fishing. Chance directed him to a hollow, however, filled with crabs and lobsters. The number of these fish was enormous;—they formed a complete incrustation, and he procured more than

would suffice for many days' food. The next day other fish made their appearance, and in a short time Robinson had dried and salted enough to serve him for twelvemonths. His next care was to collect within his grotto fuel for cooking and procuring warmth in the winter, which was partially supplied by a hot spring which bubbled up within his little dwelling. Besides, condemned to a long sojourn there, he knew that he should require some means of employing his time, so that he might not find it to hang wearily upon his hands. The next want that made itself felt was that of oil; how else should he procure a light during the long hours of darkness inseparable from a winter in these ice-bound regions? The scheme at first sight presented little prospect of accomplishment; but the strong necessity for its being carried into effect suggested the means. He set about constructing a raft from pieces of wood and reindeer skins, which he formed into balloons, and set up his large cloak for a sail. This little bark he launched upon the water, and in it went on a famous fishing expedition. Herring floated in such abundance around, that he came home laden several times in the course of the day. Depositing these in a sheltered spot, dry at low tide, but frequented by large fish when it was high, he continued to entice thither the sea-wolf, sea-cow, and other amphibious creatures from which oil was capable of extraction. These animals having the greatest horror of sulphur, Robinson collecting a large quantity, and propelling himself forward over the water in his raft, strewed considerable quantities over its surface. With dismay the creatures snuffed and reared their heads, and fled exhausted towards land in such vast numbers that, following up his victory, he pursued and easily overtook and killed more than were sufficient for an enormous supply of oil. Some he destroyed, for their skins, with which he proposed to construct flasks to contain the oil he should manufacture from their flesh; the intestines of others would do instead of glass, to spread over the aperture that admitted light, and their bones would make cooking utensils, or arms for hunting.

The oil made, the wood collected, the fishes dried, he saw himself protected against darkness, cold, and hunger; therefore, while fishing still occupied his attention, he found leisure between the intervals further to explore the capabilities and resources of his isle. Some discoveries which betrayed the shocks to which it had been subject inspired him with dread, but others proved causes for rejoicing and thanksgiving. He came one day upon a little stream of fresh water, whose borders were faintly strewn with green verdure. Fine grasses struggled into existence, and a few other plants peeped out from crevices in the

rock. Even this little spot of green, in the midst of the coldness and desolation by which he was surrounded, came to him like an oasis bursts upon the sight of the traveller as he journeys through wild wastes and desert tracks. Each blade of grass, each trembling plant, was stored with a thousand memories. One, he had watched budding into life in that far off valley when his tiny hand was grasped by a mother, whom he could look up to and meet love and encouragement in her eye; another had flourished in his father's meadows; another had been washed by the waters of his native well-loved river. In an instant he had overleaped space and time; he had abandoned these ice-bound retreats, and sought the warm precincts of a home rendered dear and sweet by absence, and the impossibility of beholding it. No gentle sound, no voice broke the stillness; yet what is that? He listens; a soft low murmuring, like the lullaby of childhood, floats upon his ear; he bends down his head; he almost fancies his cheek presses the soft bosom of his mother. No, Robinson, it is the gentle, low, and broken voice of the rivulet that everlastingly makes its music here; it is a link between thee and others who are listening in like manner to similar sounds elsewhere, but it is no mother's voice! The thousand joys of childhood, its security, its pleasurable griefs, his brilliant youth career, the companionship of man, the bustle of discussion, the stormy revolution, the burning eloquence of the orator, the vast, the ennobling sentiments of ambition, what were they? Remembered amid these silent caverns, these sulphureous odours, these streams of lava, these hillocks of ice, these still waters, these gigantic bergs, they seemed like attributes of another world; and Robinson woke from his memories and felt himself the sole, the solitary sovereign of an untenanted land, where people had passed away, and which, perhaps, while nations were rising to greatness or crumbling to decay in the far distant universe, would remain untrodden, save by that solitary human being, cast like a reed upon its strand. Softened and armed by these memories, Robinson prayed earnestly, and looked upward for protection to the Heavens in meekness and humbleness, as he had in childhood gently reposed on the protection of the mother's eyes that had bent over and so often watched him.

To protect and nourish this little verdant spot was his constant care. Every evening he watered the grass and plants, and constructed on either side a sheltering bank, composed of cinders, which kept off the winds and cold. Beyond, a little space sheltered by overhanging hillocks, but now buried beneath a mass of cinders, was discovered. Here a few raspberry plants and juniper trees were faintly struggling for life, and mosses and

lichen straggled here and there upon the calcined earth. A few small trees inspired him with the hope of converting this spot into a garden, although the rapid approach of winter gave him little time to develop its resources that year.

Large flights of birds now made their appearance, journeying towards the south, and while they proclaimed the coming of the cold, inspired Robinson with the most melancholy feelings. He beheld them happily sweeping through the heavens, close to the very clouds, onward to those regions where he could not go. Those senseless beings, those creatures that find no delight save in material impulse and sensations, could travel to scenes which were a thousand fold endeared to him by their distance. Perhaps one of these winged things would flutter near his wife, mourning his absence on the far Alps; perhaps would form the amusement of his little children, who would clap their tiny hands and watch its circuits in the air, and laugh, and be all unconscious that their father had sat in utter hopelessness, and watched that same bird wing its way unheedingly abroad to those spots of happiness, while he must remain behind to mourn and watch their happy flight through the cloud-built heavens.

Robinson made himself a bow and some arrows, and attempted to bring down some of these creatures, but by the time his bow was completed they had become less numerous, though troops of falcons hovered on the heights, apparently waiting the approach of the birds. Some of these he shot, but his object was to catch, not destroy them, and he succeeded at length in capturing two, which he conveyed to his grotto. He one night placed a lamp in front of an aperture in his dwelling, in the hope that the light might attract some birds to it, but though he watched for hours, nothing came, so he retired to bed. Scarcely had he fallen soundly asleep before he was roused by a loud cry above his head, followed by a shower of dust and cinders, which extinguished his lamp. The two falcons trembled with agitation, and fluttered incessantly. Another cry they now made was heard, accompanied by a loud snort close above his head; the aperture, though not large enough to admit a bear, was still sufficient to awaken alarm. Relighting his lamp, he saw the same endeavours at enlarging the orifice above continued, and he discovered that the wolves and hyenas were busily engaged in seeking a method of descent upon their prey. When Robinson saw who his strange visitants were, he smiled at his own terror, and set about tantalizing them by throwing them scraps of food, which irritated, instead of satisfying, their hunger. In order to be the better enabled to secure them ultimately, he enlarged the opening, so that they were induced to insert therein, first their fore-paws, then their

hind-legs, then their noses, performing between each endeavour restless manœuvres, and giving utterance to wild cries of anger. When he had prepared his nooses, Robinson stealthily placed them so as to secure their legs by one pull, and no sooner did a proper opportunity occur than, hastily drawing it, he secured them both, to their infinite rage. In the morning he killed them, and put aside their skins for his own use, while the flesh he preserved for his falcons. Whilst snaring these birds, and striving to tame them, a thought suddenly struck him, which he immediately put into execution. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a letter on it with his blood, describing his position, and attaching it to the largest hawk, set him free, with a faint hope that it might reach some spot where his letter might find a response. With a strange wild throb of hope he let loose the beautiful bird, and watched its glad flight through the air, as it dipped and rose, and seemed to dance on the tiny clouds for very joy that it had its loved freedom again. He watched its course for a long, long time, but soon it grew as a speck on the far horizon, smaller and smaller, until his eye rested on vacancy. His winged messenger had fled : his silent prayer for rescue had careered through the heavens, but would that bird seek the habitation of man ? would it rest in his home, and send back an answer speedily ?

To fortify himself against the ensuing winter more strongly was now the care of our hero. From a rough natural cavern he had, by hewing away large masses of rock, converted his grotto into a habitable dwelling. The roof showed no opening save the fissure by which the hyenas had peeped in, and a door in front, seven feet above the level of the ground, and ascended without and within by natural steps in the rock. And this at once protected him against the snow, and partly, wild beasts. One aperture in the wall admitted light, and permitted him to gaze forth upon the expanse of frozen waters, and at night upon the spangled firmament, and served also as a look out to mark the approach of wild beasts. Through this also he obtained snow to serve him as drink, since the hot spring within was of too mineral a nature to answer this purpose. The smoke from his fire evaporated through the window, and over the door, when the real chimney was blocked up by snow. In the furthest recess of the grotto were piled his logs for the winter ; those intended for other use were placed in another pile. His flasks of oil were ranged to the left on a bed of hay, covered over with dried bones. His victuals occupied the right of the grotto, with smoked birds, dried and salt fish, that resembled most the flesh of animals, in one place ; parcels of a few vegetables, moss for medicinal purposes, veronique for tea, seeds of the plants

whose budding and growth he had watched were ranged in different compartments, while the birds taken in the autumn, quarters of the sea-cow, and various plants, were stowed away in various places. Then there were besides various liquids, oil, vinegar, or that which served him for such, a sort of beer, his juniper wine, and the raspberry wine he had manufactured from the wild raspberries. A few miscellaneous articles completed his stores, and here with his falcon he was to pass the long winter months. His clothes had suffered, as might be expected, during his vicissitudes; but these, by ingenuity and skill, he trusted to repair, ere the summer and the time for action came.

Once within his domicile, secure from the wild confusion without, protected against the heavy falls of snow that wreathed the summits of the tottering bergs, and crested the frozen hillocks, yet not shut out from their view, Robinson set industriously to work. His time was now his own. He had provided against his material wants; he had laid up a store; there was no need either to hunt or to fish, and his hands required employment. The first thing he did was to fashion a cross, the rude symbol of his religion, and before it he offered up in sincerity, prayers of deep earnestness. To construct tools was his next attempt, out of the anchor which had, as it seemed, been cast so providentially in his way. Various implements, after great patience, were constructed, and then the grand object of his ambition was commenced—the formation of a boat. With what dim object this was undertaken, whether with a faint view of future deliverance, whether he intended to confide his slight bark to the mercy of the waves, or whether it was to serve him as an amusement, or the means of extending his researches, he scarcely owned to himself. Earnestly, however, he set to work, and in his regular employment the hours flew by, and his winter retreat ceased to display itself in all its monotony. His mind was becoming reconciled to his condition, and the more so as his work proceeded. In six weeks a canoe was formed, rude, perhaps, but compact, strong, and complete. A wheelbarrow, clothes for himself, made out of the skins, boots, &c., employed next his attention, and the winter insensibly glided away in these interesting occupations.

Work alternated with lighter amusement. The taming of his hawk was his recreation; and the creature learnt to love him so well that it could not bear to be out of his master's sight. A bond of companionship was established between them. Both had been born to freedom, but both learnt almost to forget that there was a great, a peopled, a happy world beyond, for which it were vain to sigh. The presence of the bird

softened Robinson's solitude ; and he loved it as those only can know who have been forced to seek in a dog the friendship denied them by human beings. A guitar formed from cord, and a wildy-shaped piece of wood, helped to pass away the evening hours. In the morning he would stand at his little window, and watch the scenery spread before him. Now the drifted snow would pile itself in hillocks over the frozen seas, now it would be strown like a soft carpet over the ice. Occasionally, thick columns of smoke curled up to the heavens, and a slight shock of distant thunder—a faint trembling was felt which seemed to speak the insecurity of all around.

The eruption came at length. Robinson one night was watching at his window, unable to retire to rest from the tremblings of the earth which every instant made themselves felt. The roar of the crater was loud and incessant ; vast columns of smoke, red, yellow, and grey, rolled over the sea, and soon the fiery lava gushed upward and converted the darkness into a strange glare, neither day nor night. This continued until the mid-evening, when increased throes caused the eruption to reach his cavern, where, kneeling before the cross, he tremblingly prayed for protection and mercy. A feeling of desolation stole over him, when a shock more violent than any previously felt made the grotto creak and groan ; and presently a huge mass of rock gave way, and his provision, his oil, all his victuals were buried beneath. For days he suffered the torments of hunger, and then sought nourishment from the skins. Then his poor falcon was destined to be killed, and he gave with pleasure the blow which deprived it of life, since he spared it a thousand sufferings and agonies, yet in store for it had it lived.

The winter gradually stole away, and Robinson issued forth and brought down his canoe to the edge of the sea, and was one evening occupied in putting it together, when he thought he perceived upon the horizon a sail ; through his spy-glass, he soon discovered a vessel, her sails furled, at a little distance off. What tumultuous hopes agitated his breast ! he fired a pile of wood ; he shouted, he made every possible sign, but he could not reach it without his boat. This he had taken to pieces. Hastily putting it together, he took another glance at the ship. There she lay, and her masts, her rigging, her sails, the very sailors were distinctly revealed. The boat was launched on the great ocean, calm as a lake ; the sun shone brightly ; and while full of eager hope and expectation of deliverance, the sails fluttered, the vessel moved, it glided off, it became more indistinct—it was gone !

This was the last delusive hope that ever disturbed Robinson

in his retreat. When the bitterness of the disappointment was over, he returned quietly to his employment, mended his habitation, cultivated his garden, tamed some young fawns, and sought in constant occupation to distract his thoughts for ever from the earth. Gradually, as years passed, the scenes of his childhood became like dim clouds on the far horizon, the brilliant scenes of youth as they never had been, the sounds of earth as nought, the voices of man as of no more value than silence, and the passions of the world, love, ambition, hope, joy, and sorrow as empty sounds! Instead, he loved the green herbs by the rill side, the plants and flowers became his children, the graceful fawn his companion, the cracking of the mighty bergs, and the roar of the wild beasts his daily sound, the great solitudes his world, and his busy thoughts of future life and immortality filled up the void in his bosom.

Gradually his early mists and errors had faded from his eyes. He gave free vent to the impulses of his heart, and chastened by affliction, purified by solitude, and ennobled by sorrow, he knelt before God, indeed and in truth confessing his sins, and petitioning for mercy.

So Robinson died in his lonely grotto. A whaler from England found his body and buried it among the green grass he had reared. The flowers cherished and planted by his own hands, perhaps, there bloom around his grave, and his requiem is ever sung by the babbling brook and the lashing of the waves.

We have refrained, on account of our space, from dwelling as long as we might on the progress of his religious convictions, or upon the many improbabilities of the story. There are many, but in the interest of the narrative these will be forgiven and forgotten.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1852.

WE return with considerable pleasure to the 'Life of Dr. Chalmers,' the last volume of which, embracing the history of the most eventful portion of his course, has recently appeared. In 1834, new literary distinctions were conferred upon the man whose reputation had become co-extensive with the English

tongue. The Royal Society of Edinburgh, numbering so many of the illustrious and the good among its associates, admitted Dr. Chalmers to its fellowship, than whom no one had ever been enrolled among that learned fraternity more worthy of the honour. At the commencement of the same year, also, he received an intimation from the secretary to the French Academy that he had been elected a Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France, 'the proudest of his literary honours.' In the summer of the following year, the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of a Doctor of Laws, a dignity which that proud and exclusive University had never before conferred upon any Scottish clergyman. Although honours crowded upon him, and the public voice was unanimous in his fame, the remarkable simplicity of his character was never more conspicuous than during the years in which the most eminent guilds of letters enrolled him among their fellows. Calmly and earnestly he pursued his heavenward way, allowing no earthly dignities to withdraw his thought or to dim his sight of those eternal glories which, as the objects of hope, the Redeemer has placed before the eyes of all who 'fight the good fight of faith.' No ambition could lure him from the simple path of duty, and if he failed occasionally to obtain the applause of the inconstant world, he received the guerdon of the faithful, that peace of soul which it belongs not to man either to give or to take away. Mingling often in the harassing perplexities of ecclesiastical agitation, and taking, too, a leading and a painful part in some of the religious questions of the day, he yet had leisure to nurture that higher life, which is superior in all its relations to the material and the temporal, and to 'work out his own salvation,' to carry on his education preparatory to the citizenship of the heavenly world. Truly he wrote, towards the close of life, when surveying the rugged path by which he had attained to fame, 'that the bustle of too active and varied a sphere of exertion is adverse to the growth of personal and spiritual Christianity.' It was not in the agitated assembly, nor on the arena of philosophical discussion, that the true character of Chalmers was discernible; but they only rightly knew the goodness and devotedness of the man who sat by his hearth, who observed the simplicity and humility of his home-life, and who learned that no small portion of each day was passed by him in the study of the sacred Word, and in communion with that Divine Spirit who acknowledges and loves the homage of the earnest, trustful heart.

In 1836, the first spark of ecclesiastical discord fell upon materials which had long been preparing for a conflagration

—that strife in which Chalmers took no ignoble part, and which, in the issue produced disastrous results to the Scottish Establishment. It happened that a magistrate at Kilmarnock had been deprived of his office, as an elder of the church of Scotland, in consequence of his taking the chair at a meeting which had been called for the purpose of petitioning the House of Commons against the union of the church with the state. He appealed for redress to the various church-courts, all of which concurred in the legality and propriety of his suspension, and, as a last resource, he petitioned parliament to reinstate him. The conservative party loudly clamoured for the exclusive spiritual jurisdiction of the church of Scotland, which, to quote the words of its advocate, Sir George Clerk, ‘did not refuse to render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar’s, but it would not allow of any interference with its spiritual and ecclesiastical rights which constituted the independence of the church-government of Scotland.’ Most noteworthy in this matter is the true *animus* of the state-church, which is of the same temperament, equally self-seeking and haughtily intolerant, whether it be clad in prelatical lawn, or in the sombre cloak of Geneva; for there is a remarkable similarity in all religious establishments endowed by the state. They flatter and fawn before the imperious Cæsar who sustains them, but their inner spirit is that of a supercilious autocracy. Dr. Chalmers had been for some years laboriously endeavouring to carry out his scheme of church-extension in Scotland. Reasoning from the number of those who attended the public ministrations of religion, he concluded—and his positions were often fallacious—that a very large proportion of the Scottish people were not only without the pale of the Kirk, but were utterly destitute of the means of religious instruction; and, therefore, that the crying want of the time was a vast increase in the number of the national churches.

Dr. Chalmers and his fellow-labourers in this matter no doubt intended well. They longed to see their fatherland adorned with a sufficiency of crowded houses of prayer; but they sadly lacked judgment in their zeal. Their enthusiasm sometimes resembled fanaticism. Their orthodoxy was larger than their charity; and, in their earnestness to subserve religious interests, they seemed almost to ignore all religionists except those of their own party, and loudly to decry all who were not as eager as they to extend the cords and to strengthen the stakes of that Kirk which has been as little remarkable for the catholicity of its sentiments as for the enlightenment of its clergy. Like many other illustrious men, who have had a lofty mission to fulfil and a noble destiny to accomplish, Dr. Chal-

mers was far removed from that moderation, in observing which he had, without doubt, better subserved the religious interests he so zealously and manfully advocated. That he accomplished a noble work—and which, had he not already attained to a high literary distinction, would have rendered his name great in the annals of his country—we readily admit; but we aver that he would have done more and better for the Scottish establishment had he pursued a quieter course of action, and, above all, had he not repeatedly obtruded the affairs of the Kirk in those high places in which she has ever been regarded with dislike. So loud on all sides was the cry for retrenchment, it was impossible that the government could comply with Dr. Chalmers' demand. Necessity, and not dissenting influence, as Dr. Hanna ungracefully remarks, compelled that refusal. It was not merely that Dr. Chalmers and his fellow clergymen were tories, and tories, too, of a very deep dye, nor that the Melbourne ministry had a daily decreasing majority to keep in hand, and a majority, we may add, whom the proposal to endow the Kirk would have speedily converted into a troublesome minority; but, it is probable, the government were with very good reason doubtful of the necessity of the church-extension which was so loudly clamoured for, and sceptical of the statistics which were adduced by the petitioners to show cause for such extension. At the very time when the clamour was loudest in relation to the supposed spiritual destitution of large portions of Scotland, it was notorious that many churches were but indifferently attended, excepting in the cities and larger towns, in which there had been an unprecedented increase to the population. Indeed, the church of Scotland required—speaking generally—an improved order of ministers equally with new places of worship. In many of her pulpits the perfunctory clergy droned forth their discourses, which were surcharged with a highly-flavoured orthodoxy, but which were withal, cold, formal, and dreary as the grave. Much of the preaching was mechanical and lifeless. Here and there one heard the earnest and thrilling eloquence of Chalmers, Gordon, Caudlish, and a few more; but often the genius of dulness presided in the pulpits, and what was heartlessly spoken was heartlessly received. But the subsequent discussions and dissensions in the church produced, in a very few years, a far different state of things; just as tempests in the atmospheric economy, by their very agitation, prevent the formation of those noxious vapours which otherwise stagnation would produce.

After events, probably to a considerable extent, modified or mitigated his political asperity, but at the period of this agitation for church-extension Dr. Chalmers was a bigoted

Tory. It is with surprise and pain that we read his opinion, recorded in this history, of the famous Appropriation Clause of the liberal politicians :—‘ If the Government shall carry into effect their proposed act of violence against the Episcopal Protestant establishment of Ireland, I should certainly feel that the Presbyterian establishment of Scotland is not safe in their hands.’ So does a blind adherence to a political dogma obscure the perceptions and bias the judgment of one of the noblest minds, who, that the establishment might be preserved in Ireland, saw not the cruel wrong which the system daily wrought in that miserable land, the violence which it did to the first principles of justice and truth, the enormities it again and again perpetrated upon a people who were utterly alien to it, and the blood it had unrighteously shed, in order that a lordly hierarchy might clutch their tithes, and riot in wealth wrung from a wretched and reluctant people. The whig government, more from necessity than choice, were deaf to the entreaties of the extensionists, however eloquently urged, for a grant of money from the public purse, and Dr. Chalmers was compelled to throw himself upon the voluntary offerings of the nation; and the result should have abundantly satisfied him that ‘ the voluntary principle,’ as it is termed, although feebly worked, can effect considerable results. In this instance, the success of the principle should have received from the biographer a more distinct and honorable notice than he has cared to bestow upon it; but we fear he is, even now, a disbeliever in the soundness of the principle, although he admits that the success was truly wonderful. In the space of four years, Dr. Chalmers announced to the General Assembly—and, he might have added, mainly by his own exertions—nearly two hundred churches had been added to the establishment, for the erection of which more than £200,000 had been contributed. Probably, had the government smiled upon his request, and promised a grant from the exchequer, and thus had he not cast himself upon the very voluntary principle he decried, the establishment in the issue would have been a considerable loser.

Since the passing of the Reform Bill, the policy of maintaining the huge English establishment had been often and angrily debated in the Houses of Parliament; and as the Duke of Wellington said in his place in the House of Lords, in the session of 1838, ‘ the real question was, church or no church.’ The threatened Appropriation Clause aroused the episcopalians from their lethargy. The Reform Bill was erroneously supposed to have increased the strength of the dissenters, and the prelates were alarmed for the retention of their treasures.

Even Dr. Arnold said, 'no human power could save the English church as it then was.' The Melbourne-cabinet were assumed to be reckless whether the establishment were swept away or not. Sydney Smith, in his own sarcastic way, had said, 'Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the church as it was, but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased.' The episcopal functionaries, although they had been warned 'to set their houses in order,' resolved to meet the gathering storm as best they could. An astute hanger-on in prelatical society suggested that it would be well that the establishment principle should be publicly maintained; for the arguing that abstract question would, it was hoped, draw off the popular attention from many admitted grievances in the church. It was a clever policy, and it has succeeded—for a time. Application was made to Dr. Chalmers to explain, in a course of lectures, the true theory of a religious establishment, and to demonstrate that it is the only instrument adapted to the universal religious instruction of the people. He assented to the proposal, and delivered his first lecture, in April, 1838, 'to a picked audience,' that is, to the magnates, the princes, the *literati*, the gay and the insipid of May-Fair, who, after all, are not the English people, nor England's best and bravest, and who probably would lose the same fractional portion of listlessness, and would be as much amused and edified by Mr. Carlyle's mysterious utterances on Hero-worship as by Dr. Chalmers' orations in defence of establishments. The fallacies of his verbose eloquence have been fully exposed long ago, by Dr. Wardlaw and others, and our space does not permit us even to enumerate them here. But, in truth, the fulminant Scot scathed not that at which he pointed his denunciation. That hated voluntaryism gains strength among us still. These lectures certainly added to their author's fame, and in quarters where previously his reputation had been insignificant. 'Leading journals' flattered him, and fair auditors simpered out applause; but while, on the one hand, he did but little to show the impracticability of the principle he decried, on the other hand he was only convincing the convinced. The late Duke of Cambridge, no great authority certainly, except in prandial matters, was present at one of these lectures, and at its close delivered himself of the following sapient dictum: 'Monstrous clever man—he could teach anything.' Probably, his jovial royal highness may be taken as a type of the auditory on the occasion. It cannot be doubted, but that these lectures—as they were published and circulated throughout the country—rekindled the zeal of the Anglican clergy, revived in some measure the *odium theologicum*, and also subsequently gave

rise to much wholesome discussion. These lectures will have probably only a short-lived reputation, and they are now but little referred to. They bear some marks of priestly assumption, and the arguments contained in them have received the best possible refutation from the events in the subsequent history of their author; and we are persuaded that the more enlightened the public mind becomes, and the more evangelical principles permeate that mind, the more contradictory to reason and to Scripture, and therefore the more impolitic and unjust will appear an established religion, whose chief support is the secular power, and whose ready resource is the distress warrant, the fine, and the dungeon. The day is not very remote in which the whole system will be greatly modified, if not utterly swept away.

In 1840, Dr. Chalmers entered upon the seventh decade of his life, and it was a favourite speculation of his, that this period, 'if possible, should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outer courts, as it were, of the temple that is above—the tabernacle in heaven.' He longed for such an old age as his mother had enjoyed, in which the increasing infirmities of nature seemed always to produce a corresponding spiritual advancement towards the purity and peace of heaven; so that her long widowhood was 'a perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous.' Dr. Chalmers hoped that so soon as this last decade of his years had commenced, he would be able to retire from the activities and anxieties of public life; but that Divine Disposer of human affairs, whose servant he had long been, had a great employment for him before his public work was done. As a result, to a considerable extent, of his indefatigable exertions, a great improvement had been effected in the collegiate training of the candidates for the sacred ministry, and many of the Scottish clergy, whose vices were notorious, had been deposed from their office. The missionary enthusiasm, the direct index to the positive religiousness of a community, had been kindled in the land. Schools had been planted in remote districts; the General Assembly was engaged rather in devising schemes of practical religious benefit to the people, than in discussing agitated political questions; and there was the visible glow of a great reformation in many parts of the country. But the reformatory tendency of the Scottish church was destined to be abruptly checked by disastrous ecclesiastical dissensions.

Shortly after the assembly had passed the veto-law of 1834, Lord Kinnoul presented a minister to the vacant parish of Auchterarder, in Perthshire. After this person had occupied

the pulpit for two successive Sabbaths, a day was appointed for inviting the congregation to express their approval of his ministry, and their concurrence in his appointment. The parish contained three thousand inhabitants; and the communicants, to whom it belonged to exercise the right of expressing their concurrence in the appointment, numbered three hundred; and of these only two came forward 'to sign the call.' To prevent the appearance of haste in the proceeding, the presbytery adjourned for a fortnight, and then they were unanimous in their dissent. The rejected minister—whose appointment was illegally resisted—appealed to the synod of Perth and Stirling, and subsequently to the General Assembly of 1835. Failing to obtain his object, the minister and his patron at length resolved to prosecute the presbytery before the civil tribunals, and an action was commenced in the Court of Session, in which the court was prayed to pronounce the ejection of the minister illegal, and to compel the presbytery to take him upon trial, and, if found qualified, to ordain him as a minister of the parish. After lengthy pleadings, the judges, by a majority of eight to five, decided in favour of the minister and his patron, and declared that the presbytery had 'acted illegally, and in violation of their duty.' At its meeting in 1838, the General Assembly instructed its legal officer to appeal to the House of Lords against the decision of the Court of Session. After the lapse of nearly a year, the judgment of that august tribunal was pronounced by Lords Brougham and Cottenham, dismissing the appeal, and confirming the decision of the Court of Session. These eminent judges, in commenting on the act of Queen Anne, by which patronage had been restored, decided that the sole business of the church, in judging of the qualification of any presentee, was to inquire into 'his life, literature, and manners;' so that, according to this doctrine, the congregation, or body of the communicants, were deprived of all influence in the settlement of the minister; and if a person were presented to any church who had been already ordained, it was declared, that as by the very act of such ordination, the church had already approved him, no other congregation had liberty either to question his suitability or to reject him.

The judgment of the House of Lords was pronounced in May, 1839, and the General Assembly met a fortnight afterwards, to deliberate on the policy to be adopted, and on the course to be pursued in the intricate state of affairs. The great powers of Dr. Chalmers were fully equal to the momentous crisis. In a speech of three hours' duration, he exhorted that conclave to remember the history of their fathers, who suffered cruel persecution rather than yield that which con-

science bade them maintain; and that the Great Author of Christianity had himself taught, that His kingdom was not dependant either on the smile or on the frown of the world, but that the church, although her subsistence came from the state, was bound to refuse the state the right of interference in her doctrine, discipline, and forms of government. He concluded by moving that the assembly should 'regard the veto-law as abrogated, and proceed as if it had never passed;' a resolution which was adopted by a large majority. Thus began that conflict between the evangelical party in the church and the civil power, in which the Scottish establishment was to be shaken to its centre, and a new Christian society to be formed in the land, new in its position, in its principles, and in its mode of action also. The assembly began immediately to act upon this resolution, by sending a large deputation to London, to beseech the government to extricate the church from her painful position of antagonism to the civil power. Lord Melbourne was willing to receive them, only, as he expressed himself on a former occasion, 'he hoped that d——d fellow Chalmers was not one of them.' It was impossible that the government, already harassed and hampered by other serious matters, could interfere effectively between the church and the law-courts. The question in dispute had not as yet been sufficiently discussed. The public mind was not keenly sensible of its importance; and the government saw that it might lead to such momentous issues, that it involved not merely the peace and safety of the Scottish church, but the very existence of all religious establishments whatsoever. The question became still more complicated, and the attitude of the church more and more determined in her opposition, by events which speedily followed this abortive negotiation. In 1837, a minister was presented to the vacant parish of Marnoch, which contained 2800 inhabitants, of whom 300 were qualified to vote for or against the presentee. Only one individual, and he an inn-keeper, signed 'the call' to the minister; and the presbytery refused to proceed with his settlement. The rejected minister at once sought the aid of the law-courts, whose decision, as in the former instance, was in his favour. Parliament, in the meantime, had re-assembled, and in February, 1840, a deputation from the General Assembly once more came to London to petition the aid of the government. The whigs, who probably speculated in turning the agitation to political account, faltered, and postponed the production of a measure; and the disgusted deputation besought the aid of the tory leaders, with whom they and their constituents had much more in common than with the whig cabinet. Lord Aberdeen at length introduced a

measure into the House of Peers, which, he hoped, would meet the views of the majority in the Assembly, and would extinguish the flame of discord in the church. This measure, although it was the best that a tory advocate of establishments could frame, left the judgment of the House of Lords and the law of patronage, on which that judgment was founded, untouched: and it was altogether unacceptable to the petitioners.

In August, 1840, the chair of theology in the University of Glasgow became vacant, and his friends were eager that Dr. Chalmers should become a candidate for the office. The election rested with the *Senatus Academicus*; but he was not a favourite with the illustrious men composing that body, the greater number of whom were opposed to the non-intrusion agitation. They refused to appoint him; and it was remarked at the time, that Sir James Graham, the then Lord Rector of the University, and who, in his day, has played many parts, went down expressly to vote against the venerable philosopher whom Paris and Oxford had delighted to honour.

During the whole of 1841, the conflict continued between the church and the civil power—a conflict which daily increased in earnest bitterness; and towards the close of that year, it began to be whispered that a disruption would ensue, if the government could not propose a satisfactory settlement of the question in dispute. In the May of the following year, at the session of the Assembly, a proposition was brought forward by Dr. Cunningham, and supported by Dr. Chalmers, that patronage ought to be abolished. This resolution was carried by a very large majority; and thus another mighty link between the evangelical portion of the church and the state was broken, and that for ever. In June, the premier, Sir Robert Peel, informed the House of Commons, that, after mature deliberation, the government had abandoned all hope of settling the question in a satisfactory manner; and the evangelical party held a solemn convocation in the following winter, in Edinburgh, to deliberate on the proper course to be pursued, and which all were convinced would be final. Four hundred and fifty ministers assembled, of whom 427 concurred in the resolutions passed at that meeting, and which were forwarded to the government. In these the subscribers committed themselves to a ‘relinquishment of the temporalities of the church, if they were not permitted to hold them but on the condition of being subjected to the civil courts in things spiritual.’ The government, in replying, declined to frame any measure to meet this proposal; and it was clear that the non-intrusionists had no choice but to relinquish their parishes, and to form themselves into a distinct religious society. We know not what other reply the government, bound

as they were to maintain in all its integrity the principle of an establishment, could have made to this memorial. We are very decidedly and strongly of opinion, that the demand of the non-intrusion party was utterly unwarrantable ; and, in direct contradiction to the first and soundest principles of political morality. So long as these clergymen received the sustenance of the state, they were, and ought to be, under the control of the state. Nobody in the state-community would be so dangerous, so offensively opposed to judicious and salutary reforms, as a religious corporation nourished by the state, but at the same time, independent of that which supported it. Such a society would be an *imperium in imperio*, prejudiced, bigoted, contumacious, and a perpetual thorn in the side of the ruling power. The claim of the non-intrusionists was utterly unprecedented ; and the bold determination with which they pressed it upon the government, caused them to be regarded in a very unfavourable light by the greater portion of the empire. The claim was quite incompatible with the retention of the state-endowment ; and had wiser counsels prevailed, so ill-judged and impolitic a missive would not have been obtruded upon the government. It is within the range of probability that the non-intrusionist leaders hoped, that the threat of relinquishing the temporalities of the church would frighten the cabinet into a partial acquiescence with their demand ; but they misjudged the temper and quality of the tory ministry.

The reply of the government to this memorial decided the non-intrusionist clergy to withdraw from their connexion with the state. Indeed, after the rejection of the memorial, no other course was open to them. They had drawn the sword, and the government compelled them to throw away the scabbard ; but we fear, after a very careful consideration of the question, that necessity chiefly decided them on the ultimate step. The 18th of May was the day appointed for the convening of the General Assembly in St. Andrew's church in Edinburgh, and as it had been for some time rumoured that the disruption would take place on that day, vast crowds of strangers poured into the city, and the ordinary business was for the time almost entirely suspended. After the ceremonies of the day had been opened in the usual manner, Dr. Welsh, the moderator, rose to protest against any further proceedings, for the reason that there had been an infringement upon the rights of the church, and that, accordingly, he and they who were with him in opinion would withdraw to a separate place of meeting. But it would be unjust to Dr. Hanna not to quote his admirable narrative of this eventful congress :—

‘Having finished the reading of this protest, Dr. Welsh laid it upon

the table, turned and bowed respectfully to the commissioner, left the chair, and proceeded along the aisle to the door of the church. Dr. Chalmers had been standing immediately on his left. He looked vacant and abstracted while the protest was being read; but Dr. Welsh's movement awakened him from the reverie. Seizing eagerly upon his hat, he hurried after him with all the air of one impatient to be gone. Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Macdonald, and Dr. Macfarlan followed him. The effect upon the audience was overwhelming. At first a cheer burst from the galleries, but it was almost instantly and spontaneously restrained. It was felt by all to be an expression of feeling unsuited to the occasion; it was checked in many cases by an emotion too deep for any other utterance than the fall of sad and silent tears. The whole audience was now gazing in stillness upon the scene. Man after man, row after row, moved on along the aisle, till the benches on the left, lately so crowded, showed scarce an occupant. More than four hundred ministers, and a still larger number of elders, had withdrawn. A vast multitude of people stood congregated in George's-street, crowding in upon the church doors. When the deed was done within, the intimation of it passed like lightning through the mass without; and when the forms of their most venerated clergymen were seen emerging from the church, a loud and irrepressible cheer burst from their lips, and echoed through the now half-empty assembly hall. There was no design on the part of the clergymen to form into a procession, but they were forced to it by the narrowness of the lane opened for their egress through the heart of the crowd. Falling into line, and walking three abreast, they formed into a column which extended for a quarter of a mile and more. As they moved along to the new hall prepared for their reception, very different feelings prevailed among the numberless spectators who lined the streets, and thronged each window, and door, and balcony, on either side. Some gazed in stupid wonder; the majority looked on in silent admiration. A few were seen to smile, as if in mockery; while here and there, as the child or wife of some out-going minister caught sight of a husband's or a father's form accomplishing an act which was to leave his family homeless and unprovided, warm tear-drops formed, which, as if half ashamed of them, the hand of faith was in haste to wipe away. There were judges of the Court of Session there, who had placed themselves where they could be unseen observers of what took place, who must have felt perplexed, it may be shuddered, when they saw realized before their eyes the fruits of their decisions. Elsewhere in the city, Lord Jeffrey was sitting reading in his quiet room, when one burst in upon him, saying, "Well, what do you think of it; more than four hundred of them are actually out?" The book was flung aside, and springing to his feet, Lord Jeffrey exclaimed, "I'm proud of my country; there is not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done."—pp. 338, 339.

Dr. Hanna throws all the blame of this disruption on the British government. He views it as a great calamity, although he regards the disruption as the necessary carrying out of a principle conscientiously maintained; and the conclusion is not in harmony with the premises. He seems still to long

for the comfortable manses and the venerable kirks of the establishment; and altogether confirms us in the opinion we have long held, that he and his 470 seceding brethren would gladly resume again the state-emolument, if they could receive it on their own terms. The demand of these gentlemen upon the government was unprecedented, contrary to political morality, and indeed indecent. The government, pledged by their very office to maintain the integrity of the establishment, could not but refuse to allow the nonconformists to dictate to the state the terms on which they would consent to accept its support. The Free Church holds voluntaryism in positive disfavour, although she is entirely indebted for her present position to that decried principle. She remembers with regret the days when she reclined on the silken couch of the state, and casts 'a longing, lingering look behind' on the parted endowments. By the latest accounts, it would appear that her finances are not so prosperous as they were. Probably, had she more faith in that voluntaryism which hitherto has sustained her, the evil alluded to would speedily disappear.

The non-intrusion secession contrasts unfavourably with that other great event in the history of our country—the withdrawal of the two thousand English nonconformists, compelled to abandon their churches by the tyranny of the remorseless Stuart. In the former case the seceders had friends in almost every parish in Scotland; vast sums of money, it was known, would speedily be collected for them; persecution in any violent form was rendered impossible by the spirit of the age; and they had the sympathy of all those to whom liberty is dear as life, not merely that which belongs to man as a citizen, but that which to the enlightened and the devout is of far higher moment—freedom to worship God. But in the case of the English nonconformists, everything which man regards as of the greatest worth was unhesitatingly relinquished. Those illustrious men did not chaffer with the government of the day as to the terms on which they would receive its support. They did not for a moment calculate the results. The red hand of the persecutor was against them; they were expelled from pulpit and hearth; banned and watched by a cruel government; abhorred by the national clergy; and driven out from ease and plenty with none to help them but their God, and with no trust but in His almighty arm. If the two can for a moment be compared, certainly caution and deliberation are distinctive of the Scotch, but majestic integrity and heroism are as a crown of unfading glory to the English seceders.

None perhaps of the Free Church clergy had made greater sacrifices by the withdrawal than Dr. Chalmers; and he had

certainly all along been the chief agent in maintaining the agitation, and in effecting the secession. He converted his house at Morningside into a church, and there 'the old man eloquent' weekly taught to crowded congregations the truths of Christianity. In his youth and vigorous manhood he had laboured for the establishment; and now that he was exiled from the beloved kirks in which he had often unloosed the torrent flow of his eloquence, he resolved to give what remained to him of mental and bodily vigour to advance and strengthen the Free Church. By his counsels the general sustentation fund was established—a wise and politic provision; and before the close of 1844, he had the satisfaction of knowing that £300,000 had been contributed to it. Immediately after the disruption, Dr. Chalmers resigned his chair in the university of Edinburgh; and accepted the office of Principal and primarius professor in the proposed Free Church college. Thus employed in pursuing his 'Daily Scripture Readings,' in occasionally contributing to the 'North British Review,' and in many labours of the noblest philanthropy, the holy and beloved pastor, the illustrious and venerated philosopher, fulfilled the mission to which his Maker had called him, and for which he had received the noblest endowments; working 'while it was day;' and then passing away, in the mellow glow of his life's evening, to that higher existence, which is the goal of faith and virtue, and to 'the abodes where the eternal are.' On the Sabbath, May 30th, 1847, he felt an unusual feebleness; but recovering himself, he retired to his chamber in the evening, 'in his most happy mood.' On the morrow he rose not at the usual hour. His family entered the room, but received no reply to their inquiries. The kindly voice was hushed; and, on opening the window-shutters, they let in the gladsome light of spring upon all that was mortal of Thomas Chalmers. They found him seated on the bedside; his head resting on the pillow; and his countenance expressing a fixed and majestic repose. The destroyer had released the ready spirit without inflicting probably any pain. Thus calmly he passed away into the presence of Him who 'giveth His beloved rest.'

And here we must take leave of these instructive and interesting volumes. We differ in many important matters from their author; but we heartily congratulate him on having concluded his lengthy but admirable memoir, which will rank highly among British biographical works.

ART. IV.—*Nicaragua ; its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the proposed Inter-oceanic Canal.* By E. G. Squier, late chargé d’Affaires of the United States to the Republics of Central America. London : Longman and Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

AMONG the striking consequences of the recent discovery of two regions of gold at extreme points of the globe, under the rule respectively of the United States and Great Britain, not the least important is, the improvement of our joint relations in that part of Central America which is described in Mr. Squier’s volumes. The gold of California not long ago led the government of Washington to look seriously into the condition of the countries through which its citizens throng in search of treasure ; and that new interest concurring with our ancient commercial connexions in Central America, and with our general concern for the welfare of its inhabitants, an amicable diplomatic arrangement was entered into in order to check ambitious views on both sides. The treaty of Washington, of 1850, pledges the United States and ourselves to abstain from all territorial acquisition in Central America ; and that treaty also encourages all land and water passages between the Atlantic and Pacific. At first the Americans took the lead in the construction of such passages, after they had been speculated on for three centuries. Accordingly, Mr. Squier was sent, not only to promote friendly intercourse between the republic of Nicaragua and the United States, and to assist the liberal cause against unjust attacks, but also to support the construction of the inter-oceanic canal in Nicaragua by certain citizens of the United States—a mission which, conducted with somewhat overheated zeal, must be admitted to have contributed to satisfactory results. We have since given up certain offensive pretensions rashly sanctioned at home, and our reasonable claims in Central America are respected. The absurd taunts, therefore, of Mr. Squier, against all the aristocracies and monarchies of the world, and against the *Britishers* as their mainstays, may be borne with composure, since the good sense of his own government has directed its intervention in the affairs of Central America to much more useful objects than the total exclusion of the powers of the old world from the affairs of the new.

Pending these proceedings, which took place when all the passages by the Isthmus seemed comparatively less useful to England than to the United States, the gold of Australia is

revealed at a most propitious moment, by one of those mysterious incidents in human affairs which, without presumption, may be called providential. This event, however, suddenly furnishes us with a powerful interest in the shortest and safest way across the Isthmus, and so renders an enlightened account of any portion of it acceptable.

These volumes treat ably of the condition of Nicaragua, one of the republics of Central America; of its lakes; its gigantic volcanoes; its sugar, cotton, cocoa, coffee, indigo, rice, and grain; its numerous cattle, and precious metals; its sulphur, and other valuable minerals; its population of 25,000 whites, of Spanish origin, 15,000 negroes, 80,000 pure Indians, and 130,000 mixed people, and an occasional group of foreign settlers, planters and merchants, from all civilized nations, with the late addition of many citizens of the United States, coming to and fro upon Californian expeditions, or engaged upon the canal between the two oceans. To these details, along with curious archæological disquisitions and drawings, Mr. Squier adds a full account of the proposed canal. His title-page, with reason, includes 'scenery' in the list of topics; and his book is crowded with the glories of nature, waters, mountains, and forests; and with many a picture of the rich results of man's industry in a soil of surpassing fertility, which even civil convulsions cannot reduce to barrenness. The narrative on these heads is for the most part in good taste, and altogether free from the disagreeable polemics which deform the work whenever the British name is mentioned. In proportion, too, as Mr. Squier would lower that name, he would somewhat ludicrously elevate his own 'great republic, to which *has* fallen the dominion of the new world, and *will* fall the control of the old !'

In this vain-glorious spirit he rejoices that the fortune of war 'should have planted his country's eagles on the Pacific, whilst its giant steamers sweep in the trade of Europe on the one hand, and bring the treasures of Asia to the mouth of the Sacramento with the other. Thus, to gird the world as with a hoop, and pass a current of American republicanism over the earth, vivifying dead nations, and emancipating mankind, are but small things to the Americans, whose individual superiority among races of lesser vitality, invites and enables them to aspire to commercial and national pre-eminence !'

He often descends to a lower key, and talks as volubly of 'niggers' and 'darkies,' as if his volumes were printed for exclusive reading by the most prejudiced slave-owners in the United States. Instead of expressing satisfaction at the frequent proofs he adduces of the moral elevation of the

coloured people, who form nine-tenths of the state he was accredited to, and in whose fortunes he professes to take the deepest interest, he insolently speaks of an Indian student, as 'a young *darkey* qualifying himself for the church.'

The inconsistency of this language is the more striking, as Mr. Squier candidly tells his reader, that the better he became acquainted with the various aboriginal families of America, the higher position he was disposed to award them, and the less he was inclined to assent to the relative rank assigned them by systematic writers. 'Those of Central America,' he insists, 'are capable of high improvement, and have a facility of assimilation, or adaptation. They constitute, when favourably situated, the best class of citizens; and would anywhere make what in Europe is called a good rural, or working population. I have found some really comprehensive minds among them—men of quick and acute apprehension, and of great decision and energy of character.'

The topic will be enlarged upon with advantage at a moment when the fate of vast masses of human beings is trembling in the balance in every quarter of the earth, where Christian settlers are in conflict with the aborigines of the soil; and when a natural inferiority in the victims, is eagerly assumed by sciolists in order to excuse the cruelties inflicted by their oppressors. The fact of the frequent disappearance of barbarous tribes where civilized men spread, is seized upon as proof, that providence meant the latter to supersede the former upon earth; whereas, that common experience is, beyond all denial, subject to exceptions, quite strong enough to destroy it as an inevitable rule. On this head, a better witness for the aborigines could not be found than the American envoy, who, against early prejudice, honestly records a deliberate judgment in their favour. A body of civilized Indians presented to him a formal address of compliment in their own and the Spanish languages. It was accompanied by a speech, 'far above the average, both in style and sentiment, and altogether a favourable specimen of Indian eloquence.' The delegates were anxious to know about the Indian population of the United States. On that subject Mr. Squier says—and it will not be doubted that he says sincerely—that '*he blushed to be ashamed to tell them the truth.*'

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this testimony to the social capacity of a race which still numbers more than sixteen millions in North, Central, and South America, and against which there is going on in North America a war of extermination for want of an efficient police in the United States,

which Mr. Squier calls the '*natural head of the great American family*.' The humane vindication of that noble title would do the United States infinite honour; and Mr. Squier justly feels that by far the most interesting objects of observation in this region of wonders are the members of the *family*, whom a revolution from colonial subjection to Spain has raised to independence, and whom philanthropy has relieved not only from a corrupting slavery, but the more corrupting prejudice of colour. The fact which he establishes of this mixed population exhibiting elevation of character as well as elevation of condition, should inspire the statesmen of Washington and New York with other thoughts than those which suggest *their own innate superiority to their neighbours of the forest and the tropics*. This example settles a great question, proving that the coloured race when in communion with white men, do not necessarily sink, nor white men become degraded by equal communication with coloured people. Their peaceful union is thus not only possible, but mutually beneficial.

'Everywhere in Nicaragua,' says Mr. Squier, 'the Indian and mixed population greatly predominates, and the pure whites constitute scarcely one-tenth of the whole number. In respect of physique, *leaving colour out of the question*, there are probably no handsomer men in the world than some of the Sambos, or offspring of Indian and Negro parents. It should be observed, that the negroes of Nicaragua differ very widely in appearance from those of the central states. They must have been derived from an entirely different portion of Africa. They have, in general, aquiline noses, small mouths, and thin lips. In fact, with the exception of the crisp hair and dark skin, they have few of the features which, with us, are regarded as peculiar and universal in the Negro race. The fusion between all portions of the population of Nicaragua has been so complete, that notwithstanding the diversity of races, distinctions of caste are hardly recognised. The whites, in their social intercourse, maintain a certain degree of exclusion; but, in all other relations, the completest equality prevails. This would not probably be the case if the white population was proportionally greater, and possessed the physical power to keep up the *distinctions which naturally separate the superior and inferior families of men*. With a full consciousness of their numerical inferiority, their policy is plainly that of concession; and however repugnant it may have been originally to their pride, it has now come to be regarded as a matter of course, and is submitted to with a good grace.'

To the laws of old Spain, and the benevolent zeal of the Romish ecclesiastics, is due much of the prosperity of the coloured inhabitants of Central America. The richer classes of purer Spanish descent, who take the lead in society, are rewarded for their patriotic and humane sentiments by the rest of the community giving them its voluntary respect. These richer classes have long extensively allied themselves in marriage with the

representatives of the ancient Indian chiefs. It was the affection of the aborigines of Mexico for a daughter of the house of Montezuma, wife to a Spanish viceroy, that 150 years ago almost led to the independence of that province, and to its severance from Spain. Of late years, the revolution has introduced far wider elements of change in regard to the coloured people of all races. The way in which personal merit is breaking up the old exclusiveness of rank in this country may be inferred from anecdotes told by Mr. Squier. Speaking of the regular troops, whom he saw reviewed, he says :—‘ These veterans, who were almost entirely true Indians, seemed as impassible as men of bronze. Upon the simplest fare, they will march forty or fifty miles a day, through a country where an equal European or American force would not average ten. Among the officers of the general’s staff I observed a full-blooded negro. He distinguished himself by his bravery and fidelity, and was promoted in consequence.’

The condition of the church in Central America is also undergoing a great change. Mr. Squier bears strong testimony to the personal respectability of the priests of Nicaragua, who still exercise considerable influence over the people. Although not highly educated, they are amongst the most active promoters of general improvement. As a body, they at first opposed the revolution; but, having lost much of their power by its success, they have since adopted its spirit, which has severed them widely from European influence, and especially from Rome. The right of appointing to ecclesiastical dignities is vested in the civil power, and the marriage of priests is legalised. With some slight exceptions, the monasteries and convents are suppressed. Nevertheless, not only does much of the *Roman* superstition remain, as Mr. Squier remarks in his account of the strange public penitences he witnessed, in which ‘ blood was drawn from the quivering flesh,’ but it is clear that more ancient observances have descended to numerous Indians from their heathen ancestors before the arrival of Columbus: One consequence of this change of religious principles is, that Protestants are now tolerated in the country, and it is probable that missionaries from the United States and from England will speedily seek a new field in these regions, and improve on the labours of Mr. Crowe, a Baptist, lately returned from this people.

‘ We were absorbed,’ Mr. Squier relates, on one occasion, ‘ in contemplating the varied beauties of the landscape, when the bells of the city struck the hour of *prayer*. In an instant every voice was hushed; the horseman reined in his steed; the rope dropped from the hands of the sailor; the sentinel on the fort stopped short in his round; even the water-jars by the sides of the lake were left half-filled, while every hat

was removed, and every lip closed in prayer. The very waves seemed to break more gently on the shore in harmony with the vibrations of the distant bells, while the subdued hum of reverential voices filled the pauses between. There was something almost magical in this sudden hush of the multitude, and its apparently entire absorption in devotion, which could not fail deeply to impress the stranger witnessing it for the first time.

'No sooner, however, had the bells ceased to toll, and struck up the concluding joyful chime, than the crowd on the shore resumed its life and gaiety, while we put spurs to our horses, and dashed through the midst on our return to the city.'

A similar scene may be advantageously copied from a visit to a pure Indian town, Chichigalpa, with a population of three to five thousand souls.

'It was just sunset,' says Mr. Squier, 'when we entered its streets. A heavy thunder-storm was piling up its black volumes behind the volcanoes in the east; and the calm and silence that precede a storm rested upon the plains. The winds were still; and the leaves hung motionless on the trees. The adult inhabitants seemed to sympathize with the scene, and sat silent in the open doorways. But the children were as playful and noisy as usual; their voices rendered doubly distinct and almost unnatural in the pervading quiet. Suddenly the bell of prayer struck; the careless voices of the children were instantaneously hushed, and we mechanically stopped our horses, and uncovered our heads. A low murmur of prayer floated forth on the undulating waves of sound which seemed to subside in rills around us. Again the bell struck—again, and then, when the pulses had almost ceased to beat, that the straining ear might catch the expiring vibration, rolled in the muffled sound of the distant thunder. It came down from the mountains with the majesty of an ocean, poured along their trembling sides.

'The prayer, that never fails to impress the most careless traveller with a feeling of reverential awe, was but one element in this grand combination of the solemn and the sublime.'

The occupations of these simple people are generally agricultural. They were almost hidden in the recesses of rich forests, the shade of which is as indispensable to protect some portions of their produce, as to shelter themselves from a burning sun. Their lives are passed in singular freedom from care; and in great abundance although with small possessions. The richer Spanish proprietors have large estates; and Mr. Squier's visit to one of them gives an agreeable insight into the management of the staple produce—*cacao*—daily becoming more acceptable to us.

'I had arranged,' he says, 'to ride to the cacao estate, called *Malanas*, five miles from Granada. The road lay through an unbroken forest of

thick overhanging trees, while cactuses and flagrant-flowered shrubs fenced in the path with a wall of verdure; here and there we caught glimpses of the lake through the trees, and at intervals narrow, well-beaten paths branched off to the small and large farms scattered over the country.

'After riding some miles we came to open fields, and passed by several fine estates, surrounded by ditches and cactus hedges in full bloom. The Mansion was there which we came to visit. The proprietor was in town; but we were received with the greatest civility by the Mayor-domo. He showed us a large square space where the ground was beaten hard and swept clean, in which the nuts were spread on skins to dry, before being assorted, one by one, and packed in skins.

'After resting a while, we rode through a long gravelled walk, fenced in, and arched over, by magnificent mango trees, golden with fruit, and through a vista of orange trees beyond, to the cacao plantation. It resembled a beautiful park of huge trees with broad walks in every direction. The cacao tree seldom rises higher than twenty feet; its leaves are long and pointed, somewhat like those of the cherry, but much longer; flowers small, of a pale red. They are surrounded by oval pointed pods, grooved like a musk melon, although smaller. The nuts are numerous, some pods having fifty. It produces two crops a year; but it is never without some pods on it. The trees are planted fourteen feet apart, in a good soil. It is peculiarly necessary to defend this tree from the scorching rays of the sun, and at the same time sufficient warmth should be afforded for vegetation. This is done by shading it with the plantain tree, and the erythrina. As the cacao advances in size, the plantain is cut down; the erythrina, or *coral* tree, or, as it is sometimes called, *cacao mudæ*, mother of the cacao, having attained sufficient height to protect it from the sun. It begins to bear at seven years old, comes to perfection in about fifteen years, and lasts forty or fifty years. The coral tree grows to sixty feet high, and drops its leaves at the end of March, or beginning of April; and then is covered with crimson flowers, shaped like a scimitar.

'The taste for chocolate grows with its use; and hardly any person resides under the tropics long to whom it does not become a necessity. One man is able to take care of a thousand trees, and harvest their crop. The estate is, therefore, more valuable than those of sugar, indigo, cotton, or cochineal. A good plantation yields 1200 lbs. to 100 trees. At the usual market rate of twenty-five dollars the cwt., this would give 300 dollars per annum to each 1000 trees and each labourer. The plantation I was inspecting contained 9500 trees, valued at one dollar each.'

Cotton is spun universally by the Indian women, and manufactured in the country in bright colours.

The cheapest raw sugar of the country consumed by the natives is sold at *three farthings a pound*, a fact well worth attention in reference to the destiny of our own West Indian islands, and also to the slave produce of Cuba and the Brazils. The better qualities produced by refinement from this raw sugar are nearly as hard and as white as the refined sugar of commerce,

and some of both sorts is already exported to Peru and Chili. The cane is of native American origin, and more productive than the Asiatic cane introduced into the West India islands, and the soil is richer.

But this new element of commercial prosperity is accompanied by the all-important fact that free labour is much cheaper in Central America than in the West Indies, and so much more economical than the slave labour of Cuba and Brazil, that the exportation of thousands of Indians from this region to the south in former days was a too tempting source of profit. The extent of country in Central America available for this purpose is enormous; and the population, already above 2,000,000, are industrious, requiring only political tranquillity to become active producers. With order secured under the good influence of the joint protection of the United States and England, in which the concurrence of all the other maritime governments is invited, there is no difficulty in the production of this cheap sugar being carried on so successfully in this region as in a few years to obtain for it the markets of Europe. Great staples spring up rapidly under favourable circumstances. The wool of Australia and South Africa is of our own days. The coffee of Brazil was a novelty not long ago. Already capitalists in the West India islands contemplate a three or four months' voyage to Australia to escape from gradual decay. The transference of their machinery and stock to the rich valleys of the Isthmus a few days' sail off is an easier and a wiser step.

In the meantime the condition of the West India islands gives occasion to much anxiety. The fall in the price of this great staple has impoverished many proprietors, more especially the owners of mortgaged estates; and there is little prospect of a return of their wealth. But the change is incorrectly attributed to idleness in the free negroes. The *quantity* of sugar made in Jamaica, for example, is about the same since their emancipation as before, and the number employed in field labour does not materially vary. The *work* done by them, therefore, is not lessened; much, however, of that work is done for themselves, and their physical condition is generally improved. Nor does it appear from the criminal records that their conduct is worse than in times past. In future, without doubt, a mixed population of little freeholders will spring up there in the place of vast fortunes, subject to be lost by the periodical recurrence of 'distress;' and the more profitable produce of Central America must hasten this change.

Mr. Squier enters largely into the subject of the inter-oceanic passage through the lake of Nicaragua; and he describes its ports and line with care. The works have been carried on by

the American engineers with great spirit for three years; and it will probably succeed for small vessels. Whether the ships that usually navigate the Pacific can ever take that way is doubtful. The channel is rocky, and too hard to be deepened without enormous cost; the rapids are frequent, uncertain, and formidable. Therefore, although the summit level is low, the length of the cuttings, and the floods, must limit the undertaking to the smaller class of steamers.

Two rivals of the Nicaragua passage for the transmission of gold and Californian adventurers are, the Tehuantepec line from the Gulf of Mexico, and the Panama railway, now near its completion, and both undertaken by enterprising citizens of the United States.

Two cheap lines in the republic of Costa Rica seem likely to interfere materially with the profits of all the others. They are in the hands of French and English parties; and extend to colonizing operations in fertile districts.

Two other passages, less known to the public, are speculated upon with great confidence by the undertakers. The first of these lies in the direction of the famous Scottish colony of Darien of the reign of William III. It is undertaken by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, practical men, already eminent for their success in the construction of the Crystal Palace and other great works in Europe. They have obtained the authority of the government of New Grenada for their undertaking; and their preliminary surveys are now in progress. The region in which this passage is to be constructed lies between Point Mosquitoes, a few leagues west of Port Escoces, and another point a few leagues east of that port towards the Gulf of Darien on *the Atlantic*; and the Bay San Miguel on *the Pacific*, where two rivers fall into that bay. This passage is to be constructed for the largest ships; but the undertakers seem to be too sanguine in their expectations of success, inasmuch as this region was familiar to those who frequented it in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the facilities of access now relied upon escaped those eager explorers.

The last and most promising line is up the rivers Atrato and Niapipi to Cupica Bay on the Pacific. The evidence is strong in all respects in favor of this line, and there seems to have long existed in the minds of the Spaniards a conviction that a ship passage to the south seas could be found in this direction. Down to a recent period, the Spanish government made extraordinary sacrifices to prevent such a passage being used; and a law was passed, imposing the penalty of death on all who should attempt it, or reveal the geography of the Atrato region

to foreigners. No such law prevailed respecting any other lines across the Isthmus.

These gigantic enterprises, ranging in point of cost from £200,000, to £8,000,000 sterling, prove that Mr. Squier is correct in his estimate of the importance of the region forming the Isthmus that connects North and South America. But his error is a capital one in holding the citizens of the United States to be the only foreigners interested in the prosperity of that region, or its fittest guardians. When his countrymen, who have undertaken ship-passages and railroads there, came to London and Paris for money to complete their works, they practically confuted that pretence in point of interest; as the point of sympathy and feeling was settled against the United States, when Mr. Squier could not venture to tell his Indian friends in Nicaragua that their fellow redmen of the north are in the course of rapid extermination by white people, who perversely refer to their legal equality, or protection, and as perversely stamp all men of colour with the brand of inferiority.

On our part, whilst our capital, our enterprise, and our science are stamping Central America with a new British character, let not our advancement of her welfare be in humiliating contrast with our disregard to the settled rights of the men of every race—who have equal pretensions to our respect and affection—in Asia, Africa, and Australia.

ART. IV.—*Manual of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Mind.*

By the Rev. James Carlile, D.D. London: Hall and Co. pp. 269.

2. *Historical Sketch of Logic, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.*

By Robert Blakey. London: Baillière. pp. 524.

3. *An Essay on the New Analytic of Logical Forms.* A Prize Essay. By Thomas Spencer Baynes. London: Simpkin and Marshall. pp. 157.

WE are not altogether sorry to see new books frequently coming out, of a popular character, on subjects the very names of which have long frightened not only grave maiden ladies and boarding-school misses out of their propriety, but which have been looked at with a kind of mysterious horror even by many classes of educated men. Of all things in the world, logic and

metaphysics have been to many among the most ominous—their very names have been regarded with suspicion. It is curious, too, that many persons who really do not very well know what they are, talk about them as if they did, and seem only too familiar with them, in parlour, pulpit, and everywhere else. Now, when we meet with publications which are somewhat readable by the average run of learning and intelligence, we are gratified; because, although such books seldom possess anything original, and do not of themselves extend the bounds of science, they tend to promote inquiry at least, and they lead the previously uninformed, who would be utterly repelled by more strict and elaborate treatises, to see that there really is something in subjects which they may have misapprehended, even if they did not regard them as wholly mystic and unintelligible. On the above ground, we do not at all sympathize with our German neighbours, who condemn popular works on subjects such as those before us. We would have both. We would have the scientific treatise, and we would also have knowledge made as ‘easy’ as it can be.

Dr. Carlile’s book does not pretend to any originality, but it arose from the laudable endeavour to ‘compare what we know of the soul by our own consciousness with what is revealed of (by) God in scripture.’ The issue was this separate work ‘On the Mind.’ The author treats of the subject in the following order:—

I. Sensation, and the phenomena connected with it; under which are included the senses, memory, judgment as dependent on sensation, emotions derived from sensations, intellectual powers dependent on sensation. II. Perception, and the phenomena dependent on it; or perception, notion of self or personal identity, the will, notions of cause and effect, sensation as modified by perception, memory as connected with perceptions, emotions depending on perception, and intellectual powers depending on perception (under which latter subdivision are arranged classification, induction, reasoning, the use of language, and its influence on imagination or conception). III. Recognition, and the phenomena dependent on it; under which head we have consciousness, discovery of the presence and emotions of other minds, attention, memory as exercised on recognition, emotions as connected with recognition, sympathy, intellectual operations as connected with recognition, taste, the recognition of mental states and operations in the inferior animals, and the recognition of the Deity. IV. The means which the mind possesses of affecting other minds; under which head we have a variety of useful

remarks, and, among other topics, on the following:—Ancient monarchies, Roman empire; empire of the Bishop of Rome; introduction of force; great revolution in France, Bonaparte; outburst in 1848; present state of Europe; English Court of Chancery.

The above outline will convey to the reader a general idea of the book. It is, as we have said, a popular, not a scientific treatise; and it traces usefully to their sources in men's minds and passions many of the phenomena of the moral and political world. It is, or at least aims to be, always on the side of goodness and humanity; and we have often, in our perusal, been struck with the good sense which is generally manifested in the more practical parts of the volume. We must not be led into any ecclesiastical controversies, or we might perhaps find matter for them in some of the remarks on the free church. As to the author's general plan and division of his work, as we have just given it, we cannot say much. It certainly appears to us confused and complicated—in fact, it seems to want a general harmonizing principle of arrangement. We must, however, present a few details. The remark that the will has 'no control over the faculty of memory,' may be true so far as it means that 'we cannot directly deprive ourselves of its aptitude for remembering sensations;' but the statement appears to us far too general, for it is a familiar fact that attention, which is another name, or nearly so, for will, has the effect of indirectly aiding reminiscence; hence the two cases of actual memory, which may be severally termed simple remembrance and *recollection*, a distinction noticed by Aristotle.

In reference to the doctrine of causation, Dr. Carlile remarks as follows:—'In regard to our necessarily inferring from every change that it must have a cause, we apprehend that such inference is derived from experience.' We have not space to go into the intricate question here involved; but should our author's work reach a second edition, we should like him to account for a fact which we suppose will not be denied, namely, that there are many events daily staring us in the face, and with which we are thoroughly familiar, which we fully expect will go on to happen as before: we are morally certain that they will do so: nevertheless, we feel that there is no absurdity in imagining them to cease occurring. Not so, however, with regard to the general principle of causation. Every body believes, no doubt, that the sun will rise to-morrow; every body would think a man mad who should predict that this is the last day it will ever shine on the earth: and yet no one who has for a moment reflected on the power of God, and on man's ignorance of the laws which regulate the great disturbances which we know from astronomy have taken place in certain parts of our solar

system, and which geology teaches us have occurred in our own planet, will venture to say that it is *impossible* that the sun should not rise to-morrow. But would any one be ready to admit that, under any circumstances, it is possible for any of the events of the universe to have happened *without a cause*? Now, we simply put the question, if both impressions are merely the result of experience, how it is that experience pronounces one impression to be of so different a character from the other?

In a subsequent part of the book our author discusses the question of parental affection—whether it is an innate or instinctive emotion, or ‘is excited by anything in the children, or in the nature of their connexion with their parents?’ He does not absolutely decide against some innate natural affection, especially in the mother, but thinks that ‘there is much in the children themselves, and in the circumstances in which they come into connexion with their parents, that is calculated to draw forth the tenderest affections of the parents towards them.’ The points enumerated are the helplessness of infants, their being the absolute property of the parents, their general resemblance to their parents, or other near relatives, the close connexion of the infant with the mother who nourishes it, and some other more remote supposed causes of affection.’ We are not sure, notwithstanding the undoubted fact that circumstances do modify very greatly the parental affection, whether the author has assigned a sufficient weight to the instinctive tendency. It evidently exists largely in animals, so long as it is necessary and useful; and, independently of the circumstances which tend to prolong it in human parents, we apprehend that it is seen in great strength, though many of the adjuncts which the author has enumerated should not, in certain particular cases, be present. It may be more difficult to determine the question of a filial instinct, which respect for human nature has tended to enrol among the noblest of our propensities. Dr. Carlile decides against it:—

‘The love of children to their parents has certainly nothing in it intuitive or instinctive, as is manifest from their readily attaching themselves to any one who cares for them tenderly and affectionately, and that often in preference to their own parents. One is rather disposed to be mortified to see how soon the most affectionate mother or father is forgotten by their children, even by children much advanced beyond the age of mere infancy. But it is a wise provision that when God may see fit to call away the parents the children are ready to cling to any others who may be employed and disposed to fulfil the duties of parents towards them.’

Of self-love (as distinguished from selfishness), the author

seems to us to have given but a partial view when he says, 'It seems to be nothing more than the pleasure of pleasant sensations, exciting the desire of the continuance or repetition of them, and the pain of painful sensations, exciting the desire of being freed from them, or of avoiding their repetition,' as though the only objects which may give an impulse to self-love are our mere bodily appetites and passions, or, at all events, our senses generally. May not self-love, however, equally prompt us to many other desires? Selfishness is but the degeneration of a lawful self-love; and so our author appears justly to consider it. The range of selfishness may, however, indicate generally that of a lawful self-love; and surely neither the one nor the other principle is restricted in its objects to mere sensations.

We quote the following valuable remarks on the 'Recognition of the Deity :—

'The mind has not the same means, precisely, of recognising the presence and mental movements of the Deity, which it has of recognising the presence and mental movements of its fellow-men; but it possesses that kind of evidence of the being, the power, and will, of a mind or spirit pervading all nature, which it possesses of the existence, and power, and will of a fellow-man, when it examines any of his works in his absence; and it possesses that kind of evidence to an infinitely greater extent, and in infinitely greater perfection. Fenelon's reference to the marks of design in a watch, of which Paley has made so good use in his "Natural Theology," furnishes incontestable proof that no sane mind could see and examine such a work of art, and discover the use of it, without inferring that it was the work of a human mind contriving it, and acting on the members of a human body to execute the contrivance. Now we have evidence of the same kind everywhere around us of the existence, intentions, power, and will of an all-pervading, though invisible mind. We are in the midst of a vast workshop of machines, exhibiting every conceivable description of mechanical contrivance—a vast cabinet of the most glorious pictures, the source from which all pictures derive their beauty, and copies of pictures repeated ten thousand times over, with the utmost exactness; so that it seems to be scarcely possible that any rational creature, looking on these objects, should not see and feel that he is looking on the productions of an all-powerful and all-skilful mind, who has contrived all these wonderful things, and produced them in such amazing perfection.'—pp. 196, 197.

There are many practical remarks bearing on a variety of useful topics, which we should be glad to quote, if our space allowed. We restrict ourselves to the following passage, which occurs under the head entitled—'The means of influencing the minds of others.' Dr. Carlile justly deprecates the appeal to physical force for sustaining the authority of the law, excepting where it is absolutely necessary. He admits, however, that

there are always persons to be found whom no other motive than the dread of punishment will restrain from the violation of the law ; but he maintains, very properly, that the first thing towards the stable support of any law is, that the people understand it, and understand the necessity of it, and the benefit which they derive from it. This is saying, in brief, that the 'true prop of good government is opinion.' As a sequel to his remarks on this subject, he introduces a comparison between the administration of some parts of the English and the Scottish civil law respectively. Bad as law is in England, vile and unjust as is its whole bearing on the purses of the unfortunates who fall, in self-defence, within its clutches, it would seem that matters are still worse in Scotland.

'In Scotland, no civil case is decided by a jury. The pleadings of the advocates are addressed exclusively to the judges, in language utterly unintelligible to the public, and which is neither Scotch, nor English, nor Latin, but a barbarous mixture of all three, intelligible to no other class of human beings under the whole heaven but the legal corporation of Scotland. The tendency of the decisions of the Scotch judges is to give weight to minute distinctions, so as to render the whole law unintelligible to the people. Attorneys, or writers, as they are called, are accustomed to say that they can never conjecture how a case will be decided, however clear it may appear to them, because they never can foresee what insignificant point may be swelled into importance when it comes before the judges. One of the lords in ordinary of the Court of Session in Edinburgh, after hearing a cause, is said to have addressed the advocate for one of the parties to the effect, that he was sorry that their case was so plainly and palpably right in law, that he must decide in their favour ; for he knew that his decision would be reversed in the Inner House (where a certain portion of the bench sit in judgment on causes which have been decided on *in limine*, after the lord in ordinary has sat on them.) This astounding charge, brought against the integrity of the supreme court of law in Scotland, by one of the judges of that court, sitting and acting in his official capacity, passed in Edinburgh for a mere sarcastic joke, and was scarcely heard of beyond the legal circle.'

We have another, and a large volume before us from the fertile pen of Professor Blakey. Such a work may be very useful, no doubt, provided it give a faithful and accurate description and criticism of the various theoretic modifications which have been propounded, especially of late years, on the subject of reasoning, the most important and elevated function of the human mind. The Preface informs us that this very consideration, or something approaching it, has occasioned the present work. The design is to give a history of theories of reasoning, and the general principles of the different logical systems. Mr. Blakey's introduction, like every part of all his works which we have seen, is popular and diffuse, rather than

showing anything of a decidedly scientific character, and closely grappling with the point in hand. We confess we hardly know, for instance, what is meant by the 'unsatisfactory state in which theories of mathematical evidence, of induction, of nominalism, and realism, are at the present moment placed.' At all events, we should have had illustrations, which are the grand test of the utility of a dissertation on almost any subject. Much of the introduction, though it is not destitute of talent, loses its value for want of such illustrations. We are told, for instance, of fundamentally different theories and principles; and that 'a thousand distinct treatises, and more, on logic, have appeared within the last three hundred years, while no two logicians can agree on any one principle of the science, nor be able to state to what particular or general uses it can be applied.' Now we hold statements such as these to be great exaggerations, and much calculated to mislead the multitude, who run away with a few notions out of a popular treatise, and then think themselves qualified to pronounce on any subject of human learning which may be discussed in it. Of the numerous logical treatises of which our author speaks, many have been mere compends or enlargements of others, some have been translations, and most of them by far have been based on the general principles of the Aristotelian dialectics. Even the most modern original treatises which we are acquainted with, are chiefly rather emendations, modifications, or augmentations of the received system, than attempts at its entire subversion; and to whatever extent any may have directly aimed at this, we believe that they have failed. The notion that 'no two logicians can be found, of any country, who can agree in any common principle' of logic, we hold to be just on a par with another statement often made on another subject, and by parties with whom we are glad to know that Mr. Blakey would be far enough from sympathizing. The statement we allude to relates to Christianity itself. How often does the infidel point to the divisions in the Christian world, and then tell you that he can find no two people, scarcely, who agree as to the principles of Christianity. But he has never taken the pains to find out how much of this ostensible disagreement leaves untouched certain fundamental principles. A philosopher ought hardly to have made so sweeping an assertion about logic, which must rest, however varied the form and the expression, on essentially the same basis. And with regard to 'the particular or general uses to which it can be applied,' everybody who knows that logic has something to do with reasoning, knows its use every day by experience.

As to the 'theory of mathematical evidence,' we believe that

mathematicians, generally, agree that it rests on *à priori* truths or axioms, which are applied to uniform definitions, and that we believe the elementary truths on which the superstructure rests just because we cannot help it, and for no other reason. Induction, where it is not perfect by the enumeration of all the particulars, of course amounts to probable evidence only; but its approach to moral certainty can only be known and tested by a close acquaintance with general laws in each separate branch of knowledge to which induction is applied. Nominalism and realism are historical; and, so far as we are aware, no present philosopher would dream of advocating the latter; and, perhaps, no one the former, unless he mistook the name of a thing for our notion of its relations to other things. No one would now say that the triangle exists somewhere which is only a triangle; but is not right-angled, or scalene, or equilateral, or isosceles: no one, again, would say that the term triangle, apart from all its modifications, expresses nothing.

We had hoped, in a volume of 500 pages on the '*History of Logic*,' to find at least something good on Aristotle, the great master of the science. We turned to the part of the book assigned to his labours, expecting to see, if not an original essay on his theories, at least a somewhat detailed and elaborate account of them. All we have, however, as 'the leading framework of the logical system of Aristotle,' is comprised in about nine pages of by no means crowded letter-press, with a reference to Reid's '*Analysis of the Organon*,' which contains a much more detailed account. The meagre view which is given of the grand source of most of the logics that have been published for the last 2000 years, is, of course, without any criticism of Aristotle's system; which, however, seems promised as to come in a future part of the book; for we are informed, that 'all general comments on [its] merits [are left] to subsequent sections of this treatise.' We have looked in vain among the sections registered under the head of 'Aristotle,' for anything like a critique on his system; and in the place where we should have expected it, we find some headings oddly enough entitled—'Adventures of his Philosophical Works.'

Our author pursues the 'progress of logical science from the days of Aristotle to the Christian era,' and 'from the Christian era (epoch) till the time of Charlemagne.' A chapter follows 'On the Scholastic Logicians.' Here occurs a notice of the dispute between the realists and nominalists, and a statement respecting the conceptualists, as follows:—

'The point in dispute is simply this—the nominalists affirm that there are two classes of truth; one class relating to individual or single objects, and their particular qualities or properties; the other class to general

collections or assortments of things, which are designate by a general term or terms. A man is a particular idea; a multitude of men a general idea. The nominalists affirm that the difference between those two kinds of ideas is only a verbal one—that is, that when men talk or reason about these general ideas or attributes of things, the general term is the only thing with which the mind is conversant.

‘Now, the realists denied this doctrine *in toto*. They maintained that though these general terms are used in our descriptions of the similar properties or qualities of things, yet there is a general idea always present in the mind when it thus characterizes the common attributes which belong to a particular genus or class. This general term is not a mere verbal instrument or symbol, but stands for a real permanent intellectual conception, which is always present to the mind, and to which the name of general idea is uniformly given. Some reasoners attempted to steer a middle course; they were called conceptualists.’

From this exceedingly vague statement, the tyro in logic and metaphysics would not, we apprehend, obtain a very correct notion of the opinions of the contending parties. The fact is, that the realists maintained that there was a universality in things themselves; but what that *mankind* was, which was not any individual man, nor all individual men, nor a mere name, nor a mere thought—whether corporeal or incorporeal, whether inherent in the objects of sense, or disjoined from them—this they disputed, as well they might, and with a violence ludicrous enough, when it was not tragical: for fists, and clubs, and even swords, as we are told by Ludovicus Vives, were not unfrequently employed to add cogency to the arguments; and in these controversies, wounds and even death were sometimes inflicted. The Nominalistic doctrine may be told in few words: it maintained that there is nothing general, either in things themselves, or in our notions of them—there is nothing whatever general but mere words or names. The Conceptualists again held the doctrine of general conceptions, as though we could have a general conception or *scheme* (to use a Germanism borrowed from the Greeks) of a triangle. But what sort of a triangle would that be which is conceived of as not having any thing included in it of a particular nature? Can we image forth to the mind a plane triangle, neither equilateral, nor right-angled, nor scalene, nor isosceles, nor marked by any other appellation that we might invent to indicate a species? The thing is impossible. The true doctrine on this subject seems to be that all the generality to which general names point, lies simply in the *common property*, or properties, which, amidst all diversities, are found in every separate case: thus in all triangles we have the common properties of triangularity and trilaterality.

We have some interesting remarks on Luther. ‘The Bible

was everything to him. He even goes so far as to paraphrase its grand and leading doctrines with the chief divisions of the philosophy of the schools in a somewhat whimsical manner.' He says—

'In divine things, the Father is the *Grammar*; for he imparts words, and is the source whence flow good, pure, and harmonious sayings. The Son is *Logic*, and suggests arrangement, order, and sequence of ideas. The Holy Ghost is *Rhetoric*, states, presses home, enlarges, and gives life and strength, so as to impress and hold the hearers' hearts. The schoolmen have neglected these important signs for silly trifles. What doth it contribute to the knowledge of things, to be perpetually trifling and cavilling, in language conceived and prescribed by Aristotle, concerning matter, form, motion, and time? . . . I am persuaded that neither Thomas, nor all the Thomists together, ever understood a single chapter of Aristotle. . . . The schoolmen! let them go to ——. The pagan Aristotle was held in best honor, that whoever had disputed his authority would have been condemned at Cologne as a rank heretic; but that he was so little understood, that a monk, preaching on the passion, favoured his hearers with a two hours' discussion on the question—whether quality were really distinct from substance—stating, as an instance, 'I could pass my head through that hole, but not the size of my head.'

Of the University of Paris, Luther says:—

'The most celebrated and best school is at Paris, in France. It has 20,000 students and upwards. The theologians have there the pleasantest spot in the whole city, being a street to themselves, with gates at each end; it is called the Sorbonne—a name derived, I fancy, from the fruit of the service-tree (*Sorbus*), which grows by the Dead Sea, and which, beautiful without, is only ashes within. Even so, the University of Paris shows a goodly multitude, but is the mother of many errors. In disputing they bawl like drunken peasants in Latin and French, so that the auditors are obliged to stamp with their feet to silence them. Before one can take one's degree as doctor of theology, one is obliged to have been a student of their sophistical and futile logic for ten years. The respondent must sit a whole day, and dispute with every comer, from six in the morning to six in the evening.'—pp. 187, 188.

The more learned Melancthon speaks of the Peripatetic system as follows:—

'I will add something concerning philosophy, and the reasons for believing that of Aristotle to be the most useful for the church. It is agreed, I think, by all, that logic is of prime importance, because it teaches method and order; it defines fitly, divides justly, connects aptly, judges and separates monstrous associations. Those who are ignorant of this art, tear and mangle the subjects of discourse as puppies do rags. I admire the simile of Plato, who highly eulogizes it as resembling the fire which Prometheus brought from heaven, to kindle a light in the minds of men, by which they might be able to form correct ideas. But

he does not furnish us with the precepts of the art, so that we cannot dispense with the logic of Aristotle. That of the Stoics is not extant, and instead of being a simple method of reasoning fit for the explanation of profound subjects, it appears to have been a complete labyrinth of intricacies, and in fact a mere corruption of art.'

There are some interesting accounts in this chapter, which, but for the sake of brevity, we should be glad to quote. Soon after the foundation of the University of St. Andrews, the earliest academical institution in Scotland, and which was modelled after those of Paris and Bologna, in 1411, logic, it seems, was regularly taught by lectures. The regent devoted three hours a day to his class, reading and explaining to them the books of Aristotle, which they were bound to have copies of, and to bring them to the class. The first work began with dialectics, and they afterwards studied ethics, physics, metaphysics, and mathematics. Regular days were also appointed for public disputations, to exercise the students in the practice of argumentation. James Melville, in his Diary, says, 'We hard the Oration pro rege Deitaro. Than he gaiff ws a compend of his awin of Philosophi and the partes y^r of. We enterit in the Organ of Arist. y^r year, and lernit to the Demonstrations. The secund yeir of my course we had the Demonstrations, the Topiks, and the Sophist captiones.' In Melville's time a change was made in the amount of acquaintance with the dialectic of Aristotle that was demanded of the students, and it was enacted that only the most useful portions of the Organon should be required; also, that lectures should be introduced on the philosophy of Plato. This change, which Melville is thought to have promoted, gave offence to many. He tells us, 'Their breadwinner, their honour, their estimation, all was guan, giff Aristotle should be so owirharled in the hairing of their shollars.'

But the greatest effect on the old method of education was destined to be produced by the progress of physical science, and by the spread of the principles of Lord Bacon. The attention of mankind, as Mr. Blakey remarks, was now 'directed into other channels of philosophical inquiry, and this had the natural tendency to humble the lofty pretensions, and to call in question the general principles of the old school of disputation.' It is true this change was not effected on a sudden; but a path was opened by Bacon, which soon began to lead to such practical results, that it was impossible that the barren and thorny topics of wrangling and pedantry, which had so long absorbed the studies of the learned, should not, in the course of time, suffer in the comparison. Descartes also exercised a powerful influence (on the Continent many would say

more powerful than Bacon) in disengaging men's minds from that blind reverence for antiquity, which made them pay frequently a not very intelligent homage to Aristotle and his successors.

We have a curious quotation from Peter Bayle, whose views on logic as a science were a sort of compound of the tenets of Aristotle and Descartes. He appears, however, to have been quite alive to the absurdities of some of the ancient sophistry. In his Dictionary, under the article 'Chrysippus,' he says,—

'What is it,' said some of the ancient sophists, 'which constitutes what we call little, much, long, broad, small, or great? Do three grains of corn make a heap? The answer must be—No. Do four? You must make the same answer. They continued their interrogatories from one grain to another without end; and if you should happen at last to answer, "Here is a heap," they pretend your answer was absurd, inasmuch as it is supposed that one single grain makes the difference between what is a heap, and what is not. I might prove by the same method, that a great drinker is never drunk. Will one drop of wine fuddle him? No. Two drops, then? By no means; neither three nor four. I might thus continue my interrogatories from one drop to another; and, if at the end of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth drop, you answered, "He is not fuddled," and at the thousandth, "He is," I should be entitled to infer that one single drop of wine makes the difference between being drunk and being sober—a most absurd proposition. If the interrogations went on from bottle to bottle, you could easily mark the difference in question: but he who attacks you with a *sorites*, is at liberty to choose his own weapons; and by making use of the smallest conceivable increments, renders it impossible for you to name a precise point which fixes a sensible limit between being drunk and being sober, between what is enough and what is too much. A man of the world would laugh at these sophistical quibbles, and would appeal to *common sense*—to that degree of knowledge, which, in common life, is sufficient to enable us to establish such distinctions. But to this tribunal, a professed dialectician was not permitted to resort; he was obliged to answer in form; and if unable to find a solution according to the rules of art, his defeat was unavoidable.'—*Ib.* pp. 267, 268.

Our author, with considerable diligence, though often with a brevity so great (consisting of almost a bare nomenclature), as to convey but little definite impression to the inquiring student, pursues his theme by noticing the logical speculations of Hobbes, Gassendi, Descartes, and Locke, those which have obtained in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, and even Italy and Spain, to which we may add Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Poland, and Russia. Then follow some remarks on the Eastern and Indian logic, and the work closes with a 'brief account of the systems of logic taught in Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States of America.'

‘A great change has been effected at Oxford of late years, and almost solely through the labours of Dr. Whately. The logical systems taught in King’s College, and University College, London, since their respective establishment about twenty years ago, have been of an eclectic character, partly philosophical, and partly formal or syllogistic.’

In the last chapter of the volume, we have very brief notices (too brief indeed, generally, for the purpose) of a number of modern logical publications. Among the rest is Mr. John Mill’s ‘System of Logic.’ Our author gives no definite opinion on the views of this talented writer, respecting the principle on which we reason; this (Mr. Mill) holds to be—not from generals to particulars, but from particulars to particulars, without passing through generals. Thus, he says, that we do not argue that the Duke of Wellington is mortal, because this is a general law, *i. e.*, because all men are mortal, but ‘the mortality of John, Thomas and Company, is the whole evidence we have for the mortality of the Duke of Wellington. Nor does the professor give any judgment on Mr. Mill’s application of his doctrine to mathematical evidence, which he pronounces to be by no means necessary or intuitive. ‘Axioms,’ (mathematical) says Mr. Mill, ‘are experimental truths, generalizations from observation. *Two straight lines cannot inclose a space*, is an induction from experience.’ We cannot now stay to controvert these positions of Mr. Mill. We must content ourselves with simply recording our dissent from them. On Mr. Mill’s theory of causation, however, our author speaks decidedly; and we must say that, on reading the book when it came out, we thought it faulty. ‘We venture to affirm,’ says Mr. Blakey, ‘that this is a very unsound part of his system. It is ill reasoned, and presents flagrant inconsistencies and contradictions at every turn. We feel confident that when the question as to causation is dispassionately examined, and upon strictly philosophical grounds, it will be found that there is a principle implanted in human nature, of steady and unerring operation, that refers every true cause to some power, faculty, or mental influence. This position, we conceive, is as susceptible of complete demonstration, as anything in the whole circle of human knowledge can manifest.’

Mr. Blakey enumerates some more recent logical treatises, and among them those of Mr. Thomson, Mr. Boole, Mr. Baynes, and Mr. De Morgan. Of the latter, all he says is, that ‘it is a treatise of acknowledged ability, and the chapters on probabilities and fallacies are the two most interesting in the book;’ from which the reader would not know that it is based on the principle of every term having its negative, and that its

object is to reduce logic decidedly to a mathematical calculus. A passing notice of the works of Hedge, True, and Tappan, published in the United States, closes Mr. Blakey's volume; which, though it certainly will not furnish the student with that close and critical information on systems which he might expect from such a work, may at least serve in some measure to introduce the subject of logic to the general reader. If not remarkable for learning on a branch of study which presents a field for the most varied attainments in literature and science, the book is marked by a considerable amount of good sense and moderation, and it is always on the side of morality and religion.

The last work announced in our heading, is by Mr. Baynes. It extends to but eighty pages, with an Appendix; but it is the only one of the three which can be regarded as at all a scientific treatise. The author is known to the public as the translator of the 'Port Royal Logic.' His work, 'An Essay on the New Analytic of Logical Forms,' was exclusively composed, he informs us, from his notes of Professor Sir William Hamilton's lectures, at Edinburgh, in the session 1845-6; and it is published as originally written, with a very slight exception or two, and the addition of some foot-notes, and some historical details in the Appendix. It is the essay which gained the prize proposed by Sir William, in the year 1846, for the best exposition of the new doctrine propounded in his lectures, and it has his express sanction for its publication. As the volume is by no means of a popular character, and deals with the subject in a very condensed and technical manner, our notice of it must necessarily be brief.

The main principle of the treatise, as an exhibition of a new analysis of logical forms, is the 'thorough-going quantification of the predicate,' a principle quite opposed to the old orthodox Aristotelian doctrine of the schools. Thus Stahl, an Oxford writer of the 17th century, says that, 'if you add a universal sign to the predicate, your proposition will be false.' The requirements for the essay, it appears, included a statement of 'what logic postulates as a condition of its applicability;' and accordingly our author very properly chooses to begin with this essential element in the theory. He states that the fundamental postulate of logic is, 'That we be allowed to state in language what is contained in thought.' Logicians allow that the *subject* of a proposition has a determinate quantity in thought, and this is expressed in language accordingly:—'It is to the predicate,' says Mr. Baynes, 'that we have to vindicate an interest in the postulate coequal with that of the subject.' But we must let the author speak for himself:—

'The predicate has always a determinate quantity in thought. A notion of holding the place of predicate in a proposition has always such determinate quantity. This will appear from what a notion is. It is the cognition or idea of the general attribute or attributes in which a plurality of objects coincide. This involves the perception of a number of objects, their agreement the recognition of their points of similarity, and their subjective union by this common attribute. When we bring an object under a notion, or predicate of it that it belongs to such a class, we must know that it occupies a certain place in that class. In other words, if we comprehend what we utter, every notion holding the place of predicate in a proposition must have a determinate quantity in thought. This is always involved in predication, which is the expression of the relation in which a notion stands to an individual, or two notions to each other. If this relation were indeterminate, if we were uncertain whether it was of part, or whole, or none, there could be no predication. The very fact of predication is thus always evidence that the predicate notion holds a relation of determinate quantity to the subject. In other words, we think only as we think under some determinate quantity, for all thought is comparison of less and more, of part and whole. All predication is but the utterance of thought. All predication must, therefore, have a determinate quantity.'

Our author goes on to show that as the quantity exists in thought, it must be expressed in logic by language, and that the predicate notion will be *definite* (universal or individual), or *indefinite* (particular), as the subject notion is greater, equal to, or less than the predicate. We fear that some of Mr. Baynes's illustrations will sound rather odd in unlogical ears; but we will venture to give specimens:—'*All man is some mortal*,' then, is a case in which the subject notion is less than the predicate, as *mortal* includes much more than *man*. If we say '*all man is all rational*,' we make the subject equal to the predicate. Again, in '*some mortal is all man*,' the subject *mortal* is greater than the predicate *man*, and we attribute the whole predicate to the subject as a part only of its extension. Our readers, if they chance to have the slightest tincture of logic, will now see by the application of the universal and particular signs to the *predicate* what is meant by its 'quantification.' They need to have chopped very little logic to understand this mystery.

Mr. Baynes next asks why the quantity of the predicate is not expressed in common language? And he replies that the reason is to be sought in the end which language proposes, namely, to render at once intelligible by signs the thing signified. When we say '*every horse is an animal*,' it is not necessary to say that there are other animals besides horses, for the extension of the general term is understood by all men. All know that the predicate here is affirmed of its subject only in *some part* of its (the predicate's), extension. Hence the quantifica-

tion, not being necessary, is usually omitted. But in logic the case is different from that of common language, for logic seeks perfection.

Our readers must pardon us for dosing out to them a little more logic. Our author (whose book is really written with great clearness and ability) goes on to apply this said principle of the formal and expressed 'quantification of the predicate,' to propositions, and to the doctrine of their conversion—having first, however, condemned the ordinary orthodox doctrine of illative conversion, whether simple, accidental, or contrapository, or what not. If you quantify the predicate, you at once bring two notions of different extension into equality; for 'all predication is an equation of subject and predicate.' By quantification the sphere of an individual object in a notion is marked out, and that sphere becomes absolutely convertible with the object; thus, *all man is some animal*, is simply converted, without reducing the quantity of the proposition, to *some animal is all man*. Barbarous and outlandish as this language will seem to those of our readers who are not initiated, others will at once see in these examples at least a lucid exposition of the principles of the 'New Analytic.'

Next follows the consideration of the influence of the principle of the quantification of the predicate on the doctrine of categorical syllogisms; in short, it 'reduces their general laws to one, abolishes their special laws, and amplifies the valid forms of reasoning.' After stating a variety of objections to the common doctrine of syllogistic mood, figure, and reduction, our author proceeds to give the 'one supreme canon of the new analytic which potentially contains the whole doctrine of categorical syllogisms.' The canon is: 'Whatever relation of subject to predicate subsists between either of two terms and a common third term, with which both are related, and one at least positively so—that relation subsists between these two terms themselves.' 'This canon involves the whole doctrine of categorical syllogisms; and is to them an all-sufficient and exhaustive code of law, observing which none can be formally invalid.' Here follow a variety of examples by way of illustrating this reduction of syllogistic rules to this single canon, the special laws which govern particular classes of such syllogisms being first dealt with, but for the study of which we must, for brevity's sake, refer our logical readers to the book itself. By the way, it may be remarked that the fourth logical figure, or model figuration (Galen's), is rejected, the three first figures being to be regarded as exclusively competent in logic. The syllogistic form of expression in the 'New Analytic' may be seen from an example or two. Thus the second figure is made to have either an affirmative or a negative conclusion, while in the common logic

it only has the latter. All A is all B ; all C is some B ; all C is some A. Again :—All A is all B ; no C is any B ; no C is any A. In the third figure, also, we have here both universal and particular conclusions, contrarily to the ordinary doctrine of modal figuration.

Our author goes on to show that the ‘Analytic’ doubles the number of propositions, making them eight instead of four. The old notation A, E, I, O, however, is retained, the new forms being indicated by certain combinations of these letters. The work closes with a new symbolical notation, in the form of a table, which is exemplified by syllogisms in the first figure. The following is the author’s recapitulation :—

‘We set out with the principle of a quantified predicate. We have noticed some things by the way not immediately connected therewith ; but recurring to it we have endeavoured to vindicate that principle. We have indicated its influence on propositions in abolishing the complex doctrine of conversion ; its influence on categorical syllogisms, in reducing their laws to a higher simplicity, and amplifying their valid forms,—in short, by correcting what was false, and supplying what was wanting ; and thus securing to logic a higher degree of formal exactness, realizing for it a higher degree of scientific perfection. The new analytic accomplishes this by being true to its office, and fully investigating the form of thought. *The form, the whole form, and nothing but the form of thought,* is indeed the bannered motto which it bears on its triumphant way. True to its purpose it advances over the whole region of formal thought, conquering and to conquer ; destroying the false landmarks which had been set up by the early discoverers of that territory ; repressing the incursions which were continually made into neighbouring kingdoms ; destroying the border ground by determining for ever the frontier line ; dethroning the potentates who had intrenched themselves in its high places, and long there exercised a usurped authority ; recalling from their long exile the true lords of the soil ; re-establishing the laws on which their rights were founded, and enforcing strict obedience to these in every province of the empire. Thus, though its path is in some respects as the path of the destroyer, in a higher and truer sense it is the path of peace ; for through its instrumentality there breaks at length upon this long distracted region the golden age of simplicity and order. And anarchy, the result of laws neglected and rights ignored, is for ever abolished in the establishment of perfect harmony—a harmony, the result of law clearly expounded and rigidly obeyed throughout the entire empire of formal thought.’

Our readers will think this passage rather florid from a cool-headed logician—a sort of man who is generally looked on as an abstraction of humanity, a being all head and no soul. It reminds us of some very occasional passages of Kant, who had an imagination when he chose to use it. Mr. Baynes is sanguine enough, it seems, of the speedy triumph of the ‘New

Analytic:' but the best of it is his devotion to his master, to whom he gives all honour.

'We cannot close,' says the author, 'without expressing the true joy we feel, (though, were the feeling less strong, we might shrink from the intrusion) that in our country, and in our time, this discovery has been made. We rejoice to know that one has at length arisen, able to recognize and complete the plan of the mighty builder, Aristotle—to lay the top stone on that fabric, the foundations of which were laid more than 2000 years ago by the master hand of the Stagirite, which after the labours of many generations of workmen who have, from time to time, built up one part here, and taken down another there, remains substantially as he left it; but which, when finished, shall be seen to be an edifice of wondrous beauty, harmony, and completeness.'

Here, again, we are much reminded of the sanguine mode of anticipation in which Kant sometimes indulges, over that chaos of elaboration, the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. The only difference, however, is, that Kant's dream of having discovered the universal sedative of philosophical controversy, was a dream of homage to his own sheaf; while Mr. Baynes rejoices in the prospect that his master will have all the honours due to the final settlement of disputes among contending logicians. Sir William Hamilton himself, has not yet published his own final views on the subject of the New Analytic. On this account, and also partly because our space will not allow us to prolong this article, we must defer, for the present, any closer investigation and criticism of the proposed theory. The 'Appendix' shows that the idea of a quantification of the predicate had not escaped the almost superhuman acuteness of that most marvellous of men, Aristotle: but he unequivocally rejects the doctrine in both the places in which he decisively mentions it. Nevertheless he does, in some other parts of his writings, quantify the predicate. We must, here, however, take leave of the subject.

ART. VI.—*Chronicon Domini Walteri de Hemingburgh, de Gestis Regum Angliæ. Ad Fidem Codicum Manuscriptorum Recensuit.* Hans Claude Hamilton. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Chronicle of Sir Walter of Hemingburgh (vulgarly called Hemingsford), concerning the Acts of the Kings of England. 8vo. 2 vols. London: English Historical Society.

THIS is one of a series of valuable reprints of our early contemporary chronicles, for which the public are indebted to the 'English Historical Society.' Since its foundation, in 1837, this Society has published the entire works of Bede, the Chronicle of Richard of Devizes, that of Florence of Worcester, of Roger of Wendover, of William of Malmesbury, and of Nicholas Trevet, besides six volumes of Anglo-Saxon charters and wills, a large portion of which had never before been printed. Some of these re-publications have already become very scarce. The present work has been justly pronounced to be 'one of the choicest remains of the literature of the fourteenth century,' one of the most interesting periods in our national annals. The text of the present edition is based upon a MS. presented by Henry, Duke of Norfolk, to the College of Arms, which has always been deemed the best; but all various readings of the Lansdowne and Cotton MSS., which could be considered as useful, have been given in foot-notes. The Chronicle itself is in Latin. By a laborious collection of the several manuscripts, the Editor has been enabled to weed the text from numerous errors, and, for the first time, to present the work in a readable form, illustrated with a valuable body of English notes. These volumes furnish, indeed, a model of competent, pains-taking, and, at the same time, unpretending literary workmanship. Mr. Hamilton's name has not been hitherto much before the public, many of his labours having been of a description that bring to the scholar little profit and less fame. '*Sic vos non vobis, mellificatis, apes.*' To the erudition of a Greek lexicographer and an excellent Latinist, he unites the rarer qualifications of a correct Hebraist, (as is shown by his translations into Hebrew verse of Mr. Martin Tupper's Hymn for the Festival of International Industry,) and the scarcely less rare accomplishment of a mastery of the Anglo-Saxon and what may be styled the transition dialects of our mother tongue. His philological attainments in this respect have been put in useful requisition in the State Paper Office. We see announced a new translation of Strabo from his indefatigable pen, which will test his talents as a translator.

Walter de Hemingburgh, commonly, but erroneously, called Walter Hemingford, was born of an influential family in the neighbourhood of Hemingborough, in the wapentake of Ouse and Derwent, in the East Riding of York. He received his education from the monks of the priory of Gisborough, near Clive, on the banks of the Tees, in the North Riding, where his taste for learning and the study of theology were successfully cultivated; and he eventually became a canon of the priory. Leland makes him to have lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.; but, if the whole of the chronicles be from his pen, he must have survived till near the middle of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward III. When Edward I., in 1291, caused search to be made for evidence respecting the claims of homage due from the crown of Scotland, it is supposed, that our Historian 'was engaged in examining the stores laid up in the archives of the neighbouring monasteries,' and that the sight of the ancient chronicles may have inspired the desire to leave behind him a 'History of England' up to that time. Bale makes him to have died in 1347, at Gisburn, or Gisborough, where he is buried.

His work, at all events, presents one of the finest samples of our early chronicles, as regards alike the value of the events recorded, and the correctness with which they are detailed. 'He faithfully records eclipses, earthquakes, pestilences, and other natural phenomena, which he correctly imagined might be of interest and value at a future period; and seldom wanders from his narrative into legendary stories and the mazy and perplexing regions of theological dispute.' The value set upon it as a history, is attested by evidence as early as the fourteenth century. His first task was, the 'Chronicle of England,' from the dissolution of the Saxon government to the death of Edward I. The early part of this history is drawn from Eadmer, Hoveden, Henry of Huntingdon, (who is cited as an eye-witness of the death of Robert Marmion, in the year 1144,) and William of Newbury, whose writings are largely incorporated. Subsequently to A.D. 1195, Hemingburgh no longer follows closely any particular narrative. The history of the reigns of Edward I., II., and III., are original, and derived chiefly from personal knowledge and contemporary testimony. The work breaks off abruptly with the rubric for a new section, '*De Bello inter Reges Angliæ et Franciæ apud Cressy commissio*;' indicating that the hand of the Chronicler was arrested at that point by illness or death.

Our best modern historians have borne testimony to the value of this work. Mr. Hallam, in his 'History of the Middle Ages,' (vol. ii. p. 135), praises the Author as giving the fullest

account of the important transactions of the time, and of the confirmation of the charters of English liberty wrested from Edward I. Sir William Blackstone refers to him as having the merit of preserving the only intelligible copy of the famous statute, '*De Tallagio non concedendo*,' added by Edward I. to his confirmation of the Great Charter in 1297.

A few specimens of the contents of the 'Chronicle' will probably be acceptable to our readers.

In the year 1277, the Welsh rebelled against King Edward under their prince Leulinus (Llewellyn). The prince made his submission, however, in London, at the following Christmas. In July of the next year, the King held his parliament at Gloucester, when the statute of Gloucester and the statute 'quo warranto' were passed. The enforcement of this last statute led to fresh disturbances:—

'Cum autem teneret rex quoddam parliamentum, et filii magnatum starent coram eo in vespertis, dixit eis, "Quid loquimini inter vos, quando nos sumus in consilio cum patribus vestris?" Et respondit unus, "Non offendamini si veritatem dicam?" Et rex, "Non certe." "Domine mi rex, nos dicimus sic,—

Le roy cuvayte nos deneres
E la rayne nos beau maners,
E le quo voranto
Sale mak wus al to do."—Vol. ii. pp. 6, 7.

In plain English,

'The king covets our money,
And the queen our fine manors,
And the quo warranto
Shall make a to-do among us all.'

The point of the reply evidently consists in the play upon the word *warranto*, written *voranto*, and implying that the court would devour them all.

In 1290, the King held his parliament in London, when the third statute of Westminster was passed, and also an 'explanation' of the statute 'quo warranto.' By the former, all Jews were expelled from England:—'*etenim omnes par zelus accenderat, arbitantes se grande obsequium præstare Deo, si gentem Christo rebellem, a Christi fidelibus abraderent.*' The character of this pious zeal may be inferred from the fact, that all their possessions were confiscated; and the King gave great displeasure to many by permitting the exiles to carry away their gold and silver, and moveables. Some wealthy London Jews were landed by the captain of the ship in which they had embarked,

upon a shoal, or shore, that was covered at high water, and all perished. We give the Editor's note as a specimen of his historical illustrations.

'Sir Edward Coke, from a MS. record of the judges itinerant in Kent, informs us, that the master and his accomplices were indicted, convicted of murder, and hanged. This was no doubt the case, as we find in the safe-conduct granted to the Jews, dated on the 27th of July, the king forbade the bailiffs, barons, and mariners of the cinque ports, on pain of forfeiture, to permit any injury to be done either to their persons or their property.

'At this time, sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven Jews received the king's pass, and were banished from England.'—Vol. ii. p. 22.

In 1294, the Welsh again revolted, under Maddoch (Madoc) and Morgan. The former was leader of the men of North Wales; the latter, of the Glamorganshire and Southern insurgents. The royal forces were defeated at Denbigh, and the King was greatly straitened for provisions. But, subsequently, the Welsh sustained a defeat, and Madoc was compelled to sue for peace. The Editor appends the following notes:—

'It was in this expedition that Edward ordered all the woods in Wales to be cut down, to prevent the enemy using them as places of retreat.

'Caradoc of Llancarvan relates, that the king having returned into England, Madoc again gathered round his standard some patriot forces, and obtained various successes against the English, but was at last taken prisoner in 1295, at a battle fought upon the hills of Cefu Digolh, not far from Camrs Castle, and sent to London, where he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower.'—Vol. ii. p. 59.

In the same year, the 'Chronicle' states, a severe famine afflicted England. Many thousands of poor perished; '*vendebatur enim Quarterium frumenti pro xvi. solidis, et multotiens pro xx.*' In the following year the French landed, and sacked Dover, being about 15,000 strong, but were afterwards defeated with great slaughter. In 1298, the 'Chronicle' narrates with great simplicity the following pretty quarrel between Church and State. Our readers will here accept of our translation.

'In what manner the king of England put the clergy out of his protection.

'On the morrow of the feast of All Souls (Nov. 3), of this year (1296), the king held his parliament at Bury St. Edmunds, where, at his request, a supply was granted of a twelfth from the people, an eighth from the citizens and towns-people, and a fifth from the clergy. Hereupon the clergy represented, that neither could they pay or sanction, nor yet could he, the king, receive any grant [from them], without incurring the sentence of excommunication denounced in the Papal Bull, which they did not consider the king would wish to do, and they were quite sure would be inexpedient for themselves. This declaration by no means pleased the

king; and he, therefore, adjourned them to another parliament, to be holden in London on the morrow of St. Hilary (Jan. 14, 1297), that in the meantime they might deliberate, and consider better of their answer. When the day arrived, the clergy being assembled, Master Robert de Wynchelse, the archbishop of Canterbury, having consulted with the royal commissioners, returned answer in the following words: You well know, sirs, that, under Almighty God, we have two masters, a spiritual and a temporal; the spiritual master is our lord the pope, and the temporal our lord the king; and although we owe to both of them obedience, greater is due to the spiritual than to the temporal. Nevertheless, in order to please them both, we are willing, and agree to send at our own costs, special messengers to our spiritual father the lord pope, in order to obtain his permission to the grant, or at least to get his orders as to what we shall do: for we are confident that our lord the king, not less than ourselves, both fears and would desire to avoid the sentence of excommunication which the Bull contains. To this the commissioners of the king replied: 'Our very dear sirs, we beg you to appoint certain of your own number to intimate this answer to our lord the king, since, as for ourselves, knowing as we do that his indignation is already roused, we cannot possibly venture to communicate your reply.'

'Upon their doing so, the fury of the king knew no bounds; and he forthwith put the archbishop and the whole English clergy out of his defence and protection; and ordered that all the lands and endowments of the whole English church should be seized into his hands. And it is believed to have happened miraculously, that, on the very day in which the king put the clergy out of his protection, the royal forces in Gascony were surprised and beaten by the French, as will afterwards appear. Moreover, the lord chief-justice in banco, sitting on the judgment-seat as the royal representative, thus publicly addressed those who surrounded him:—'Sirs, attorneys of the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors, and of all other persons of the clergy, announce this to your masters, and tell them, that, for the future, no justice shall be done them in the king's court in any matter, not even should the most atrocious injury be inflicted on them; while, on the other hand, justice shall be extended to all who complain or seek for it against them.' Marvellous to be told! that common justice which is accorded to the very multitude, is, in what spirit I know not, denied to the clergy; and mother church is treated as a hand-maid and servant, who was wont formerly to be mistress over her sons!

'However, Henry de Newark, the archbishop elect of York, and the bishops of Durham, Ely, and Salisbury, with certain others, fearing the extreme anger of the king, and apprehensive of grievous peril impending over them, determined to lay down in the sanctuary a fifth part of the ecclesiastical revenues of that year, for the preservation of the English church, and their defence in this most urgent necessity; that by this means they might evade the king's anger, and at the same time not incur the sentence denounced in the Bull. Now, whatever the clergy laid down, was taken up by the Exchequer; and by this determination, and by thus under a disguise granting a fifth, they obtained the king's protection. However, the archbishop of Canterbury did not change his mind, and would neither grant nor lay down anything, choosing rather to incur

the anger of the king, than the sentence of excommunication. Wherefore all his goods were seized, his gold and silver vessels were taken possession of, and all his horses; his very household forsook him, nor did anything remain by which Christ's poor servant might be sustained. Further, it was commanded, under pain of the king's grievous forfeiture, that no one should give him shelter either within a monastery or without, and the precept of the apostle was set at nought, 'Receive ye one another, as Christ also received you,' (Romans xv. 7). Thus being ejected, he remained in the house of a plain rector, with only one priest and one clerk, not having throughout his whole archbishopric, where he might lay his head: nevertheless he was constantly employed in the word of the Lord, begging publicly, everywhere protesting that all who should grant anything to the king, or other secular person, without the consent of the lord pope, would without doubt fall under the sentence of excommunication; and being always prepared to die for the church of God.

'The friends of Oliver, the bishop of Lincoln, (who likewise would not consent to the king's will,) managed so that the sheriff of Lincoln, having levied a fifth part of the bishop's goods, afterwards restored to him his possessions and lands. Moreover, the monasteries of that bishopric, and of the whole province of Canterbury, were seized into the king's hands, by whose command guardians were appointed, who should supply the brethren with bare necessities, and transfer the remainder into the Exchequer. Wherefore the abbots and priors, being driven by necessity, went to the royal court, and redeemed, not, indeed, their sins, but their own goods with the gift of a fourth.

'During this time, no justice was done to the clergy, and they suffered numerous injuries. The religious were even plundered of their horses on the king's highway, and could not obtain any justice, until they had purchased his favour, and thus secured the royal protection.'—Vol. ii. pp. 116—118.

In 1297, a dispute arose between the monarch and his barons, which is thus naively described:—

'A Dissension between King Edward I. and his Peers.'

'On the feast of St. Matthew the apostle, of the same year (Sunday, February 24, 1297), having assembled the nobles of the kingdom, but with the exception of the clergy, the king held his parliament at Salisbury, where he asked certain barons to pass over into Gascony; but they all began to make excuse; and the king, becoming angry, threatened some of them that, unless they went, he would give their lands to others who would go. At this speech, many were offended, and a dissension arose among them. The earl of Hereford and the earl-marshal (Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk) excused themselves, saying, that they would willingly fulfil the offices which they held by hereditary right in going with the king himself. The king, reiterating his request, asked the earl-marshal to go, who said:—'Willingly will I go with thee, O king, marching before thy face in the front line of battle, as it is my duty by hereditary right.' To whom the king said:—'But you will go with the others without me.' But he answered:—'I am not bound, O king, nor is it my

pleasure, to take this journey without thee.' And the king being enraged, as it is said, broke out in these words:—'By God! sir earl, thou shalt either go or hang!' And he:—'By the same oath, sir king, I will neither go nor hang.' And he departed without licence, and the council was broken up for that day. But the two earls, the earl of Hereford and the marshal, having presently gathered to themselves many nobles, and more than thirty chosen bannerets, their party increased to a considerable force, and were reckoned at 1500 well-armed horse, equipped ready for the war; and the king began to fear them, but dissembled. And they going to their territories, would not suffer the king's ministers to take either wool, hides, or any extraordinary, or to exact anything from such as were unwilling. They even forbade them to enter their lands under pain of decapitation and mutilation, and prepared themselves for resistance.' —Vol. ii. p. 121.

One more specimen of the Historian's narrative, we take from a later period. It describes a naval engagement between the English and the French off Sluys, in the reign of Edward III. The king had set sail from Orwell on the 22nd of June, 1340, for Flanders. On the 24th, the engagement took place.

'Of the naval engagement between the English and the French.'

'Edward [III.], king of England, prepared to sail for Flanders with but few ships and a small band of men. But, by the will of God, being forewarned of a French fleet which almost covered the sea near Sluys, during seven days, riding with but few attendants, and visiting in person different places and ports, he collected, as well as he could, a fleet and a force of soldiers and archers, and, with sails unfurled, committing his fleet to wind and wave, he arrived safely at the town called Ays, three miles from Sluys, about midday on Friday, the vigil of St. John the Baptist (June 23rd, 1340). The French with two hundred and fifty ships, manned with a multitude of armed soldiers and cross-bow men, stationed themselves in the sea, at the mouth of the river which runs by Sluys. And on Saturday, the feast of St. John the Baptist (June 24), when the sun had scarcely risen, having furled their sails, the French fleet formed in four lines, having fastened the ships together with great iron chains and cords, and suspending their small boats filled with stones about the middle of the mast, they erected wooden castles at the top. The king of England sent the bishop of Lincoln to the town of Ays, that he might collect the Flemings and the English who were there, and lead them out to battle when prepared, if a favourable occasion should occur for annoying the enemy while the king was charging the French; but his hope failed, for the Flemings stood on the sea-shore during the conflict, waiting only, as it was said, the issue of the battle, that they might join the victorious party. And on that day, a little before the vesper hour, the ship of lord Robert de Morlee made the first attack on the French fleet; after her, the ship of the earl of Huntingdon, then that of the earl of Northampton, and then the ship of Walter de Maunay; and in like

manner all the ships which were hasting against the enemy were favoured by the sun and wind. Even in the very commencement of the action, they took three of the largest ships, called the *Edward*, *Catherine*, and *Rose*, which had formerly been taken at sea from the English. When the first line was overcome and the men put to the sword, they trampled on the standard of the king of France, and hoisted that of the king of England in the three ships which they had taken. The remaining ships then attempted to take to flight, but they were surrounded by the English, and the crews, throwing aside their arms, took to the boats; but before their frail craft, greatly overladen, could make the land, about 2000 of the men were drowned, and thus three lines were vanquished. In the fourth line, which consisted of about sixty vessels, there were many of the soldiers who had fled from the aforesaid ships, who were not easy to be overcome, and would hardly give in after midnight, when many thousands had been slain. In this last battle, the English lost one ship and a galley from Hull, every one of those who were in them being killed by the stones. All who were in the ship in which was the wardrobe of the king of England, were slain, excepting two men and a certain woman. The ship, however, fell again into the hands of the English. The loss on the side of the French, both of those who were killed and those who leaped into the sea, as well as those who, leaving the large ships and overcrowding the little boats, were drowned, was about 30,000 men; while, on the side of the English, not one nobleman was slain, excepting only sir Thomas de Monthermer.'—Vol. ii. p. 355.

These extracts will, perhaps, lead many readers to wish that the work were rendered generally accessible by means of an English translation. We must not omit to thank the Editor for an excellent index to these volumes.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Lives of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and of his brother, James Alexander Haldane.* By Alexander Haldane, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It has been from no want of due appreciation of the merit of the work, that we have not, ere now, noticed these valuable memoirs of two of the most extraordinary men of this century. In thus designating the well-known brothers, Robert and James Haldane, of Scotland, we refer not merely to originality of personal character, as regards either their genius or moral excellence, but to their remarkable history, considered as a fine practical exemplification of the too much forgotten, if not despised, doctrine of a special Providence.

The misty brilliance of philosophy, falsely so called, once more perplexes our intellectual and spiritual vision. It is much to be feared, that by men, in some sort evangelical, the good old truths of a sound scriptural religion are eloquently apologized for rather than cordially embraced. The humbling but sublime doctrines of inspired, authoritative revelation seem to be half denied by the affectedly patronizing mode of their reception. The 'divine idea' is, forsooth, piously discovered everywhere and in everything, while the distinct personality of the great and holy God is rather inferred than maintained. Much of our so-called religious literature is little better than a species of spiritual obscurantism. The school of the rationalists is becoming more and more irrational, even to a wild and almost canting fanaticism. We thus refer to what we must call the symptoms of the intellectual and religious degeneracy of the day, because we feel that such works as that now under review must and will be the most natural and effective antidote. What good have your conceited, everlasting eulogists of the 'earnest' *themselves done*, compared with the morally heroic achievements of such men as the Haldanes?

The ancestry, both paternal and maternal, of these distinguished men is traceable, by many a noble and brilliant name, for six centuries. It is interwoven with the history of Scotland, full as it is of romance, of misfortune, and of glory. Brave warriors, accomplished statesmen, and great lawyers of other days, illustrate the long ancestral roll. 'On the 15th of December, 1762, Captain James Haldane married his first cousin, Katharine, daughter of Alexander Duncan, of Lundie, and Helen Haldane, commonly called Lady Lundie, by the courtesy of Scotland then allowed to the wife of a minor baron. Of this marriage there were three children—namely, 1. Robert, who succeeded his father in the estate of Airthrey; 2. Helen, born in 1765, who died in childhood; and 3. James Alexander Haldane, his younger and posthumous son.' The biographer, after this closing paragraph of a brief genealogy of the family, remarks, with characteristic modesty and good taste:—'It was the privilege of the two brothers to be enabled practically to sympathise with the sentiments expressed in the noble lines of Cowper, when he exclaims:—

' My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.'

Captain Haldane was an officer in the East India Company's naval service, and a man of exemplary character and ability. He was expecting soon to be elected a director, when, in June,

1768, he died, leaving good evidence of his evangelical faith and piety. A fortnight after the decease of her husband, the bereaved widow, in consequence of her grief, gave birth, prematurely by two months, to her second son, James Alexander. 'Mrs. Haldane belonged to a family in which there had been much true religion. Her father was distinguished as a strenuous supporter of the Protestant succession, and, as Provost of Dundee, did good service to the government during the rebellion in 1745.' This young and well-connected widow was an eminently pious woman; and we think it proper to notice particularly this significant fact, taken, as it should be, in connexion with the remarkable lives and characters of her two fatherless boys. 'Often, when she had seen her children in bed, and supposed that they were asleep, she was overheard by them, and particularly by her elder son, on her knees by their bedside, earnestly praying that the Lord would be pleased to guide them through that world which she felt that she was herself soon to leave; that their lives might be devoted to His service upon earth; and finally, that they might be brought to His everlasting kingdom.' She died in 1744. 'Shortly before she expired, she was asked if she would like once more to see her children, but she declined, saying, that it would only agitate her; that she had been enabled implicitly to surrender them into the hands of God, and she would rather leave them there.' 'She was buried in her husband's grave at Lundie, in the burial place of the Duncans, next to the vault where the ashes of her brother, the great admiral, now also repose.' At the death of his sister, Captain Duncan, 'who had served for more than a quarter of a century in different parts of the world,' was residing along with Lady Lundie, his mother, at Mrs. Haldane's house, along with the children. This excellent grandmother—who had once been distinguished as a beauty in the circles of fashion at Bath and elsewhere, but had now, for some time past, been retired from the scenes of worldly gaiety—took, along with her sons, their uncles, the charge of the young Haldanes. They had one sister, Helen, who died in July, 1766, 'so that, once more,' as the biographer affectingly remarks, 'the orphan boys stood beside their two uncles at another funeral, when their only and much-loved sister was committed to the dust in the vault of the Murrays, in the ancient and romantic churchyard of Monivaird.'

A few months after the loss of her young grand-daughter, in 1777, Lady Lundie died; and the boys were now left to the care of their maternal uncles. The captain, this same year, married the amiable and accomplished daughter of the Lord President Dundas, 'a lady, the remembrance of whose many

admirable qualities the two brothers cherished with the grateful feelings of almost filial affection.' In 1779, Captain Duncan broke up his establishment at Nellfield, and once more entered upon active service. He soon distinguished himself, while in command of the *Monarch*, in Lord Rodney's action off St. Vincent. As long, however, as he resided at Nellfield, it was the home, on Saturdays and Sundays, of his nephews, who had now been placed at the well-known High School of Edinburgh: they boarded with Dr. Adams, the rector. Their vacations were spent at Lundie House, where their uncle, Colonel Duncan, resided.

Robert Haldane had, from his early boyhood, entertained a desire to fit himself for the ministry in the Church of Scotland; but it seemed almost the natural result of his position, that, attracted by the fame of his uncle, he should ultimately choose the navy as his profession. Early, therefore, in 1780, leaving the College of Edinburgh, he joined the *Monarch* at Portsmouth. In 1781, James went to college, and for three sessions attended the professors of Greek, Latin, mathematics, logic, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. In 1785, in his seventeenth year, he went to sea in the East India Company's naval service.

It is difficult, even in a somewhat extended work, to relate with perspicuity the incidents of two contemporary lives, though our author seems to us to have accomplished the task with lawyer-like skill, while, happily, his *style* is characterized by the most unlawyer-like conciseness. In a brief review such as the present, however, we cannot profess even to attempt anything in the nature of a sustained and concatenated historical narrative, though we have thought it desirable to advert, so far, to the circumstances of the family connexions and early training of these remarkable brothers, as tending to give interest and significance to their subsequent career.

In 1781, Robert was transferred by his uncle from the *Monarch* to the *Foudroyant*, commanded by his friend Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. In the celebrated action between that ship and the *Pégase*, the distinguished captain of the former is said to have marked the admirable behaviour of the dashing young midshipman; and, after the action, he wrote to Captain Duncan, 'congratulating him on the determined spirit and ability of his nephew, and predicting that Robert Haldane would one day be an ornament to his country.' As the biographer remarks, the prediction, though true in effect, was accomplished in a far different manner than that which the hero of St. Vincent imagined.

The friendly connexion which, under the blessing of God,

both brothers formed with the excellent Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, will be best described by a short extract.

‘After the return of the *Foudroyant* to Spithead, and during the period which elapsed before the relief of Gibraltar, he had frequent opportunities of spending much of his time at Gosport, and attending the ministry of the late David Bogue, whose influence on his own mind and on that of his brother, both intellectually and spiritually, was greatly blessed. Dr. Bogue was a Scotch Presbyterian minister, educated for the established church, who ultimately settled, in 1778, at Gosport, where he continued until his death, in 1825, the pastor of an independent congregation, but still foremost, throughout the land, in all those great objects of Christian philanthropy which marked the close of the eighteenth century. Between 1779 and 1787 Gosport was the head-quarters of Lord Duncan. Till the peace of 1783 he was attached to the channel fleet, successively commanding the *Monarch* of 74, and the *Blenheim* of 90 guns, and chiefly cruizing between Spithead and Gibraltar. After the peace he commanded the *Edgar* guard-ship until he obtained his flag, in 1787. These circumstances are to be numbered among the providential links in the history of both the brothers. It was thus, that they were brought much into contact with Dr. Bogue, to whom they became attached. They attended his ministry, and by him they were directed in their course of reading and in their choice of books, both on shore and at sea.’—pp. 32, 33.

While in the *Foudroyant*, Robert Haldane was a witness of the melancholy fate of the *Royal George*, at Spithead, on the 29th of August, 1782; when, on a fine day, and in a perfect calm, she sunk, having on board a noble crew that would have constituted the population of a small town. In charge of a boat, he was one of the most active in saving the drowning crew. He was present in the *Foudroyant* when it led in the masterly manœuvre by which Admiral Howe safely carried the convoy into Gibraltar. On the return from the straits, the *Foudroyant*, which had taken part, on its way, in a gallant action, was paid off. Sir John Jervis, in the *Salisbury*, having now hoisted his broad pennant as commodore, expressly selected young Haldane to accompany him. The peace, however, put an end to the South American expedition, for which the squadron had been destined; and on that commander retiring for a time, Mr. Haldane rejoined his uncle at Gosport, and ‘bade adieu to a service to which he was enthusiastically attached to the very last.’ He was now in his twentieth year. After remaining for some months, ‘enjoying the advantage of Dr. Bogue’s society and tuition,’ he returned to Edinburgh and resumed his studies at the university. In the ensuing winter session of 1784-5, he continued to attend the professors at Edinburgh. In the spring, he set out on what formerly was called the ‘grand tour.’ Having attained his majority in

February, 1785, shortly after his return, he married, in the April of the following year, Katherine Cochrane Oswald, then in her eighteenth year, second daughter of the late George Oswald, Esq. She was the sister of the late Richard Oswald, Esq., of Auchinruive, long M.P. for Ayrshire. 'The union was destined to prove long and happy. It lasted nearly fifty-seven years, and Mrs. Haldane was singularly adapted to be a true helpmeet in all his future plans, participating in his designs of usefulness, aiding him by her prudent counsel and sympathy, and never interposing her own personal wishes or comforts as an obstacle to their accomplishment.' They settled, in September, 1786, at his residence at Airthrey, near Stirling. Here, for nearly ten years, he continued to occupy himself in a great measure in the improvement of his beautiful estate. In this he is said to have evinced not only good taste but considerable ability. His spirited example was the occasion of spreading a habit of improvement among other proprietors in the same part of the country. As to his personal and social character during this period, it is remarked that 'it was impossible to be in his society without admiring his great abilities, his originality of thought, his vivacity and his general information.' 'His near neighbour, the celebrated Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was always remarkable for his sagacity and quick discernment of character, used often to say, that he never was in Mr. Haldane's company without hearing something worth remembering.'

James Alexander Haldane, as we have seen, went to sea in the East Indiaman, the Duke of Montrose. To this service he had been destined from his infancy. His family, for several generations, were joint proprietors in one of 'the regular chartered' ships of the East India Company, 'along with other connexions or friends of the Gleneagles and Lundie families, including Mr. Coutts, the banker, and the Dundases of Arniston.' James Haldane was offered, by Mr. Coutts, a share in the celebrated banking firm of which he was the head; but the youth, who was fond of the sea and of adventure, declined the kind and flattering proposal. As a contrast to the state of things in this age of anti-monopoly, it may be entertaining to cite a passage descriptive of the former relative value, in 'the good old times,' of commercial property connected with the East India Company's service and trade.

'The voyage was tedious even in those days, when a great monopoly prevailed, and economy in time was of little consequence. The charge for freight in an East Indiaman then ranged as high as forty pounds sterling per ton, and upwards. The same freight now ranges as low as forty shillings. In like manner, the crew of an Indiaman varied from

a minimum of 126 up to 180 men. That of the Duke of Montrose was 145; whilst a little more than a third of that number would now be deemed adequate. The armament of the company's ships used to be on the same scale, each carrying from twenty-six to thirty-six guns, and in time of war sometimes successfully beating off, or even capturing ships of war. Many of the captains, such as the Elphinstones, Lindsays, Ramsays, and Trenches, were the younger sons of nobility. Some of them were baronets, most of them were either connected with the landed aristocracy or the great merchants, and all of them frequently indulged in expensive habits, which rendered them rather objects of jealousy to the juniors in the royal navy, who had not the same means of acquiring fortune. These matters are all so much changed since the alteration of the company's charter in 1814, and the complete overthrow of the monopoly in 1834, that this notice of a splendid service now extinct may neither be wholly useless nor uninteresting.'—pp. 46, 47.

In the Montrose, Mr. James Haldane took four voyages; and such, it seems, was his ability, as a seaman and an officer, that the ship was placed, substantially, under his command. There are some most interesting anecdotes related of him, during this period of his life, including several most singularly providential deliverances from imminent danger, or, as our great poet would have described them, 'hair-breadth 'scapes.' Mention, in a very proper spirit, is made also of a duel into which, as regards his adversary, he was most unjustifiably provoked. In connexion with circumstances of this nature, some other incidents in his after life are alluded to, with pertinence and effect, as 'furnishing a just representation of the character which he had by nature, but which was changed by grace.' Having, in July, 1793, been appointed commander of the Melville Castle, bound to Madras and Calcutta, he married, in September of that year, the only child of Major Alexander Joass, of Culleopard, by Elizabeth Abercromby, second daughter of George Abercromby, Esq., of Tullibody, county Clackmannan. By this alliance he became related to the distinguished Scotch family of Abercromby, with whom he and his family had been before intimately acquainted; and Sir Ralph Abercromby wrote to the father of the bride a most affectionate congratulatory letter on the occasion of the marriage.

The ship, which was destined to sail in December, was by various circumstances, and latterly by long-continued contrary winds, detained at Portsmouth, with the rest of the East India Company's fleet, until May, 1794. 'Upon these contingencies was suspended the future history of Captain Haldane's life.' But before we touch on the events of this history, it would be absolute injustice to omit a distinct reference to the fact of his having been, almost singly, instrumental in the suppression of a desperate mutiny on board the East India Company's ship

Dutton. A lieutenant, with a boat's crew from one of H. M. ships, had felt it prudent to leave the mutineer Indiaman, which they had boarded with the hope of quelling the disturbance. Captain Haldane now came to the point of danger, and of his conduct there we have this characteristic and graphic scene :—

‘ It has been said that the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port, but at this moment far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the ship's gunpowder, and madly end the strife by their own death and that of all on board. One of the two medical men on board had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment, that Captain Haldane, of the Melville Castle, appeared at the side of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults. The shouts of the officers, “Come on board; come on board!” were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, “Keep off, or we'll sink you!” The scene was appalling, and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed to be an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Captain Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to lead an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, cutlass in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But, observing that there was still much confusion, and inquiring at the same time from the officers where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder magazine, threatening, with horrid oaths, that whether it should prove heaven or hell they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovel full of live coals, ready to throw in! Captain Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed, first on this man and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were then secured, when the crew finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the captain returned to his own ship. Next day, the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, king's ship, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.’— pp. 68, 69.

While detained for four months at Portsmouth, the good effect of his early religious training and subsequent reading and reflection became evinced in his gradual distaste for the habits and pleasures of the world. ‘However dark my mind was, I have no doubt,’ he says, ‘but God began a work of grace on my soul while living on board the Melville Castle.’ He was enabled

to get free from his command under favourable circumstances; and, early in 1794, he returned with his wife to Scotland. His mind became more and more occupied with religious inquiry, and more especially with a renewed and serious examination of the holy scriptures. The result soon was,—that cordial embrace of the method of salvation the sincerity of which was proved by his subsequent life of Christian obedience, piety, and zeal. The religious experience of Robert Haldane, as regards the process of his spiritual conversion, was, in a great measure, like that of his brother. It seems, however, that the excitement of the French Revolution was one cause of his being aroused from ‘the sleep of spiritual death.’ He was never a partisan enthusiast in favour of that revolution; but he was, on the other hand, not so alarmed as to approve of the severely repressive policy of the government of the day, or to admit the prudence of the war in which the country had been so fatally plunged. His sentiments on this subject he manfully expressed in an eloquent speech at a freeholders’ meeting, in the County Hall at Stirling, ‘in opposition to the lord lieutenant and principal landholders.’ As we are told, ‘he was not the man to quail before what was called the reign of terror in Scotland.’ But the ‘personal coldness’ evinced towards him by some of his more aristocratic friends ‘threw him more into the society of learned and pious ministers.’ His conversation and intercourse with such men induced in him a renewed anxiety respecting his spiritual condition. He went through a course of reading on the evidences of Christianity, in the faith of which he became more than ever confirmed. He was accustomed to say, that, ‘though he traced his turning to God to the early instructions of his mother, and had never been entirely without some convictions,’ he had derived most spiritual light at the beginning of his career, from his conversation with a good journeyman stonemason, of the name of Klam, or Clam, of Menstrie, who was employed at the works at Airthrey. This excellent man was remarkably intelligent, and well read in the Bible and in the works of the best old Scotch divines. The biographer worthily observes—‘To recal the name of the almost-forgotten stonemason of Menstrie, is a pleasing duty. It is one which will be found in the registry of God, although lost in the records of man.’

Mr. Robert Haldane was much impressed by the first report of the Baptist mission in India. On the London Missionary Society being established, in 1795, he and his brother both became members, and subscribed £50 each. The Rev. Dr. Innes, of Stirling, was a frequent guest at Airthrey; and his mind, also, was now much occupied with the cause of missions.

‘To him, therefore, Mr. Haldane proposed that they should go to Bengal, and spend the remainder of their lives in endeavouring to communicate the precious truths of the gospel to the Hindoos, who were living under the British government.’ A plan was subsequently resolved upon, between himself, Dr. Bogue, Mr. Innes, and the Rev. Greville Ewing, that they should proceed to India as missionaries. Mr. Robert Haldane engaged to take the entire expense of the mission. He proposed to appropriate £3,500 each to his colleagues, to indemnify them against all responsibility and care, and he arranged to place the princely sum of £25,000 in the hands of trustees for the accomplishment of the purposes of the mission. Benares was the city chosen for the scene of their labours—the very centre of Hindoo paganism. But this truly apostolic design was frustrated by the prejudices of the government and the East India Company. The necessary permission for these zealous evangelists to proceed to India was refused by the Company, notwithstanding that Mr. Haldane and Dr. Bogue used repeated exertions with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Secretary Dundas—himself a family connexion of the Haldanes—to obtain the consent of the government. Some sort of excuse for the refusal was attempted on the ground of the supposed extreme political views of these noble-minded men; but the biographer has amply vindicated them against the unworthy insinuation. It is much to be regretted that, in doing this, the author felt himself compelled to animadvert on the careless, if not somewhat disingenuous conduct, on this subject, of the biographers of Mr. Wilberforce. But, as they have, in a great measure, retracted their error, we will not dwell on a matter which, even through his sons, might seem to cast the slightest speck on the illustrious name of that great and good man. We cannot better conclude our allusion to this subject, than by recording the well-merited eulogy of Bishop Porteus. In a letter to Mrs. H. More, dated 16th Jan. 1797, after alluding, with admiration, to the self-sacrificing patriotism of Lord Cornwallis, who, in his old age, had ‘offered his services to quiet the military commotions in India,’ adds—‘Yet, on recollection, there is another instance of *heroism* with respect to the same country not less honourable to the actors in it than this. I lately saw three Scotchmen, (Mr. Haldane, Dr. Bogue, and Mr. Innes,) who are all going to India, without support and without protection, to make converts to Christianity. When we hear of these and some other instances of disinterested feeling and benevolence that I could mention, who will dare say that there is no religion or virtue in the land?’ It may be as well to mention here, that though the original object of the sale of his

estate was not carried into effect, yet Mr. Robert Haldane, in 1798, did dispose of Airthrey, and 'thus he found his power of applying property usefully very considerably increased.'

Mr. James Haldane, after leaving the Melville Castle, had entertained the project of purchasing an estate and settling down in Scotland, as a country gentleman. But, whilst residing in Edinburgh, he became most intimately acquainted with Dr. Walter Buchanan, Mr. Black, Dr. Erskine, and others, in whose Christian objects he became interested, 'and in those of certain active and devoted laymen whom he met in their society.' Among the latter were Mr. John Aikman and Mr. John Campbell, so well known, years after, as the enterprising missionary African traveller.

Evangelical religion in Scotland was, at this time, at a very low ebb, even among the clergy of the established church; and among the educated laity, especially in the circles of literature and science, infidelity was sadly prevalent, if not predominant. A most affecting description is given of the positively anti-religious feeling of the General Assembly, evinced in its malign attempts to suppress Christian missions. It was in such a state of things as regards religion that the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, at the invitation of Dr. Walter Buchanan, visited Scotland. This visit communicated to Mr. James Haldane 'another and holier impulse.' This excellent clergyman—one of the brightest ornaments of the Church of England—after a short visit as a guest at Airthrey, accompanied Mr. James Haldane on a tour through the Highlands. Mr. Simeon preached several times,—twice at Glasgow, and in Lady Glenorchy's chapel, in Edinburgh.

In the spring of 1797, a short journey by Mr. James Haldane to the west of Scotland, along with Mr. Campbell—whose object was to establish, in different places, Sunday schools—was, we are told, 'the commencement of an active career of usefulness which continued for no less than fifty-four years.' He had before then had 'a secret desire to be allowed to preach the gospel,' but his 'heart suggested that it could not be.' But on this journey, at the village of Gilmerton, circumstances occurred which, as it were, compelled him to preach, which he did, with much effect, on the 6th May, 1797. The preaching now went on by Mr. Aikman and Mr. James Haldane; and 'crowds flocked to hear the sea captain.' Much excitement was created in consequence of this lay preaching, but 'the two preachers increased in boldness,' and resolved to make a tour, and preach the gospel in the principal towns and villages of the North of Scotland. 'It was the commencement of a series of successive itinerancies in which Mr. James Haldane, accompanied

by Mr. Aikman, Mr. Innes, or Mr. Campbell, preached in almost every populous town and village from Berwick-on-Tweed and the Solway Firth to John O'Groat's and the islands of Orkney and Shetland.' Into the details—full of incident and instruction as they are—of these and his other apostolic travels in subsequent years, our limits forbid us to enter; but we may mention that the results of them, under the blessing of God, in arousing many of the slumbering clergy, in increasing among the people the desire of hearing the gospel, and in the conversion of souls, were encouraging beyond description. With the revival of primitive zeal there came, as of course, the triumphs of primitive success.

An institution for promoting the preaching of the gospel by itinerants and catechists was established, principally at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane. Much doubt and discussion arose in various quarters about the propriety of a system of itinerancy, as being an improper infringement on the supposedly more authorised services of the regular and ordained clergy and ministry, whether in or out of the Church. It was, considering the temptations to a contrary course naturally presented by their worldly position, the glory of the Haldanes, to disregard all such miserable priestly assumption, and save souls in spite of the Church.

In 1798, Mr. Robert Haldane adopted a scheme suggested by Mr. Campbell, 'for bringing over from Africa twenty or thirty youths, to be educated in Edinburgh, and to be sent back to their own country to spread knowledge, especially religious knowledge.' Steps were taken with Governor Macaulay, of Sierra Leone, for carrying the object into effect; but, on the latter arriving with his young African charge in England, it seems that he became jealous of leaving them under the educational control of the benevolent man who had actually set apart £7000 to defray the expense of the concern! Mr. Haldane could not consent to be thus treated, and the plan was subsequently adopted and carried out by the Sierra Leone Company. In this year (1798), Mr. Haldane purchased a large tabernacle at Edinburgh, formerly used by the relief congregation, which would contain more than two thousand people. The Rev. Rowland Hill was invited to open the chapel. That celebrated and useful preacher remained for three Sabbaths preaching at the tabernacle, or, as it was called, the circus; and he is said to have, on one occasion, preached in the open air, on the Calton Hill, to 15,000 people. On the week days between the Sabbaths of his engagement, he went short tours, either with Robert or James Haldane, his time being much occupied in preaching to crowded congregations in the towns and cities which he visited.

The opening of the circus was only preliminary to the establishing at the expense of Mr. Robert Haldane of other places of worship at Glasgow, Dundee, and Perth, and subsequently at Thurso, Wick, and Elgin. Supplies of preachers were partly obtained, for some years, by the services, at intervals, of the Rev. Messrs. Parsons, of Leeds; Boden, of Sheffield; Burder, of Coventry; Slatterie, of Chatham; Simpson, of Hoxton; Taylor, of Ossett; and Griffin, of Portsea. The general effect of this system of supplies was undoubtedly beneficial to the English preachers and their Scotch hearers. Most of these earnest and useful ministers—for they had all commenced their labours more or less under the stirring influence of the Whitfieldianism of the day—preached, on their visits to Scotland, at the circus and on the Calton, and on certain week days at some of the other chapels at Glasgow, Dundee, and Perth. But the difficulty of obtaining a regular supply of ministers led to the establishment, by Mr. Robert Haldane, of a seminary for the education of a select number of young men for the ministry. He paid, at this time, a visit to his friend Dr. Bogue, at Gosport, and, on his return, he proposed his plan to Mr. Ewing and Mr. Innes. Mr. Ewing now felt it his duty to quit the Established Church of Scotland; and in December, 1799, he resigned his charge. He subsequently became pastor of a church meeting in Glasgow. At this time, about twelve of those who, including the two Haldanes, had interested themselves in the establishment of the circus and the society for the propagation of the gospel at home, formed themselves into a congregational church, of which Mr. James Haldane was elected, and on the 3rd of February, 1799, ordained, the pastor. The congregation met in the circus, and Mr. Aikman was subsequently ordained as co-pastor. Mr. James Haldane ‘never aspired,’ we are informed, ‘to be the leader of a sect, but he was the first minister of the first church formed amongst the new congregational churches of Scotland.’ It will be convenient to mention here, that these new congregational churches established by Mr. Haldane subsequently became anti-pædobaptist, though communion with them was not denied to the pious of other denominations. Mr. James Haldane had entertained doubts as to the propriety of infant baptism in 1804; and at length, in 1808, he himself submitted to baptism, and a considerable portion of the Church, who thought that the subject ‘might be made a matter of forbearance,’ still continued under his pastorate at the tabernacle. But, as might have been expected, a disruption of the body, generally, took place, Mr. Robert Haldane, in the following year, having also embraced anti-pædobaptist views. The Haldanes subsequently held other opinions with regard to

the duty of the present observance of primitive example in certain matters of worship and discipline which distinguished them alike from the Congregationalists, and more particularly from the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Among these may be mentioned the practice of a weekly administration of the Lord's Supper, and plurality of pastors. Into the history and consequences of the disruption, however, it is not consistent, either with our limits or our plan, to enter. Mr. Robert Haldane at first intended to establish his seminary at Gosport; but on further consideration, though he contributed for a time towards the expense of the education, under Dr. Bogue, of ten students for the ministry, the institution was established in Scotland, and was placed under the presidency of the Rev. Greville Ewing, about a month after he quitted the establishment. The seminary commenced with twenty-four students. They were maintained at Mr. Haldane's expense, but they were expected, at the expiration of their term, to 'depend upon their own exertions and the leadings of Providence.' Mr. Haldane collected another class of missionary students and catechists, whom he placed under Dr. Innes, intending that they should be instructed for fifteen additional months by Mr. Ewing at Glasgow.

We must now necessarily pass over many interesting details with regard to the generally successful results of the various schemes of the two brothers for promoting the spread of the gospel in Scotland. In fact, the materials, documentary and narrative, furnished by the esteemed author on these matters are, as regards the state of evangelical religion in Scotland, to be considered as valuable *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*. We must refer our readers to the book itself to enable them to appreciate their value.

Mr. Robert Haldane purchased, in 1810, the estate of Auchingray, Lanarkshire. Its extent, however, was small, compared with his patrimonial seat at Airthrey. While here, he commenced his well-known and valuable work on the Evidences of Revelation, which he published in 1816. We must now refer to his invaluable exertions for the restoration and propagation of evangelical truth on the Continent,—in Switzerland, and in France. Happily these are so well known to most of our readers, that we may be justified in being brief on a subject which would supply ample materials, not merely for an article, but for a history. 'For many years I had cherished the idea,' says Mr. Haldane, 'of going to France, with a view of doing something to promote the knowledge of the gospel.' He soon perceived that he had no means of furthering this object at Paris, and he set out for Geneva. 'From all I could learn from M. Moulinie'—a young pastor to whom Mr. Haldane had been introduced—'Geneva was involved in the most terrible darkness.' It was, as Mr. Burgess

observes, 'an unbroken field of labour,' with 'a fallen church.' Calvin, once its chiefest boast and ornament, with his doctrines and works, had been set aside and forgotten, while the pastors were, in general, 'Arians or Socinians.' As early as in 1810, Empeytaz, Bost, and a few others who 'had begun to be dissatisfied with the wretched food supplied by their spiritual pastors,' formed a reunion called *La Société des Amis*. To these, afterwards, in 1816, was joined a good young man, named Richard Wilcox, an English or Welch mechanic, of the Calvinistic Methodist school. But M. Empeytaz 'had quitted the field of his unequal combat with a consistory determined to crush him,' and M. Bost had gone, as pastor, to Montiers. Just at this critical time, the immortal re-reformer of Switzerland arrived. 'In a very short time,' we are told by the biographer of Henry Pyt, 'a striking revival, effected by his means, was manifested in the school (l'auditoire) of theology. Around the venerable Haldane, their true professor, there gathered habitually more than twenty pupils of that auditory, converted (altérés) by the instructions of that blessed word which they began immediately to distribute at Geneva, or, at a later period to carry to neighbouring countries, and amongst the latter may be named Henry Pyt, Jean Guillaume Gontier, and Charles Rieu, who died pastor at Frederica.' Much opposition was made by the pastors of Geneva to the proceedings of Mr. Haldane, and, at one time, they contemplated to cite him before the 'venerable company.' As one of them shrewdly observed—*Vous ne gagnerez pas grande chose par cela !* They shrunk from their intention, learning as they did that, if measures were carried too far, their students would desert them. Professor Chenvière attacked, in a publication, Mr. Haldane for his troublesome proceedings, and was guilty of much misapprehension and misrepresentation. But besides an able vindication of Mr. Haldane by Dr. Pyc Smith, the dauntless man himself—like a true Greatheart as he was—gave to his malignant opponent a most crushing reply, which constitutes also 'in itself a memorial of solid and practical divinity.'

Having thus laid the foundation of a system of evangelical reform in the city of modern neologianism, Mr. Haldane removed to Montauban, in France. Here he resided for more than two years. He pursued a somewhat similar course as in Geneva, in the exposition and maintenance of the great leading truths of the evangelical faith to such students and others as attended on his instructions, whether of a more regular or of a general and conversational nature. Among those much indebted to his labours at Montauban, were MM. Monod, Marzials, and others. It would have been sufficient proof of the great success of the labours of this continental apostle, that

God honoured him to become the human instrument of the conversion of such a man as M. Merle D'Aubigné. Family circumstances led to his return to Scotland in 1819. But still, while ever devising some plan of Christian usefulness in his own country, he continued his exertions for the extension of the gospel in Europe by his zealous support of the Continental Society.

We cannot but speak in terms of grateful admiration and approval of his invaluable services—as we consider them to be—in his resolute, persevering, and ultimately successful resistance to the circulation of the Apocrypha by the Bible Society. But we must refer to our author for details on this subject, which are valuable as a portion of the religious history of our day. ‘To assert the authenticity of the canon and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures was’—we are told—‘one of the great objects for which Robert Haldane lived.’

Rather more than three years after the death of his first wife, Mr. James Haldane married, in April, 1822, Margaret Rutherford, a daughter of the late well-known physician and professor of botany in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Daniel Rutherford, the maternal uncle of Sir Walter Scott; so that the second Mr. James Haldane was the cousin-german of the celebrated poet.

Mr. James Haldane lived to commemorate a jubilee of his faithful pastorate. He published, besides an ‘Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians,’ some valuable discourses and controversial pamphlets, evidencing his constant desire for the salvation of souls and the propagation and conservation of pure evangelical truth. He conducted the ‘Scripture Magazine’ from 1809 to 1813, and the ‘Christian Quarterly Magazine’ from 1832 to 1837, in both of which are many valuable contributions from his pen. Mr. Robert also was much occupied at various times in writing and publishing pamphlets, from 1825 to 1833, principally on the Apocrypha question. Among other subjects of controversy in which he engaged, was one with our respected friend, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, on ‘The Duty of paying Tribute.’* Mr. Robert Haldane’s work on the Evi-

* We find from a pamphlet, by Dr. Brown, which we have received since we commenced this article, that some of the observations of the biographer have led to some disagreement between himself and the doctor, as to the extent of the practical effect in Edinburgh of the letters published on this subject by Mr. Haldane. We cannot settle this matter; but we must avow, without having a minute recollection of the precise points of dispute in the controversy between Mr. Robert Haldane and the doctor, that our views would, probably, on such a subject, be more in accordance with those of the latter than of the former. At any rate, we must in all honesty say, that whatever of correctness there may be in the views of Mr. Haldane, as expressed in his letters, his noble pen was, in this instance, employed for a most questionable purpose, in practically upholding such an iniquitous impost as the annuity tax.

dences of Revelation, and his 'Exposition of the Romans,' are, and will long be, standards in our theological literature.

In August 1842, Mr. Robert Haldane showed symptoms of that illness which, in about two months after, terminated his long and useful life. On the night of the 11th December, after exhorting his attendant to store up the scriptures in her memory, he was heard to utter his ever-memorable last words, which he repeated several times, 'For ever with the Lord'—'for ever'—'for ever!' The next day, on Monday the 12th, he 'peacefully departed,' in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The venerable brother survived for more than eight years, till, after a very brief illness, he, also, on the 8th February, 1851, was called to 'rest from his labours,' at the patriarchal age of eighty-three. He died, as has been said, 'in harness,' as he was engaged to preach on the day following that of his death, in Dr. Chalmers's free church, at Westport. 'During his waking intervals, he was in possession of every faculty, even to the last day.' About an hour before his departure, his devoted wife said, 'You are going to Jesus. How happy you will be soon.' A vivid smile lighted up his countenance with the expression of ineffable joy, as he emphatically said,—'Oh, yes!'

We feel that any general comments on the facts of these remarkable biographies would be worse than useless. Robert and James Haldane were an honour alike to their own justly famous country, and to the age. Their beautifully *intertwining* lives of energetic usefulness form one of the very best specimens of the *ingenium perfervidum Scotorum*. All that we will say of a practical nature—differing perhaps, in this respect, from some whom we esteem,—is, that we do not believe that this 'intelligent age,' as it is somewhat complacently called, needs, after all, so much a more profoundly-philosophic style of theological dissertation, as it requires a succession of modern apostles of the spirit of the Haldanes. In saying this, however, we are not to be supposed as expressing our entire concurrence in every opinion held and maintained by these excellent men.

We should do injustice, if we were to conclude without expressing our high opinion of the candour, good sense, and general ability which the author evinces in the performance of his unusually difficult and delicate task. The book is highly interesting and instructive. It abounds with passages of good writing, and well depicts many a graphic scene, and tells many a valuable anecdote that will live in the memory and be told over and over again with delight and profit. It will, as we doubt not, have, what it well deserves, a wide circulation, and soon become, and long continue to be, a favourite and a standard in the most valuable department of our biographical literature.

ART. VIII.—*The Eclipse of Faith ; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic.*
 London : Longman and Co. 1852.

It is no mean evidence in favor of the Christian religion that, notwithstanding the uniformity of truth, and the multiformity of error, it seems to contain within itself the material for a successful resistance to all the diversified phases of infidelity. Indeed, just as we learn as much from the errors of men as from their discoveries, so there is no class of writers to whom the Christian religion is more deeply, though incidentally, indebted than the impugnors of divine revelation. To one class of these we owe that masterpiece of human reasoning—the ‘*Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion.*’ Another class of unbelievers elicits the great productions of Paley, Watson, and Fuller. To the modern school of scientific infidels we owe the valuable productions of Chalmers, Buckland, and Smith ; and to that latest class of infidels who disguise the repulsiveness of their system beneath a veil of metaphysical and pseudo-spiritual refinement, we owe the masterly production now lying before us.

We repeat that Christians owe a heavy debt of obligation to the assailants of their faith. For, just as in its infancy, the religion of the cross was trained to the hardest health amidst those persecutions which gave to that appellation a double significance, so in times when actual persecution has subsided, it has never been clothed with such a might of evidence and such a majesty of mien, as when most sharply attacked by the forces of infidelity.

The most recent conflict to which the volume before us owes its origin, and which, in our opinion, it has triumphantly concluded, will furnish, we think, no exception to this rule. The ‘*Horæ Paulinæ*’ itself did not more completely demonstrate the good faith of the apostles and of their inspired historian, than does the ‘*Eclipse of Faith*’ sweep away the subtle objections now taken against the divine revelation as being alike unnecessary and impossible.

The plan of the work, considering its subject, is very singular, wearing as it does, at first sight, the garb of a fiction. The author develops his views and arguments through a series of conversations, papers, &c., elicited during a visit to a sceptical relative ; the doctrines of rationalism and spiritualism being represented by various other interlocutors, who expound the views of Strauss, Newman, Parker, and others. Of these, Harrington, the supposed nephew of the writer, and who, in so far as the work is a fiction, is its hero, indicates an ingenious, but float-

ing, and almost universal scepticism. His friend and visitor, Mr. Fellowes, is the confirmed infidel spiritualist, and the exponent of the views recently propagated by the writers we have just named; while the author himself meets the doubts of one and the arguments of the other with a profound exhibition of the philosophy of the Christian religion. The first lengthened conversation is entitled 'Puritan Infidelity,' and most happily exposes the degree to which modern sceptics are indebted to the peculiar nomenclature of Christianity for a superficial varnish to their crudities and errors. They adopt, and with about the same success, the stratagem of the Trojan Corœbus,

' Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis
Aptemus : dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?'

The following passage will at once exhibit our meaning, and furnish a specimen of the elegance and vivacity with which the author manages the difficulties of controversial dialogue :—

' Yes,' said Fellowes, ' I have been delivered from the intolerable burden of all discussions as to dogma, and all examinations of evidence. I have escaped from the "bondage of the letter," and have been introduced into the "liberty of the spirit."'

' Your language, at all events, is richly Scriptural,' said Harrington ; ' it is as though you were determined not to leave the "letter" of the Scripture, even if you renounce the "spirit of it."'

' Renounce the spirit of it ! say rather that, in fact I have only now discovered it. Though no Christian in the *ordinary* sense, I am, I hope, something better ; and a truer Christian in the spirit than thousands of those in the letter.''

' Letter and spirit ! my friend,' said Harrington ; ' you puzzle me exceedingly. You tell me one moment that you do not believe in historical Christianity at all, either its miracles or dogmas—these are fables ; but in the next—why no old puritan could garnish his discourse with a more edifying use of the language of Scripture. I suppose you will next tell me that you understand the "spirit" of Christianity better even than Paul.'

' So I do,' said our visitor complacently ; ' "*Paulo majora canamus* ;" for after all he was but half delivered from his Jewish prejudices ; and when he quitted the nonsense of the Old Testament—though in fact he never *did* thoroughly—he evidently believed the fables of the New just as much as the pure truths which lie at the basis of "spiritual" Christianity. We separate the dross of Christianity from its fine gold. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life"—"the fruit of the spirit is joy, peace," not——'

' Upon my word,' said Harrington, laughing, ' I shall begin to fancy presently that Douce Davie Deans has turned infidel, and shall expect to hear of "right-hand fallings-off and left-hand defections." But tell me, if you would have me think you rational, is not your meaning this :—that the New Testament contains, amidst an infinity of rubbish, the state-

ment of certain "spiritual" truths which, and which alone, you recognise?'

'Certainly.'

'But you do not acknowledge that these are *derived* from the New Testament?'

'Heaven forbid; they are indigenous to the heart of man, and are anterior to all Testaments old or new.'

'Very well; then speak of them as your heart dictates, and do not, unless you would have the world think you a hypocrite, willing to cajole it with the idea that a believer in the New Testament, while you in fact reject it, or one of the most barren and uninventive of all human beings, or fanatically fond of mystical language,—do not, I say, affect this very unctuous way of talking. And, for another reason, do not, I beseech you, adopt the phraseology of men who, according to your view, must surely have been either the most miserable fanatics or the most abominable impostors; for if they believed all that system of miracle and doctrine they professed, and this were not true, they were certainly the first; and if they did not believe it, they were as certainly the second.'

'Pardou me; I believe them to have been eminently holy men—full of spiritual wisdom and of a truly sublime faith, though conjoined with much ignorance and credulity, which it is unworthy of us to tolerate.'

'Whether it could be ignorance and credulity on *your* theory, retorted Harrington, 'is to my mind very doubtful. Whether any men can untruly affirm that they saw and did the things which the apostles *say* they saw and did, and yet be sincere fanatics, I know not; but, even were it so, since it shows (as do also the mystical doctrines you reject as false) that they could be little less than out of their senses; and, as you further say that the spiritual sentiments you retain in *common* with them were no gift of theirs, but are yours and all mankind's, by original inheritance, uttered by the oracle of the human heart before any Testaments were written—why, speak your thoughts in your own language.'—41—43.

In the next conversation, Harrington gives an earnest and pensive exposition of the state of his own mind, of his ever disappointed desires to obtain some certain light on the mysteries of his own nature and destiny, on such questions as the immortality of the soul, on the existence and character of God, and on his own relations to Him. His infidel Mentor seeks to relieve his anxiety with the following advice:—'You have but to look inwards, and you may see by the direct gaze of 'the spiritual faculty' bright and clear, those great 'intuitions' of spiritual truth which the gauds and splendors of the external universe can no more illustrate than can the illuminated characters of an old missal—just as little can any *book* teach these truths.' This leads to a discussion of Mr. Newman's position, that a book revelation of moral and spiritual truth is impossible; that God reveals Himself to us from within and not from without. This question is discussed in a chapter headed with the words, 'That may be possible with man which is impossible with God.'

The gist of the argument will be learned from the following passage:—

‘Pray,’ said Harrington, ‘permit me to ask, did *you* always believe that a book-revelation was impossible?’

‘How can you ask the question?—you know that I was brought up, like yourself, in the reception of the Bible as the only and infallible revelation of God to mankind.’

‘To what do you owe your emancipation from this grievous and universal error, which still infects, in this or some other shape, the myriads of the human race?’

‘I think principally to the work of Mr. Newman on the “Soul,” and his “Phases of Faith.”’

‘These have been to you, then, at least, a *human* book-revelation that a “divine book-revelation is impossible;” a truth which I acknowledge you could not have received by *divine* book-revelation, without a contradiction. You ought, indeed, to think very highly of Mr. Newman. It is well, when God cannot do a thing, that man can; though I confess, considering the very wide prevalence of this pernicious error, it would have been better, had it been possible, that man should have had a *divine* book-revelation to tell him that a *divine* book-revelation was impossible. Great as is my admiration of Mr. Newman, I should, myself, have preferred having God’s word for it. However, let us lay it down as an axiom that a human book-revelation, showing you that “a divine book-revelation is impossible,” is not impossible; and really, considering the almost universal error of man on this subject—now happily exploded—the book-revelation which convinces man of this great truth ought to be revered as of the highest value; it is such that it might not appear unworthy of celestial origin, if it did not imply a contradiction that God should reveal to us in a *book* that a revelation in a *book* was impossible. . . . Ought you not to thank God that he has been thus pleased to “open your eyes,” and to turn you from “darkness to light”—to raise up in these last days such an apostle of the truth which had lain so long “hidden from ages and generations?” Can you do less than admire the divine artifice by which, when it was impossible for God *directly* to tell man that he could *directly* tell him nothing, He raised up his servant Newman to perform the office?’

‘For my part,’ said Fellowes, ‘I am not ashamed to say, that I think I ought to thank God for such a boon as Mr. Newman has, in this instance at least, been the instrument of conveying to me: I acknowledge it is a most momentous truth, without which I should still have been in thralldom to the “letter.”’

‘Very well; then the book-revelation of Mr. Newman is, as I say, in *some* sort to *you*, perhaps to *many*, a divine “book-revelation.”’—pp. 79—81.

Fellowes attempts to parry this *reductio ad absurdum* by the argument that Mr. Newman’s writings had not absolutely revealed new truths to his mind, but only made more palpable and distinct to his consciousness such as had already existed

there in a vaguer and less apprehensible form. But this shift avails him as little, as a defence from the shafts of the merciless sceptic.

‘ If Mr. Newman, he says, as you *admit*, has written a book which has put you in possession of moral and spiritual truth, surely it may be modestly contended that God might dictate a better. Either you were in possession of the truths in question before he announced them, or you were not ; if not, Mr. Newman is your infinite benefactor, and God may be at least as great a one ; if you were, then Mr. Newman, like Job’s comforters, “ has plentifully declared the thing as it is.” If you say that you were in possession of them, but only by implication ; that you did not see them clearly or vividly till they were propounded—that is, that you saw them, only practically you were blind, and knew them, only you were virtually ignorant ; still, whatever Mr. Newman does (and it amounts, in *fact*, to revelation), that *may* the Bible also do. If even that be not possible, and man naturally possesses these truths explicitly as well as implicitly, then indeed the Bible is an impertinence—and so is Mr. Newman.’—pp. 88, 89.

The next division of the work which demands consideration is entitled ‘ Belief and Faith.’ This title might seem, at first sight, infelicitous, as implying a distinction without a difference. It is certainly manifest enough that faith, in the scriptural sense of that word, means belief, and nothing more. But the modern school appears to have discovered a ‘ more excellent way ;’ and the culminating point of their sophism may perhaps be indicated by the declaration of Mr. Parker that, ‘ the principle of true faith may be found to co-exist with the grossest and most hideous misconceptions of God, while the absence of it may co-exist with the truest and most elevated belief.’

The discussion of this subject is mainly conducted in a conversation between Harrington and Fellowes, characterized certainly by great ingenuity, and concluded by some observations by the author, personated by the uncle. In the latter, the following sentences require a more particular notice :—

‘ I ventured to add that the account of “ faith,” as a state of the emotions exclusively, given by some of his favourite writers, is perfectly arbitrary. “ Belief,” say they, “ is wholly intellectual ; faith is wholly moral.” Now, it would be of very little consequence, if the terms be generally so understood, whether they be so used or not ; men would, in that case suppose, that faith, thus restricted, *implies* a previous process of mind which is to be called exclusively belief. I added, however, that I did not believe that the word faith was ever thus understood in popular use ; but that, on the contrary, it was employed to imply belief founded on knowledge, or supposed knowledge, and, when the belief was, in its very nature, practical or involved emotion, a *conduct* and a *state of the affections* corresponding thereto. “ But this,” said I, “ merely respects

the popular use of the words, and it is hardly worth while to prolong discussion on it."—p. 117.

This is the only instance we have observed in which the author has missed an opportunity of laying down the philosophical principles which rule a most important theological question, and we will, therefore, endeavour to supplement this part of his reasoning with a few observations.

Belief is the acquiescence of the mind in the truth of a proposition which appears to be supported by preponderant evidence. It is, therefore, important to recognise the principle that belief has relation to *propositions*, and to propositions only. These propositions may be of three kinds. The first class comprises those which relate to the exact sciences, and which, as dependent on axioms, are capable of absolute or mathematical demonstration. The second are those which enunciate facts or events, the truth of which is to be supported by evidence alone; and the third embraces that class of truths which are solely of a moral kind, and which, if considered subjectively, can only be established by purely moral reasoning, but which, if advanced upon authority, must be concluded partly on abstract and moral evidence, and partly on the grounds by which the supposed authority is supported. Now, the acquiescence of the mind in each of these classes of propositions may be designated by the generic term belief; but in the last category to which the truths of revealed religion belong, it is designated by the specific term of faith. The distinction, therefore, between belief and faith has respect not to the faculties or to the state of the mind to which they are presented, but only to the nature of the proposition itself. In the first two cases, it is belief in the general and purely rational acceptation of the term; in the last case, it is limited to moral propositions.

Now it is manifest that, if the belief of any proposition is dependent on the recognition of its being supported by adequate evidence, the proposition itself must be distinctly and perfectly understood. If the assent of the mind is yielded on any other condition than this—that assent must obviously be given, not to the proposition itself, but to the veracity of the propounder. If an affirmation is made to us in Chinese by a man in whose veracity and wisdom we have perfect confidence, we believe that the affirmation, let it mean what it may, is true; but in this case we obviously pay the tribute of our intellect, not to the proposition affirmed in Chinese, but to the very different proposition, that the man who addresses it to us, states truly what he knows.

Nor need this principle—that we can only believe a proposition which we understand—be viewed with any caution as if it

interfered with our faith in the mysteries of religion. These are all stated in dogmatic and intelligible propositions;—propositions evidently intelligible, as otherwise we should not perceive that they announce anything at variance with our own consciousness and experience, and should, therefore, recognise in them nothing mysterious. That for example, ‘the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us,’ is a proposition which we can perfectly understand, and which, though unknown to our personal experience, we can believe with all the fulness of conviction by dint of the evidence which supports the testimony on which we receive it; but the modes and conditions of the incarnation, in which the mystery resides, has never been propounded to us, and, therefore, has never been made a subject for our belief. The same reasoning will apply to all the mysteries of the Christian religion; and our inability to investigate those mysteries beyond what is written presents no difficulty to our reception of the propositions in which they are conveyed. On the contrary, the very mysteries themselves accrue to us as a surplusage of evidence in favour of the Christian religion, inasmuch as they were naturally and *à priori* to be expected in a scheme which professed to be a revelation of things that are infinite and transcendental, to minds that are limited by the conditions of personal consciousness and experience.

If, then, belief has sole reference to propositions which are clearly and fully understood, what is the application of this reasoning to those which enunciate moral and spiritual truths, in the reception of which belief and faith, as logically distinguished, coincide and become identical? It is manifest that such propositions, addressed as they must necessarily be, to moral and spiritual faculties, presuppose, in order to their being understood, which is the first condition of belief, something corresponding to them in the mind to which they are addressed. A discourse on the relations of the prismatic colours to a man who was born blind, or upon flats and sharps, harmony and discord, to one who never had the sense of hearing, would obviously elicit no new conviction in the minds of the supposed individuals, but only reproduce a foregone conclusion touching the veracity of the expositor;—and for the plain reason that the proposition being by the hypothesis unintelligible, could not possibly be the subject of belief. And so if one should discourse of conjugal and parental love to one who has a natural repugnance to those relations out of which such affections arise; or of disinterested self-sacrifice to one who is utterly selfish and malignant; of gratitude, to one who never felt its glow, and who regards it as only a lively sense of future favours; or of piety to one who regards all religion as the antitype of which

Mawworm and Pecksniff are the types, the case is plainly the same.

Now, the truths of religion which appeal to faith are just of this moral kind, and do thus presuppose a correspondent state of feeling in those to whom they are addressed, in the absence of which they cannot be understood, and, therefore, cannot be believingly received. To believe the historical propositions of the Bible is one thing—a matter to be decided by historical evidence: to believe that its doctrinal statements, let them mean what they may, are true, is a similar thing; because they rest on the same ground of external testimony; but believingly to receive such doctrines as the infinite holiness and love of God, the infinite grace and mercy of the Saviour, and his offer of a free pardon to all, necessarily implies a corresponding state of the moral emotions, in the absence of which those sublime phases are but an unintelligible jargon. As to the origin of such a faith, it is easy on these principles to perceive the force of such appeals from Christ Himself, as ‘How can ye believe who receive honour one from another?’ and as easy is it to augur its nourishing and elevating influence on every virtue and grace of human character,—that it *must* work by love, and purify the heart.

The next topic handled by our author is entitled ‘The *via media* of Deism,’ and though, perhaps, less brilliant than some other portions of his book, is a beautiful specimen of calm and convincing logic. It disposes with great felicity of the method adopted by modern opponents of divine revelation to supersede the necessity of a revealed religion by attributing to the entire species, including the lowest idolaters, a certain something which may supply its place. The following passage exhibits a specimen of the train of reasoning in which this most unstable hypothesis is opposed:—

‘Is the “absolute religion” of Mr. Parker, or the “spiritual faculty” of Mr. Newman, of such singular use as to supersede all external revelation, since by the unfortunate “conceptions” of the one, and the “degraded types” of the other, it has for ages left man, and does, *in fact*, now leave him to wallow in the lowest depths of the most debasing idolatry and superstition; since by the confession of these very writers, the great bulk of mankind have been and are hideously mal-formed, in fact, spiritual cripples, and have been left to wander in infinitely varied paths of error, but *always* paths of error?—for Judaism and Christianity, though *better* forms, are, as well as other forms—according to these writers—full of fables and fancies, of lying legends and fantastical doctrines. Think for a moment of a “spiritual faculty,” so bright as to anticipate all essential spiritual verities—the universal possession of humanity—which yet terminates in leaving the said humanity to grovel in every form of error, between the extremes of Fetichism, which consecrates a bit of stone, and Pan-

theism, which consecrates all the bits of stone in the universe, in fact, a sort of comprehensive Fetichism;—which leaves man to erect everything into a God, provided it is none—sun, moon, stars, a cat, a monkey, an onion, uncouth idols, sculptured marble; nay, a shapeless trunk—which the devout impatience of the idolator does not stay to fashion into the likeness of a *man*, but gives it its apotheosis at once! Think of the venerable widespread empire of the infinite forms of polytheism, the ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, and Hindoo mythologies; and then acknowledge, that if man has this *faculty*, it is either the most idle prerogative ever bestowed on a rational creature, or that, somehow or other, as the Bible affirms, it has been denaturalised and disabled. If, on the other hand, man has this faculty, and yet has never *fallen*, it can only be because he never *stood*; and then, no doubt, as old John Bunyan hath it, “He that is *down* need fear no *fall*!”—pp. 129, 130.

One of the most entertaining chapters in the book is that entitled ‘A Sceptic’s Select Party.’ It was composed of a number of gentlemen, representing almost every variety of religious opinion, but with none of whom their host, Mr. Harrington, as a universal doubter, had any determinate difference;—an episode in which the host and an Italian Catholic are the interlocutors,—

‘For my part,’ said he, ‘my good sir, if I were you, I should not hesitate to acknowledge at once that it is not only the true *policy*, but the solemn *duty*, of the Church of Rome to seclude as much as possible the Scriptures from the people.’ The gentleman looked gratified, and the guests were all attention. ‘In my judgment much more can be said on behalf of the practice than at first appears; and if I sincerely believed all *you* do, I should certainly advocate the most stringent measures of repression.’

‘The foreigner began to look quite at his ease. ‘For example,’ continued Harrington, in a very quiet tone, ‘supposing I believed as *you* do, that the Holy Virgin is entitled to all the honours which you pay her, so that, as is well known, in Italy and other countries, she even eclipses her Son, and is more eagerly and fondly worshipped—it would be impossible for me to peruse the meagre accounts given in the New Testament of this so prominent an object of Catholic reverence and worship—to read the brief, frigid, not to say *harsh*, speeches of Christ—to contemplate the stolidity of the apostles with regard to her throughout their epistles—never even mentioning her name—I say it would be impossible for me to read all this without having the idea suggested that it was never intended that I should pay her such homage as you demand for her, or without feeling suspicions that the New Testament disowned it, and knew nothing of it.’

‘Very true,’ said the Italian; ‘I must say I have often felt that there is such a danger myself.’

‘Similarly; what a shock would it perpetually be to my deep reverence for the spiritual Head of the Church, and my conviction of his undoubted inheritance, from the Prince of the Apostles, of his august prerogatives, to find no trace of such a personage as the Pope in the sacred page; the title of “Bishop of Rome” never whispered; no hint given that Peter was

ever even there! I really think it would be impossible to read the book without feeling my flesh creep and my heart full of doubt. Similarly, take that stupendous mystery of "transubstantiation;" though it *seems* sufficiently asserted in one text, which therefore it were well (as is, indeed, the practice with every pious Catholic) continually to quote *alone*, yet when I look into other portions of the New Testament, I see how perpetually Christ is employing metaphors equally strong, without any such mystery being attached to them, I cannot but feel that I and every other vulgar reader would be sure to be exposed to the peril of suspecting that in that single case a metaphorical meaning was much more probable than so great a mystery.'

'You reason fairly, my dear sir,' said the Italian.

'Again,' continued Harrington, blandly bowing to the compliment, 'believing, as I should, in the efficacy of the intercessions of the saints, in the worship of images, in seven sacraments, in indulgences, and the necessity of observing a ritual incomparably more elaborate than an undeveloped Christianity admitted, how very, *very* apt I should be to misinterpret many passages, both in the Old Testament and in the New! How is it possible that the vulgar reader should be able to limit the command not to bow down "to *any* graven image" to its true meaning—that is, "to any image" except those of the Virgin and all the saints; to interpret aright the passages which speak so absolutely about the *one* Mediator and Intercessor, when there are thousands; how will he be necessarily startled to find "seven" sacraments grown out of "two;" how will he be shocked at the apparent—of course *only* apparent—contempt with which St. Paul speaks of ritual and ceremonial matters; of the futility of "fasts" and distinctions of "meats and drinks," of observing "days, and months, and years," and so on. His whole language, I contend, would necessarily mislead the simple into heresies innumerable. Of numberless texts, again, even if the meaning were not mistaken, the *true* meaning would never be discovered unless the Church had declared it. Who, for example, would have supposed that the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy and universal jurisdiction lay hid under expressions such as, "I say unto thee that thou art Peter," and "Feed my sheep;" or that the two swords of the prince of the apostles meant the temporal and spiritual authority with which he was invested? Under such circumstances, I must say that if I were a devout Catholic, I should plead for the absolute suppression of a book so infinitely likely—nay, so necessarily certain—to mislead.'

'It is precisely on that ground,' said the Italian, 'and on that ground only, the welfare of the Church, that our Holy Mother does not approve of the Bible being read generally. The true theory of the Roman Catholic Church would never be elicited from it.'

'Precisely so,' said our host, gravely; 'I am sure it could not.'—pp. 73—176.

The above quotation suggests the mention of two other portions of the 'Eclipse of Faith,' which, unlike the bulk of the work, are chiefly characterised by ingenuity and wit. The one of these is a paper which anticipates an era eighteen hundred years hence, and satisfactorily proves that the historical records

of the late papal aggression were demonstrably untrue. The idea is evidently suggested by Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts touching the Existence of Napoleon Bonaparte,' and most happily exposes the presumptuous shallowness with which modern infidelity dogmatizes over the books of the New Testament. This entertaining chapter grows out of one that immediately precedes it, entitled 'Historic Criticism,' the object of which is to show the high probability that the art of printing itself may be the means of burying from the eyes of future generations the men and things of the present, not, indeed, in the vacuum of oblivion, but beneath the impenetrable piles of accumulating literature.

'You talk,' says Harrington, 'of the ease of consulting original documents, but when they lie buried in the depths of national museums, amidst mountain loads of forgotten and decaying literature, it will not be so *easy*, even supposing the present activity of the press only *maintained* for eighteen hundred and fifty years (although in all probability it will proceed at a rapidly increased ratio), I say it will not be so *easy* to lay your hands on what you want. The materials, again, will often exist by that time in dead, or half obsolete languages, or, at least, in languages full of archaic forms. It will be almost as difficult to unearth and collate the documents which bear upon any events less than the most momentous as to recover the memorials of Egypt from the pyramids, or of ancient Assyria from the mounds of Nineveh. The historian of a remote period must be a sort of Belzoni or Layard.'—p. 337.

From these views, expanded with singular ingenuity, the writer proceeds to illustrate the liabilities to error which exist in the interpretation of historical documents from their mere antiquity. It is difficult to place one's hand upon any passage in our literature in which an important argument is managed with more amusing dexterity. Indeed, the only danger is lest its application to the deistical controversy should be overlooked by the superficial reader in his admiration of the author's adroitness. He takes, as we have said, for his illustration, the record which he concisely gives of the recent attempt of the Pope to re-establish a Roman-catholic hierarchy in England, and develops a series of arguments by which that record may be demonstrated in future times to be fabulous, and the events altogether incredible. He commences with the names of those individuals who have been particularly prominent in the late agitation, and concludes from them that the pretended history was in fact a mere allegory. Thus he represents the future commentator Dr. Dickkopf, of New Zealand, or Kamschatka, or Caffre Land—who writes at an epoch 'when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins

of St. Paul's—as comparing the name of Cardinal Wiseman with that of the Worldly Wiseman of the ‘Pilgrim's Progress,’ and contending that the writer adopted that fictitious designation with the same view with which Bunyan sketched to all posterity his Pliable, Great Heart, Hopeful, and Byends. ‘The word Newman again (and observe the significant fact that there were two of them) was, in all probability, I may say certainly, designed to embody two opposite *tendencies*, both of which, perhaps, claimed, in impatience of the *effete* humanity of that age (a dead and stereotyped protestantism), to introduce a new order of things.’ The name Masterman affords him a similar opportunity as the Wisemen, and Newmen of that long-past era. ‘This,’ he says, ‘in ancient English, was applied to him who was not a “servant,” or “journeyman,” and is not unfitly used to designate *collectively* the assemblage of wealthy merchants who, like those of Tyre were “princes:” and,’ he slyly adds, ‘what further confirms our view is, that it is impossible to point out any Englishman of any distinction who ever had any of these names!’ A similar argument is drawn from the infelicitous names of Bishop *Philpott's* and Lord Chancellor *Wilde*.

From this external evidence the learned commentator is supposed to address himself to the internal. Here he derives his argument from the known existing political relations of the European states, archly alluding to the pretended neglect of the conferring of the *Pallium* at the cardinal's inauguration, and of the alleged omission from the oath taken on that occasion of the clause which ‘a facetious Englishman said ought to be translated, ‘I will persecute and *pitch into* all heretics to the utmost of my power.’ The argument for the improbability of the whole story concludes with the statement that, at the time in question, England, in a state of profound domestic and international peace, cordially received foreigners from all parts of the earth within her coasts, and ‘celebrated a sort of jubilee of the nations in a vast building of glass (wonderful for those times), called The Great Exhibition, to which every country had contributed specimens of the comparatively rude manufactures of that rude age.’

The other chapter we have in view is entitled ‘The Blank Bible.’ The idea of this paper may be supposed to have been suggested by a characteristic passage in Foster's Introductory Essay to Doddridge's ‘Rise and Progress.’ The author is musing amidst a large collection of books containing ‘a huge babel of all imaginable opinions and vagaries,’ and while fancying the existence of a malignant agency which had conjured up this chaos of error and confusion, he exclaims:—‘If

such a thing might be as the intervention of the agency of a better and more potent intelligence, to cause, by one instantaneous action on all those books, the obliteration of all that is fallacious, pernicious, or useless in them, what millions of pages would be blanned in our crowded libraries !” This paper is the narration of a dream that every trace on the pages of every Bible in existence was miraculously and simultaneously obliterated; and represents the effects which such an event would be likely to produce upon the religious world as at present constituted. All parties are represented, in consequence of this calamity, as clubbing the contributions of their memory to replace the vanished document, and the way in which their recollections are influenced by their doctrinal theories is represented with admirable tact.

‘I was particularly struck, he says, with the varieties of reading which mere prejudices in favour of certain systems of theology occasioned in the several partisans of each. No doubt the worthy men were generally unconscious of the influence of these prejudices; yet, somehow, the memory was seldom so clear in relation to those texts which told *against* them as in relation to those which told *for* them. A certain Quaker had an impression that the words instituting the Eucharist were preceded by a qualifying expression, “and Jesus said *to the twelve*, Do this in remembrance of me;” while he could not exactly recollect whether or not the formula of “baptism” was expressed in the general terms some maintained it was. Several Unitarians had a clear recollection that in several places the authority of manuscripts, as estimated in Griesbach’s recension, was decidedly against the common reading; while the Trinitarians maintained that Griesbach’s recension in those instances had left that reading undisturbed. An Episcopalian began to have his doubts whether the usage in favour of the interchange of the words “bishop” and “presbyter” was so uniform as the Presbyterian and Independent maintained, and whether there was not a passage in which Timothy and Titus were expressly called “bishops.” The Presbyterian and Independent had similar biases; and one gentleman, who was a strenuous advocate of the system of the latter, enforced one equivocal remembrance by saying, he could, as it were, distinctly see the very spot on the page before his mind’s eye. Such tricks will imagination play with the memory, when preconception plays tricks with the imagination! In like manner, it was seen that, while the Calvinist was very distinct in his recollection of the ninth chapter of Romans, his memory was very faint as respects the exact wording of some of the verses in the Epistle of James; and though the Arminian had a most vivacious impression of all those passages which spoke of the claims of the law, he was in some doubt whether the Apostle Paul’s sentiments respecting human depravity, and justification by faith alone, had not been a little exaggerated. In short, it very clearly appeared that tradition was no safe guide; that if, even when she was hardly a month old, she could play such freaks with the memories of honest people, there was but a sorry prospect of the secure transmission of truth for eighteen hundred years.

From each man's memory seemed to glide something or other which he was not inclined to retain there, and each seemed to substitute in its stead something that he liked better.'—pp. 240, 241.

The general character, however, of the volume before us would be much misunderstood if the above passage should be taken as an average specimen of its style and tone. Some of the profoundest subjects of theological disputation—such as miracles, the doctrine of a future state, &c.—are absolutely exhausted in these pages. Indeed, the closeness of the author's logic, and the infinite variety given to his reasoning by the adoption of the conversational form, render it impossible to present anything like a reflection of the book within the limits to which we are necessarily confined. We warmly commend it to universal perusal, as, perhaps, the most valuable, and certainly the most brilliant, contribution to the treasury of the 'Evidences' which has been made during the present century, and we especially invite to it the attention of any whose minds may have been perplexed by those sophisms of modern infidelity which obtain an unchallenged admission through the treacherous garb of an evangelical phraseology.

The author of 'The Eclipse of Faith' has not thought proper to favour the public with his name; but his speech betrayeth him, and if he had wished to preserve his incognito, he should have adopted any other than the conversational style, in the management of which he unavoidably exhibits that almost distinctive copiousness, vivacity, and grace, by which those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance have been so often charmed, and which, we imagine, very few of them will fail to identify.

Brief Notices.

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Religious Progress; and Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By William R. Williams, D.D. Glasgow: William Collins.

THIS is one of Mr. Collins's cheap series, and yields to none of its predecessors in sterling worth. Dr. Williams is yet only slightly known in this country, but his characteristics ensure him a wide and permanent reputation. He is the pastor of a Baptist church in New York, whose mental superiority commands universal respect, and is happily allied to devout habits and an evangelical faith. A striking testimony to his pre-eminence is furnished by the 'Westminster Review' of January last (p. 295), where, referring to the episcopal clergy of the States, the writer says—'We do not find among them all any one to be compared with a dozen in the Presbyterian church, to *Dr. Williams in the Baptist*, or Andreas Norton in the Unitarian denomination.'

The present reprint contains two treatises, each consisting of nine lectures—the one on *Religious Progress*, and the other on *The Lord's Prayer*. Both are distinguished by qualities of a very high order, and prove the title of their author, so far as mental endowments are concerned, to take rank in the first class of preachers. What his secondary qualifications may be we know not; but if on a par with those of his intellect he cannot fail to be a most attractive, as well as most instructive preacher. His lectures are full of materials for thought. There is no mere wordiness in them. Dr. Williams clearly apprehends his own meaning; he sees distinctly the thoughts he designs to express, and feels the emotions he wishes to convey; his intellect is keen, searching, and powerful. It is so far metaphysical as to penetrate far below the surface. He feels the difficulties of his subject, and can afford to admit them; at the same time that the ardor of his spirit throws a glow and animation over the most recondite discussions. His intellect and his emotions are in happy keeping, so that while the one illumines, the other warms; he addresses himself to the whole nature of his hearers—a thing not common with his brethren—and thus awakens affec-

tion as well as commands assent. His mind is also fraught with varied learning, and his style is clear, spirited, and masculine. We commend this volume to the attentive perusal of our young ministers especially.

Cyclopædia Bibliographica; a Library Manual of Theological and General Literature, and Guide for Authors, Preachers, Students, and Literary Men; Analytical, Bibliographical, and Biographical. Royal 8vo. Part I. London: James Darling.

THIS work promises to supply what has long been felt to be wanting,—an extensive and well-digested bibliographical work on theology and subjects connected with it. If executed in the spirit of its projector, it will prove one of the best additions to our theological literature which modern times have witnessed. Judging from the *Part* now before us, we have good reason to hope that it will do so, and have therefore much pleasure in introducing it to our readers. The work is to consist of two volumes, printed in double columns, with a clear legible type. It will be published in *Parts* of eighty pages each, price 2s. 6d., the second of which is to appear on the 1st of November, after which a *Part* will be issued monthly until the work is completed.

‘The first volume will be complete in itself, and contain the authors and their works in an alphabetical arrangement. Anonymous books, whose authors cannot be ascertained, will be placed under the most prominent word of the title. The name of each author will be accompanied by a short biographical and characteristic notice, so far as can be ascertained from authentic sources. This will be followed with the full titles of their works; and in all cases where more than one subject is treated of in a volume the whole will be enumerated.

‘Where necessary, critical notices of the works will be given, the result of a careful investigation of what has been delivered by the most impartial and able writers. The variations of editions will be noticed, and those that are considered the best will be specified.

‘In the second volume the whole of the matter contained in the first will be arranged under heads or common-places in scientific order, with an alphabetical index, by which any subject can be readily referred to; and all authors of any authority who have written on it at once exhibited, with the titles of their works, treatises, dissertations, or sermons, and a reference to the volumes and pages where they are to be found. Sermons and other illustrations of Scripture will be arranged, not only under the books, chapters, or verses of Scripture on which they treat, but also under the subjects of Divinity; and the festivals, fasts, and other days observed by the Church throughout the year.’

We shall have other opportunities of examining the work. At present we are concerned to do little more than announce its appearance and indicate its general character. It is not to be a compilation, but to be founded on original research, and to embrace a far wider field and more numerous authors than any work of analogous pretensions. The evil we most apprehend is that of party bias, as the work will be mainly founded on the books contained in Mr. Darling’s *Metropolitan Library*, which, it is well known, is specially designed for *clerical* readers. Against this evil we

trust that the editors will carefully guard, as it would be matter for unfeigned regret that so noble an undertaking should be injured by the infusions of any such element. We shall watch the publication with much interest, and report its progress from time to time.

Ivar ; or, the Skjuts-Boy. By Emelie Carlen. Translated from the Swedish, by Professor A. L. Krause. London: Office of the 'Illustrated London Library.'

UNTIL lately our knowledge of the literature of the Scandinavian nations was most meagre and unsatisfactory. Even now we have not much to boast of; but a commencement has been made; and we hope ere long to be much better acquainted with the social life and literary labors of the descendants of those ancient 'Northmen,' to whose daring and romantic adventures even modern civilization is so greatly indebted. Miss Bremer is already well known to us through the admirable translations of Mrs. Howitt, who has further increased our obligations by the work recently issued in her own and in her husband's name, on 'The Literature and Romance of Northern Europe.' The clouds are beginning to disperse, and we may anticipate, without being over sanguine, that we shall soon walk in the light of a clear, comprehensive, and harmonious knowledge. The present tale is a worthy contribution to this good cause, and we give it a hearty welcome. It bears the same national features as the 'Neighbours' and 'The President's Daughters,' and will find acceptance with the same class of readers. Miss Carlen enjoys a high reputation in Sweden, and, judging by this volume, she is worthy of it. 'Her sketches of female character are exquisite; as chaste and true to nature as the most perfect statue ever formed by the master chisel of Canova.' Her success is equally marked in other departments. There is, in fact, a verisimilitude in her paintings which places her reader amid the scenes described, and almost beguiles him into the notion of his being 'a participant in the incidents of the story.' We say nothing respecting the present tale. Let it be gathered from the book itself, which is published at a low price, and may be read by all classes without fear of contamination. They who resort to novels for excitement will not find what they seek in 'Ivar;' but those who wish to see the interior of Swedish life—whether among the high-bred or the lowly—to enlarge their knowledge of our nature, to separate the accidental from the essential, and to learn something of the purity in which, after all, much of the power of the novelist consists, will close its pages with regret, and rejoice in the opportunity of further acquaintance with its author.

The Natural History of Creation. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. London: Longman and Co.

Electricity and the Electric Telegraph ; together with the Chemistry of the Stars ; an Argument touching the Stars and their Inhabitants. By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.S. London: Longman and Co.

THE first of these publications is designed to unfold the laws by means of which our world has been fitted for the occupation of plants and animals, and to trace the creation daily going on around us in the transference of

dead matter into living beings. 'I have particularly dwelt,' says the author, 'upon the constant passage of atoms of matter from the ground to the plant, from plants to animals, and from them back again to the ground.' The work also treats of the action of causes of disease on living bodies, and displays throughout intimate knowledge of the matters discussed, a scientific cast of mind applied to a popular elucidation of its theme, and a sound discriminating judgment.

The other treatise has special attractions, even for the general reader. The Electric Telegraph is amongst the wonders of the age, and anything which unfolds its principles and explains its machinery is sure of a cordial greeting. The two publications forming numbers 24 and 26 of 'The Traveller's Library,' are really valuable additions to our popular scientific literature.

African Wanderings; or An Expedition from Sennaar to Taka, Basa, and Beni-amer, with a particular glance at the Races of Bellad Sudan. By Ferdinand Werne. Translated from the German by J. R. Johnston. London: Longman and Co.

Sketches in Canada, and Rambles among the Red Men. By Mrs. Jameson. New Edition. London: Longman and Co.

EACH of these works consists of two *Parts* of 'The Traveller's Library.' They are totally dissimilar in character to those just noticed, are well suited to the series, and will be read with considerable pleasure. 'African Wanderings,' as the title-page intimates, is translated from the German, and brings us into acquaintance with various races in the interior of Africa, seldom seen by Europeans, and still less frequently described by a truthful eye-witness. The work is written with much vivacity and vividness, throws light on the condition and habits of a people rarely visited, and shows the terrible effects of that precocious and unhealthy civilization to which the ambition and cruelty of the late Egyptian viceroy has given birth. Mr. Johnston was right in concluding that a translation of such a work would be acceptable to the British public. He has executed his task with ability, and we cordially recommend the publication to our readers.

Mrs. Jameson's 'Sketches in Canada' consists of a reprint of the most interesting chapters of a work which she published in 1838, in three 8vo volumes, under the title of 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.' The work was favorably received by the public, and is now out of print. 'All that was of a merely transient, or merely personal nature, or obsolete in politics or criticism, has been omitted.' The Messrs. Longman have acted wisely in including this work in their series. It is admirably adapted to 'The Traveller's Library,' and will be found most amusing and instructive, whether in the railway-carriage or in the more quiet seclusion of home.

Popular Scripture Zoology; containing a Familiar History of the Animals mentioned in the Bible. By Maria E. Catlow. London: Reeve & Co.

THE Bible is capable of being made the most interesting book in the world, even to young people; but in order to this, a very different course

must be pursued from that which is commonly followed. Some portions of it have come down to us from a remote antiquity, and the whole abounds with references which, when properly elucidated, throw much light on the past history and condition of mankind, as also on the various other inhabitants of our globe. We always look with favor on any judicious attempt to illustrate the facts, whether historical or social, whether pertaining to the science, the natural history, or the philosophy, of the Bible. Especially is this the case where the benefit of the young is contemplated. There is much yet to be done in this way; and the small volume before us is proof of what may be accomplished. Leaving doctrinal, critical, and antiquarian matters to their respective investigators, Miss Catlow has directed her attention to the field of natural history, in the hope of aiding young readers of the Bible to understand more correctly many of the allusions which it contains. In this hope she has succeeded, and her small and unpretending volume will be found, in consequence, to be an instructive, as well as an entertaining, companion.

A Ride through the Nubian Desert. By Captain W. Peel, R.N.
London: Longman and Co.

THIS small volume does not furnish much novel information, yet it has a peculiar charm in the simplicity of its narrative, and the admirable tone which pervades it. Captain Peel, a son of the late Sir Robert Peel, left England in August, 1851, 'with the object of travelling in Soudan, hoping, by the blessing of the Almighty, to help to break the fetters of the negro, to release him from the selfish Mussulman, from the sordid European, and to tell him there is a God that made us all, a Christ that came down and died for all.' He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Joseph Churi, and proceeded by way of Alexandria and Cairo, to the scene of his contemplated mission. The hardships endured were considerable, and the alarming illnesses of himself and his companion frequently retarded his progress. Against many warnings he persisted in his route, until Labeyed, the capital of Kordofan was reached; but fever and ague then compelled him to abandon the idea of further advance, and he returned in consequence to England earlier than was designed. His volume consists of the journal which he kept during his travels, and notes, day by day, the occurrences which befel him. It is the production of an intelligent and benevolent man, whose movements were too rapid to allow of minute investigation, or to consist with any large and comprehensive view of the people visited. His observations, however, on what he saw are worthy of much attention; and if not original or profound, may, on this very account, exercise a more immediate influence over the men of this busy age.

A Book for the Sea-side. With numerous Engravings. London:
The Religious Tract Society.

AN excellent little volume which answers well to its title, and will be found an instructive and pleasing companion amid the leisure and recreations of a sea-side visit.

The Personality of the Tempter, and other Sermons, Doctrinal and Occasional. By Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Head Master of Harrow School. London. J. W. Parker. 1851.

HERE is a volume of respectably composed sermons. We are not disposed to judge them harshly, because their author is evidently on the side of truth, and earnest in the proclamation of it. He is a strong friend, and, as the enumeration of his offices on the title-page shows, for the most weighty reasons, to the Established Church; nevertheless, he can both see and value that truth which is superior to system and to party. These sermons are not remarkable for eloquence, nor do they give any new views of truth; but they are to 'be regarded as a warning of danger, a protest against error, addressed to a body of youthful students by one who is deeply convinced of the reasonableness of revelation [and] of the irrationality of unbelief.' Though a strong churchman, we are glad to find in this volume a considerable—and yet, perhaps, in the present day, a necessary—liberality of sentiment. 'It is more necessary that a man be a Christian than that he be a Churchman; if *neither* could be, it were better that he be civilized than brutish. . . . Let us not, in zeal for our own form or side of the truth, be indifferent to the sympathies of a common Christianity. Let us be well assured that the practical result of such a struggle will be, not the ultimate possession by the Church of England of an exclusive hold upon the education of the nation, but the exclusion of the gospel altogether from that education.' In this matter Dr. C. J. Vaughan speaks truly. We are glad to learn that the schoolboys at Harrow are under the tuition of one in whom great talent is happily united to liberality of sentiment.

Michaud's History of the Crusades. Translated from the French by W. Robson. Vol. III. London: G. Routledge and Co.

THE former volumes of this work were noticed last month, and we are glad to be able thus speedily to report its completion. It is by far the ablest and best History of the Crusades yet presented to the public, and there is no fear of its being supplanted. We cannot too strongly recommend it to such of our readers as are interested—and all ought to be—in the events which it narrates.

Lord Bacon. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London: Longman & Co.

OF this reprint we need say nothing. It is enough to announce its publication at the low price of one shilling. The Essay is distinguished by the same qualities as have won for its predecessors such unexampled popularity. We deeply regret that so commanding a genius should have exposed himself to so severe a rebuke. The *moral* of Bacon's mind was infinitely below the *intellectual*; and we are glad to find that Mr. Macaulay, in doing justice to the latter, does not attempt to palliate the obliquities by which the glory of the father of English science is so sadly shaded.

Walks after Wild Flowers; or, the Botany of the Bohereens. By Richard Dowden (Richard). London: John Van Voorst.

FEW of us are aware how richly the materials of instruction and enjoyment are scattered around us. Every niche is filled with beauty and excellence, so that, the more minute our attention, the deeper becomes our conviction of the inexhaustible affluence of the universe. This impression will be strengthened by an intelligent perusal of this small book which opens up many neglected sources of pleasure, and thus shows how much knowledge and how many sources of enjoyment lie at our very door. It is the production of an Irish gentleman who sought health and recreation when recovering from a severe fever, by noting the beauties of the field, and recording, for the information of others, the habits and families of their gay inhabitants. The contents of the volume first appeared in 'The Cork Magazine,' and in their present form will prove welcome to all lovers of what the author styles 'botanical chit-chat.'

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By William Hazlitt. Second Edition, revised by his son. Vol. IV. London: Office of 'the Illustrated London Library.'

THE first volume of this reprint was noticed in our July number, and we were not aware of the appearance of any other, until the present one was laid on our table. We congratulate both the public and the editor on the rapid completion of the edition, which is printed in a neat and very readable style. Some of the cheap reprints of the day are issued in so small a type as to be a sealed book to many. This is not the case, happily, with the *Life of Buonaparte*, and we have, therefore, additional pleasure in commending it to our readers. Differing from Mr. Hazlitt on many leading points of Buonaparte's character and policy, we bear willing testimony to his having produced a biography which cannot fail to interest its readers, and from which much information may be obtained.

Review of the Month.

FURTHER EXAMINATION HAS NOT ALTERED OUR ESTIMATE of the general result of the recent election. We have, indeed, seen reason to modify our judgment in individual cases. Hasty expressions uttered on the spur of the moment, and with the view of meeting special exigences, led in a few cases to conclusions not justified by subsequent inquiries; while, on the other hand, cautious men have been found—a rare virtue in these days—to have been more scrupulous in words than deeds, to have shrunk from professions which their course, candidly interpreted, would have borne

out. In addition to all this, we must calculate on the usual amount of insincerity and double dealing. It were false candor, mere folly, to imagine that there has not been much of this. Looking at the character of the returns from many parts of the kingdom, we cannot delude ourselves into the belief that liberal professions are, in all cases, to be identified with patriotism, or that the sinister influences formerly so rife in the political world have no present scope of operation. Many rumors are afloat on this point; and it will probably be found, on the meeting of parliament, that some of those who were loudest on the hustings in the profession of popular views, have not scrupled to sell themselves and their constituencies, to an Administration which is evidently prepared to use every means—fair or foul—by which their tenure of office may be prolonged. It would be invidious at the present moment to specify cases, as the rumors to which we advert may possibly be untrue. We have our fears, however, and these are strengthened by what is understood to have been affirmed by a leading member of the cabinet,—that it is more easy to purchase members than to bribe constituencies. One thing is clear. Our work is only partially accomplished by the return of men professing liberal principles. The constituencies should carefully watch the votes of their representatives. An accurate record should be preserved of the professions which were made, and early notice be taken of the slightest deviation from them. A vigilant eye must be kept on the proceedings of St. Stephen's, with a view of securing the presence, as well as the votes, of those who have been sent thither. The first stage of defection from the popular cause is absence on critical occasions; and if this pass unnoticed, the second and more positive form of apostasy will speedily ensue. Let untiring vigilance, therefore, be maintained, and the utmost publicity be given to every instance of political profligacy. It is in no cynical or suspicious spirit that we write this. The conduct of our representatives should be viewed with generous confidence. They are, doubtless, 'all honorable men;' but being human, they are subject to human influences, and we have now to do with an Administration which depends on the desperate hope of corrupting those whom we have commissioned to defend the ark of our liberty. A larger proportion than usual of new men have been returned to parliament. What they are remains to be seen. They may be better than their predecessors, but—and against this contingency we must guard—they may, on the other hand, be more open to the temptations which the executive offers. Looking at the character and intemperance of some of the men returned—especially from Ireland—we have our fears, and would, therefore, counsel watchfulness, publicity, and promptitude.

It appears, from a recent edition of 'Dod's Parliamentary Companion,' that the new House contains 66 baronets, 106 sons of peers, 101 barristers, 18 attorneys, 99 merchants manufacturers and wholesale dealers, 20 bankers, 14 railway magnates, 67 military, and 13 naval, officers. The analysis might be carried much further, but this is sufficient for our purpose. In a House so constituted, the friends of the people will have work enough on their hands. They must be vigilant, united, and earnest, in order that sound principles, broad and popular measures, may have fair play. The antagonistic elements are powerful enough to obstruct, though

they may not ultimately defeat, the progress of social and political amelioration.

It is quite clear that the Derby Administration is fated to an early overthrow, unless it can weaken the forces arrayed against it. We are no prophets, and therefore eschew political prediction. It is a vocation we do not covet, and have lived sufficiently long to know something of its folly. We are bold, however, to affirm—discarding prophecy, and looking only to fact—that if the pledges made at the hustings be redeemed in St. Stephen's, the present cabinet cannot long survive. The plea of principle has, in fact, been thrown to the wind. No man confides in the political integrity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, any more than in the coolness, self-control, or statesman-like sagacity of the Premier. It may be true that a majority of the new House is not prepared at once to pass 'a no-confidence' vote. We think this more than probable, and the cabinet may, therefore, be permitted to unfold its policy; but the loss of character it has sustained—let its apologists say what they will—must prove fatal to its permanence. Factiously protectionist in opposition, but the supporters of commercial freedom in office; prophets of evil yesterday, but preachers of glad tidings to-day; the fierce denouncers of 'organized hypocrisy' when hypocrisy did not exist, and its abettors on a gigantic scale when it is expected to aid their selfishness, and to strengthen their faction; the administration of Lord Derby has done more to shake confidence in the integrity of public men than all its predecessors for the last fifty years. The Sidmouths, the Liverpools, and the Castlereaghs, over whose official career we blush, did not hesitate to avow their anti-popular sympathies, and to glory in them; but the men now in office seek to conceal their policy, in order the more effectually to compass their end. The trumpet gives an uncertain sound, in the hope of distracting the attention, and of dividing the forces of the liberal host. For a brief season this policy may succeed, but the hour of real conflict will speedily come, and then we shall see the penalty which dishonesty pays. No man or class of men has confidence in the government. All mistrust them, and not the least those who are supposed to constitute their strength. For a time the agriculturists may cheer them on. Like drowning men they catch at a straw; but it will not be long before even they resent the delusion practised on them, and cast away the confidence now cherished.

In the meantime, the Cabinet seeks to prolong its tenure of office by deferring the meeting of parliament as long as possible. It is consequently prorogued from August 20th to October 21st, and as no mention is made of its then meeting for 'despatch of business,' a further prorogation is evidently contemplated. Such a procedure is opposed to the best precedents of our constitutional history. The country having been appealed to on a specific question, its response should be received at the earliest possible moment. Not so, however, think Lord Derby and his associates; or rather, knowing the rule, they fear that its application to their own case might be inconvenient and unprofitable. The obvious reasonableness of the precedent is overruled by the party damage which its application might inflict. This does not look like the confidence of which some ministerial journals boast. Were any such majority of

Derbyites returned as these advocates tell us, the Premier would be the first man in the kingdom to summon parliament together, and to demonstrate by its votes the triumph he had obtained. But Lord Derby knows full well that his majority is a fiction, and he is therefore desirous of gaining time. The chapter of accidents is his only hope, as place and emolument are the means industriously employed to beguile needy and unprincipled men from the popular ranks. These will accomplish somewhat. They have done so already. But though they may defer, they cannot avert the final overthrow of an administration which has no honesty, no fixed principles, and, with two or three exceptions, no talent to insure the confidence, or to give them weight with the public.

As we remarked last month, the number of protestant dissenters returned to parliament has been greatly increased. We record the fact with pleasure. It is significant and instructive, and for the information of our readers, we may state,—availing ourselves of the labors of our weekly contemporaries,—that the following twelve are connected with the congregational or independent body, with which also Mr. Hindley, the member for Ashton-under-Lyne, though a Moravian, usually associates:—

Ball, E., Cambridgeshire.	Hadfield, G., Sheffield.
Barnes, T., Bolton.	Kershaw, J., Stockport.
Challis, T., Finsbury.	Miall, E., Rochdale.
Chambers, T., Hertford.	Milligan, J., Bradford.
Cheetham, J. S., Lancashire.	Pellatt, A., Southwark.
Crossley, F., Halifax.	Pilkington, J., Blackburn.

Sir G. Goodman, Leeds, and Mr. S. Morton Peto, Norwich, belong to the Baptists; while the following, we believe, are connected with the Unitarian body:—

Biggs, W., Newport.	Price, W. P., Gloucester.
Carter, S., Tavistock.	Smith, J. B., Stockport.
Coffin, W., Cardiff.	Strutt, E., Nottingham.
Crook, J., Bolton.	Thorneley, J., Wolverhampton.
Heywood, J. N., Lancashire.	

Sir James Anderson, Stirling, and Mr. A. Hastie, Glasgow, are members of the United Presbyterian body, and the four following belong to the Free Church:—

Cowan, C., Edinburgh.	Moncrieff, J., Leith.
Dunlop, A., Greenock.	Thomson, G., Aberdeen.

Mr. Bright, Manchester, and Mr. J. Bell, Guildford, belong to the Society of Friends; Mr. Westhead, Knaresborough, to the Wesleyan Methodists; and Mr. Brotherton, Salford, is a dissenter, though we know not with what body to class him.

The following list of the constituencies of these gentlemen, and of the populations they represent, is given by the 'Nonconformist' of the 4th inst., and deserves more permanent record than the columns of a weekly journal. The large proportion which these constituencies bear to the whole electoral body of the kingdom is a striking fact. It merits the attention of thoughtful statesmen. If future events cast their shadows before them, these figures may well be deemed significant. The frivolous

and unreflecting, the men who care only for the interests and occurrences of the hour, may pass them heedlessly by, but the more sagacious, whether whig or tory, will regard them with other feelings, and see the germ of impending and great changes.

	Electors.	Population.
Aberdeen	4,547	71,973
Ashton	1,175	29,791
Blackburn	1,134	46,536
Bolton	3,381	61,171
Bradford	2,435	103,778
Cambridgeshire	6,989	157,590
Cardiff	990	20,424
Edinburgh	6,230	160,302
Finsbury	29,578	323,772
Glasgow	15,502	329,097
Gloucester	1,387	17,572
Greenwich	1,164	36,689
Halifax	1,181	33,582
Hertford	519	6,605
Knaresborough	275	5,536
Lancashire, North	12,297	316,805
Lancashire, South	21,196	794,779
Leeds	6,224	172,270
Manchester	17,878	316,213
Newport	1,003	8,047
Norwich	3,478	68,195
Nottingham	3,478	67,407
Rochdale	1,384	29,195
Salford	4,484	85,108
Sheffield	5,521	135,310
Southwark	12,830	172,863
Stirling	1,097	30,325
Stockport	1,420	53,835
Tavistock	491	8,086
Wolverhampton	3,769	119,748

When it is considered that, in addition to these Protestant Dissenters from the Established Churches of England and Scotland, there are about fifty Roman-catholic members in the present parliament, we may certainly conclude that ecclesiastical questions will receive a fuller and more searching investigation than formerly. Until recently they were tabooed by universal consent. The two great parties which have so long engrossed political influence have been equally averse to them; the one from fear, and the other from sympathy with the corruptions of the State Church. Even some of our advanced men have not scrupled to discourage their introduction. We could mention names, but hoping better things for the future than have been seen in the past, we abstain. Even churchmen who have devoted themselves to the exposure of episcopal jobbery, have in many cases been left without support from those to whom the people look as their leaders. This ought not to be, and the increased number of voluntaries in the present parliament will probably prevent its recurrence. The growing popularity of the question out of doors will compel respectful treatment, if it cannot secure an earnest advocacy, amongst the people's representatives. A large proportion of our members have an immediate

interest in the existing system. No wonder, therefore, if they discourage all inquiries which are adapted to elicit its defects. It is in the nature of their position to do so, and our friends will be wise to bear patiently with their reluctance, and to address themselves rather to the nation than to the House. Largely as our numbers have been augmented, we are much stronger out of parliament than in it. This fact should be borne in mind, and should influence somewhat the course pursued. For a time it will be well to do little more than expose the miserable sophisms which pass current in the House; to bring to light the actual working of the existing system; to distinguish between the monetary and the religious part of the Church question; to enunciate clearly the distinctive principles of voluntaryism; and to show our statesmen how the discussions of parliament will be disencumbered by religion being separated from state politics and left to the support and direction of those who cherish its spirit. We need scarcely say that many opportunities for this will arise. Ecclesiastical matters are perpetually obtruding themselves; they are mixed up with almost every question; popular feeling has forced them to the surface; and, as if this were not enough, zealous churchmen are seeking the revival of clerical power with an earnestness that shows their sense of danger. The Church, like every other fated corporation, is hastening its own overthrow. Instead of retiring from some of its outworks, in order to strengthen its position, it is assuming a more defiant and insulting attitude. Obsolete dogmas are revived; absurdities which the good sense of a former generation discarded are disinterred; and the clerisy, divested of the power formerly possessed, are putting forth pretensions which insult the common sense and shock the piety of the land. It is the vocation of our parliamentary friends to watch the course of events, and, on the various occasions which will speedily arise, to prepare the way for a future adoption of their views. They must specially guard against the expectation of an early triumph. The system opposed is too deeply rooted in the habits, if not in the affections, of the people; its ramifications are too numerous and widely spread; it is too important to the aristocracy; is too intimately allied, in the imaginations of many, with the dignity of the Crown and the salvation of the nation, to allow of its speedy overthrow. We must be content to labor in the faith of a future harvest. Let us diligently scatter the seed, and those who come after us will rejoice in the abundance of the fruit they gather. Of the result we have no fear. Our only apprehension respects the patience, sagacity, and earnestness of those on whom—whether in parliament or out—the burden and heat of the day devolve.

One word more, and we close. Many of the Protestant Dissenters recently returned are, we presume, unknown to each other. Differences of opinion on various points doubtless exist among them, and it will require much wisdom and mutual concession in order that they should act together with confidence and effect. It would be presumptuous in us to suggest what measures should be taken to ascertain their common mind. Much, however, will depend on this, and we earnestly commend the matter to their attention. The freedom of individuals must be harmonized with conjoined action. Each must give up something, not in the way of principle, but as to the mode in which it may be deemed best to advocate that principle. The more forward men must bear with what they deem

the half-heartedness of some, while the conservatively inclined must quicken their pace, and throw from them some notions of expediency which have involved their earnestness in doubt. We do not wish to see the dissenters of the house assuming the form, and adopting the tactics of a party, but we do wish to see them so united in counsel and in action, as that their forces may be readily combined on important occasions. There must be generous confidence in order to mutual aid. The charity which thinketh no evil must be united with the modesty which shrinks from prominence.

AGREEABLY TO IMMEMORIAL CUSTOM THE CONVOCATION OF THE CLERGY has been summoned simultaneously with the election of members to the high court of parliament. In ancient times the functions of this body were as regular and valid as those of the secular legislature itself. These functions were twofold—the granting of subsidies to the crown on behalf of the clergy, and the settling of spiritual questions, about which the nation might be divided. The former of these was performed for the last time in 1664, when, after the Restoration, they granted an aid to Charles II., having previously prepared the way for the re-establishment of the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity. Since that period, the clergy have been taxed in common with the laity; and their financial function having been thus destroyed, their importance gradually waned away. It met for the last time in 1717, when it was finally prorogued by George I., and has never assembled since except as a mere matter of empty form. An organ of the high church party refers to the epoch of its virtual decease, as ‘the time when Convocation, because it had begun to wrangle, ceased to deliberate at all.’ The truer statement is, that it was suppressed when it became hostile to the public welfare; so that it may be said of it, as of the licentious dramatic Chorus of the ancients,—

Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Recent events have recalled public attention, especially within the pale of the church, to the uses and abuses of this obsolete institution. The principal of these is the collision which occurred between the ecclesiastical and civil tribunals on the well-known Gorham question. From that time a most determined feeling has grown up amidst a considerable majority of the established clergy, in favour of a revival of the legislative powers of convocation; and still further to complicate the case, this is by no means confined to high churchmen and tractarians. The consequence of this has been that the elections for proctors to serve on the ensuing convocation have been hotly contested in almost every diocese, and that, in the great majority of instances, the parties elected owe their success to their notorious advocacy of the resuscitation of the powers of this body. ‘Among the especial facts,’ says the ‘Guardian,’ ‘to be noted in the elections we report, are the return of the Rev. F. Massingberd, for Lincoln, the rejection of Canon Stowell, in the diocese of Manchester, and the admission of curates to vote at Hereford. The triumph of the clergy contending for the revival of Convocation in the latter diocese is the more signal from the fact of the bishop and archdeacon having recently delivered charges on the other side of the question.’

With all their differences, the advocates and the opponents of the

measure agree in thinking that it involves most closely the existence of the Church of England. 'If,' says the organ we have quoted, 'the Church of England is not fit to be trusted with the power of self-government, she is not fit to hold her position as a church at all.' The 'Times,' on the contrary, in a remarkably able article on the same subject (Aug. 5), says, 'the power of freely meeting and deliberating, of discussing and altering, which is essential to the existence of a voluntary church, is destructive of a compromise entered into and carried out under the sanction and by the authority of the state. It is the nature of a compromise, not that people should agree in opinion, but agree to avoid the discussion of points on which they differ. Thus, America, North and South, cannot agree on the slave question; and so they agree not to discuss it at all. To violate this understanding would be fatal to the Union, and to discuss the discordant creeds included within the Church of England would be to destroy the church.'

For ourselves, we think that all who desire the separation of the spiritual from the secular power may rationally desire the reinstatement of the convocation in all its pristine prerogatives; as the probable effect would be either to destroy the church by one grand irreconcilable schism, or to occasion a compromise, so unprincipled as to revolt the conscience, and exhaust the toleration of the British people.

DURING THE MONTH THREE WESLEYAN ASSEMBLIES have held their sittings in Sheffield,—the Wesleyan Conference; the 'Delegates of the Wesleyan Societies,' usually called Wesleyan Reformers; and a Committee representing about 2000, chiefly lay officers of the Wesleyan societies, who seek to mediate between the Conference and its opponents, and to restore peace to the Wesleyan Church, on the basis of mutual concession.

The Conference acknowledges a decrease during the past year, in Great Britain, of 20,946 members. There has been a decrease in every district except 'the Shetland Isles, where there has been an increase of eighteen.' This decrease is the result of the same causes which produced in the preceding year the decrease of 55,000 members. We fear it must be acknowledged that none of the causes of discontent and division have been removed by the proceedings of the Conference which has just closed.

Five ministers, Messrs. Rowland, Burnett, Youngman, Allison, and Melson, have been expelled from the Conference for no other offence than co-operation with the reformers. Mr. Melson's expulsion is mildly expressed in the leaving his name off the minutes.

The Conference has accepted the resignation of four of its members: Messrs. Percival and Tucker become ministers of the Established Church; Mr. Manly is now an independent minister; Mr. Horton is editor of the 'Wesleyan Times,' and official secretary to the Wesleyan Reformers. Of the expelled ministers, Messrs. Rowland, Burnett, and Youngman, together with Messrs. Everett and Griffiths, previously expelled, are engaged as preachers and public speakers in connexion with the reform party. Mr. Dume, having adopted independent views of church order, retires.

Soon after the opening of the Conference, the committee representing the 2000 officers and members of the society who are called 'the Moderates,' requested an interview with the Conference with a view to open a negotiation, such as might tend to heal the divisions of the body, and

A Method of Prayer, with Scripture Expressions proper to be used under each Head. By the late Rev. Matthew Henry. New Edition, Improved. With Introductory Essay. By Andrew Symington, D.D.

Christianity in its Homely Aspects; Discourses on Various Subjects, delivered in the Church of St. Andrew, Wells-street. By Alfred Bowen Evans.

The Advocate; his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties. By Edward W. Cox, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I.

Infanthood and Childhood: a Popular Guide to its Management and Treatment. By Jacob Dixon, Surgeon, &c. &c.

Romanism at Home; being Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Tancy, Chief-Justice of the United States. By Kirwan.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul; comprising a Complete Biography of the Apostle, and a Translation of his Letters. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., and Rev. J. T. Howson, M.A. Part XIX.

What of the Night? A Glance at the Past, the Present, and the Future. A Poem in Four Parts. By Thomas Boden.

The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, as Visited in 1851. By John Alton, D.D.

School Economy: a Practical Book on the Best Modes of Establishing and Teaching Schools; and of making them thoroughly Useful to the Working-Classes, by means of Moral and Industrial Training. By Jelinger Symonds, A.B.

A Glossary of Provincial Words used in Berkshire.

Erastus; or, How the Church was made.

Moral Portraits or Tests of Character. By Rev. W. Leask.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Melbourne; with Two Sermons on the Church, and on Divisions in the Church and the Duty of Marking and Avoiding those who cause them. Preached at Melbourne by the Right Rev. Charles Berry, D.D., Bishop of Melbourne.

The Claims of Truth and of Unity Considered in a Charge delivered by Richard Whately, D.D. Archbishop of Dublin. 1852.

Japan: an Account, Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans down to the Present Time; and the Expedition fitted out in the United States, &c. By Charles MacFarlane. With numerous Illustrations from Designs by Arthur Allom.

Series of Tracts; or, British Topography, History, Dialects, &c. Nos. VIII., X., XIV.

The Free Church of Ancient Christendom, and its Subjugation under Constantine. By Basil H. Cooper, B.A.

The Autobiography of William Jerdan; with his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence during the last fifty years. Vol. II.

Canadian Crusoes: a Tale of the Rice Lake Plains. By Catharine Parr Traill. Edited by Agnes Strickland. Illustrated by Harvey.

A Discourse on the Greatness of the Christian Ministry; delivered before the Students and Supporters of Horton College, Bradford. J. P. Murrell.

Ostentation: or, Critical Remarks on 'Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life,' by Mrs. Green. By Samuel Elly. No. I.

THE
Eclectic Review.

OCTOBER, 1852.

- ART. I.—*Correspondence relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty, February 3rd, 1852.
2. *Further Papers relative to the Recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* June 14th, 1852.
3. *Papers relating to Emigration to the Australian Colonies.* April 30th, 1852.
4. *Readings in Popular Literature. Ten Years in Australia.* By the Rev. D. Mackenzie, M.A. With an Introductory Chapter containing the Latest Information regarding the Colony. London: Orr and Co.
5. *The Popular Library. Gold Colonies of Australia.* By G. B. Earp, Esq. London: George Routledge and Co.
6. *The Gold Fields of Australia.* By S. Mossman, Esq. London: Orr and Co.
7. *The Three Colonies of Australia—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia—their Pastures, Copper Mines, and Gold Fields.* By Samuel Sidney. London; Ingram, Cooke, and Co., Strand.

Books, pamphlets, speeches, maps, lectures, sermons, and leading articles in newspapers, concerning Australia, have multiplied in an almost geometrical progression in the last few months. The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and pour their torrents into the swollen streams of British literature, threatening an inundation. Australia is the rage. Even parliament has been moved to consider a colonial question, for the

lethargic pool has been stirred with the magic wand of gold. The Blue Books named at the head of this article are proofs of the general excitement. Interesting in themselves, they are historical records of the discovery and progress of a mine of wealth; and it is not a little amusing to mark the perturbation which has affected every rank on account of the sudden inburst of a new and attractive product. The four governors of our southern territories are in the direst perplexity; whether we listen to Sir Charles Fitzroy, Sir William Denison, Sir H. E. F. Young, or Lieutenant-Governor Latrobe, there is the same cry for help. They one and all call for labour, police and military force; for geologists, surveyors, and masters of new mints. To a great extent they must be listened to and answered, and it is not a small pleasure to discern that for once the colonial office is aroused from its slumbers, and expresses itself ready to grant assistance.

Thus much will suffice for the Blue Books; their captivating contents will soon be transferred to the popular page, and we therefore turn to the works already written for the information of the multitude. The books selected bear the general characteristics of nearly every work on Australia which has appeared for the last twenty years; they are jubilant and jocund. This is not to be wondered at, for during that period new states have been bursting into life, and the joys of peaceful conquest have been the privilege of the settler. We veil all deeds of blood—the shame and guilt of a few—to boast of the laurels which have been won by the many. Within these twenty years, the map of New Holland has been gradually filled up; the bays and headlands of the sea-board have been successively settled; river after river has received enterprising cultivators on its banks; steam navigation has united the bristling points of 2000 miles of coast, whilst an average of 200 miles along that coast has been subdued to pasturage or the plough. And what are the results? The marts of trade have been supplied with wool, tallow, horns, hides, ornamental and hard woods, trenails, and copper; so that England, the emporium of trade, is both clothed, adorned, and fortified with the produce of this antipodean and once despised territory. The ebb of transportation has sunk beneath the rising tide of emigration; cities—no mean cities—have been founded; blooming provinces have been occupied by freemen, and civil and religious liberty have secured another home. An exultant style is natural to an Australian writer, a just tribute to flattering and propitious circumstances. How warm his reminiscences; how bright his hopes! He may also write gaily, catching the spirit of the laughing hours. If a clear sky and a flood of light give brilliancy to a pigment, much

more shall they convey lively impressions to the brain. An hilarious atmosphere quickens the nerves, fetches home the distant landscape swiftly and distinctly, and lodges both its soft and rugged pictures pleasantly in the sensorium. Hence springs a theory for the future of Australia, as to rhetoric, and poetry, and song.

'For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire!
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies,
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.'

Having such a pleasing forecast, we will not quarrel with a vaunting style: let the Australian writers be jubilant if they invite us to good; let them merrily recount their tales so long as they confine themselves to truth; and with these provisos, we beg to be enrolled among their number.

The books before us render a minute description of the Australias unnecessary; the relationship of Britain to the dependencies is more important. Starting with the assumption that their interests are mutual and one, we shall endeavour to sketch a wise optimism in respect to both at the present hour. To understand the question of ethnical influence, let the student spread before him a map of the world, and fix his eye on New Holland. There, in its length and breadth, is a fifth continent, little inferior to Europe in size, unscorched by torrid heats, and uncongealed by the rigours of the frigid zones, and accessible at all points from the highway of nations. On the west lie the Cape, Natal, and the coast of Africa up to the Red Sea, the short path to Europe; on the north, the Gulf of Persia, Bombay, Cape Cormorin, Calcutta, Malacca, Burmah, and China; on the east, the avenue to the Arctic Pole, and California, and the length of the American continent. The whole range is studded with islands: Mauritius, Madagascar, Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, Java, Papua, Japan, Hawaii, New Caledonia, Tongataboo, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land. Islands are found on the immediate coast surpassing the insular portions of Europe; and innumerable islets are thrown with prodigal hand upon the ocean, as gems and spangles upon an azure robe. How numerous the tribes of the one great family thus placed in juxtaposition with the new and rapidly extending settlements of the British race; how powerful the bearing of the one upon the other at no distant day—an influence already felt, as Tabiti, California, and the Mauritius well know.

Whether for joy or sorrow, Sydney has already touched the destinies of many lands. The whole Australia must affect them more.

We hastily turn, therefore, from this vast amphitheatre of nations to fix attention upon Australia itself. To prevent discursiveness, we circumscribe our notice to the three colonies of Australia selected by Mr. Sidney in accordance with their paramount value, South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales; the capitals of which are, respectively, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney. But this limit is a vast territory:—the map of Britain may be laid within the boundaries of Victoria alone and be engulfed, while the colonies which flank it are of superior dimensions. The first reflection which arises is, that in this new land there is an actual vacancy for all the surplus population of the old. The king himself is served by the field; and here is a field both wide and fruitful enough to serve both prince and people. Each province is sufficient for the purpose. Place them together and they are vessels of magnitude, and still amplifying to receive any amount of living treasure we can pour into them. A surplus population exists in Britain, and is an evil; colonization is a remedy, and its application must be prompt; wisdom, indeed, must be united to decision; act, but act well. When this surplus gathers on our coasts, eager for departure, can aught be better advised than emigration to Australia? Without disparagement to other channels of emigration, this is the best. Six great requisites for successful colonization are ready,—space, productiveness, health, employment, government, and religion. The area already occupied is more than a square mile per head, while two millions of square miles remain unexplored. Allowing for scanty soil, here is room and verge enough for the most ambitious. In point of productiveness, there is a fertility which speedily repays the cultivator. The sheep and cattle in existence will yield more than a pound of meat per day for a million and a half of people for years to come; and according to the demand will be the increase of stock. Should the settler prefer this source of profit to agriculture, then India, Chili, China, Tasmania, and New Zealand, may be his granaries. The healthfulness of the climate has been tested for more than half a century; and from Wide Bay to Wilson's Promontory, and the breezy ridges of Geelong, all the stages of heat and moisture are found favourable to life and enjoyment. Are the fervors of the plain too great, then there is the bracing air of mountains and table lands; are the chills of the heights too piercing, then there are sunny vales. With the exception of a wild native pock, no epidemic or endemic diseases are known. Dysentery and diarrhœa may be

guarded against; the imported diseases die out, or are fended off by quarantine. Typhus, it is true, has appeared in the towns, but must eventually succumb to sanitary regulations. Snakes and bush fires are accidents new to Europeans; but these may be ranked as equivalents for the fires and mischances of our native land.

Employment is the natural result of these physical advantages, and the prospect of it is enlarged by the fact of prior settlement. Our precursors write a welcome upon the gates of every harbour, 'Enter in and possess;' other men have laboured, the pioneers are still at work, and we may cheerfully enter into their labours, and become sharers of the spoil. This is no vain boast; the land is already subdued; thousands of acres wave with barley, maize, and wheat; orchards are laden with the apple, almond, fig, mulberry, peach, nectarine, pomegranate, orange, lemon, citron, and the grape; and gardens bloom. As passing specimens, fields exist which have been cropped with wheat for twenty years without exhaustion; one orange grove on the Paramatta river is rented at £300 a year; a vineyard of ten acres, at Port Macquarie, has yielded 6660 gallons of wine; another on the Hunter has returned 1000 gallons to the acre; the flower shows of Sydney are elegant and choice. The pastoral occupations of these colonies are their pride and wealth; there are cattle upon a thousand hills; the axe is heard in the forest, the spindle and the shuttle in the town. Here is employment; but we advance. There are quays, shops, warehouses, and stores; timber, clay, stone, marble, coal, and copper, are wrought; there are brass and iron founderies, smithies and manufactories of steam engines, agricultural implements and machines; ship-building exists and advances; the whale boats of New South Wales are unmatched in the world. But where shall we stop? a single glance at commerce will complete the sketch; the white wing of the swift ships and the iron arm of steam are breasting the waters, and the helm is up for the friendly lighthouse or the favourite port; the harbours of Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Geelong swarm with a mosquito fleet from the coast, and the giant navies of distant regions cast anchor there. They come from India, China, and the whaling grounds, and still they come; from America, New Zealand, Tasmania, Polynesia, Mauritius, the Cape, France, Germany, Sweden, and, above all, from Great Britain. There is employment in its most varied form and in its fullest scope. A dry catalogue like the foregoing proves a demand for labour, and insures a mart for capital. Tyre, Venice, Genoa, and Arcadia, are revived on the new continent, and call for the mariners whose cry is in their ships, and for shepherds, and herdsmen, and arti-

sans. These generals include particulars which may be easily developed, such as the requirements for domestic economy, tuition, and embellishment. They plainly tell of servants, labourers, builders, teachers, performers, artists, lawyers, physicians, and divines. These are the multifarious wants of a civilised community, and three such communities exist in the three Australias.

Civilization is a potent word; it includes government and religion: nor need we retract it, for in each province there is a vigorous executive, and religion is on a par with its development at home. A Samoan chief gazed on Sydney; he was oppressed with a crowd of people and a mass of houses shutting out nature; he looked apathetically on a review of a regiment of soldiers; but when he visited the new gaol at Darlinghurst he broke out in admiration, 'Here is a terrible evidence of power; it is thus you secure order; you are a great people.' Another thinker might fix his attention upon numerous places of worship, and a decorous Sabbath; and any thoughtful man may, according to his taste, select, as an exponent of power and progress, the following particulars which already exist—the delegates assembled in the colonial legislature; races and race-courses in every important town; hospitals, lunatic asylums, courts of law, asylums for the poor; public and private schools, libraries, mechanics' institutes; and in Sydney a university, with well-paid professors and an admirable curriculum. The ministers of religion are entitled to high place; many of them would be men of consideration in their native land; some of the astronomers, geologists, botanists, and anatomists of Australia possess a world-wide fame. In one word, Australia is a true *Colonia*. Although not founded on the Greek model, the institutions of the mother country, both civil and religious, are reflected there. This is the earnest of indefinite advancement.

Australia, therefore, is the lode-star of emigration. But let us pause. Emigration must not be a torrent rapid and tumultuous, lest it destroy as it proceeds. The labour market fluctuates, and injury may ensue, although but for a season, by a too sudden supply. The entrances to an empty theatre may be choked by a crowd; and so the vacant spaces in this gigantic Colosseum may remain a hopeless void from too great a crush at the gates. Prudence dictates an even flow, and then it may be perennial. The transportationists are silenced, and we will not raise their ghosts; but let the advocates of Asiatic labour beware. Should their creed become paramount, British emigration will receive a check. Quality, as well as quantity, is to be considered, and proportionate number is also to be kept in view. We have no sympathy with the Coolie and Chinese

schemes. Let California, rebellious against the Chinese irruption, operate as a warning. The low fed and poorly paid Asiatic can be brought in by shoals until the colony is swamped, and what will be the result? A huge and obscene male population, a contest of races, and the oppression, perhaps the enslavement, of the weak. Does not America teach us a lesson! It cannot be forgotten that the most savage tribes of the most savage islands were introduced, with all their cannibal propensities, in the year 1847; but happily, to the confusion of the avaricious men who had cajoled them under the promise of a visit to new lands. Are such glaring outrages to be repeated? We trust not. Such schemes are as unpatriotic as they are purblind and vile. There is legal power to inflict this wrong; then let the public voice be raised against it—determinedly raised, and raised at once.

Emigration should be free, clean, and strong. By this statement of general principles we exclude convictism, the exuviae of which are now nearly absorbed in the soil, and Irish orphans, with dirt and misery conjoined, and enfeebled paupers, whether male or female. Solemnly do we echo the voice of the great Australian league against transportation; it must not be continued, even to Van Diemen's Land, for the culprit will soon find his way to Victoria; and we are happy to hear rumours of its being utterly abolished to these regions. It may have had its use in the first stages of colonization, but now it will prove a curse. Spontaneous emigration is the only desirable form; 'the shovelling out of paupers,' as it is termed with more force than euphony, is therefore to be deprecated. Parishes undoubtedly consult self-interest in sending out their poor, and the poor themselves are greatly benefited; but there is danger of coercion being employed which would destroy the energy of the man afterwards, and might thus prevent the improvement of his condition. The insolence of mendicancy would, in such case, usurp the place of freedom. Pauper women also are apt to abandon an honest livelihood for that which, in the case of females, is emphatically called a dishonest one. The seeds of corruption sown in the workhouse, grow up rank, and bear pernicious fruit. The best policy of the parishes is to help men before they become paupers. A loan will, in general, be gratefully repaid; and where several aids are granted, the average returns will leave a large balance in favour of the parish against the actual cost of the impoverishment caused by neglect. A contract to repay an additional sum for interest will be a good insurance for loss occasioned by defaulters.

Next comes bounty emigration. But this has its attendant

evils; the labourer has too much done for him, and instead of being thrifty to return the money expended on his passage, mess, and outfit, he is prone to waste his sudden affluence in riotous living. While men remained ignorant of the advantages of emigration, something was required to tempt them forth; but now that these advantages are notorious, and a glittering prize is held forth on the other side, it is probable this form of emigration will gradually cease. Loans from benevolent friends, and from societies, and the assistance of emigration clubs, come next in order, and in a higher scale of value. The praiseworthy exertions of Mrs. Chisholm have proved the fact that persons will save to obtain the means of going abroad, and that a little help will call all their energies into action; and further, that such loans are repaid. The Family Colonization Society is a step in the right direction. Such assistance does not diminish self-respect; it awakens honour; it cherishes gratitude toward a benefactor. Unassisted emigration is the best of all, for then the adventurer has already embarked his capital in the enterprise, and will summon every power to ensure a profitable return; there is no drawback to the glory of his success. Emigration is good in proportion as it is free in action, cleanly in habit, pure in morals, and vigorous in mind or limb, and becomes pre-eminently beneficial as these qualifications are consolidated by patience, perseverance, and a right good-will.

And now for the reward. It is direct and immediate to the moral lusty labourer. Employment of all kinds is ready for him, and full remuneration. One specimen will illustrate a class. William W—— was a poor man in Gloucestershire, broken down by hardship and anxiety. His spirited wife said she would work for both if he would but try Australia; they sold a patrimonial cottage, received a little help from benevolent neighbours, and started to behold the sea for the first time, and to brave its dangers. Thus was evoked in their humble hearts the spirit of Columbus, as he ventured to seek a new world. Arrived at Sydney, the wife obtained an engagement before she left the ship. The husband rallied under the enlivening climate; they soon worked in concert; anon they found themselves possessors of a horse and cart, purchased by their own earnings; and again they put forth new energies, cleared a piece of ground, and built a cottage. They were religious people: that cottage became a Sunday school and a house of prayer. God prospered them, and in six years William, leaning over the side of his cart, and addressing a member of the Legislative Council, who had just drawn up in his gig, gave his sentiments on emigration in these words:—‘You may tell the people of

England this is the country for the poor man.' A place of worship is now built near William's cottage.

Above the class of absolutely poor men will be found the artisan who discerns a cloud gathering over his waning day, menacing a storm and premature darkness before the journey of life is done. His timely departure will probably secure present comfort and a peaceful age; his horizon clears as he travels, and Hesperus prolongs his twilight, and ushers in his night. His children may rise up to call him blessed. He need not care for his original trade; he may embrace some other occupation, and earn bread enough and to spare; and what does it matter to him that he has ceased to be a jeweller or a gunsmith to become a shepherd or a farmer? he is every way a gainer by the exchange.

There is room also for a numerous class in our middle ranks, who are always verging toward poverty. Their efforts to rise above the slough only plunge them the more deeply in the mire. These know what the battle of life is; they are at perpetual warfare with depressing circumstances, a diminishing capital, and increasing competition. They are like charioteers compelled to drive on along a filament of road; to stop is death—to proceed is perilous—to turn impossible—they must rush forward, although it be to dare their ruin. From the same middle class proceed the host of clerks and shopmen. Their name is legion. The colonies are often overstocked with such, and they too frequently tempt abroad the miseries endured at home. But this is not a necessary result. If they will but quit their sedentary occupations and become shepherds and stockmen, they reverse the wheel of fortune. Take that pitiable object, a lawyer's clerk; if he perversely stick to the desk, why he must take his poor pittance, and remain an unfortunate nobody; but if he leave the city for the bush, the melancholy wight and his equally woe-begone wife may save a clear twenty pounds a-year, and enjoy good living into the bargain. He must turn his little learning to account, and be schoolmaster to his children, and the woman must teach housewifery to the girls, and by the time the children are put forth in life the parents may command a flock or an herd, and end their days with the ease and dignity of patriarchal life—a consummation never to be attained by the mere lawyer's clerk. The same illustration will do for other clerks, and for shopmen. And the bright point of the picture is, that the single man under his expanding prospects may marry, and look forward to a thriving and healthful progeny. From the same middle class issue forth the ruined tradesman, merchant, manufacturer, and

farmer. To fall in Britain is to fall in a crowd, and to be trodden under foot; but in Australia these may spring up again, and run a new career, not broken, but strengthened by misfortune, thus passing through the valley of humiliation to a pleasant upland. Examples abound. They may not reach a glittering height, the dreams of youth may have passed away for ever, but they lose known dangers for tranquillity and repose.

But Truth must frown as well as smile, and she looks sternly on certain offshoots of this middle class, who had better not try emigration, but abide in their own place and amend. For instance,—*Do-nothing gentlemen and profligates*. Fond friends encourage the deceit that they will flourish in a new soil, but they sink the sooner, and find an earlier grave. Some men launch on their travels to avoid shame. It will be well if remorse lead to reformation, or penitence induce virtue; but otherwise the change is most pernicious, the disgrace more sure: a change in the character, and not in the place, can alone ensure prosperity. The Derby Day, peculation, embezzlement, and nameless crimes, have doubtless swelled the present flood of emigration, but the furies follow on the winds which waft the ship, and scourge the guilty in their distant hiding-place. For those who fly from their native land, cherishing a silent and a tender sorrow, we have more cheering words; the sunshine, deep woods, or the balmy breeze, will pity them, and dissipate their gloom. The same kindliness is prepared for the consumptive patient, if an abode in a rugged climate has not been delayed too long; and to the invalid from India there is no place equal to New South Wales.

One word to the capitalist. He may safely carry his treasure to the south; but he must be patient, for to seize every flattering speculation is to court disappointment. As Mr. Tremenhoe has well observed with regard to Canada, so it will be found in Australia—there ought to be a residence on the spot for eighteen months or two years before an investment is made. In this lengthened apprenticeship, the capitalist will gain experience of men and things, and his temporary loss of interest will prove a profit in the end. Knowledge is power, and in no case is the sentiment more forcibly exemplified. A lack of this prerequisite has led to fearful and fatal mistakes. How can a stranger know the resources and wants of the community? Wisdom waits on patience. The capitalist must become an observer, and pause before he acts. Then he may do well.

But we must not omit the fair half of creation. The anxious wife, mothers, and daughters demand consideration. The truthful answer to their inquiries, that the heaviest sorrows of emi-

gration fall on women, must be fearlessly explained. The female emigrant acutely feels her separation from friends—the friends of her youth—residence in solitude or among strangers—and the inevitable calls of unaccustomed work. These are griefs—deep griefs; within a certain limit, lawful griefs. When woman is the reluctant companion of her adventurous lord, the sorrow sometimes becomes incurable. But if the wife or child brace herself to duty, as wives and daughters do, with heroic devotedness, the recompence is certain; difficulties vanish; the hand becomes adept to domestic work; the new scene grows attractive; and a home, with all its endearments, is raised in the wild. To thwart a brave man in an attempt to build a family abroad, is often the excess of folly; but cheerful union for a common good ensures a double blessing. Daughters need not be dismayed; as in the case of Arab girls, there is always enough excitement in a caravan to give them youthful glee. They may lose finery for freedom, hollow compliment for honest admiration, and have greater freedom to choose either single blessedness or matrimonial bliss. In a country where wives are at a premium, they may be coquettish or prudish to their heart's content; but let them ever remember that modesty is as valuable, and meekness as ornamental, and delicacy as charming in the southern as in the northern hemisphere—perhaps more so. There is full occupation for those who are dependent, whether as teachers or domestics, and whether to the shame or the honour of the British, about the same relative reward for their services. Experience shows also that the vanity of following a light and genteel business, in preference to robust employment, prevails as much in Australia as in England, and with the same sad result. Hence distressed needlewomen, transplanted to better their condition, frequently continue distressed needlewomen to the end. Oh! that they had the common sense to leave an enervating employment for household drudgery and dairy work, fraught with activity, health, and reward. This were a gymnasium and a discipline to transform the thriftless into the prudent, and the feeble into the strong: and, looking to the future, it were to provide the vigorous parents of a sturdy race. The converse of this need not be noticed. By all means let our distressed countrywomen share in the good fortune of their Australian sisterhood; but to attain this they must not shrink from the wash-tub, the scrubbing-brush, and the broom. In commercial phrase, cooks, housemaids, nurserymaids, dairymaids, housekeepers, and servants of all work, are in brisk demand; milliners and dress-makers are a drug in the market.

The foregoing rapid and condensed sketch of persons

eligible for emigration may suffice for general guidance; but circumstances must determine particular cases. There are persons whose habits and temperament unfit them for success abroad, who yet might have been happy at home; there are others, again, who were never in their right places until they dared the new scenes and dangers of Australia. Emigration is good as a general rule, but let every one weigh well the exceptions. It is an admirable rule of life 'to let well alone.' Another, and more valuable rule is, to seek the guidance of 'the Father of lights.' It is no mean thing to poise the wing for a distant flight. The house-sparrow had better remain alone upon the house-top than be emulous of the migratory boldness of the swallow. Numbers, however, produce averages, and large families can hardly do wrong in emigrating to a wide and fertile country.

The late mineral discovery does not detract from the preceding remarks, but adds weight to them. Let the reader suppose them to have been written prior to May 1851, and then consider what has happened since. In that year, and just as Britain and the continent were all excitement to join in the peaceful ovation of the Great Exhibition, gold, a main embellishment in that glorious show, was found on the table-land of Bathurst; and before the exhibition closed, an Australian specimen was brought under the same roof with the Californian tea-service, and the huge mass of American auriferous ore. Before the year had closed, golden veins were traced, both north and south, along the chain and the spurs of the Australian cordillera down to the verge of Bass's Straits. The amount of metal raised since then is in value upwards of £3,000,000: its annual produce, at the present rate of working, is about £10,000,000. This is a startling fact, and must exercise a wide influence; it is like a mountain cast into the sea, whose circling undulations reach every shore. It touches the most assailable and the quickest impulse of man, the love of money. In California, gold created a country; but in Australia, it only advances it. For, without professing deep philosophy, we may simply regard gold as an additional raw product, a new staple demanding its own labourers, and promising its own wealth. But then the demand will be urgent; it occasions a scramble to which multitudes rush pell mell: it is also ready capital lying in the land which produced it, and which, as capital, will draw additional labour thither. It multiplies its inherent force. As an æconomical element, therefore, it demands, in connexion with the interests of the empire, a little further consideration.

Induction made the discovery; experience acquired in California led Mr. Hargreaves to search among the rocks of similar

formation in New South Wales ; and the Baconian process triumphed—gold was found. It is now supposed to range from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-eighth degrees of latitude, and at certain points in eleven degrees of longitude. The report of Mr Stuchberry ('Correspondence,' p. 1), and the thesis of the Rev. W. B. Clarke, ('Further Correspondence,' p. 5,) give a fair notion of the extent and position of the auriferous rocks ; and that they are of aqueous origin bursting through the schist. But strange to relate, the metal is generally pure, but very slightly oxydated, and is held in the rock in mechanical suspension, and not in chemical combination. It appears in the matrix in filaments, lumps, scales, specks, microscopic grains, down to impalpable atoms, which can only be reached by mercury. It has evidently exuded exuberantly from an incandescent mass, and then it became the sport of deluges, and was hurried down to the streamlet and the plain. In many districts it is a wide alluvial deposit, but distributed with all the irregularity and freak of any other drift. Where the curling waters made strong eddy, gold is huddled up in pockets ; and where the schists raised dikes, it is caught at the base of the barrier, or has sunk into the chinks. Otherwise, it is swept away from the surface of ancient slopes, and has been deposited either in ravines, or gullies, or caverns, which at present elude the search. Hence gold-finding must be a lottery ; science and tact may diminish the chances of disappointment, but a risk remains ; the most skilful may be deceived, the stupid may be lucky—an important consideration which should always enter into the estimate of the adventurer. Do what he will, he runs a risk. Explorers have opened a digging within a yard of a fortunate finder, and have not realized an ounce ; others, again, have, by the merest accident, pitched upon a rich store. Take authenticated instances ; one man realised £8000 in a week, another £30,000 within a month, but party after party have returned to pursue the ordinary slow winnings of life in abandonment of a fruitless search. Even gold may be bought too dear ; one party consisting of three gentlemen and two hired labourers came back after having expended a large amount of time and labour ; on making up accounts, they found that every ounce of dust had cost them £45. The sanguine, therefore, must abate their expectations, and prepare for disappointment, and put up with a second best, or a third-rate lot, or even worse :—a salutary hint to the young gentlemen who abandon good situations and comfortable homes for golden waters, whose lively undulations and fascinating glimmer may prove to be a mocking mirage. Nor can it be said, without hyperbole, that the gold is inexhaustible ; it is very extensive, it is very abundant ; but it can

be as surely cleared as a turnip field. It may last in particular patches for a short season, and in extended districts for a longer period: but the days of all the diggings are numbered, some of the first are already closed. The alluvial deposit having been gleaned, the workings of the matrix may prolong the age of gold, but even this must give way at last to iron and dull lead. It would be absurd to speak of absolute exhaustion; there are still golden sands in the Pactolus; but profitable working has its limit—and the rewards of labour in this flattering field must grow ‘small by degrees, and beautifully less.’ Gold companies, with their machinery and mercury, may, in a few years, come into play; but even these at last must direct their capital and skill to some other product. The drawing of the lottery is a great excitement: but the day closes, not upon the announcement of prizes, but a constant repetition of blanks. This must eventually be the case even with the discovery of gold: for it is an established fact in mineralogy, that this metal is superficial. It is interesting to speculate on its formation and its first bed; but this is too great a depth for our present purpose; it is sufficient to know, that, once detected and laboriously exhumed, the hidden wealth stimulates the ardour of rational and immortal man (a pensive suggestion); and hence the picture given below of nature invaded by man in this insatiable search.

‘The scene has been so often described as scarcely to bear repetition; but it is not easy to convey the conception of it by any description on paper. Gunyas and tents of every conceivable shape and construction, from the lined and comfortable marquee down to a few boughs or a calico sheet, stand in certain spots, as thick almost as houses in a street, tenanted by as many as can find room to lie down in them, busy at daybreak with cooking preparations, but deserted as soon as the meal is hastily prepared and swallowed; then closed and left to take care of themselves till the return of the miners for an equally hasty mid-day meal, and again till supper-time. At night the fires are made up, and the appearance of long lines of blazing logs, with a few dark figures hovering around them, is striking and picturesque in the extreme. But the labour of the day soon produces its effect, and the majority drop off to repose, leaving the bush as silent as if untenanted, except when broken by the barking of some restless dog.’—Earp, p. 143.

These are the spots to which men are hurrying, there to pursue toils analogous to the work of navigators on a river bank, trenching the soil in muck and wet down to the living rock, as if to excavate the foundations of a huge Titanic structure. Gold is beautiful when wrought, but the working of it is not so attractive. Ye soft-handed sons of art and commerce, weigh your strength and will against the inert pick and shovel, and the stubbornness of earth, before ye attempt the contest! But,

if, nothing daunted, ye are ready to dig, we will not keep you back ; the gravel, clay, and adamant will find you full employ—

‘ Go forth and prosper then, emprising band :
 May He, who in the hollow of His hand
 The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind’s sweep,
 Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep !’

The flag of the Ingots is gathering as many followers as the banner of Saladin and the standard of the Crusades, but with a different object, and a more favourable result ; the countless throng will not breed famine and pestilence as of old ; they enter no hostile territory or inhospitable clime ; they sow not the horrors of war, but, seeking the blessings of peace, each one helps his fellow. Only save us from convictism and the Asiatic swarms, and we have no fear of such calamities. Our first trust is in the presiding power, which enjoined man to increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. The prophecy and promise to Japhet is emblazoned, and is secure. Emigration is God’s will. Next there are natural outlets for a prodigious influx ; they may be read off from the outlines of the map ; Wide Bay, Moreton Bay, the Clarence, the Meleay, Port Macquarie, Port Stephens, the Hunter, Sydney, Shoalhaven, Illawarra, Twofold Bay, Jervis Bay, Port Albert, Western Port, Melbourne, Geelong, Portland, Port Fairy, the Glenelg, and Adelaide. The upland of New England, Patrick’s Plains, Bathurst, Argyle, and Mancroo, give a wide invitation. These are strong absorbents ; and if not sufficient, then there are the western slopes of the mountains ; or men may flow back again to New Zealand and Van Dieman’s Land, whence they have of late been so suddenly collected. Then, again, a brief space suffices to transform the employed into employers ; the glut of to-day is the demand of to-morrow. Fresh natural productions are in store, and crave capital and industry ; and some well-known articles will be cultivated, such as cotton, oil, silk, sugar, and tobacco. Cotton has been particularly insisted upon, and the soil and the climate are favourable ; but the days of profitable cultivation of this valuable article are not yet come ; freights are too high, capital too profitably employed, labour too dear. But in the advance of the colony and the increase of labour, capital will find its way to the rich cotton grounds of the north, and the cheapness of cultivation may be an equivalent for the expense of transport. Under these probable circumstances, the planter will find remuneration—and thus, by the growth of cotton in particular, the labour market will have a new drain. Bounty emigration, also, is under control, and may be regulated according to the demand, until, in

the nature of things, it will cease. Something, also, may be done to meet a perennial supply by public works, and especially by railroads, so that there is little apprehension of a redundancy; and if there be an excess of emigration at any period, it will only be temporary, for relief, immediate relief, is at hand.

Railroads are entitled to a little further consideration; the world has learned their value; they multiply and diffuse national resources; they are the servants and the auxiliaries of steam (steam itself being the concentration and augmentation of strength), and they are the co-executors of the electric telegraph, that magic minister of knowledge. They are more and more valuable in certain localities, and grow in importance with the growing history of man; they promise much for the valley of the Euphrates, for India, the United States, and Canada; they are the hope of Australia. A road from Sydney to Melbourne, to begin with, will open a line of 600 miles along the auriferous region; will give, as it were, two lines of coast; will dive into the heart of fertile regions, and unite two chief ports. This feat accomplished, lines to Adelaide and the Hunter, and onward to Brisbane, will follow as a matter of course. The railway, like the gold itself, will be a fresh employment of labour; it will also be a safe investment for capital. It will carry a full-fledged civilization to the interior. The country is favourable to the rail; there are no engineering difficulties from Sydney to Melbourne, while the timber at hand, and the facilities, as to direction and soil, will probably keep the expenditure below £5000 per mile. Attempts have been made, but they languish for want of capital; the colonists not being content with a guaranteed five per cent., and being already engaged in more profitable occupation. But this guarantee may be increased to six per cent., and the calculated returns are ten per cent. This is sufficient inducement for English capital in a thoroughly English land; and soon the accumulated wealth of the miners must, in the absence of government securities, seek investment in works of this order. The thought of the workmen running away to the diggings need not be entertained; even at this hour there are upwards of seventy men steady to their work on the Sydney and Paramatta line; and before a company can be brought into operation, the legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria can put clauses in their railway acts sufficiently stringent to hold imported labourers to their bargains. There is no fear of an Australian railway company not being 'a paying concern.' And when established, it will regulate the market for horny hands; and may creep or fly along in different directions as the resources of the provinces become slowly or rapidly developed. Is it too much to say that pro-

gress will be stopped before the railroad touches Cape York, or the submarine telegraph reach Sincapore, and through it the very centre of Europe!

Of the books in review, first comes an old favourite, David Mackenzie, who writes in an interesting and instructive vein. The emigrant may quickly glance through his pages, and on rising from their perusal say, 'This is the very information I want.' Mr. Mackenzie, however, must, in a new edition, correct his view of Sydney society: the period to which he refers is now past; since he first observed, all the good has become better, and the bad has become mitigated or removed. We commend him to alter statements like the following:—'If you were only to peep into the police-office on a Monday forenoon, you would then see a lovely specimen of our morality. Scores of men, women, boys, and girls, who had been dragged off the streets on the preceding evening for drunkenness, fighting, and other similar offences, standing with brazen faces to hear their respective sentences. You may then, every two or three minutes, hear thundered forth, with the voice of authority, from the magistrate's bench:—'Six hours to the stocks'—'Ten days to the cells'—'Twenty days to the treadmill'—'Fifty lashes (on his bare back)!' The stocks, the cells, the wheel, and the cat, are among the things that were.

Mr. Earp's 'Gold Colonies' is a hasty compilation, correct in the main, but wanting in the discrimination which an eye-witness can alone possess. Whether it be a blemish or an excellence, he leaves much to the deduction of the reader's mind; he scarcely ventures a decision on important points. Judging this to be a fault, we have endeavoured to correct it in these pages.

Mr. Mossman's little volume is racy, the production of a lively and well-informed observer. His earnest warnings, addressed to the profligate, the inert, or the inexperienced, are valuable. He has been lecturing through the country, and certainly few deserve so much attention. His fearless denunciations of fraud and folly make him terrible to some, but his straightforwardness and sincerity entitle him to respect. He has trodden many a foot of the Australian territory, and vividly, and warmly, and truly depicts the glowing scene. His commendations of persons and things are also disinterested.

Mr. Sidney's volume has just reached us, and we have in consequence been able only to glance over it hastily. The author is a veteran in the colonization cause, and his work will create a sensation. His anecdotes illustrate the principles we have laid down, and suggest many points which require remark.

We shall recur to his work next month, and in the mean time recommend it to the favourable notice of our readers.

The dislocation of society occasioned by the gold discovery is touched upon by the latter authors, and doubtless the several provinces have felt much inconvenience ; but Sydney has rallied already ; Melbourne and Geelong must soon revive, and Adelaide need not despair. The treasures of South Australia are great and enduring. The Adelaideans have done wisely in immediately opening a road to Mount Alexander, and when fresh hands arrive to work their own mines of copper returning prosperity is certain. Instructed by the success of this last act, South Australia ought now to aim at the navigation of the Murray ; then a large amount of commerce must pour through her gates, and she will become a flourishing emporium. We cannot close without mentioning the inadequate descriptions of Sydney which have appeared. It is impossible to speak of this city aright. Mr. Barker's panorama, twenty years ago, had something of the transparency and lucidity of the subject, and those who can remember that painting may partially comprehend the peculiar beauty of the southern metropolis, but the pen fails to depict it. Sydney, as the morning mists disperse, rises like a second Carthage, queen of the waters ; the beams of the wakening sun mantle on her diadem, and his setting rays throw around her a purple robe : during the day she is canopied in his light ; he woos and wins her love ; the moon takes her for a sister ; and the stars, as they cluster in the dark blue ether, send forth to her their friendly greetings. Let the past of her history be forgotten, oblivion suits it ; the present is glorious ; the future who shall tell !

Looking forward, a brightening sign appears ; pure religion, and undefiled, exists in Australia, the Spirit of God has already given emphatic testimony to the word of his grace in the conversion of notorious offenders, in a reformation of manners, in reviving the church. A missionary spirit reigns ; Sydney is the focal point for the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the Church of England Board of Missions, in juxtaposition with the centre of operations of the Romish missions in Oceania. We know full well which shall prevail. The Christians of the Georgian and Harvey groups on the east, and the evangelized of New Zealand, Tongataboo, the Figis, the Harpais, the Samoas, the New Hebrides, Hawaii, and the Kissas of the Indian Archipelago, find brethren in Sydney—loving helpful brethren. And if God continue His favours, His ministers shall go forth from Australia to regions beyond. The blackest cloud of heathenism rests on the lands to the north, and immediately contiguous to these

shores. In the season of persecution Australia is a fit wilderness to receive the hunted church ; and if this be not required, the church there may have the honour and the glory, as it now seems to have the disposition, to make known among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

ART. II.—*Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea.* Based on Family and State Papers. By Hepworth Dixon. One vol. 8vo. London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.

IF there be any persons really doubtful of the power of our navy, under able management, to protect our shores, independently of the army, we recommend them to read this well-timed volume. We are willing to make the most ample allowances for the advantages which steam may now give to the French nation, and to add all others which the more highly disciplined, the greatly augmented, and the more scientifically armed land-forces of the continent may suggest. These advantages cannot bear any proportion to those which those nations possessed over us at the time that Blake was placed at the head of our navy. France and Spain had their large and powerful fleets; Holland was held to possess an invincible one. Their former admirals, Tromp, De Witt, De Ruiter, De Wilde, and others, swept our shores with grand armaments in the confidence of their national predominance at sea. Nearly the whole of the continent was ill-affected to England, on account of the destruction of the monarchy. The exiled Stuarts and their followers were there stirring up all possible hostility against us ; and Holland, Protestant and republic, which should have made common cause with us, influenced by the same motives, their stadtholder having married a Stuart, and still more from jealousy of the extension of our mercantile and colonial power, was opposed to us mortally. The cause of monarchy, of the Catholic religion, and of an ancient dynasty, overthrown and ejected, all united the majority of the nations against England, and the motives to invade and humble this country were far stronger than they can be now. A terrific shock, such as was without example or previous conception in the annals of the world, that of a nation calling its monarch to account for treason to the constitution, arraigning, condemning, and executing him, as a traitor to liberty and the state, had inspired every kingdom in the

world with a burning desire to punish so audacious a people, and efface so appalling a precedent from the policy of nations; and the heir to the devastated throne, with all his expatriated courtiers and nobility, was on fire to reach our shores, resume his ancient patrimonial seat, and take vengeance for the blood of his father and the humiliation of his family. All those whose faith and whose political interests had been wounded in the person of the decapitated king, yearned for the accomplishment of this event.

And what was the naval power which England had to oppose to a world thus bent on its subjugation?—

‘The navy,’ says Mr. Dixon, ‘when Blake was called on to assume the chief command at sea, was about in the same condition as that in which Cromwell had found the old army. Abuses existed everywhere, in the admiralty-offices, in the dock-yards, in the forts and naval stations, on board the ships, and many of them were of long standing and flagrant character . . . When the new commissioners came to examine the details of the actual state of the navy, they found the disorder greater than was feared. Few of the vessels were seaworthy; the wages of the common sailors were not regularly paid; and when vessels came into port, the poor men had commonly to wait some weeks before they could obtain their money; no proper care was taken of their rations; often the biscuit was mouldy, the beer sour, the meat rank; the system of imprisonment was bitterly complained of; while, in the neglect to provide hospitals for the wounded and asylums for the infirm, the dictates of sound policy and the calls of humanity had been equally spurned.’—pp. 122—24.

Still more, there was disaffection in the navy; and just before, no less than eleven vessels, carrying altogether no less than 291 guns and 1260 men, had renounced their obedience, and sailed for the Dutch coast. The combined fleets of England, ill-conditioned in crew and vessel, amounted, after this defection, when assembled in the Downs, to only about twenty ships. Such being the state of things, Blake, a landsman, a brave commander on shore, but little or nothing accustomed to the sea, at the age of fifty, assumed the arduous task of first naval captain of the realm; and we may now see what the British fleet could effect in a few years under such guidance.

Blake commenced his career with a fleet of only five ships, with which he was instructed, in language singularly grandiloquent compared with the means put at his command, ‘to pursue, seize, surprise, scatter, fight with, and destroy’ the ships of the revolted fleet, and to suppress pirates and protect lawful traders in the exercise of their calling. This took place in the commencement of 1649; and between that time and 1657, the year of his death—that is, in the short space of little more than seven years—it is astonishing what a vast amount of material service he had achieved. In less than three years he had

chased the Stuart fleets, under the princes Rupert and Maurice, from the ocean; had introduced thorough reforms into the whole naval and dockyard system; had rebuked the pride of Portugal, read a significant lesson to France and Spain, freed the southern and great midland seas from privateers, and left a salutary dread of the young commonwealth on the naval shores of Barbary and Italy. In exterminating the corsair power of the cavaliers, Blake had to break up their strongholds in the Scilly Isles, and Jersey, and Guernsey. These were believed to be impregnable.

‘Nature,’ says Mr. Dixon, ‘might have formed the Scilly Isles for a pirate hold. Dangerous sunken rocks, an extremely intricate channel, a sea unrivalled for swell and violence, combined to prevent the approach of frigates or other armed vessels towards the centre of the group; and, as the ruins still visible show, art had come efficiently in aid of nature—for, at every point where it seemed possible to effect a landing, stood block-houses and batteries, connected with each other by lines and breastworks of the most formidable character. On St. Mary’s Island, even at that time the wealthiest and most populous of the group, these field-works were bound together by castles of great strength and commanding position. Old-Town Castle, a strong pile in the days of Leland; Star Castle, with its ditch and ramparts, built by Sir John Godolphin, in Elizabeth’s reign; and the Giant’s Castle, standing on the crest of a bold and rugged cliff. Some of the islets were extremely fertile; corn grew in abundance on many of them; and they were all well stocked with rabbits, cranes, swans, herons, and sea-fowls. Into this convenient hold Rupert poured men, money, and warlike stores. He gave the command to the gallant Sir John Grenville. The islanders, mere children of the sun and sea, willingly joined in the attempt to convert their home into an important magazine and naval station; and to render this extraordinary combination of natural and artificial defences perfect, two thousand picked men were landed there as a garrison, aided by a multitude of cavalier gentry whose private fortunes had been wasted in the long wars. The storehouses on these rocks were filled with the captured merchandize of all nations; but the chief articles stored up were silks, corn, wine, oil, timber, and the precious metals.’—p. 148.

But Blake appeared before these sea-castles, and by a new mode of warfare—that of cannonading fortifications from ships, which, though now common enough, he was the first to introduce—he soon made himself master of them, with all their stores and forces. The Channel Islands were considered still stronger, and were under the command of Sir George Carteret, a brave and experienced officer.

‘Even after the appearance of Blake and Ascue off the Scilly Islands, Carteret, still confident in his own resources, and secure in a fortress which, since the days of Rollo, had never been assailed with success, continued his destructive warfare on commerce. He had, indeed, no choice. Upwards of four thousand men, the remains of veteran armies and sea-roving

adventurers, thronged the two little islands. He was bound to feed them, and it was desirable to keep the more destructive spirits employed at sea. Of Jersey itself he had no fears; its position was strong by nature, and had been rendered yet stronger by art; storms rarely ceased in that part of the English channel; sunken rocks, lying near the surface, not only render the navigation extremely dangerous for large vessels, even with good pilots, but cause violent currents, cross-currents, and cataracts, at every ebb and flow of the tide. The coast of Jersey, rocky, steep, and broken, nature seems to have fashioned as the ramparts of a vast and impregnable fortress. Skilful engineers had added Elizabeth Castle, Mount Orgueil, and Cornet Castle, to the national defences. Elizabeth Castle, built on a bold and isolated rock in St. Aubin's Bay, facing St. Hilier's, the chief town in Jersey, and about a mile from the mainland, was at that time considered one of the strongest military positions in the world. This fortress, the key of his defensive positions, Sir George Carteret commanded in person; Mount Orgueil he entrusted to Sir Philip Carteret; and Cornet Castle, in Guernsey, to Colonel Burgess.'—p. 171.

Blake, however, fearing nothing, found a landing in Jersey for his troops, attacked successively Elizabeth Castle and Mount Orgueil, and so damaged them that they were compelled to surrender; and Cornet Castle, in Guernsey, followed their example without art or blow.

Having thus utterly swept the cavalier forces from the ocean, he set himself to achieve a much more stupendous conquest—that of the Dutch navy. The details of this gigantic struggle furnish one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of British maritime victory. The battle of the Downs, in which Blake, with fifteen ships, defeated Tromp with a fleet of forty-two; the seizure of the French fleet under Admiral Vendôme; the brilliant victory over the Dutch, at the North Foreland, under Tromp, Evertz, and De Ruiter; the still more scientific fight in the Portland Straits, where he appeared at the head of sixty men-of-war, supplied by Admirals Penn, Dean, and Lawson, and opposed by all the most celebrated admirals of Holland, Tromp, Evertz, De Ruiter, Swers, Floritz, and De Wilde, and in a desperate three days' fight completely defeated the enemy, took eighteen men-of-war, a large fleet of merchant-men, and vast wealth; the battle of the Gable, and the final battle, in which Tromp was killed, these completely annihilated the Dutch maritime forces for the time, and placed England at the head of all nations on the ocean.

Those, however, were but a small part of the services of Blake. He next proceeded to carry the terror of the English name into the Mediterranean. He attacked and severely chastised the pirates of Tunis, shattering their fancied unassailable forts of Goletta and Porto Ferino; receiving the submission of the Deys of Tripoli and of Algiers, and procured the liberation

of all the English prisoners. He then proceeded to levy £60,000 on the Grand Duke of Tuscany for English merchant vessels which had been sold by Prince Rupert in the port of Leghorn, and twenty thousand pistoles from the Pope for similar sales in the Roman ports, the Puritan sailors wonderfully enjoying the terror which they carried amongst the monks and priests of the Holy City.

‘Before the end of April, 1655, Blake had brought this extraordinary cruise to a triumphant issue. In six months he had established himself as a power in that great midland sea from which his countrymen had been politically excluded since the age of the crusades. He had redressed with a high hand the grievances of many years, and had taught nations, to which the very name of Englishmen was a strange sound, to respect its honour and its rights. The pirates of Barbary had been chastised as they had never yet been in history. The petty princes of Italy had been made to feel the power of the northern Protestants. The Pope himself had learned to tremble on his seven hills, and the distant echoes of our guns had startled the council chambers of Venice and Constantinople. Blake sent home not less than sixteen ships laden with treasure, received in satisfaction of former injuries, or taken by force from hostile states. Some of the Italian princes sent embassies to London to cultivate the friendship of Cromwell. The representatives of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Doge of Venice distinguished themselves in these missions by the splendour of their appointments. The former had orders to solicit the honour of a present of the Protector’s portrait, which was painted for his master by Cooper, and hung in the ducal palace among the choicest specimens of Italian art.’—p. 293.

There remained one more work for the Puritan admiral to do, and that was to humble the power of Spain. Spain, the most bigoted of Catholic countries, regarded the religious change in England with the most hostile feelings. The Puritans, advocates of religious liberty, as Spain was the uncompromising champion of the most complete despotism over mind and conscience, were the abhorrence of that country, as the Spanish fanaticism of popery was the abhorrence of the English republicans. ‘The reformed faith, tolerated in the Holy Roman Empire, in France, still more recently in Portugal, had never found mercy at Madrid. Racks, wheels, boiling oil, and other yet more delicate means of torture, opposed the spread of new doctrines throughout Spain and the Indies, while frequent burnings and gibbetings were employed to keep the masses true to the creed of their fathers. The horror excited in Puritan England by the report of such atrocities was naturally heightened by the fact that now and then a foreign resident—now an Englishman—fell under the frowns of the Holy Office, and whatever his country or his creed, suffered without appeal the sort of judgment bestowed by that terrible tribunal.’ The Eng-

lish residing in Spain were not allowed the possession of their Bibles, much less the exercise of their religion. The court refused the express demand of the Protector on this head, and to this was added the murder of Ascham, the British ambassador, and the refusal to admit any foreign traders to any of their ports in America and the West Indies.

Blake, who was not only a free trader, but a man of deep and sincere piety, longed to chastise this superstitious and impracticable power, and he did this in a manner which has scarcely any parallel in history. He first exacted 80,000*l.* from Portugal in expiation of a murderous attack on our ambassador, Mr. Meadows, in the streets of Lisbon, and for other injuries; and then blockading the harbour of Cadiz, he waylaid the silver fleet from Spanish America, and out of eight vessels full of riches, allowed only two to escape capture or destruction. Eight-and-thirty wagons carried the bullion, which was taken from Portsmouth to London in triumphant procession, guarded by soldiers.

The last great action of his life put the crown on all the rest. The second silver fleet, alarmed by the news of the fall of the first, put into Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands. Hither Blake pursued them, and the account of his destruction of this fleet, considered one of the most daring and extraordinary achievements in all naval history, deserves quotation.

‘The fort of Santa Cruz was then one of the strongest naval positions in the world. The harbour, shaped like a horse-shoe, was defended at the north side of the entrance by a regular castle, mounted with the heaviest ordnance, and well garrisoned. Along the inner line of the bay seven powerful forts were disposed, and connecting these forts with each other and with the castle was a line of earthworks, which served to cover the gunners and musketeers from the fire of the enemy. Sufficiently formidable of themselves to appal the stoutest heart, these works were now strengthened by the whole force of the silver fleet. The precious metals, pearls, and jewels, were carried on shore into the town, but the usual freightage, hides, sugar, spices, cochineal, and other valuable commodities, remained on board, Don Diego having no fears for their safety. The royal galleons were then stationed on each side the narrow entrance of the bay, their anchors dropped out, and their broadsides turned towards the sea. The other armed vessels were moored in a semi-circle round the main line, with openings between them, so as to allow full play to the batteries on shore in case of necessity. Large bodies of musketeers were placed on the earthworks, uniting the more solid fortifications, and in this admirable arrangement of his means of resistance, Diagues waited with confidence the appearance of his enemy.’—p. 346.

It would have seemed impossible for any earthly power to make an impression on such a spot so terribly defended. There appeared force enough, arranged in the most consummate

manner, to blow any assailing fleet out of the water. Not so, however, thought a Dutchman, who happened to be lying in the roadstead with his vessel. His nation had had a terrific taste of Blake's invincible daring. He begged leave to quit the harbour, and the governor endeavoured to appease his fears by showing him that it was impossible for Blake to contend for a moment against a force equal to his own, and posted in such destructive order. 'For all that,' replied the experienced Dutchman, 'I am sure Blake will soon be in among you.' And so it was.

'As soon as day dawned on the English fleet, a frigate, which had been sent forward, signalled the welcome intelligence that the whole body of the silver fleet lay at anchor within the harbour. Thereupon Blake, roused from his sick-bed by the prospect of immediate action (he was then sinking in his last illness), called a council of war, stated the case in a few brief and pregnant words, and ended with the proposal to ride into the port and attack the enemy in his formidable position. The shape of the harbour, the situation of the great castle, and the direction of the wind—then blowing steadily landwards—made it useless to think of bringing off the royal galleons. It only remained, therefore, to destroy them where they stood, with their threatening broadsides pointing towards the English ships. Many thought this scheme would be equally impossible to carry out; but the captains who had served in the attempt on Porto Ferino, had no doubt but the bold conception of their general might be as brilliantly executed. At least, it was resolved to make the attempt. Between six and seven o'clock, a solemn prayer was offered to the Disposer of events: no oath, no irreverent ribaldry was ever heard on board that fleet; no rum or brandy was given out on the eve of battle; but every man on those gallant ships knelt down humbly, and in that fervent spirit which was in all trials and temptations the Roundhead's sustaining fire asked the God of battles to bless his people, and put forth his right arm in support of the good cause. At seven all was ready—the sailors had breakfasted and prayed. A division of the best equipped and most powerful ships was then drawn off and sent forward, under the gallant Captain Stayner, to attack the royal galleons, and force an entrance into the harbour; Blake reserving to himself the task of silencing the castles and batteries on land. Stayner's old frigate, the 'Speaker,' now bearing his pennon as Vice-Admiral, rode in the van of this attacking squadron right at the entrance, unchecked by the tremendous broadsides of the galleons, and regardless of the terrific fire from the castle and batteries. In a short space of time, almost incredibly short, he had passed the outer defences, and established himself near the royal galleons, in the centre of a huge semi-circle of shot. Blake instantly followed with the remainder of his fleet, and covering Stayner's flank with his frigates, so as to leave him free to fight the great ships without interruption from the batteries on shore, he commenced a furious cannonade on the whole line of defences, and especially against the castle. The Spaniards fought throughout with desperate valour; and for some time the old Peak of Teneriffe witnessed a scene which almost might be compared with one of its own stupendous outbursts. The Spanish mus-

keteers kept up a most destructive fire from behind the covered way. Yet, in spite of the highest courage, unanimity, and conduct on the side of the defence, the cannonade along the earthworks gradually slackened. One by one, the batteries ceased to answer. Before twelve o'clock Blake was able to leave the completion of this task to a few well-stationed frigates, while he turned with the main body to the assistance of Stayner, engaged for four hours in an unequal contest with galleons of greatly superior force in men and guns. Diagues made heroic efforts to recover his failing ground; but it was now too late to turn the tide of victory. By two o'clock the battle was clearly won. Two of the Spanish ships had gone down, and every other vessel in the harbour, whether royal galleon, ship-of-war, or trader, was in flames. Miles and miles round the scene of action, the lurid and fatal lights could be seen throbbing and burning against the dull sky. The fire had done its work swiftly and awfully. Not a sail, not a single spar was left above water. The charred keels floated hither and thither; some of them filled and sank. Others were thrown upon the strand. Here and there the stump of a burnt mast projected from the surface; but not a single ship, not a single cargo—escaped destruction. All went down together in this terrible calamity.'—pp. 345—350.

Such was the brief naval career of Robert Blake. In less than eight years, he had crippled, and in many cases, for the time, annihilated the maritime power of the European nations, and placed his own country on the pinnacle of power and fame. He had done this, not as a man regularly brought up to the sea, but as a landsman stepping at once, at the age of fifty, into naval command and simultaneous victory. His last and greatest achievement—one of the most surprising deeds in history—was accomplished when he was actually a dying man. He planned the attack on Santa Cruz on his sick-bed, and in less than five months, and before he could reach home, he was a corpse on board his victorious ship. If Blake could thus, without previous experience at sea, paralyze and confound all Europe at the head of the English fleet, it surely is a shameful libel on our present fleet and commanders to suppose that they are not equal merely to the protection of our own shores. It will not serve the purpose to talk of the odds of steam, while those odds are, or should be, in our own favour, for the whole career of Blake, and especially the last grand action, proves that there are no odds, however appalling to other nations, that can daunt or defeat the British seamen, when the honour and safety of their country is concerned. The whole of our naval history indignantly flings back any other conviction.

But there are other causes for which we are indebted to Mr. Dixon for reviving at the present day the memory and the portraiture of Blake. The great admiral was one of the noblest patterns of sincere piety, modesty, patriotism, and unselfish-

ness, which our history or any other has to show. He served his country through all circumstances with an unerring sagacity, and a mind elevated above all party or petty interests. He was one of the few, who, like Colonel Hutchinson, disapproved of the personal ambition of Cromwell, but who did not, like the colonel, cease to act with him so far as he could do it for the advantage of the commonwealth. As he could not approve the Protector's political schemes, he abandoned politics, but retained his allegiance to the republic, and spent his unceasing energies to maintain and advance the power and glory of the nation. No single man did so much for that power and glory as he did, for before his naval career his military one had been as splendid—the defence of Lyme and Taunton being his eternal witnesses. But for all that he did, he never solicited a single reward from his country, while those who fought under him were clamorous for distinctions and wealth. The great admiral went on his way in dignified and unbending contentment. No titles, no rich estates were sought for or conferred on him, as they have been on the Marlboroughs, the Nelsons, the Wellingtons, the Goughs, and scores of others. He remained to the last plain Robert Blake, the possessor of a modest estate in his native neighbourhood, to which he retired whenever his arduous duties permitted, and, in the company of his brothers, passed his time in long silent walks, and in the enjoyments of the simple and heart-felt religious faith and sentiment which so universally distinguished him at all periods. The chief mark of the recognition of his splendid services by the government consisted in a diamond ring, which he wore the last few weeks of his life; but the greatness of his honour and his estate consisted in that proud fame which pervaded the whole civilized world, and surrounded his country like a wall of terrible defence.

As if Robert Blake was to receive no permanent honours but such as emanated from his own actions, the chief distinction, except his command itself, which the commonwealth conferred on him, that of being buried in Westminster Abbey, was speedily reversed by the *roué* monarch, Charles II., who had this renowned captain—with Oliver Cromwell's excellent mother, and amiable daughter, Lady Claypole; Dorislaus, one of the lawyers employed on the trial of Charles I., and afterwards murdered, while ambassador in Holland, by the cavaliers; May, the accomplished historian of the Long Parliament, whom Mr. Dixon has singularly overlooked; and the brave-hearted patriot John Pym;—dragged from their graves in the Abbey, and flung into a pit in St. Margaret's church-yard.

Mr. Dixon has executed his task with the tact and ability

worthy of the biographer of Penn and Howard. His work is written with great vigour, life, and perspicuity. The interest of the narrative never flags, and without having any portion of it overloaded by disproportioned detail, there is no condensation at the expense of the free life of the biography. This life of Robert Blake is undoubtedly not only excellently timed, but is a really standard addition to the memoirs of our great men.

ART. III.—*Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies.* By John F.

South, one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. London: Cox.

2. *Plain Rules for Cottage Walls, to be observed in Cases of Illness or Accident.* Compiled by Robert Druitt, F.R.C.S. Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge.

3. *Good Health: the Possibility, Duty, and Means of Obtaining and Keeping it.* Monthly Series of the Religious Tract Society.

A FEW years ago a notice in a literary periodical of a surgical work would have been thought as unsuitable as a 'Popular Surgery' would have been unsaleable. When books of this kind, however, are bought and read by the 'general reader,' there need be no apology for reviewing them. The great sanitary movement, which has been for some years struggling actively onward in reference to communities, is finding its way to individuals, and is diffusing itself, in the form of such publications as are placed at the head of this article. The arguments, which are found to be unanswerable on the national scale, and in reference to the health of towns, are seen, even by those little accustomed to such topics, to suggest and apply themselves to the health of individuals. If the access of light and the circulation of pure air are so necessary for the thoroughfare or the alley, the inhabitant of it begins to think it is also necessary for his own attic or cellar, and personal 'flushing' with fresh water is already thought by some to be as useful for the pores of the skin as the drains of the city. The two questions of personal and national health go hand-in-hand, or rather they ought to do so, and would, but that the personal is so much more difficult to move than the national question. They are, nevertheless, inseparably connected, and though reluctantly and slowly, the cause of individual health must advance with that of the public. The advantages which flow to every class from well-constructed dwellings, cheap food, and abundance of

light, pure air, and water out of doors, will be accompanied by the advantages resulting from the habits of personal cleanliness and sobriety, well-constructed fire-places, and windows to let down from the top, in each dwelling; and as it is discovered, that by these simple and rational means the public, as well as individual health is greatly improved, it may be expected that more rational notions on the subject of health and disease will become generally diffused; that many hundreds of tons of drugs at present consumed will cease to be swallowed; that the race of uneducated quacks (with and without diplomas) will gradually die out; that the standard of the medical profession will be elevated; and that the prevention, as much as the cure of maladies, will become the function of the physician. These are no Utopian dreams, but convictions which the best informed medical men and others who have devoted their attention to the subject of national health have held for a long time; and among educated persons, these opinions, during the last two or three years, have become widely extended.

The public question may be said to be solved,—light, air, water, public cleanliness, cheap food and clothing, so far as these are capable of being influenced by the legislature, have been demanded in a voice irresistible by any government, and have therefore been obtained; the application of the principle established for the towns and villages of this nation—the corollaries of the problem—are only a work of detail and patience. But the question of individual health contains some knotty points scarcely yet solved; or, if clear to the few, requiring much popular illustration to make them evident to the many.

The questions of national and individual health go, we have said, hand in hand; but it must be recollected, that it is only a certain way they advance in this ‘loving company.’ Only while *externals* are dealt in is this the case. The drainage of the streets may be made to extend to underground apartments; the water of the public fountains may be made to circulate through every house; the air caused by opening out courts and alleys, and placing open squares at appropriate distances, to penetrate every thoroughfare, may be made by open sashes to enter every apartment—perhaps even, by Arnott’s ventilating valve, or other apparatus, be made to pass through every bed-room—but who is to enter the Englishman’s castle, and strip away from his bed the heavy curtains by which he seals himself up, as if desirous of having his own private hole of Calcutta to himself? who is to open the ventilating valve, or let down the sash? Here we enter on the debateable land between the public and personal health—that of towns and the individual. It was proposed during the time of the cholera—very judiciously—that

every householder in London should simultaneously flush out his drain at ten o'clock in the morning; and it was very fairly estimated that the aggregate volume of water would effectually cleanse the city sewers.

The idea was abandoned, or only adopted by isolated enthusiasts in separate streets—the opposition of the water companies and the indolence of human nature alike being adverse to its execution. But if no one ever thought of enforcing, by act of parliament, this simultaneous lifting of traps and universal scouring of the London sewers at ten o'clock in the morning, how impracticable would it be, by any public authority, to compel all persons to circulate fresh air in all their apartments!

It is just the difference between passing an act of parliament and forming a rule of life; between preaching and practising virtue. You may compel the rate-payer, by such a clause of such an act, to make his drains of a given width; but before you can induce him to ventilate his room you must convince his reason. Then, if we advance a step further, we find the difficulties increased a thousand-fold. If you cannot, by public act, compel him to flush his drains, how to flush his person? How, if you cannot prevent his swallowing, by preference, foul air, are you to arrest his consumption of narcotized brandy, wine, and beer, instead of pure water? How are you to induce him, rather to support a bathing establishment than a brewer's druggist—to know cow's milk from calf-brains, chalk, and water; to prefer plain light wheaten bread to alum dough, or wholesome rice-pudding to rancid pastry and barytic confectionary for his children? No act of parliament nor any police regulations whatever can effect this; the man must be educated to do it for himself.

For the purpose in question, many excellent books suitable for unprofessional readers, and well worthy of the careful perusal by medical men which they have obtained, have been published of late years, chief among which are Dr. Andrew Combe's and Dr. Southwood Smith's works, Dr. Bull's '*Maternal Management of Children in Health and Disease*,' Dr. A. T. Thomson's '*Diet, &c., for the Sick Room*,' Erasmus Wilson on '*Healthy Skin*,' the little publications we are now about to notice, and some others. We shall commence with the briefest and, for immediate general practical use, the best of the three, the '*Plain Rules for Cottage Walls*.' They are published in a broad sheet, about twenty inches square, at the price of fifteen pence a dozen, and, pasted on a piece of paper, may be hung up on cottage walls, as we have, though far too seldom, seen them. If one or two of the more intelligent of the peasantry, the clerk, or perhaps the doctor or clergyman, would be at the trouble to

draw attention to these plain rules at suitable opportunities, as, for example, at funerals, christenings, or other suitable social gatherings, a very great amount of good would soon be done; for by such means alone, persevered in for some time, will the peasantry—who suffer the most from the loss of health, from not being able to discern between a serious and a trifling malady, and from the expensive roguery of irregular practitioners in medicine—be enabled to escape from any portion of these evils. We say the peasantry in especial, for although the ‘Rules’ would be useful in every working man’s cottage, whether in the town or country, yet they will be found especially valuable in the latter. The mechanic in a town is near abundance of medical advice, and if fairly reduced, he has the dispensary or the hospital at hand; in the country, medical aid is often distant, and a single visit will absorb the earnings of a week, there is no dispensary, and the infirmary may be distant twenty or thirty miles. In thinly populated districts, few well-educated or experienced medical men care to settle, for a life of severe labour and exposure is rewarded with but a scanty income; and though no class of men in the kingdom make greater personal sacrifices than the country medical practitioners for the poor (who belong quite as much to each individual member of the community as to the surgeon), yet he is seldom treated as an equal by the gentry among whom he labours. For these reasons, men of education and experience are not always to be had by the sick peasantry; and he is very often obliged to be content with the help of some quack, who, to the disgrace of the clergy and educated persons in the neighbourhood, who refrain from denouncing such impostors, is permitted to wring a dishonest livelihood from the hard hands of the unhappy rustics.

In such circumstances—and they may be found in many districts—these ‘Plain Rules’ would be of great use; and by their aid, the country curate, or wise woman of the village or dale, might very well treat many common maladies at present neglected altogether.

We are far from advocating the idea of every man being his own doctor, fully believing the truth of the adage, that ‘he who, in any serious case, is his own physician, has a fool for his patient;’ but there certainly does exist among all classes—and, perhaps, as much among the rich as the poor—a great amount of ignorance on the subject of health, which might very easily be removed; and there are certain principles and rules of practice which might very easily be acquired by every one, the knowledge of which would prevent, in innumerable instances, simple injuries and diseases from resulting in serious or mortal maladies. We do not, indeed, think that much useful medical

knowledge of organic disease can be acquired by any one who will not submit to the preliminary training in anatomy, physiology, and the *materia medica* which is found to be necessary for medical students. To the Lady Bountiful or the country squire, who, armed with Buchan or Graham's 'Domestic Medicine,' attacks a dropsy or an inflammation, we can only apply the words of Dr. Southwood Smith in the Preface to his 'Philosophy of Health:—'Knowledge which men acquire only after years of study, habits which are generated in men only as the result of long-continued discipline, are expected to come to you spontaneously, to be born with you, to require on your part no culture, and to need no sustaining influence.' We would have it made a part of the clergyman's education that he should have some rational and correct notions on the structure and functions of the bodies of his parishioners, without which, in very many instances, he will make sad mistakes in dealing with their souls.

But, taking matters as they are at present, we repeat that a great amount of suffering and mortality might be prevented by the general diffusion of a few easily-acquired hygienic principles and curative methods; and we believe the whole of these, likely to be apprehended or applied by a non-medical person, are contained in the 'Plain Rules for Cottage Walls.' Let us, therefore, recommend every one interested in the health of his poorer neighbours to present them with a copy of these 'Rules.' They may be had from the agents of the Society for diffusing Christian Knowledge.

There are, however, one or two suggestions contained in these 'Plain Rules' which might, perhaps, with advantage, be reconsidered. For example, the recommendation of a 'hot poultice to the throat' in croup is not, perhaps, a very good practice; and poor parents, content with this questionable application, may easily lose the few hours in which it is possible to save the little patient's life.

The recommendation to use certain washes for 'weak eyes,' may also frequently lead to the neglect of active measures when those alone can save the eye-sight. It is deplorable to think how many thousands of persons are going about blind in this country whose sight might have been preserved by timely application to any surgeon who has made the diseases of the eye his study; and there are tens of thousands who suffer from defective vision from the same cause. In no class of diseases is timely application to a good surgeon more necessary than in those of the eye; and among the poorer orders few are more commonly neglected until permanent injury is established. Any directions, therefore, given for treatment of complaints in the eyes to uneducated persons, ought to be carefully guarded by the necessary warnings.

In the paragraph on 'bad legs in old people,' poultices and ointments of various kinds are recommended, while the much more cleanly and comfortable 'water-dressing,' including therein the usual solutions applied in such cases, is not mentioned. The amount of misery suffered among poor old people from 'bad legs,' which are capable of being cured or relieved, is very great; and the chief cause of it is, that the cases are troublesome to treat, requiring the careful application of bandages, an art in which few patients, and not a very great number of surgeons, are skilled. The reason that there are so many 'shocking bad legs' cured by advertisement, or said to be cured, is that they are neglected by surgeons who, indeed, cannot be expected to spend the time required in the drudgery of rolling up and applying bandages daily for weeks in succession; yet without 'position,' bandaging, and care of the food, these 'shocking bad legs' cannot, while by such means almost the whole of them may, be cured. A neat-handed woman can be taught, in a few lessons, the skilful management of bandages; and it would be well worth the while of any good-natured surgeon to teach one or two such persons, so that their services might be secured at little cost, by every one requiring them in the district.

Very many poor old people, and not a few of all ages, suffer during their lives from bad legs, which might, by the plan mentioned, be cured, and families are thrown destitute, and infirmary funds are burdened by cases of this kind, curable by any neat-handed persevering peasant or artizan's wife, with an occasional glance from the surgeon.

The 'Rules for a Sick Room,' in eight brief paragraphs, contain all that is necessary to be known on this most important and very generally neglected subject. They should be written as writing exercises by boys and girls at every school, and so committed to memory. Were that the case, the next generation would escape the fate of many of the present, and not, as now, be slowly stifled in their beds.

'The 'Household Surgery' by Mr. South, one of the surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital, is a very good book, containing, as was to be expected from the author, sound surgical advice in all cases of injury. Had it been half the size, it might have contained all the information capable of being applied by any non-professional person.

The Religious Tract Society, which, in the number of its 'Monthly Series,' intitled 'Good Health,' has given the public for sixpence the most admirable essay on the subject we have ever seen, would do well to present its readers with a sixpenny volume on surgery, if possible, with a few simple outline engravings.

Popular works on surgery are not liable to the same abuses as popular works on, or rather systems of, physic. To see an old lady, whose previous knowledge was pretty much confined to the 'Cookery Book,' poring over a vast volume on 'Domestic Medicine,' and on the strength of being thus, like Dr. Hornbook,—

‘—— weel acquaint wi’ Buchan,
And other chaps,’

compounding a potion of powerful drugs for a disease of the heart, or inflammations of the bowels, as smartly as she would cook up a *paté*, or a panada, and dealing out hemlock and ‘murphy’ (morphia), as we have known done with the same facility as mace and ‘almond flavour,’ this is a spectacle which would be ludicrous if it were not sad, and of every day occurrence.

It may be asked what remedy we have for this state of things, and how, since medical men cannot give more of their time and skill to the poor than they do, we will provide a better set of practitioners than Ladies Bountiful only learned in the ‘Cookery Book ;’—homœopathic, dyspeptic, retired tradesmen, or good-natured puseyite clergymen? A better order of things is very easily devised, but would require sacrifices which the public will be slow to make. Until we are willing to make these sacrifices, however, let us not talk of benevolence or Christian charity as names properly applicable to the irregular practitioners of the poor. The remedy is, more knowledge on the part of the present irregular physicians of the poor, and until that knowledge is obtained a more liberally organized system of remuneration by the benevolent, or society at large, to well-informed medical men for their attendance on the poor. Until the present mediciners are willing to acquire some real knowledge of the diseases they treat, their goodness must continue of a very questionable nature, and grim Death might speak of them in the words he applied to Dr. Hornbook :—

‘ Whare I kill’d ane a fair strae death,
By loss o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
This night I’m free to tak my aith
That Hornbook’s skill
Has clad a score i’ their last claith
By drap an’ pill.’

And until society is willing to organize some more efficient system of medical aid to the poor than at present exists (much as that has been improved during the last half century), an amount of preventible suffering and mortality, frightful to contemplate, must continue to ravage the poorer classes. More knowledge is the chief remedy ; more knowledge among the

poorer classes themselves of the cheap preventives of disease,—cleanliness, ventilation, well-cooked and wholesome food; more knowledge among the ‘comfortable’ selfish classes to induce them to protect themselves from disease and heavy rates by lessening as much as possible the disease and mortality of their poorer brethren; much more knowledge among the kind-hearted or officious who undertake to treat diseases; more knowledge among the clergy of the structure and functions of the body, and the early symptoms of serious maladies, and more and higher knowledge among medical men throughout the country to lead the way to the good time when the simple rules which they now spend half their time in enforcing will become universally known and acted on, and when the physician, conversant with the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the mind as well as that of the body, will take wide and philosophic views of health and disease, and will consider it a far nobler and higher function of his science to remove the removeable *causes* than to cure individual *cases* of disease. Besides all this knowledge, increased power should be given to our hospitals, dispensaries, and other institutions for the indigent sick; and in all districts, but especially those distant from infirmaries, health-houses for the working classes should be established, wherein all cases requiring the watchful care of the surgeon or physician may be placed, and to which the first cases of contagious or infectious maladies may be at once removed. These health-houses should be chiefly supported by the working classes themselves, and no institutions would be more worthy of, or would be more likely to receive any aid they might need from the benevolent. We can have no doubt whatever that such institutions will at no distant day be common throughout this country, perhaps will be made compulsory by act of parliament. We are aware there are many difficulties to be overcome before such institutions will become popular with the working classes, or their establishment be insisted on by the legislature. Personal liberty, family affection, independence of mind, love of home, many of the best feelings, and the strongest prejudices of Englishmen will be arrayed against them at first, but with the general diffusion of common sense on the subject of health, and great care in the regulation of the health-houses themselves, all objections will probably disappear. Until the prejudices of the poorer classes melt away under the experience of the value of such ‘Sanatories’ and the knowledge of the kindness and *home feeling* which should pervade them, a large class of maladies which would be much better, more quickly, and more economically treated in these houses must remain to be managed or neglected, as at present, in the working man’s home;

but with regard to virulently infectious diseases, we think some speedy legislative interference would, by a little discussion, become as popular as it would be salutary. Or if it cannot be made evident to the peasant or artizan that it is better for his own family that a case of small-pox or malignant fever occurring in his house should be removed at once to the public sick ward, while his apartment should be well whitewashed and ventilated, at any rate there is no reason why his next door neighbours should submit to the danger thus incurred. Let the nature and amount of that danger be made quite evident to these neighbours, let the statistics of infectious diseases be brought well home to their minds, and they will certainly demand the removal of the nuisance. If I may bring an action against my neighbour for pouring foul water into my apartment, why not for pouring foul air? If he rolls a cannon-ball above my tenement, or plays the violincello or bagpipes so as to interfere with my night's rest, I can take the law of him; why not if he perseveres in diffusing the deadly exhalations of typhus or malignant cholera? And if he is punishable for harbouring improper characters, or keeping pigs in his garret, why not for resetting small pox? These are questions which are approaching the legislature for solution, and sooner or later they can only receive one reply.

To return, however, from this digression to Mr. South's 'Popular Surgery.' The author thinks it necessary to apologize for, or rather to explain how it is that an infirmary surgeon is found writing a book on popular surgery. We agree with him that no apology is needed for such a deed; and we believe that every well-informed physician and surgeon would be very glad if all their patients were very much better acquainted with their sciences than is the case at present. Generally speaking, it is the ignorant of all classes who apply to quacks, or who under-estimate the value of skill and experience in the healing art;—it is the ignorant patients who foster the ignorant practitioners; and the more sound knowledge is diffused among patients, the higher will become the standing, for the greater will be the skill required of the medical profession.

We question very much, however, whether very enlightened views on *medicine* will ever be attained by the public in general: but surgery is more circumscribed in its range, and more patent to common observation; perhaps popular information in it may be soon diffused with success. When people are suffering acutely, they are willing to believe in the doctor; when they see an operation neatly and quickly performed, and ease obtained, they are apt (for the time at least) to estimate the aid at its full value; but in obscure lingering disease—of which they

understand nothing, they are disposed to believe in any medical superstition that is nearest, or most vociferous.

Without understanding the function of respiration, for example, it is quite impossible to have any knowledge of the common diseases of the chest which every one treats for himself; and as here the old well-known remedies are applied successfully in ignorance, any knowledge of the lungs or of respiration comes to be considered as unnecessary by the majority of persons.

The *modus operandi* of breathing cannot be comprehended without diagrams, and in a very confused manner then; but where these things have been taught by familiar lectures on the lungs, heart, &c., of the lower animals, sounder and better notions have been found to prevail. More sensible domestic methods of managing complaints of the chest have been adopted, and a more intelligent judgment of the skill and ignorance of the medical adviser has been formed. What the few, so instructed, are to their medical attendants in the treatment of complaints in the chest, almost every sensible and observant person is to the surgeon dealing with an accident or outward disease. The skill of the surgeon is real, practical, comprehensible in most cases, by moderate attention—and a very competent judgment of many branches of surgery, at present not understood by the public, may be gained by such a book as this of Mr. South's. Not that the public will be taught ever to bleed itself, or put on its own bandage by this or any other book: these are arts which will be learnt better by once seeing them well done than by all the reading in the world; but they may know when their surgeon does these and other operations well; and they will be able to detect and dismiss those who have not taken the trouble to acquire the necessary skill. But the treatment of diseases, such as come under the management of the physician, requires much preliminary knowledge that can never be taught by popular medical books. It may be truly said that the elaborate, popular 'domestic medicines' of the day, do not convey a single intelligible idea to the majority of their readers on any but the simplest complaints, and that the vast volumes so largely circulated are the most signal proof of the love of quackery, and of the desire of ignorance to believe itself knowledge, displayed at this time by the British public. Many of these books are well written, *containing* a great deal of information, but, from the previous ignorance of the readers, *conveying* none whatever.

However, as the compilers and publishers of these books well know, humility, in its estimate of its own capacity, is by no means the fault of the quacking portion of the public, and the

greater part of the works on popular medicine are sold to those who, from sheer incapacity and meddling folly, are the least capable of making any good use of them.

It is very extraordinary—while the ‘Plain Rules for Cottage Walls,’ which cost a fraction above a penny, and contain really all the information that can be usefully employed by the majority of persons, are neglected—large expensive ‘Domestic Medicines,’ totally incomprehensible by their purchasers, are sold in thousands! And, indeed, it is because the doctrine is incomprehensible that the numerous quacking public believe in it. The superstitious folly of medical devotees is as great now as any puseyite could desire in his own especial quackery.

Every weak or conceited person, all those who desire to deceive themselves or their friends with the idea of the possession of knowledge without being willing to undergo the labour of acquiring it, and who have a turn for drugging, purchase a domestic or homœopathic medicine, and are instantly endowed with the necessary experience.

It is from this class of persons that the patients of advertising quack doctors are drawn, and which furnishes some of the most profitable patients of unprincipled medical practitioners. For the mixture of conceit and ignorance which makes the quack, is easily changed into the hypochondriacal swallower of drugs. Quack and dupe, as Thomas Carlyle says of similar characters somewhere, are upper side and under of the selfsame thing—convertible substances; turn up your quack into the proper fostering element, and he becomes your dupe. In short, to the persons of whom we are speaking may be applied the mongrel saying of an old and successful physician whom we knew—‘*Homo vult humbuggi, et humbuggendum est.*’

But plain sensible books like that of this infirmary surgeon, by placing the real knowledge of practical men before sensible readers, will rather prove to them how much good sense and experience are necessary for the right management of even common injuries, and will form the best antidote to quackery and unskilfulness in surgical cases.

We will now notice a few of the topics treated of by Mr. South, keeping of course as much as possible to those which may be most likely to interest the ‘general reader,’ as the omnivorous book-devourer of the present day is pleasantly called.

Speaking of leeches, he remarks that there are few or none now in England, his experience thus coinciding with that of Wordsworth’s ‘Leechgatherer on the lonely moor,’ in his fine poem of ‘Resolution and Independence.’ ‘I once,’ said the

old man to the poet, 'could find them everywhere, but now they seem all gone'—or words to that effect.

There are still some tarns in Cumberland, however, and elsewhere, in which the medicinal leech is to be found; and a very short time ago we heard of them being taken between Penrith and Carlisle, and saw some of extraordinary strength and value, which had been procured from a small lake between Wastwater and the Irish Sea. One of these was quite as good as two or three of the common leeches brought from Hamburg and elsewhere. Since leeches are very expensive, and, as applications to children, especially, are very useful, it might be worth while to attempt to preserve and increase them in those waters wherein they formerly existed in such numbers; and as persons in this country have found it worth while to make ponds for the purpose, it would surely answer to look after them in waters which are suited to their habits. They have been destroyed out of those lakes and tarns of Cumberland, in which they formerly bred, just as the salmon and trout have been destroyed by wanton poaching at all times of the year; and there is no reason that we know of to prevent leeches, as well as salmon and trout, being once more occupants of these waters, provided a little foresight and common sense were applied to preserve them. Leeches have sometimes cost half-a-crown each, and have generally been from sixpence to a shilling a piece, during the last twenty years—so that a little care exercised in breeding them might, in the lonely and otherwise useless waters which they frequented, be well repaid. A year or two ago, a 'mechanical leech' was advertised, but seems to have failed in attracting attention. It is on the principle of the cupping glass, or exhausting syringe. Cupping itself, however, is very little practised now-a-days; partly from the severity of the method of drawing blood, and partly because few surgeons like the trouble of it, or, indeed, attain the art of doing it well.

We may remark, parenthetically, that, though sometimes very useful, cupping is often but a barbarous sort of surgery, and when employed, as it sometimes is, on the back of a young woman's or a young girl's neck, is a shameful practice. The same objections as to the trouble and want of skill, apply to the 'mechanical leech' and to the cupping apparatus; but for the sake of poor persons, whose children are often enough lost for want of a few leeches, as well as for many other kinds of cases among all classes of persons, it would be very desirable that the use of this mechanical apparatus could be taught—among other arts useful in the sick-room—to some neat-handed nurse in every village and district. There is another very effectual

way in which leeches might be rendered less scarce, and that is by physicians condescending to the indignity of bleeding their patients, or causing them to be bled in many cases in which they order great numbers of leeches, and by medical practitioners generally adopting 'local' bleeding. Numbers of surgeons never think of bleeding anywhere but in the bend of the arm; and many are the arms and lives which are lost from ignorant persons, or surgeons who have a bad *plunging* method of using the lancet, making choice of this vein for the purpose of abstracting blood. In many instances, veins in other parts of the body are preferable—and, indeed, it should be made a punishable offence for uninformed persons (blacksmiths, butchers, and the other Sangrados of the poor) to bleed at the bend of the arm. Blood can be taken away from very many parts of the body more rapidly, economically, and easily, by means of the lancet than by leeches; and it is quite surprising that the art of 'local' bleeding is not more generally diffused among medical practitioners. It ought to be more thoroughly taught to young men in the hospitals, and it would soon be universal. In the army, leeches are not allowed, and army surgeons as well as the civil medical attendants of the troops learn this useful art. In remote country districts, in colonies, aboard emigrant ships, and among the poorest classes of society, wherever leeches cannot be procured, there can be no doubt that this simple and easily applied art of opening veins in various parts of the body would often mitigate the severity of disease, and sometimes save lives which are now lost.

In treating of blisters (p. 60), he recommends only the old-fashioned filthy black blistering 'salve'—a disgusting application. There have been many vesicating preparations of a more cleanly nature made public, but most of them become adulterated, or are injured by the sale of imitations. There is nothing, however, to prevent the *cantharidine*, the blistering ingredient of the 'Spanish flies,' from being applied in the form of an adhesive paper, or a cleanly waxy tissue; and as the odour of the old black blister is most offensive to sick persons, it is worth some little attention on the part of the patient and the dispensing druggist, as well as of the medical practitioner, to secure the cleanly instead of the filthy method of inflicting the necessary pain.

The tooth-drawing directions are well given, garnished with stories of broken jaw-bones and grim engravings of gasping wretches under the hands of the executioner, which make one's very flesh creep. We wonder Mr. South did not rather, in a book of this kind, attempt to teach his readers how to ease the pain of, and to preserve their carious teeth by proper stuffing,

than essay to teach them by book-lesson how to extract them. Thirty or forty years ago—nay, ten years ago—far more teeth were pulled out than now. Tooth-drawing and trepanning the skull (which our unlearned readers must understand to be in many cases an operation in which a surgeon who has very few brains in his own head bores into his patient's skull in search of that which he seldom finds), these two almost equally barbarous operations have during the last quarter of a century gone out of fashion. Our museums of anatomy contain skulls all honeycombed over with the trepans of the old surgeons, and our toothless grandsires can tell many a grim story of grinders wrenched out by main strength amid agony unutterable. Fortunately these are getting to be things of the past, but there are still, especially in country districts, and among the poor, vast numbers of teeth recklessly and savagely tugged out of the head, which, by a very trifling amount of knowledge in the humblest branch of the dentist's art, might remain honoured and useful occupants of that head for many years. Still, in some cases, nothing will do but extraction; therefore 'be sure you grip the right tooth,' says Mr. South, addressing the tyro operator. We have known teeth extracted, by both dentists and surgeons, very dexterously in every respect except that this slight error was committed of taking a sound tooth, and leaving that whose—

—— 'venomed stang,
Shot the red tortur'd gums alang.'

How much more likely the mistake is to occur in unaccustomed hands will be easily seen.

This little art of stuffing carious teeth is another which should be taught the *sage femme*, or sick nurse of the village, of whom we have so often spoken. A little gum mastic dissolved in alcohol, and applied to the carious tooth by means of a small piece of cotton wool, first dipped in *eau de Cologne*, and then saturated with the dissolved gum, will usually give ease, and afford time to see a dentist, or get some more permanent stuffing applied. The common amalgam, or more recently introduced amalgam powder, used by dentists, and which every country druggist ought to have, and to sell cheaply, and to learn to apply neatly, may be used for much decayed teeth, which should always be carefully cleansed out with cotton dipped in spirit or *eau de Cologne* before the amalgam is used. Other stuffings of tinfoil, silver-leaf, and gold-leaf, as well as the 'enamel cement,' which is kept such a secret, but might surely be easily made public, will probably be left for the dentist; but we cannot see why some of these might not be used for the poor far more generally than they are. All surgeons, nay, all

druggists, in country places where dentists are not to be had, ought to be able to apply a simple stuffing to a hollow tooth; and if the simple rule not to place any permanent stuffing in a tooth which is painful or tender to the touch be followed, no harm can result even from ill-informed persons undertaking this service. Certainly it would be better to permit any one to stuff a tooth than to pull it out altogether, and as innumerable teeth are pulled out unnecessarily by irregular practitioners on the jaws of the public, we cannot be considered reckless or 'unprofessional' in recommending to the same class the less dangerous and painful practice. From diseases of the teeth also, as from some other common maladies to which we have alluded, a very great amount of preventible suffering exists,—not the less to be deplored because it exists amongst those whose lot is already hard enough—and not the less real suffering, because arising from diseases too common or too 'trifling' to engage the serious attention of the medical man. It is our sincere belief that if from the sum total of human sorrow were abstracted all the pain, *ennui*, and weariness of the flesh, that well-known curative methods could easily remove, the remaining grief and suffering would bear a very small proportion to that which now exists, and philosophers, if as much in the dark as ever as to the *origin* of evil, would, at all events, find in the *extent* of it less to perplex them in their speculations respecting 'all this unintelligible world.' But while the removal of so much of this suffering seems so very practicable—the remedy being quite as visible as the disease—physical evil easily preventible remains widely spread over society, as if some occult necessity lay over it, like that which seems to attach to moral evils of a cognate nature. No popular surgery seems to abolish curable ulcers, any more that teetotal societies abolish habits of drunkenness, which seem equally curable; and teeth continue to be pulled out instead of stuffed, as men are hanged and transported instead of being put in the way of earning an honest livelihood.

There is some space in Mr. South's book devoted to teaching the application of bandages, an art which, as we have said before, cannot be taught by book. 'It is the little insignificant twist of the dibble in making the hole for planting a young cabbage which is the whole secret,' says Cobbett, 'and this must be *seen*.' So of the application of rollers; an art easily learnt by some people, very difficult to be acquired by many, and by books not to be communicated at all.

In treating of varicose veins, he omits the mention of the best bandage of all, namely, the elastic stocking. Great numbers of poor people, usually women, suffer from varicose veins,

get bad ulcers in consequence, and go about miserable, often, indeed, in great agony, for many years, for want of a cheap, good, elastic stocking. If any instrument maker or other ingenious person could devise a stocking to cost a few shillings as efficient as those which during the last few years have been produced for fifteen shillings, he would relieve a large amount of distress amongst the class of persons of whom we speak. Could such a stocking be produced for four or five shillings, hundreds of thousands of them would be bought up immediately; nor could benevolent persons spend a crown more economically than in procuring a bandage of the kind for one of their poor neighbours. Meantime, a little teaching from the neat-handed nurse, whom we hope by and by to find in every township, would enable the sufferer to apply a bandage *well*. Might not some rich person propose a premium for a cheap elastic stocking? And in this day of prize essays might not a reward be offered for the best suggestions for improving the bodily health of the poorer classes, and for the best plan of enabling them to provide for themselves good medical advice, and the appliances required for sustaining health, or relieving sickness? The subject would embrace baths, cookery, clothing, workshops, &c., for the healthy, and hospitals and health-houses, sick-clubs, diet for the sick, temporary use of comforts and conveniences during sickness, and many other matters required or desirable during a period of ill health. It would embrace the subject of drinks as well as of foods, and would, among other things, bring out the fact, that the malt tax and the excise, under the pretence of taxing luxury and excess, were in reality decimating the working classes, and gorging the hospitals, by poisoning the liquors they consume. Were good malt and hop as free from taxation as corn is now, the working men of England would drink a beverage as much more wholesome than the poison they at present procure from many of the beer-shops as their bread, now that it is free, is more wholesome than it was ten years ago. Nay, if the distillation of spirits was as free here as it is in Norway, there is a possibility that our peasantry might be as temperate as those of that country. However that may be, it is certain that vast quantities of narcotic poisons are consumed in the porter, beer, and spirits sold under the present system; and to throw the still and mash-tub freely open to the public, on the one hand, or, on the other, to punish the consumption of intoxicating drinks by the gallows, would scarcely be more disastrous or more unjust a legislation than the present.

However desirable the abolition of the malt tax may be in an agricultural, it is infinitely more desirable in a sanitary point of

view. Englishmen *will* have beer. Since before the Conquest the decoction of John Barleycorn has been the favourite beverage of the working man of this country; and if it could but be given him in the shape of pure malt and hops, and taken in moderation, we believe there is no form of refreshment better adapted to the toiling millions of these realms. But the horrible wholesale poisoning which is going on in the beer-shops of England at this moment is a disgrace to a humane people, and would be a stain upon the government of even a barbarous nation. The best way to ensure the people good beer would be to follow the method which has been found so effectual in the article of bread,—untax the raw material, and let every one be at liberty to brew as he pleases.

It is a greater or less amount of narcotism which the working man undergoes at present in frequenting the low public-house; a baleful process which produces a craving for its repetition, and disqualifies rather than fits him for healthy exertion. With all respect for the temperate apostles of teetotalism, we think the best cure for this state of things is, not to abolish refreshing and moderately stimulating beverages altogether, but to enable the working man to possess them in a pure and wholesome form. ‘Take a little wine for thine often infirmities’ may, in a country where barley takes the place of the grape, be fairly paraphrased—‘Take a little good ale for thy refreshment after toil.’

But we must hasten to make a few more remarks on certain passages of Mr. South’s book, and conclude.

‘How to stop sudden bleeding’ (p. 138), is an important chapter, and ought to be very carefully read by every one who thinks of taking up such a book at all. A good many lives are lost by sudden bleedings, even in the populous parts of this country, and in remote districts, in colonies, and on ship-board, many valuable lives must be sacrificed for want of the knowledge conveyed in the few pages under notice. The treatment of ‘scalds and burns,’ accidents for which much quackery and unnecessary injury are inflicted on poor people, is very clearly and well described. This chapter also, treating of emergencies which every one may some time or other witness, should be carefully perused.

How to carry a patient home who has suffered a broken limb or been otherwise disabled by accident, is another of the pieces in information which all heads of houses should know. A gate, a door, or hurdle, or two poles with a blanket fastened by the corners to them, and four men, *to keep step* as they travel with the patient ‘shoulder height,’—this is the way to carry a patient home. Bring the broken limb to the sound one, and bind them together with handkerchiefs; this will save the sufferer much

pain, and is all that is necessary to be done till the surgeon arrives.

We observe that Mr. South recommends that broken limbs should not be bound up for three or four days. The great surgeon, Liston, used emphatically to teach the contrary;—the doctrine is against all sorts of ‘immoveable apparatus’ for treating fractures; and as we believe that by far the best plan is, if the surgeon arrives in time, to have the limb adjusted and bandaged before what surgeon’s call ‘infiltration’ takes place—we take leave to disapprove of Mr. South’s surgery in this important particular. His plan of treating a broken thigh bone without splints is very good; the tendency of surgeons is towards doing without splints and treating fractures by ‘position.’ For broken collar bone, the boarding-school girl’s ‘figure of eight’ bandage for bracing back the shoulders is simple, easily applied, and quite as efficacious as the plan given in the book. In ‘broken knee-cap’ he recommends again, ‘no bandaging of the thigh for a week,’ and recommends the patient to be tied neck and heels. This deferring the application of the bandage is, in our opinion, a very erroneous practice. The sooner the contractility of the muscles of the thigh is kept down by judicious bandaging, the more nearly will the fractured pieces of the knee-cap be found to approximate, and the more serviceable will the limb be eventually. And with regard to the recommendation to bind the patient together neck and heels, all that is wanted will be quite as well effected by elevating the limb well on an inclined plane, and so relaxing all the muscles which require it. We have seen the rare accident of fracture of the ligament of the patella, as well as many cases of broken knee-cap, successfully treated by the plan of which we speak. Mr. South says truly that the vulgar reports of persons having had their neck put out are merely vulgar errors. One generally hears of such stories, accompanied with praises of some very clever Nimrod in the hunting field, or rustic, or bonesetter, who ‘put his knees upon the patient’s shoulder, pulled the head with all his might and gave it a twist, when it went in with a sudden snap,’ perhaps a report like a pistol, as indeed these bonesetting stories are very like an ‘Ancient Pistol’s’ reports. If a man’s neck is broken or dislocated, he either dies upon the spot or is palsied from the point of injury downwards, and dies in a few days or hours. We remember watching over a poor fellow, a robust young husband and father, who by a sudden fall on the steps of a ladder from a housetop, suffered this frightful dislocation. From the neck downwards, except for a short distance along the shoulders and upper part of the breast, he was totally insensible to pain, unconscious of the existence

of the lower part of his body altogether, except when he looked at it, yet retaining his intellect, good sense, and good nature, for many days. It was a very curious and a very touching spectacle to see this fine young man caressing with his eyes the wife and children whose embraces were no longer accompanied by any sensation, but which, through a process of thought, were evidently giving him delight. How entirely the head was the seat of intellect and the citadel of the soul appeared very strikingly in this interesting case ; the outworks of being, sensation and motion were nearly quite demolished, but the will, the memory and the imagination were for a time in full vigour, and to hear the words of firmness, hope, and consolation issuing from a head thus divided from a living body filled the mind with wonderment and awe. The fabulous head of Friar Bacon, and the prince of 'The Arabian Nights,' half marble, half man, were scarcely more miraculous than the thinking, loving, motionless object before us, and one could not but gather, from thus seeing all the aspirations and feelings of the soul still active in this shattered frame, an argument for its existence after the dissolution of the body, and, indeed, totally independent of all forms of physical being.

Mr. South's chapter on Ruptures is very intelligible, and ought to be familiar to all country clergymen and other persons who have a turn for looking after the health and well-being of their poor neighbours. Much suffering of a preventible nature exists, and many lives are sacrificed for want of a little knowledge on this subject. No benevolent person should allow a poor neighbour afflicted with rupture to be without a truss ; and all medical officers of unions, instead of being afraid, as they often are now, of being accused by guardians of incurring unnecessary expense in procuring such instruments, ought to be especially enjoined by the commissioners to seek out and provide with trusses every poor person of both sexes afflicted with hernia. It is certain that the mere expence of the operations required in consequence of neglect of this precaution (not to mention better motives) would provide all the instruments required. And there is something altogether unchristian and horrible in the idea of poor old men and women (and many of them there are) being permitted to go about in continual danger of a painful operation and death for want of having the simple and inexpensive instruments spoken of provided for them by their 'guardians.'

On the whole, we cordially recommend Mr. South's 'Surgey' (a new edition of which has appeared), to the serious consideration of our readers.

- ART. IV.—*An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.* By John Henry Newman. London: Torrey. 1845.
2. *Doctrinal Treatises of St. Athanasius.* Translated with Notes. Two vols. By the Same. London: Parker. 1842—1844.
 3. *An Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles.* By the Same. London: Rivingtons. 1843.
 4. *Dissertationcula Quædam Critico-Theologica.* Romæ. 1847.
 5. *Parochial Sermons.* Vol. IV. London: Burns. 1849.
 6. *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations.*
 7. *Lectures on the Difficulties Felt by Anglicans in Submitting to the Catholic Church.* By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Second Edition. London: Burns and Lambert. 1850.
 8. *On the Present Position of Catholics in England.* By the Same.
 9. *The Contest with Rome: a Charge to the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Lewis.* Delivered at the Ordinary Visitation in 1851. With Notes, especially in Answer to Dr. Newman's Recent Lectures. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. London: Parkers. Cambridge: MacMillan, 1852.

THE works which we have placed first at the head of this article are those which Dr. Newman now acknowledges. His earlier publications—on ‘The Prophetic Office,’ on ‘Justification,’ and in the ‘Tracts for the Times,’ ‘Lectures on Romanism’—were only preparations, unconscious perhaps, for the position which he now occupies as a priest of the oratory of St. Philip Neri. From the first, it was manifest to spectators, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, that the movement of 1833 was entirely in the direction of Rome, notwithstanding the declarations of Mr. Newman and his coadjutors that theirs was the only impregnable position *against* Romanism. Now that the ‘impregnable’ position is given up by its most redoubtable defender, he turns round on his former followers, and, in a course of arguments remarkable for their continuity and their force, calls on them to take the final step which he has himself taken, by ‘submitting to the Catholic Church’ with a seriousness and a naïveté which must be truly provoking to his ‘dear brethren.’ He proves that the best thing he can now do for them is to help them over the difficulty of taking this last step. With the wily and bland air of an accomplished and successful seducer, he says to his victims, smiling at their weakness and perplexity:—

‘Well, and I do not know what natural inducement there is to urge me to be harsh with her (the Establishment) in this her hour. I have only

pleasant associations of those many years when I was within her pale. I have no theory to put forward, nor position to maintain; and I am come to a time of life when men desire to be quiet and at peace. Moreover, I am in a communion which satisfies its members and draws them to itself; and, by the objects which it presents to faith, and the influences which it exerts over the heart, leads them to forget the external world, and look forward more steadily to the future. No, my dear brethren, there is but one thing forces me to speak, and it is my intimate sense that the Catholic Church is *the one ark of salvation*, and my love for your souls; it is my fear lest I may perchance be able to persuade you and not use my talent. It will be a miserable thing for you and for me *if I have been instrumental* in bringing but half way, if I have co-operated in removing your invincible (?) ignorance, but am able to do more. It is this keen feeling that my life is wearing away which overcomes the lassitude which possesses me, which scatters the excuses which I might plausibly urge to myself for not meddling with what I have left for ever, which subdues the recollections of past times, and which makes me do my best, with whatever success, to bring you to land from off your wreck, who have thrown yourselves from it upon the waves, or are clinging to its rigging, or are sitting in despair and heaviness on its side. For this is the truth: the Establishment, whatever it be in the eyes of men, whatever its temporal greatness and its secular prospects, in the eyes of faith is a mere wreck. We must not indulge our imagination; we must not dream; we must look at things as they are; we must not confound the past with the present, or what is substantive with what is the accident of a period. Ridding our minds of these illusions, we shall see that the Established Church has no claims whatever on us, whether in memory or in hope; that they only have claims upon our commiseration and our charity whom she holds in bondage, separated from that faith and that Church *in which alone is salvation*. If I can do aught towards breaking their chains and bringing them into the truth, it will be an act of love towards their souls and of piety towards God.'—'Anglican Difficulties,' pp. 5, 6.

Has it never occurred to Dr. Newman that there was *another* outlet from the difficulties in which his 'dear brethren' have been entangled by what he now confesses to have been his own errors? There is such a thing as going back from a position which logically ensures the consequences so strongly urged by Dr. Newman, questioning, not whether the position can be consistently maintained, but whether it ought ever to have been taken. For what, after all, is this mysterious position? It is no more nor less than the 'abnegation of private judgment.' But why should any man who is responsible, as all men are, for the best use of his personal judgment, abnegate that judgment any more than his personal or private bodily senses? *We make a use of Dr. Newman's history, which is exactly the reverse of that which he makes, and which he recommends to others. Since this abandonment of private judgment fairly leads to the humiliation of 'submitting' to the monstrous and wicked system which calls*

itself the Catholic Church, 'the only ark of salvation,' how earnestly should every man use his judgment and cling to the right of using it! This right, however, will not be used nor retained without a determined resistance of the plausibilities and impudent assumptions of such writers as Dr. Newman. *His* work lies not with the general public, and specially not with Protestant dissenters, but with those Oxford men who have been misled, by this same Dr. Newman and his former associates in that university, to the suicidal renunciation of the first and most sacred of human rights and duties. Their wise course is to resume their indefeasable right, to do their personal duty, and to refuse indignantly the degrading offer so insultingly held out by the man who has deceived them. They 'know the man and his communication.' As for others, they will pursue, each in his own way, the old controversy between the arrogance of usurpers and the independence of free men.

Now, this 'contest with Rome,' as Archdeacon Hare styles it, is no novelty. It is of old standing here in this England of ours. It has always—and increasingly of late—been far from a simple question either of truth, or of right, or of safety. On the contrary, each of these elements—separately of great moment, unitedly of overwhelming significance—has had its share of influence; so that 'the contest' was, and is, and will long continue to be, partly political, partly ecclesiastical, and partly theological or religious.

As a POLITICAL DISPUTE, there is, on one side, the aspirant after supreme dominion; on the other, there are the assertors of national independence and social freedom. The protestantism of England, in this view of it, is the determination of Englishmen to be ruled by their own governors in the spirit of their own constitution, defying any power, bearing any name, in any other country. We *will* not have the Italian potentate—yclept the Bishop of Rome—to meddle in our national affairs. We repudiate his claims to sovereignty over *us*; we are a free people, jealous of our freedom, guarding it by the sanctions of law, and enshrining it with ever-growing reverence and loyalty in the very heart of all our institutions. To this indomitable love of freedom, by God's blessing, we owe our position among the nations, and the living spirit of active energy which characterizes our commerce, our politics, and our whole social life. Our national attitude of self-defence towards Rome is not necessarily dependent on our religious creed. We might, in argument, concede all her dogmas and all her institutions; and, in fact, the teachers of such doctrines, and promoters of such institutions, enjoy the same kind and the same amount of freedom in England as any other class of religionists; yet we must not

hide from ourselves the truth which history has taught, and which daily experience confirms, that our *only* security for our liberties as a nation is the manly exercise of our reason and the unswerving maintenance of our rights on behalf of our religion. While, in religion, we submit to no authority but that of Jesus Christ, acknowledge no teaching as stamped with his authority but that which we find in the holy Scriptures, and admit no doctrine or usage in our churches which we believe to be unscriptural, we can afford to leave others to deal with these matters as they deem right: only we cannot safely invest any men with power to enforce their claims on our submission. For the sake of the freedom of every man amongst us, then, we stand by our protestantism, not only—though chiefly—because of our spiritual well-being as individuals, but also because of our safety and independence as a nation. The charge of bigotry, of intolerance, of persecution, brought against Protestants when they are compelled by foreign pretenders to fortify the foundations of their national government, is worse than idle; it shows us that there is at least one power which dreads enlightened freedom as its natural enemy, and which will gladly make use of every available means for its destruction. While all our sympathies as men and all our convictions as Christians are enlisted against the *oppression* of any person, or any class of persons, on account of what we lament as errors in religion, it is not from the subjects of the papacy that we are to learn toleration. We are not to be driven, either by their devices or by their taunts, into relaxing our vigilance against the most subtle, the most resolute, the most active, and the most malignant enemy of all that Englishmen hold dear.

As an ECCLESIASTICAL contest, the antagonistic relation of the Church of Rome to what is called 'the Church of England,' is necessarily viewed by Protestant dissenters from their own peculiar position. The consequence is, that the soundness of our protestantism is apt to be suspected by our brethren in the Established Church. Since we repudiate the alliance, incorporation, or connexion of *any* church with the State, we cannot, consistently with this principle, uphold the existing relations between 'the Church' and 'the State' in this country, simply because we are Protestants. We do not believe that 'the Church of England,' *as established by law*, is the bulwark of our liberties. We profess to regard that Establishment as being *itself* an infringement of those liberties. The tendency of our distinctive principles is towards depriving the episcopal establishment in these realms of the political standing in which the Roman clergy are ambitious to supplant it. We would have it supplanted by no other body; we would have it to cease alto-

gether, not transferred to a rival ; we would put out of the way one of the most tempting lures to clerical ambition in every church. While our judgments are on the side of the protestantism which is in the Church of England, we wait to see that protestantism set free from parliamentary intermeddling, both of endowment and of control. We would put it out of the power of papal advocates to contrast their own condition with the worldly grandeur of their opponents ; and by the same act we would put it out of their power to grasp those prizes for themselves.

We set forth these principles prominently in this place for two simple reasons :—*first*, because, as Archdeacon Hare reminds us, in his ‘ Charge,’ the leaders of the Tractarian party in the Church of England began with regarding the dissenters ‘ as, at the moment, her more formidable enemies,’ and ended—*if they have ended*—in submitting to the Church of Rome ;—and *secondly*, because we think there are men now in the Church of England who are not far from perceiving that the dissenting *principle* has much more to do with the conservation of Protestant Christianity in this country than they would have formerly admitted, and much more, in our apprehension, than the great bulk even of dissenters themselves have yet seen. Let ‘ the contest with Rome’ cease to be a contest between one party which now holds, and another party which is striving to regain, political ascendancy in an ecclesiastical capacity, and then the *whole* Protestant strength of the empire will be visibly and victoriously on one side ; but, as matters now stand, the contest is carried on at a disadvantage, because some Protestants are contending for a position which neither themselves nor their adversaries have any scriptural right to hold.

As a THEOLOGICAL contest, the dispute with Rome is now as grave as ever ; as pressing as ever ; involving as deeply as ever the most precious of man’s interests ; demanding as much as ever the keen discipline of the intellectual faculties, and the loving grasp of revealed truth ; and suggesting, probably with more painful vividness than at any former period, how wise, how holy, how calm, how reverential, how self-relying,—yet how humble and full of trust in God,—the men must be whose work it is, by speech or by writing, to guide the thoughts of Englishmen to just conclusions. It is not the least of our reasons for something like sadness in surveying the arena of this contest, and the attitude of the combatants in the present day, that, on our own side, there should be so many other questions mooted at the same time. More especially does it strike us, as a singularly grave consideration, that the fundamental authority of Protestantism—its living positive element, the Bible—is

assailed with extraordinary activity and plausibleness at the season in which the practical sense of its authority is most deeply needed. Men are brought to severe testing of themselves as to what their views of the Bible are, and for what kind of reasons they are held. The times are too deeply instinct with life to admit of trifling, or hesitancy, in this matter. It were easy enough, for our own part, to reiterate, in plain clear words, what *we* think of the Bible, and our grounds for so thinking; and, with such thoughts, we have no fear for the issue of the contest with Rome: for the conviction ripens with our years, and draws nourishment and strength from all our studies—that this same Bible will turn out to be man's last refuge from the tempests of doubt, and his grand disturber amid the treacherous calms of misbelief. Though our deep love of Him whose blessed gift it is, is often wounded by the flippancy of superficial critics, and not less sorely grieved by the stupidity of ignorant defenders, we, nevertheless, have gathered from these 'oracles of God' the indestructible assurance that the wearied child of speculation—of superstition—or of despondency—will come back from his wayward ramblings to the feet of Incarnate Wisdom, confessing at once his disappointment and his solace, in words which can never lose their awful tone of deep prophetic meaning—'*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.*'

With the sceptical unbeliever, however, we are not just now required to dispute. He would agree with us, if he be consistent, in our steadfast opposition to so audacious an assumption of authority, so gross a perversion of reason, so degrading a mass of superstitions, as those which constitute the pretensions, and uphold the power of the Church of Rome. But our main strength in our contest with this usurping and pestilent system lies in our maintaining—*first*, the exclusive authority of the *written revelation* which is held in common by all professing Christians; and *secondly*, the indefeasible right, and the *religious duty*, of every Christian to use his own powers of mind, with all the help which God has vouchsafed, in understanding the import, and in applying the lessons, of the acknowledged written revelation.

The importance of these fundamental principles is evinced by the advocates of Rome themselves; for they continually appeal to the New Testament in support of the *papal authority*, and construct elaborate, ingenious, and learned arguments, with the express design of proving that their doctrines and their institutions are, at least, in accordance with the plain statements of Scripture. And, in adducing these scriptures for this purpose, they tacitly, yet unavoidably, concede to every man the right to judge whether or not such passages really

exist, plainly bear the meaning which is ascribed to them, and are legitimately used by the persons who use them for this particular purpose. He who appeals to any document in direct proof of any averment can do so in good faith on no other principles: for to tell a man that the document has *not* decisive authority, or that *he* has neither the power nor the right to judge its meaning and its use, would be not to reason with him, but to insult his common sense, and to outrage the decencies of human intercourse. There is no possibility of successfully evading these conclusions. If it be attempted to prove *from Scripture* that the Church of Rome has authority for what she does, and for what she teaches, the very offering of the proof acknowledges the main points on which the Protestant takes his stand in the *theological* contest with Rome. The proof offered is either held by him who offers it to be valid, or it is not. If it be not, it is a mockery to offer it; if it *be*, then the fact of a doctrine being taught in scripture—and not the assumption (rightly or otherwise) of some human authority—is the *ultimate theological reason* for holding that particular doctrine to be true. And if you offer the alleged Scripture as a reason why I should admit the doctrine into my theological belief, you treat me, by so doing, as one who has an undoubted right to determine for himself that the Scripture you adduce actually means what you say it does. I may be told, indeed, that I ought to believe that such is its meaning, because competent men have declared that so it is; but, as these same competent men must have had *reasons* for making such a declaration, I claim the right to know what these reasons are, to sift them, to compare them with the judgments of other men, in order that my belief may resemble the belief of those who have gone before me in the capital circumstance of being a *belief which is intelligent and well founded*. The advocate of Rome *must* reason with educated and thoughtful men; and he cannot take one step in reasoning without admitting an ultimate authority, and submitting the bearing of that authority on the question in dispute to the judgment of those with whom he professes to reason in support of his own distinguishing doctrines.

We are fully aware, while saying all this, that there are other modes of addressing the human mind besides that of reasoning, and that it is chiefly—in most cases, exclusively—by wielding those *other* methods of swaying men, that the papacy has gained its conquests. It seduces the senses by its architecture, its sculpture, its painting, its gilding, its gems, its incense, its music. It regales the imagination with its antiquity, its poetry its eloquence, its symbols, its awful mysteries, its gorgeous pictures of the world to come. It touches the tenderest sentiments of our nature by its apparent sanctity, its external devoutness,

its busy mediations for the dead, its constant ministrations for the relief of the penitent, its felt and pervading presence in the secrecies, as well as in the socialities, of life. It rules the opinions and the actions of men by ten thousand subtle bribes and intimidations, which no logic can detect, no legislature can control, and no utterances of honest indignation counter-vail. It thus weaves around its victims an invisible net-work of captivity, which none but the *weavers* or the *wearers* can break; and men who boast that they are free to use their judgment, and that they use it reverently and piously in receiving as unquestionably scriptural whatever their church has taught them, become impervious to manly reasoning, and fancy they are rejecting heresy when they are but blindly refusing to investigate the truth. Glad should we be to feel assured that this blind and indolent submission to merely human influences, instead of an open and truth-loving freedom of inquiry, is confined to the spiritual vassals of the popedom. Alas! we dare not lay to our souls this flattering unction. But the specialty of the case, we think, lies here;—all that is essential to the peculiar position of the Church of Rome is *philosophically* and *historically* accounted for in the power and active use of these human influences. To whatever extent *they* prevail among Protestants, they produce similar effects; and, as we have lately seen, in too many glaring instances, they gradually draw their victims across the line which separates the Protestant from the Romanist, till they become engulfed in the great vortex of delusion.

The well known *perverts* from the Church of England appear to us to have gone through this process. In reasoning, they have set off with some principle which is not scriptural, and *therefore* not protestant. The serious question for Archdeacon Hare and those who think with him in the ‘Church of England,’ we take to be this:—‘What is that *unscriptural principle* from which such unexpected conclusions have been drawn; and whence came that unscriptural principle to have so strong a hold on members of a Protestant community?’ He speaks of the ‘defection and desertion’ of one on whom he lavishes the highest eulogies of admiration and affection, as ‘a mysterious dispensation,’ an ‘inscrutable dispensation.’ But why not go boldly into the analysis of Archdeacon Manning’s mental constitution—the recognised opinions and religious history of a man to whom he cannot impute evil motives or absolute silliness?—We are obliged to confess that we see too much of this mawkishness in the garb of reverence for providential mysteries, among the men who occupy high places in ‘the church;’ and we are compelled to find fault with the exhibition

of this weakness—for such it plainly is—even in this ‘Charge’ of Ardeacon Hare. Contenting himself with *lamenting* instead of *investigating*, the fall of his brother archdeacon, Mr. Hare calls the attention of the clergy in his archdeaconry of Lewes to ‘*the increase of the Romish schism in our land.*’

He regards this as the ‘most momentous as well as the most disastrous among the events of the last two years.’ He deplores the divisions which enfeeble the Church of England, and expresses his regret that there should be occasion, in an assembly of English clergy, to ask *why* the emissaries of Rome must be resisted. He touches, in passing, on Dr. Newman’s assertion—‘that the English hostility to Rome rests on vague, uncertain tradition, and is founded upon fables’—which he meets by characterizing that writer’s studies as an ingenious transmutation of ‘fable into history and history into fable.’ Conceding to him that national feeling is never grounded in critical individual investigation of facts, he yet maintains that, in the present instance, the Marian persecutions, the Smithfield fires, the Spanish Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, the reign of king John, and the claim to depose sovereigns and absolve subjects from their allegiance, are ‘huge facts staring out from the surface’ of English history; and that no sophist’s wand has yet transformed into acts of virtue and national blessings the Slaughter of the Waldenses, the Bartholomew Massacre in Paris, the murders of Henry III. and Henry IV., of France, and the accursed doings of the Inquisition. Very happily does he wind up by saying:—

‘The conceptions of these facts will, doubtless, be incorrect in divers particulars, and yet they will be substantially true. Herein they differ essentially and altogether from the notions entertained concerning Protestantism and Protestants in Romish countries; where, were it not for the contradictions presented by our travellers, we should be looked upon as little better than ogres and cannibals, and, even as it is, are generally supposed to be sheer atheists. Hence, it would be singular that our adversary should bring forward such an accusation against us, were it not well-known that sophists, as is seen in every other page of the Platonic dialogues, have a happy trick of cutting their own fingers. For, if his accusation is to have any force, it should imply that Romish countries are advantageously and honourably distinguished from Protestant ones by the fidelity of their conceptions concerning Protestants. Yet ours, when divested of their distortions and exaggerations, have a solid basis of historical truth, which we have received from the traditions of our forefathers; theirs, on the other hand, are mere fictions, derived from wilful, conscious, flagrant falsehoods.’—pp. 8, 9.

In his ‘Notes’ to the ‘Charge,’ which fill four-fifths of the volume, the Archdeacon has treated Dr. Newman to one of those keen and witty castigations in which he is so great a

master, and in the course of it the mental characteristics and controversial habitudes of the great ‘sophister’ are laid bare as in burning sunbeams. In like manner he demonstrates, from Dr. Newman’s own showing, that, as we have already seen, the Tractarian movement, of which Dr. Newman was the chief leader, and which he boasted of as ‘the only sure ground for resisting the arguments of Rome,’ is now relied on by its *quondam* leader as binding his former disciples to follow out the principles of their school to their logical consequences, which logical consequences would infallibly land them, like himself, on the shores of Romanism. Mr. Hare cautions his reverend audience against this ‘tyranny of logic,’ and ably exposes the one-sidedness with which men argue themselves from naked, isolated premises into the most hurtful errors. While he acknowledges that the Tractarians had rescued some portions of truth from neglect, he traces their progress in the *pushing* of the said truths—while they neglected others equally important—to those extremes in which what was true in its harmony with other principles, becomes false because of its separation from them. On the question of the infallibility of the Church of Rome, the Archdeacon reasons calmly, learnedly, philosophically; of the ‘scriptural arguments by which the claim has been propped up,’ he is content with saying, in the ‘Charge:’—‘They are so futile, so utterly irrelevant, they might as reasonably be brought forward to demonstrate the laws of gravitation as the infallibility of the pope’ ‘In no instance, I believe, has the proposition to be established been derived even from a misunderstanding of the scriptural text, as a number of sectarian errors have been;’ though, as is usual with him, he has discussed these scriptural arguments in the ‘Notes,’ where a great amount of critical and historical reasoning is devoted to the modern aspect of the controversy.

Not a few of the recent proselytes have been allured to the Roman Church by the delusive vision of UNITY. Archdeacon Hare demolishes the fallacies by which this weak fancy has been defended in the ‘Du Pape’ of De Maistre. We must find room for a passage in which the Archdeacon answers his own question:—‘Why are we to resist and repel those who desire to draw us into the Church of Rome? Why are we not to hail them as our benefactors, and to bow our necks thankfully beneath the yoke which they would impose on us?’

‘Because it is a yoke, and not an *easy* one, like that divine yoke which we are bid to take upon us, but a heavy and oppressive human yoke; whereas we are commanded to call no man master upon earth, seeing that we have one Master in heaven, who has called us all to be brethren and servants to one another. Because the dominion of Rome is a usurpation,

founded on no divine right, upon no human right, repugnant to both rights, destructive of both, destructive of the national individualities which God has marked out for the various nations of the earth, and which can only be brought to their perfection when the nations become members of this kingdom. Because history shows, what from reflection we might have anticipated, that the sway of Rome is degrading and corruptive to the spiritual and moral, and even to the political character of every nation that submits to it. Because the pretensions of Rome are built upon a primary imposture; and such as the foundation is, such is the whole edifice that has been piled upon it in the course of centuries; imposture upon imposture, falsehood upon falsehood. Because the evangelical truths, of which, from its portion in Christ's Church, it has retained possession, have been tainted and corrupted by its impostures, and thus have been prevented from exercising their rightful influence upon the moral growth of its members. Because it has gone on debasing the religion of Christ more and more from the religion of the spirit into a religion of forms and ceremonies, substituting dead works for a living faith, the nominal assent to certain words for the real apprehension of the truths expressed by them, interposing all manner of mediators between man and the one only Mediator, changing God's truth into an aggregation of lies, and, at least in its practical operation, worshipping the creature more than the Creator. Because so many of its principal institutions are designed, not so much to promote the glory of God and the well-being of mankind as the establishment and enlargement of its own empire, no matter at what cost of truth and holiness. Because its celibacy is anti-scriptural and demoralizing, baneful to the sanctity of family life, and a teeming source of profligate licentiousness. Because its compulsory confession taints the conscience, deadens the feeling of sin, and breeds delusive security. Because its Inquisition enslaves and crushes the mind, stifling the love of truth. Because its Jesuitism is a school of falsehood. Because it eclipses the word of God, and withdraws the light of that word from His people.' —pp. 36, 37.

The author passes from the 'Contest with Rome,' to other questions, more or less connected with this, touching the internal condition of his church—such as the wavering of many minds under the delusions which draw men to Rome; the famous Gorham Controversy; certain bills in parliament affecting the authority of 'The Church;' Diocesan and National Synods; Church Unions; Movements among the clergy in relation to the Privy Council, the Royal Supremacy, and the 'Papal Aggression;'—matters with which we do not feel called on in this place to interfere. As we have already intimated, Arch-deacon Hare has appended voluminous notes to his 'Charge,' according to his custom. The value of such notes by such a writer is, of course, very great, and we must waive the natural objection which we have to this fragmentary kind of literature.

This writer's own position in the church is one which gives much weight to all he says with the younger clergy and the

more thoughtful of the laity; and among dissenters he is much better known than he is by Dr. Newman, to whom he refers as not well acquainted with his writings. The Archdeacon makes one or two negative allusions to Dissenters, which do not intimate any special respect for them, or care to know them. But as there are very many dissenters who watch the movements of the Established Church with lively interest in all the truth and goodness which it contains within its bosom, we deem this a fitting opportunity for declaring our views of Mr. Hare's manner of dealing with the disastrous evils with which the Church is threatened.

The 'Church of England,' speaking of the institution historically, and without polemical asperity, is too much like the Church of Rome, in some of her characteristics, to be entirely proof against the wily sophistry of her great adversary. Very few converts to Romanism are made from the Presbyterians of Scotland, the reformed churches on the continent, or the several bodies of nonconformists in England. Contrasting this state of things with the notorious facts which Archdeacon Hare so seriously laments in the recent history of his own communion, it cannot be unfair, nor is it difficult, to find the explanation. Whether necessarily or arbitrarily—whether wisely or foolishly—the reformers of the Anglican Church were as much afraid of the popular freedom enjoyed by the Protestants in other countries, as they were delighted with their rich learning, their profound theology, and their humble, yet high-minded piety. As it was not *from* the people that the English Reformation derived its impetus and energy, but from the court, the hierarchy, and the great political leaders, it retained as much of the outward forms of past ages as the consciences of the clergy would bear—conservatism rather than innovation being the dominant spirit of the rulers. They saw that they must stoutly deny the authority of the pope; that they must uphold the authority of Scripture; that they must assert the right of private judgment; and, in examining the Scriptures, they were happily led to such views of the main doctrines of the Bible as accord with the tenor of its teaching. But, at the same time, they laid great stress—not unnaturally in their circumstances—on the authority of the ancient church, boldly appealing to that authority, in proof that *they*, not the Roman Catholics, were the theological and ecclesiastical representatives of the primitive church. In the age of Henry VIII., of Edward VI., of Mary, and of Elizabeth, there was a highly respectable portion of the Anglican clergy who were disposed to go to the *highest* antiquity, instead of stopping short at the ante-Nicene Fathers; and there were large numbers of intelligent and holy men who felt it to be

their duty to separate from the communion of 'The Church' at a tremendous cost, for precisely the same reasons which justified 'The Church' in separating from the jurisdiction of Rome. It was not in the use of *honourable* means that the Puritan party were overborne by the opposing party, even when they were exiles together from the Marian persecution; and though we do not wish to revive animosities by repeating our well-known judgment of the process by which 'the Church of England' became what it was, under the auspices of Charles II., in the rebound from the unpleasant state of affairs so pleasantly known as 'The Great Rebellion,' it cannot be forgotten, and must not be concealed, that, to a large extent, the 'dissenters' of England are the representatives of the minority among the reforming clergy in the Church of England in the time of the Marian exile. Now, to 'our dissenters' Archdeacon Hare refers when he says of the Tractarians:—'From the first, as I have observed in the 'Charge,' the party who afterwards obtained the name of Tractarians set themselves to maintain what they regarded as the peculiar position of the English Church against two opposite enemies, on the one side against the Church of Rome, on the other against our English dissenters; and *in doing the latter they laid a special stress on that portion of her characteristics whereby she is chiefly distinguisht from our dissenters, her discipline, and her respect and deference for antiquity.*' —p. 124.

The learned Archdeacon, we are sure, does not mean, by giving this as the chief distinction between 'the English Church and the dissenters', that the dissenters have no '*church*;' yet neither he, nor the writers of his communion, ever appear to think it right—while they acknowledge the Roman system as a church—to recognise, either in justice or in courtesy, the *churches* in England which do not conform to the established worship and discipline. He cannot mean to say that the dissenting 'churches' have no 'discipline,' or that they have no 'respect and deference for antiquity.' If he does mean this, we can only regret his want of information. But, whether he means these things or not, he correctly represents his own church as differing from the other Protestant churches in this kingdom and throughout the world, in matters which relate chiefly to *discipline* and *deference for antiquity*. The special point, then, to which we now call attention is this—it is by exaggerating the authority of that *discipline* and the wisdom of that *deference for antiquity* that the Tractarians have found their way to Rome. But the difference between 'THE English Church' and 'our English dissenters' lies chiefly in the degree of deference which is paid to antiquity. The dissenters go to

a *higher* antiquity than 'THE English Church,' goes, both for their doctrine and for their discipline; and, therefore, as it seems to us, they are less vulnerable to the attacks of Rome than the members of 'THE English Church.' The Venerable Archdeacon will find it hard to trace the 'discipline' of his church—its diocesan episcopate—its archdiaconate—its synods and convocations—its creeds and formularies—its rites and ceremonies—its dignities and emoluments—its incorporation with the state—in the oldest Christian writers after the apostles; but if he *could* find them there, the dissenters must still be allowed to claim a more antiquarian taste, inasmuch as they go beyond Cyprian and Tertullian, beyond Polycarp, and Ignatius, and Clement, to the inspired evangelists and apostles. It is in no sectarian spirit that we make these observations. Instead of finding fault with THE English Church—though it *does* require some forbearance to witness the perhaps unconscious arrogance towards dissenters which is symbolized by this *definite* and *exclusive* little article—for her love of antiquity, we go beyond her, as she goes beyond Rome, in the same direction, and we calmly aver, without fear of refutation, that, as the Protestants are more really catholic than the Romanists, the dissenters are more really protestant, and, therefore, more really catholic too than Archdeacon Hare or 'THE Church' of which he is so bright an ornament.

We have never doubted that the time would come when Englishmen must be driven by the ambition, and cupidity, and insolence of priests to ask themselves the question,—*'Is not the gospel for the people?—Do not the people constitute the church of Christ?—Are there not instructions in the New Testament on all church affairs which intelligent Christians of the nineteenth century can understand and apply, without asking what men thought and did who—like themselves—had no other authoritative guidance?—When we see so many of our learned clergy loading themselves with the examples of antiquity, hankering after the mystic attractions of sacerdotal power, arguing one another out of all that is manly and free in the English character, lessening the people's confidence in the sufficiency of the Bible and in the trustworthiness of their own judgment as devout and humble readers of that Bible,—with what weapons shall we repel the advances of Rome? and where are the warriors that will wield them with a strong hand and a brave heart? If Romanism be so bad a thing as all history shows us that it is,—if England is to keep up "the contest with Rome"—let it be for the *freedom of the entire population*, and for the old religion of the Bible. What have we to do with antiquity, if anything*

is meant by antiquity that falls short of the first age? *We know more about that age than we do about any other*; and what we do know is derived not from human sources, but divine.' Such must be, ought to be, *will* be the temper of the general English mind. It has long been the temper of some. Their number increases. Their power of commanding attention increases. The disposition to agree with them increases. Such may not be the temper of the higher clergy. That is scarcely to be expected. We scarcely hope for episcopal or archidiaconal Charges breathing so free and healthy a spirit; and yet, such a spirit would do more to vivify 'THE Church of England' than all the learning of her schools, and all the liberality of her sons.

'Her sons!' Yes. Such is the style in which the great English people are spoken of, with sincere respect, with courteous affection, by the accomplished Archdeacon Hare. Who is the *mother* of these sons? Are not the people themselves THE Church? Then, why so constantly repeat a phrase which, however beautiful and appropriate in Scripture, only tends to obscure men's perceptions of their personal relation to a human system of teaching religion? Soldiers are the *sons* of the army—sailors, the *sons* of the navy; but when these brave fellows defend us, on the land or on the sea, they show that they are *men*. The English laity *were* sons and daughters in their infancy; they *are* sons and daughters in their maturity; they will ever cherish the sweet filial memories of the past in their churches, as in their homes; but in days of struggle for grand principles they must have stronger ties than tradition, deeper reasons than deference for antiquity, higher relations than those of childhood: they must have the distinctiveness of individual judgment; and, as each link of a chain is welded by itself, and the strength of all depends on each—so the great protestant life of England must shew itself in the clear eye and strong sinews of separate thinkers, who are united in one mass because they think the same thing, and because they so think it as to make its truth and its strength bring down all the false things, and all the weak things, wherein our fathers trusted. Let us have this sort of Protestantism—and both Tractarianism and Romanism will find their own place in lands from which the venerable hoar of antiquity has not yet been worn away by science, by art, by freedom, and by that masculine Christianity which is the promoter of them all, and which counts the manliest of the human race among its martyrs.

ART. V.—*Quiet Hours.* By a Little Brother and Sister. Reading:
Rusher and Johnson. 1852.

THE vicissitudes and trials of human life awaken the sensibilities and expand the powers, while they restrain and humble the otherwise proud heart of man. Many are the glorious productions of genius which owe their origin to the stern pressure of personal or relative want, and lessons which have been learnt in solitude and poverty often become available, in prose or verse, for the instruction of succeeding generations. The actual occurrences of life are found by the watchful observer to be as extraordinary and as replete with interest, and still more with moral instruction, as any of the creations of the imagination. Almost every village could furnish its own tale of facts possessing all the interest of the wildest romance, and the incidents of which have stirred to their lowest depth, or roused into their noblest or most fearful exercise, the passions of the human heart. Occasionally it happens in this age of printing, that some memorials of such occurrences find their way into a wider circle, and present themselves more or less to the attention of the indefinable public.

A few years since we resided in a quiet and somewhat antiquated town in one of the midland counties of England. In the neighbourhood, at the distance of a pleasant walk, was situated a small hamlet, embosomed in luxuriant trees, and commanding a fair and extensive prospect of rich meadows and fertile corn-fields studded with their farm-houses and adjoining buildings. In this hamlet one house was pre-eminent. It was capacious, standing in grounds comprising shrubbery, pleasure, fruit, and kitchen garden, with a park-like paddock in its front, the home of the banker of the neighbouring town. Every afternoon its proprietor might be seen wending his way from his place of business to his quiet country seat; and though the silent observer did not fail to notice the stealthy glance and confused expression of countenance which he sometimes manifested, few doubted the respectability of his character or the large amount of his wealth. On sunny days there hastened out of that home, to meet his returning footsteps, as joyous and bright a company of children as ever received a parent's blessing; and many a time have the woods and fields reverberated with their merry laughter and youthful frolic. Sometimes along with them was to be seen the mother, in the full pride of pensive and earnest womanhood, now pushing aside the wild and entangled locks of a lively girl of six or seven, that would be too

boisterous and playsome for her sex and rank, and now assisting to sustain firmly in his seat a younger child that dangled in a pannier from the side of a quiet Shetland pony. They, of all families in the neighbourhood, seemed to be among the happiest, nor did their happiness appear undeserved. A very short time, however, elapsed, and a dark cloud spread over the bright sunshine of their day. The farmers and tradesmen of an agricultural neighbourhood discovered to their amazement that at the usual hour one morning the shutters of the banking-house were not removed, and suspicion and fear soon advanced to certainty—the bank had stopped. Distress and perplexity were exhibited on many countenances, and dismay and sorrow spread through the town. The struggling tradesman, in some instances, had lost the entire amount of the hard-earned savings of many years of anxiety; and those who had been poor hitherto felt that henceforth they must be poorer still. As to the cause of so unexpected a catastrophe, it became gradually known that for years, though no one had suspected it, the affairs of the bank had been in an unsound state: its proprietor, conscious that danger was imminent, had sought to avert it by speculation with the money entrusted to his care, and by several unfortunate transactions had thereby only increased his difficulties and robbed his conscience of repose. At last, after years of apparent affluence, reputation, and comfort, he had been overtaken in advancing age by righteous retribution, and was compelled, as a disgraced and ruined man, to leave the neighbourhood. The home so lovely, the haunt of so many pure affections and household joys, was speedily dismantled and disposed of by public auction, in order to enlarge the scanty dividend, and the mother and her children found a resting-place in the abode of an aged and near relative, whose means of benevolence were diminished by the calamity which most imperatively called for its exercise. Here in that quiet country mansion these children have had opportunity of considering the misfortunes which have beclouded their childhood, and, let us hope, of learning, amidst the indulgent extenuations which filial love would suggest, lessons which may be profitable in future days. The mother leads a life of devout Christian resignation and of lonely widowhood, though death has not taken away the husband of her youth; the elder children are sensible of the calamity which has crushed the hopes and darkened the prospects of their lives, for they can well recollect the hours of childhood and the comforts of their own home; while the younger branches feel there is a mystery in their father's absence which they have not courage fully to explore.

The little book whose title is placed at the head of this article

owes its origin to the circumstances which we have briefly narrated, and was found in circulation in the neighbourhood where the events occurred. As they were matters of public notoriety when they happened, and are so directly referred to in pages exposed for the public eye, it will be esteemed, we trust, no breach of delicacy or act of harsh intrusion into the privacy of the domestic circle thus to have enumerated them. The preface relates 'that some kind and partial friends have expressed a wish that the following pages should appear before the public,' refers to their contents as 'the uncorrected composition of children of eleven and fourteen years old,' and as designed to interest young persons and afford them an acceptable companion to their quiet hours. It appeared to us, apart from the affecting circumstances to which the volume owes its origin, and which we have endeavoured to relate with the kindest respect for the tender sensibilities of its authors, the literary merit of the poems was such as to entitle them to circulation in a wider circle than that in which they are at present known. Some persons—and we confess, but for the unqualified and distinct language of the preface, we should be amongst the number—will doubt whether these refined productions can be the compositions of authors so young in years and in literature, but let our readers, with the poems and testimony before them, on this subject form their own judgment. We proceed to supply a few specimens, and to cull here and there a flower from the sweet nosegay of spring as it lies before us. And, first, here are lines which, admitting the statement of the preface to be authentic, are very beautiful and extraordinary, and would not disgrace the pages of some of our established poets. They are entitled

‘PASSING THOUGHTS.

‘ I love you, I love you, bright beautiful flowers,
And can you, then, only be given,
To gladden the sin-stained dwellers of earth,
And denied to the blessed in heaven ?

‘ You are there, you are there, bright beautiful flowers,
Glowing in sunshine eternal,
With God’s own breath to strengthen your powers,
And make you for ever vernal.’—p. 12.

The completeness of the thought, and its expression in these eight lines, is such as we do not often find in youthful poets; and the brevity and terseness with which the sentiment is conveyed constitute no trifling charm. The book is full principally of allusions to the changes and trials which its authors have undergone, and which give throughout a pensive and mournful tone to their versification, ever accompanied, at the same time,

we are glad to observe, by the spirit of Christian gratitude and content. Here are two poems, full of tender and mournful reminiscences which will be read with lively interest as the effusions of a youthful heart:—

‘ON SEEING MY MOTHER’S PICTURE.

- ‘I gaze upon thee young and fair,
In girlhood’s early prime;
Amid thy dark luxuriant hair,
Bright jewell’d snowdrops shine.
- ‘Slowly I turn my gaze from off
That pictured Hebe’s face,
To fix it on thy pensive brow,
Resemblance to trace.
- ‘The merry smile hath passed away,
The cheek hath lost its bloom;
Thy children see a charm left still,
Which time can ne’er consume.
- ‘Thy brow is fair, and on it sits
Deep thoughts serene and holy;
Such lineaments become thee well,
My mother, meek and lowly.
- ‘I should not wish to see thee dressed
In jewels’ gaudy glare,
Thy gentle voice and sad sweet smile
Have charms beyond compare.’—p. 18.

‘TO MY FATHER.

- ‘We are parted now, my father!
Thy form no more I see,
Thy daughter’s heart is with thee
Wherever thou mayst be.
- ‘Three years of many sorrows
Have been, and passed away,
Since last we heard thy loving voice
Blessing us in our play.
- ‘We had a peaceful home, father,
With friends a goodly store;
They vanished like the morning mist,
As soon as we were poor.
- ‘Much comfort we possess, father,
Which poverty can’t lessen;
Our grandsire’s tender care, also
Thy prayers, thy love, thy blessing!’—p. 31.

We give another, in which we cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the preface, that we must have the composition in some respects of the parent rather than the child:—

‘ON A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

- ‘ She stood at the gate of her father’s home,
And her infant spirit sunk before it;
For memory turned to happier days,
Ere sorrow had waved its pinions o’er it.
- ‘ Deep thought came over that infant brow,
And tears bedewed the fair young face,
For others dwelt in her own loved home,
And occupied her parents’ place.
- ‘ She paused awhile—then gazed once more;
She thought upon her wayward fate;
The stranger’s dog—faithful, though rude—
Drove her in haste from her father’s gate.
- ‘ Courage, sweet child! thou’rt not alone—
Thy Heavenly Father guards thy fate,
And when thy wand’rings on earth are done,
Will bid thee enter thy Father’s gate.’—p. 27.

But there are in the volume poems of an entirely different form of stanza, and giving indication of power of various kinds, which we hope may hereafter make itself felt and known in the productions of riper years. Take, for instance, the following, which, more than any other in the book, sounds like the language of a child?—

‘TO MY SHETLAND PONY.

- ‘ Black Billy! my pony,
My infancy’s pet,
I’ve lost thee for ever,
But I cannot forget.
- ‘ I hope thy new master
Is gentle and kind,
That thy home is as happy
As the one left behind.
- ‘ In my dreams, I am often
Feeding thee still,
Or in happiness riding
O’er woodland and hill.
- ‘ I fear I am wrong
To wish for thee yet,
As my God has seen good
I should lose thee, my pet.

'Thou dost not, my pony,
Remember me still,
Or those joyous rides
O'er woodland and hill.'—p. 38.

It will afford pleasure to those who have perused these juvenile specimens of verse to meet with the authors of them engaging in due time in more laborious and elaborate tasks and fulfilling the promise of their youth. To those gifted with such capabilities there need be no despair of success in the struggles of this life; and amidst the temptations to which the possession of such tastes and talents will expose them, our hope is that our young friends will never forget the lessons taught them in the bitter school of disappointment and adversity. Christian parents may, without hesitation, introduce 'Quiet Hours' to their children's attention, and we shall be pleased to see a future edition with the name of some London publisher on the title-page.

ART. VI.—*Shakespeare and his Times.* By M. Guizot. London: R. Bentley.

IN all Coleridge's profound and eloquent criticisms on 'Shakespeare, there is nothing which gives us so full a conception of the great subject as the ejaculation with which he closes a clear and beautiful analysis of one of the plays—'Wonder-making Heaven, what a man was this Shakespeare!' It has, doubtless, occurred to many, that the strongest thinkers of modern times have all been more or less impressed in the same manner as Coleridge. It would seem as if those who had reached the peaks upon the hills of thought nearest to that from which Milton surveyed, in wonder and astonishment, the 'live-long monument' of Shakespeare had each gazed but to marvel—had seen from their altitudes a boundlessness and grandeur which men beneath them could not see, and felt that they could only wonder. Thus Chalmers's visionary eye saw the 'intellectual miracle,' Shakespeare rising up in vastness before and beyond the rugged peak on which he stood; and Wilson's eagle gaze could only catch 'the outline and the wondrous indication of a mind more wondrous far;' while Landor, with all his fine appreciation of ancient and modern greatness, proclaims that

'In poetry there is but one supreme,
Mighty and beauteous.'

H H 2

These are, in substance, but the utterances—the involuntary ejaculations, as it were, of all profound thinkers who have turned their intellectual eyes toward the vast domain over which the player in the reign of Queen Bess holds indisputable sway. Carlyle has deemed it strange that the world had no higher work for Burns to do than ‘gauge beer;’ and while we may take the liberty of doubting whether that was in any true sense his work at all, it has always seemed to us a much more wonderful thing that the best head in this world of ours—a world that has been so full of stern realities ever since the Fall—should have worn at one time a stage cap, and, perhaps, been bedaubed with whitening for the Ghost in ‘Hamlet.’ It will not get us out of the bewilderment into which we are thrown by the recollection that Shakespeare was a stage-player when his greatest works were written, merely to think that he came upon the stage of human life at a time when the people were importunate for dramatic entertainments, and when, to use the language of one of his latest commentators, ‘the drama was a power in the social life of England.’ We find nothing in that to account for the apparently anomalous connexion of a knowledge of humanity never excelled and a genius unapproachable with the vagaries of theatrical life, any more than we find an association between the genius of Bunyan and the fact of his being a tinker. We look upon Shakespeare as a phenomenon, both as regards his gifts of intellectual power and the medium through which that power was evolved and brought before mankind. Too much importance has been attached to the influence of the drama in its rude state upon the mind of old England at the time of Shakespeare’s appearance. The most that can be made of it will go a very little way in enabling us to account for the form in which his genius found expression. That genius is always sufficient to let us forget the vehicle; and the mystery of his being at once the writer of stage plays and of things which are the greatest and truest chapters in the book of life that were ever written by uninspired man, will not be much affected by a consideration of the state of the pro-Shakespearean drama or the social life of England in the poet’s days. For as he has, in one sense, no individuality, and is so much an omnipresence of humanity in all ages and circumstances, to spend labour and thought upon the conventional usages and social features amid which he passed his personal existence, these constituting but a small part of the great whole of his life-wisdom, seems to us all but fruitless.

It is curious, however, to think that this man, who was engaged in polishing a mirror in which human nature, in all its various forms, and the human heart to its deepest depths

were to be reflected, was really less known to those who brushed his elbow on the streets of London, or had dealings with him at Stratford, than he is to us. A few, doubtless, found him a pleasant companion over a cup of October, or sack posset, and some few more knew him as the possessor of a genial nature, and 'a gentlemanly wit.' The Earl of Southampton, and, it may be, a few others of his contemporaries, admired his readiness and sweetness of versification, and commended his fancy; but the mask he wore was impenetrable to all. Of those who might have been supposed most likely to appreciate his works, there was not one found to collect them at his death, and scarcely any of his contemporaries noticed his existence at all. Ben Jonson doled out a certain modicum of something like patronizing praise, and doubtless thought he was helping to perpetuate his name; but where, amid that glorious circle which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth, do we find one who considered the poet of humanity anything more than a popular player whom the queen had more than once honoured by a 'bespeak,' and who was in many respects a favourite among 'her majesty's servants?' The result of all this is an ignorance of Shakespeare's personal existence, so deep and without a single reliable piece of information to shed a ray of light into it, that we could easily conceive of some bold and ingenious critic of the future age setting himself to prove that our ideas of him, and our speculations regarding his personal or relative position, have been quite erroneous and absurd. It has taken us two centuries to climb to the point from which we can catch a glimpse of his mighty intellectual outline, and now that outline is the horizon beyond which we can scarcely see. It stretches over a world of thought, and we merely scan and expatiate upon certain parts of it which seem to have a stronger light thrown upon them from the characteristics of the age in which we live. But at best we are looking not at the man Shakespeare, but at a portion of a variety of thought, feeling, and passion, which absorbs all considerations of the individual. There is something interesting, too, in the fact that not only the men of the poet's own days, but many who succeeded them, have chronicled every item of information, every scrap of history or tradition bearing upon those who make up the muster-roll of our sovereigns and warriors, while they have nearly all failed to see that 'the founder of another dynasty' was giving or had given glory to the reigns of kings and perpetuity to the language of the English race.

Is it, then, to be deplored that we know so little about the actual life of Shakespeare? Ought we to regret that he has not, like Goethe, left us some volumes of 'truth and poetry,'

from which we might have derived that information about which we speculate beside his tomb or in his birth-place—which we strive to extort from every relic of him, apart from his works, that time, and such of time's pioneers as the destroyer of his mulberry tree, have spared? We think not. We might have looked upon the white-washed resemblance of him which adorns the old church of Stratford-on-Avon with far other feelings than we do, had any unpleasant explanation of the mystery which hangs about the bequest of his second best bed to Anne Hathaway started up and obtruded itself among the feelings with which we gaze upon that serene and genial countenance. We delight only to know that he lived and died, and was a partaker of the human nature he knew so well. Our ignorance on this point has so much bliss, and infers such an absence of everything that would mar our relish for the infinitely more valuable knowledge of him which we do possess, that if any old parchment should yet be dug up about the foundations of New Place, and laid before us as a veritable diary of the marvellous man who sold grain and wrote 'Hamlet' upon that spot of earth, we are not sure that we could be brought to peruse it. It could not tell us the secret of Shakespeare. It might contain memoranda setting forth that on such a day, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, the play of 'Macbeth' was finished, and certain monies duly received for corn delivered;—nay, it might do more, it might give us some sage two-line portrait of a Stratford burgher. But what imports such things to us from him who long ago made us acquainted with the subtlest thoughts which the mind of man hath conceived, and the most glorious imaginings which the wide realm of that land on the horizon of which he stands can yield us? Could any biography, were it even written with the minute toadyism of a Shakespearean Boswell, open for us a wider realm? It could not. Nevertheless, we accept the labours of modern critics and literary antiquaries, the enthusiasm of the Shakespeare Society, and the devotion of such teachers of Shakespeareanism as Collier and Knight; it goes for so much tribute, paid upon the whole in sterling intellectual coin, to the genius of the poet. Literary men and literary societies, like the fabulous builders of Oran who reared a great city around the temple of the sun, are encircling his works with all manner of mental masonry. Some, it is true, have piled up huge heavy and untasteful things that mar the object they are meant to illustrate; but there are graceful and beautiful things also—sparkling and harmonious things which no true believer in the mystery of Shakespeare's greatness will despise. One of these, recently reared, claims our attention at present. It is the work of a skilled labourer, a chaste and tasteful work,

only new to the English reader, M. Guizot having endeavoured years ago to compensate by it, and in the name of France, for the envious sneers and the ridiculous prejudice of Voltaire. The substance of the book now placed before us under the title of 'Shakespeare and his Times,' formed the introductory essay to the best edition of the Shakespearean drama published in France and the eloquent criticism with which the Duc de Broglie announced to the world its successful introduction to the French people in their national theatre.

Had such a book as this been known at the beginning of the present century, much of the patience-taxing twaddle that has been written on the subject might never have seen the light, and thought would have been bestowed upon what we know of Shakespeare rather than speculation regarding what we do not know, and which is of comparatively little concern. Slight as is M. Guizot's work, when the vastness of the theme is considered, it is the result of reflection. What his mind has grasped it has grasped firmly; and there is more in his essay which the lover of Shakespeare will appreciate and prize than he will find in the elaborate puerilities of the older commentators or the strained fancies and conceits of the more recent ones. In one point alone he is defective, lamentably defective. It is much to be regretted that no portion of that knowledge which, to a certain extent at least, M. Guizot must have acquired since his work was originally published, has been brought to bear upon this new edition. Hurried publication, or something equally reprehensible, could alone account for so much of the gossip which disfigured Shakespearean criticism thirty years ago, and so many of the worse than merely fabulous stories of Davenant and Cibber being retailed in an essay which professes to be of a strictly critical character, and which, in its otherwise calm, philosophic tone, is so much of what it professes to be. If it is impossible to enter upon the subject of Shakespeare's genius without speculating upon his history—and it seems to be so—surely we are entitled to expect that the exploded theories by which Rowe and Davies endeavoured to account for the poet's departure from Stratford, and to enlighten the world upon the subject of his early avocations in London, would now be discarded. With a faith in the veracity of these worthies, however, which will strike most readers as peculiar in a thinker like M. Guizot, he recounts, and that, too, with the most profound composure and seriousness, all that has ever been said respecting the deer-stealing and horse-holding and indiscreet marriage of the young poet. One would suppose that these stories, some of them the most improbable that could be conceived, had been thoroughly authenticated, and that

M. Guizot had actually obtained access to the documents in which the *facts* were recited. Upon much more real evidence, deduced from certain passages in 'The Merchant of Venice,' the ingenious Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford, was led to the firm conviction that Shakespeare passed some of his early years in an attorney's office; and as Malone had hinted a similar belief, the worthy solicitor positively buried himself in law papers, in the hope of finding specimens of the poet's engrossing. The legal profession received no addition to its dignity, however; for the opening of 'The Tempest' might have set any one upon an inquiry as to whether the author of it had ever been entered as a boy on board some ship in the squadron of Sir Francis Drake. We regret that M. Guizot has lent his countenance to such absurdities, by treating as facts the idle fancies of those who lacked the wisdom to make use of what they knew. Holding the subject of the poet's personal history as in some sense foreign to the one for which the work before us was originally penned, we think it a pity that it should have been discussed with so little originality, and with so much obvious ignorance of the facts that have been brought forward to prove that in any satisfactory sense we know nothing of Shakespeare, and that what has been palmed upon the world as knowledge is fiction after all. To have done with our objections, however,—we enter our dissent from all that M. Guizot retails upon the subject. From evidence as good as his—if it can be called evidence at all—we do not believe that the poet was either a deer-stealer, or an unfaithful husband, a careless and thoughtless parent, a holder of horses at a theatre door, or a tavern toper. We prefer the conclusion to which the French critic somewhat strangely arrives, considering his premises, when he says:—

'No grave reproach can, at any time, have weighed upon a man whose contemporaries never speak of him without affection and esteem, and whom Ben Jonson declares to have been 'truly honest,' without deriving from this assertion either the opportunity or the right of relating some circumstances disgraceful to his memory, or some well-known error which the officious rival would not have failed to establish while excusing it. Perhaps, on being brought into contact with the higher classes of society, struck by the display of a relative elegance of sentiments and manners of which he had previously had no idea, and becoming suddenly aware that his nature gave him a right to participate in these delicacies which had hitherto been foreign to his habits, Shakspeare felt himself oppressed by his position with painful shackles; perhaps even he was led to exaggerate his humiliation, by the natural disposition of a haughty soul, which feels itself all the more abased by an unequal condition, because it is conscious of its worthiness to enjoy equality. At all events, there can be no doubt that, with that measured circumspection which is as frequently the accom-

paniment of pride as of modesty, Shakespeare laboured to overleap these humiliating differences of station, and succeeded in his attempt.'—pp. 123, 124.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that we turn from M. Guizot's borrowed gossip to what is really his own—the high-toned and eloquent criticism. It was well said by Coleridge that 'the Englishman who could utter the name of William Shakespeare without a proud and affectionate reverence was disqualified for the office of critic.' In this sense our author is thoroughly fitted for his work, entering upon it with almost an Englishman's sympathies, and treating it with a warmth of genuine admiration, equal to that of the poet's most devoted worshippers.

It ought to be borne in mind that at the time this essay was written the classicists were much more numerous in France than they are now, and that to Guizot, the Duc de Broglie, and even more so to Victor Hugo, belongs the honour of having familiarized the minds of their countrymen with the higher claims of the Shakespearean drama. The former, with all his attachment to the genius of the distinguished French dramatists, avows his belief in the superiority of Shakespeare's ideas of art in terms which no writer we have met with has surpassed for clearness and force. Proceeding from the only true principle upon which such a subject can be fairly illustrated, he finds that the dramatic fact takes place in the heart of man alone. There Shakespeare sought it. The history of the man, as generally known, was an object of subordinate interest to him, the character was all. Guided by his marvellous knowledge of human nature, he descended into the spirit from whence all action proceeded, and the natural outgoings of that spirit constituted the interest of the drama's progress. Hence all his plots, or rather the legends upon which those plots were constructed, he took as he found them. Like all great men, he was an extensive borrower. No block of marble from which he carved those figures which, Pygmalion-like, he afterwards invested with the vitality of true humanity was rough-hewn by him. Men of other days and other climes, old Geoffrey Chaucer, Saxo Grammaticus, and storytellers of northern and southern lands had wrought for him. Old world tales and simple legends had passed athwart the minds of mankind, giving place to others of a similar nature, until he came who knew their worth as things to be transformed into chapters in the history of human nature. He presented the characters of these to the world as they lived in the world;—nay, even in his most fanciful creations, how seldom does he quit the high road of life! Knowing that only those things which the human

heart recognised to be of its own nature could profoundly affect it in the true dramatic sense, even those airy creatures of a world lit up by moonshine which people his 'Midsummer Night's Dream' attract us by a human sympathy. What to us would have been the loves and jealousies of fairy life did they not partake of what we know by such words? What the strange, bestial existence of a Caliban, did we not recognise in him enough to prove his humanity—his desire for revenge rising over his animalism—his ambition to be again his 'own king,' and his sense of wrong?

But Shakespeare extends our knowledge of man's intellectual and moral nature by his mastery over the secret springs of human action. On this, the more profound truth of his dramatic system, M. Guizot has some vigorous and philosophical observations. It cannot fail to have struck every attentive student of the poet's works that their interest depends not upon the plot, but upon the characters—more strictly speaking, the characters make the plot. Thus, in the evolution of such characters as Lear or Macbeth, the central interest is in the events of a single life, or rather in the passions and feelings in which these events have their origin, all the other characters contributing involuntarily, as it were, to the grand idea of the drama, while each is perfect in its individuality, and revolves in its own circle of hopes and fears. The primary idea of such tragedies as we have named, nay, of all Shakespeare's tragedies, M. Guizot conceives to be the conflict of human will with omnipotent necessity. Such is indeed the fundamental idea upon which the highest and grandest developments of the dramatic fact proceed. It is the idea which lies at the foundation of the great drama of human life. The conflict of man's perverted will with the immutable laws of the universe, the battle, old almost as the world, which the soul in its outgoings, whether more or less guilty, whether as displayed in the passion of Romeo and Juliet or the terrible ambition of Macbeth, wages with the decrees of absolute justice—of righteous necessity.

'But,' says M. Guizot, 'above this terrible conflict soars man's moral existence, independent and sovereign, free from all the perils of the combat. The mighty genius, whose view had embraced the whole destiny of man, could not have failed to recognise its sublime secret; a sure instinct revealed to him this final explanation, without which all is darkness and uncertainty. Furnished, therefore, with the moral thread which never breaks in his hands, he proceeds with firm step through the embarrassments of circumstances and the perplexities of varied feelings; nothing can be simpler at bottom than Shakespeare's action; nothing less complicated than the impression which it leaves upon our minds. Our interest

is never divided, and still less does it waver between two opposite inclinations, or two equally powerful affections. As soon as the characters become known, and their position is developed, our choice is made ; we know what we desire and what we fear, whom we hate and whom we love. There is also as little conflict of duties as of interests ; and the conscience wavers no more than the affections. In the midst of political revolutions, in times when society is at war with itself, and can no longer guide individuals by those laws which it has imposed upon them for the maintenance of its unity, then alone does Shakespeare's judgment hesitate, and allow ours to hesitate also ; he can himself no longer accurately determine on which side is the right, or what duty requires, and he is, therefore, unable to tell us.'—pp. 109, 110.

While we admire the power which thus keeps the unity of impression complete amid so many characters of an opposite nature, and preserves a harmony of interest throughout a multitude of incidents, we cannot forget that the age in which Shakespeare wrote was in most respects favourable for a development of decided dramatic action. We adhere to the idea of Jonson's line so far as to believe that he wrote not 'for an age, but for all time,' and object to M. Guizot's explanation of the complete dramatic impression conveyed in the Shakespearean dramas which proceeds on the principle of their having been written for the poet's own age, but we find not a little of this particular success arising from the nature of the incidents chosen, and the elements of the characters brought before us. In its broad and general features, human nature, in communities not positively barbarous at least, is pretty much the same ; yet it is very obvious that the influences at work upon the mental constitution of man now are very different from what they were in Shakespeare's age. Man, in a high state of civilization, with one exception, perhaps, that of Hamlet—and there the effect is confined to a single character—is not brought out in any of his works ; for while we admit that the Elizabethan era was distinguished by strides in the march of progress which no age prior to our own has displayed, it is certainly not too much to affirm that its civilization, so far as it affected individual character, was very different in its main features from the modern acceptance of the term. Shakespeare's heroes are affected less from without than from within. Their characters are developed subjectively much more than objectively. The influence of the passions, and the scruples of conscience—in short, the moral more than the intellectual nature, commands our attention. Living and writing now, he would, as M. Guizot truly remarks, 'have been called upon to give movement to personages embarrassed in much more complicated interests, pre-occupied with much more various feelings, and subject to less

simple habits of mind, less decided tendencies.' He kept within the main stream, the centre current, as it were, of human affections, and without entering into the more minute eddies of passion, or the subtle depths of thought, invested his creatures with broad marks of humanity—characteristics common to human nature in all ages. This constitutes the reality—the unchangeable reality of all his characters, looked at from whatever stage of self-consciousness, whatever sight-point of civilization. They never appear to us as belonging to the old world, and will never become obsolete so long as we can find in them chords that vibrate in unison with those of our own nature. Shakespeare derived all this from his own marvellous insight into the heart of humanity.

'But,' says our author, 'there is one truth which Shakespeare does not observe in this manner, which he derives from himself, and without which, all the external truths which he contemplates would be merely cold and sterile images; and that is, the feeling which these truths excite within him. This feeling is the mysterious bond which unites us to the outer world, and makes us truly know it; when our mind has taken realities into its consideration, our soul is moved by an analogous and spontaneous impression; but for the anger with which we are inspired by the sight of crime, whence should we obtain the revelation of that element which renders crime odious? No one has ever combined, in an equal degree with Shakespeare, this double character of an impartial observer and a man of profound sensibility.'—p. 111.

And how finely this sensibility contributes to that complete unity of feeling and character, which produces one of the most powerful dramatic influences—unity of impression with variety of incident. This is well illustrated in the book before us by a reference to 'Hamlet.'

'Death hovers over the whole drama; the spectre of the murdered king represents and personifies it; he is always there, sometimes present himself, sometimes present to the thoughts, and in the language, of the other personages. Whether great or small, innocent or guilty, interested or indifferent to his history, they are all constantly concerned about him; some with remorse, others with affection and grief, others, again, merely with curiosity, and some even without curiosity, and simply by chance; for example, that rude grave-digger, who says that he entered on his trade on the day on which the late king had gained a great victory over his neighbour, the king of Norway, and who, while digging the grave of the beautiful Ophelia, the mad mistress of the madman Hamlet, turns up the skull of poor Yorick, the jester of the deceased monarch, the skull of the jester of that spectre, who issues at every moment from his tomb to alarm the living and enforce the punishment of his assassin. All these personages, in the midst of all these circumstances, are brought forward, withdrawn, and introduced again by turns, each with his own peculiar physiognomy, language, and impression; and all ceaselessly concur to maintain, diffuse,

and strengthen the sole, general impression of death—of death, just or unjust, natural or violent, forgotten or lamented, but always present—which is the supreme law, and should be the permanent thought of all men.'—210, 211.

We have said that Shakespeare's characters are in the main little encumbered with the uncertainties of thought. Hamlet is, however, so marked an exception, that he has been a mystery and his nature a problem, upon which critics have exercised their utmost ingenuity. Presenting the spectacle of a mind cultivated by intellectual pursuits and forced into a position contrary to its laws, all the action of the tragedy proceeds, so to speak, in his own mind. Externally there is little or no progress made until it hastens to the catastrophe in the last scenes with terrible rapidity. The action is seen through the mind of Hamlet, and it hangs upon his indecision. A similar characteristic marks Othello, though to a slight extent, for in the latter case the action is kept up, and the *dénouement* quickened by passion. In Hamlet's character we have an intellectual activity overbalancing the objects of the senses—anticipating results which passion never stays to anticipate, and calling up doubts which are continually paralyzing the energy of resolution. Its 'native hue'—for Hamlet's nature is brave and fearless—'is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' We believe, with M. Guizot, that this beautifully conceived character has no more mystery in it than attaches to an illustration of the subtle workings of the human mind. It is one of the most complete proofs which Shakespeare has left us of his intimate acquaintance, through a deep self-consciousness, with the science of mind. It can only be fully understood and its consistency thoroughly appreciated by thoughtful men, and when taken, as, to some extent, a reflection of the strange passages in the inner life of all of us. Hence it is that Hamlet has ever been one of the most interesting of the poet's characters to thinkers of all nations where it has been known; and hence, we believe, the conflicting opinions regarding its phases. In the work before us, Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the workings of the mind is thus thoughtfully spoken of:—

'Under his treatment, Hamlet's madness becomes something altogether different from the obstinate premeditation, or melancholy enthusiasm, of a young prince of the middle ages, placed in a dangerous position, and engaged in a dark design; it is a grave moral condition—a great malady of soul which, at certain epochs, and in certain states of society and of manners, diffuses itself among mankind, frequently attacks the most highly-gifted and the noblest of our species, and afflicts them with a disturbance of mind which sometimes borders very closely upon madness. The world is full of evil, and of all kinds of evil. What sufferings,

crimes, and fatal, although innocent, errors! What general and private iniquities, both strikingly apparent and utterly unknown! What merits, either stifled or neglected, become lost to the public, and a burden to their possessors! What falsehood, and coldness, and levity, and ingratitude, and forgetfulness, abound in the relations and feelings of man! Life is so short, and yet so agitated—sometimes so burdensome, and sometimes so empty! The future is so obscure! so much darkness at the end of so many trials! In reference to those who only see this phase of the world and of human destiny, it is easy to understand why their mind becomes disturbed, why their heart fails them, and why a misanthropic melancholy becomes an habitual feeling, which plunges them by turns into irritation or doubt—into ironical contempt or utter prostration.

‘That painful uneasiness and profound disturbance which are introduced into the soul by so gloomy and false an appreciation of things in general, and of man himself—which he never met with in his own time, or in those times with the history of which he was acquainted—Shakespeare divined and constructed from them the figure and character of Hamlet. Read once again the four great monologues in which the Prince of Denmark abandons himself to the reflective expression of his inmost feelings; gather together from the whole play the passages in which he casually gives them utterance; seek out and sum up that which is manifest, and that which is hidden in all that he thinks and says; and you will everywhere recognise the presence of the moral malady which I have just described. Therein truly resides, much more than in his personal griefs and perils, the source of Hamlet’s melancholy; in this consists his fixed idea and his madness.’—pp. 208, 209.

One other point of M. Guizot’s criticism we must refer to before we close his delightful volume. In treating of Shakespeare’s historical characters, he alludes to the strong feeling of loyalty which distinguishes them, citing the instance of King John, whom the poet relieves from the interest of the drama, as it were, by placing Faulconbridge and Constance in the central position. Historical facts in their entirety find little place in Shakespeare’s histories. In the purely historical plays they form to some extent the plot, but are so affected by characters not strictly historical as often to lose their consistency altogether. Thus M. Guizot reminds us that at the time indicated by the historical incidents of King John, Arthur was a young man, not a mere boy, as the poet represents him. But let us remark the beautiful equivalent which is given for this departure from the literal truth of history in the maternal tenderness of Constance, one of the most truthful and touching of all his characters. In his reference to the art which Shakespeare has displayed in covering the vicious character of John by the gallantry of Faulconbridge, solely from an excess of patriotic feeling, the critic carries his reasoning too far. If we are to suppose that such an expedient was resorted to in one case,

why not in others? It is not observable in Richard II., the inherent weakness of whose character, mixed with goodness and softened to us, it is true, by misfortune, is fully displayed. Shakespeare's loyalty, where it is displayed, takes a more positive form, and is never simply substituted for truth, as witness alike his faithful picture of Queen Katharine and his panegyric on the infant daughter of her successor Anne Bullen. The one is as much a departure from M. Guizot's principle as the other is a graceful display of a loyalty whose object was much less remote than King John. To the *extent* of the poet's patriotism M. Guizot's remarks apply much more fully. To this, much more than to his knowledge of history, are we indebted for his brave and noble portraits of English historical characters like Talbot, and passages of inspiring poetry like those famous ones in 'Richard II.' and 'King John.'

'This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, ·

* * * *

'This precious stone set on a silver sea.'

And—

'This England never did, nor ever shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.'

Did we lack the appreciation of his other innumerable influences upon the human heart, what English one is there that does not feel in such lines as these that the power which conceived them 'was not for an age, but for all time?'

We have thus endeavoured to show the spirit in which the essay of M. Guizot is written:—with the forcible, but in some respects fanciful critique on 'Othello,' and the French stage in its relation to the romantic drama, we cannot at present deal. There are many of the opinions advanced therein by the Duc de Broglie with which we cannot altogether agree. High as is his estimate of Shakespeare, it is more thoroughly French than that of his coadjutor, and his criticism is therefore less likely to be accepted by the generality of English readers. The book as a whole, however, is an admirable one, whether we regard it as a contribution to Shakespearean literature, or as a debt due to the genius of the world's greatest poet by the intellect of a great nation. It is in the latter capacity that we should wish the reader to think of it; and there are few, we believe, who will not readily accept it as a compensation for the meanness and vanity of earlier French criticism. There are few men living from whom that act of justice to the intelligence and the taste of France could have come more appropriately than from Guizot, whose honourable name we love to see associated with the genius which our own England has given to the world at large.

ART. VII.—*Japan* ; an Account, Geographical and Historical, from the Earliest Period at which the Islands composing this Empire were known to Europeans, down to the Present Time ; and the Expedition fitted out in the United States, &c. By Charles MacFarlane. With Numerous Illustrations, from Designs by Arthur Allom. London : George Routledge and Co. 8vo, pp. 435.

THE expedition to Japan lately contemplated by the United States, has called public attention to the condition and prospects of that empire. We have hitherto been content to remain in almost total ignorance concerning it, and should probably have continued in the same state of indifference had it not been for this event. That we possess the means of knowing as much of the Japanese as of any other Eastern nation, is undoubtedly true; but this proves nothing respecting the information actually prevalent. The Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and other books, which are found in our libraries, have been seldom consulted, even by the learned; and are therefore absolutely unknown to the great majority of our countrymen. Sufficient interest has not been felt in the people or history of Japan, to induce the few who have looked into such volumes, to popularize their contents by translating them into the vernacular tongue, in such measure and style as would meet the wants and fix the attention of our people. The article—to use commercial speech—has been a drug, and nobody, therefore, has been willing to expend time and capital on it. A different state of things, however, is now arising. A change is evidently impending over Japan. The people and statesmen of America have resolved to break up the exclusive system on which it has acted; at least, though they may not avow the theory in full, they have proposed the first step towards its accomplishment. We say nothing at present as to the right or the wrong of their procedure. We note the fact only, and that for the purpose of accounting for the demand for information which has arisen. Men are now desirous of knowing all which can be learned respecting Japan;—its history, its commercial intercourse with Europe, the character of its government, the number of its people, their social condition, their religious polity, and the kind and extent of their general information. All thoughtful men, who are interested in such matters, feel that the Japanese can no longer remain practically shut out from the human family. Our American brethren are not accustomed lightly to abandon their enterprises, and as

the causes which lead to their present movement are permanent and are likely to increase in force, we shall do wisely to calculate on their perseverance until their purpose is effected. As our own intercourse with China constitutes an epoch from which great changes will ensue in the 'Celestial Empire;' so the presence of an American squadron in the waters of Japan, should it take place, will furnish a date from which future historians will trace a mighty revolution in that neighbouring state.

The volume before us has had its origin in this new state of things, and is designed to supply the information which all men feel to be desirable, and for which many are looking. Mr. Mac Farlane, with considerable promptitude, has sought to meet the public requirement, and we have much pleasure in commending his labors to attention. His thoughts were drawn to the subject some twenty years since by the late James Drummond, Esq., who in early life had resided in Japan, and at the period of our author's intercourse with him, had collected all the works that had been published about the country. In addition to the knowledge thus obtained, Mr. Mac Farlane tells us—and his volume proves the truth of his statement—'I have carefully consulted all the best authorities.' His pages convey the impression of diligent research, the application of a sound judgment, and freedom alike from credulity and scepticism. He has looked far and wide for information, and if the *book-maker* is occasionally seen for a moment, he is speedily merged in the more attractive and creditable character of the historian.

The empire of Japan constitutes the western boundary of the Pacific Ocean, and is situated between 31° and 48° N. latitude. It consists of various islands, and is separated from the Asiatic continent by the sea of Japan, which is united to the Pacific by several straits, that divide the islands from each other. Its geographical position is much the same in relation to Asia with that of the British Islands to Europe. Its nearest Asiatic neighbour is China, whose habits and polity it is found most nearly to resemble.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a Portuguese vessel, bound for Macao, was driven into one of the harbors of Japan. The authorities were found to be circumspect and vigilant, but by no means indisposed to traffic with their European visitors. 'The Portuguese were received with courtesy and kindness, and freely allowed to traffic with the inhabitants. They were much struck with the beauty, fertility, and high state of cultivation and populousness of the empire, and by the evident abundance of gold, silver, and copper.' Such was the first introduction of Europeans into Japan, in 1542. The honor of the

discovery undoubtedly belongs to the Portuguese, vast numbers of whom speedily repaired to the region of which so favorable a report was received. The Jesuits also early directed their way thither, under the leadership of Francisco Xavier, the associate and coadjutor of Loyola. Their reception and success are thus described by Mr. Mac Farlane:—

‘ The Portuguese—mariners, merchants, padres, and all—were received with open arms, not only at Bungo, but at whatsoever other part of the empire they chose to repair unto. The local governments and the minor princes, who then enjoyed a considerable degree of independence, vied with each other in inviting them to their ports and towns. They went wherever they pleased, from one extremity of the empire to the other, and by land as well as by sea. The merchants found a ready and a most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual, tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no *one* established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects; and there were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith, said to be of Brahminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was, at the time, widely spread among the people. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favoured their reception. It appears to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor Mimi, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion, that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan? Then the pomp and impressive ceremonials of the Roman church, and the frequency of its services, delighted the impressionable Japanese, who, in all probability, would have paid far less attention to a simpler form of worship. The first missionaries, moreover, were men of exemplary lives—modest, virtuous, disinterested, and most tender and charitable to the poor and afflicted. They sought out cases of distress; they attended the sick; and some knowledge they possessed of the superior science of medicine, as practised by the most advanced nations of Europe, was frequently of great benefit to the natives, and another means of facilitating their conversion.’—pp. 4—6.

The immediate successor of Xavier is said to have founded fifty churches, and to have baptized 30,000 converts. This is probably an exaggeration, but the results of the labors of the Jesuit missionaries were undoubtedly very great, and induced the hope of a speedy conversion of the whole empire. The facts of this history have not received all the attention they merit. We are content with a hasty and superficial glance at them, and the judgment pronounced is, for the most part rather that of a partizan than of a philosopher. We bring

to the inquiry a certain prepossession which colors the facts of the case, and determines the nature of our conclusion. Against this course we should scrupulously guard. It does not consist with the character of our inquiry, is destructive of its integrity, and must involve in very considerable doubt the verdict we pronounce. That very questionable means were employed by the Jesuits is undoubted. In a criminal sense they became all things to all men, and the system of faith and worship which sprung from their labors partook largely of the semblance of paganism as well as of Christianity. The simple worship and purifying doctrine of the latter were strangely mingled with the grotesque rites and superstitious faith of the former. We should be glad to see a calm and philosophical investigation of this history. It merits attention, and would amply repay it. Our modern missions could not fail to be benefited by a thorough knowledge of the case, and an intelligent apprehension of the principles on which the Jesuit polity was founded. Such an inquiry, however, is beyond our present limits. We can merely record our view of its importance, and pass on to other themes. The early missionaries were unanimous in their praise of the kindly disposition of the people. 'I know not,' said Xavier, 'when to have done when I speak of the Japanese. They are truly the delight of my heart.'

The native Christians had at length so increased in numbers as to send an embassy to Rome, to do homage to Pope Gregory XIII., which, however, did not arrive in the capital of Christendom until 1585, when they were present at the enthronization of Sixtus V. This circumstance probably afforded an occasion, for which the adherents of the ancient faith had long been watching, to arouse suspicion on the part of the government. A proclamation was issued prohibiting, under pain of death, the profession of Christianity, and there were occasional and fierce outbreaks of persecution. The Portuguese, however, were secure from any serious molestation, though the native converts were sorely tried. In the meantime, the traffic of the former greatly prospered.

'The gain upon the goods imported was at least cent. per cent., and their profits on the goods they exported were very high. It is confidently asserted that upwards of 300 tons of gold, silver, and copper were exported every year; for at that period the Portuguese had full liberty to import and export whatsoever they pleased, without limitation as to quantity. They traded in fine large ships, the arrival of which was always held as a holiday by the natives. "It is believed," says the valuable old German writer, whom we frequently follow, "that had the Portuguese enjoyed the trade to Japan but twenty years longer, upon the same footing as they did for some time, such riches would have been

transported out of this Ophir to Macao, and there would have been such a plenty and flow of gold and silver in that town, as sacred writ mentions there was at Jerusalem in the time of Solomon."—pp. 11, 12.

The Portuguese guarded their trade with all the rancor and bitterness of a commercial monopoly, exasperated by religious bigotry. The Dutch and English were their rivals, and no bounds were set to the selfishness and ferocity with which they severally acted against each other. Their sole law was that of might. Hence their vessels were armed, and combined the province of the buccaneer with that of the merchant. At length the ascendancy of the Portuguese began to decline. The fierce struggles of their monastic orders, and the arrogance of some of their clergy, offended the Japanese. Their missionaries were consequently prohibited from entering the country, and their traders were confined to a single port.

‘In the year 1622 a frightful massacre of native Christians and some of their foreign teachers was perpetrated on a rock in the immediate neighbourhood of that place. The Jesuit father Spinola, a Dominican friar, and a Franciscan, were in the number of those who suffered, having been convicted of returning to the country after the emperor had decreed their perpetual expulsion. Horrible tortures were employed, of which harrowing and revolting representations are given in the illustrations of the books of several of the old Dutch writers. The heroic constancy of the poor Japanese to the faith which they had embraced is an indubitable historical fact, attested as well by the Lutheran or Calvinist Dutch as by the Portuguese and other Romanists.’—p. 44.

At length the entire ruin of the Portuguese settlement was effected by means of a treasonable correspondence with the king of Portugal, which was intercepted by the Dutch, and laid before the emperor of Japan. A terrible persecution immediately ensued, and a royal proclamation was issued, decreeing that ‘the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished for ever.’ Before the close of 1639 they were totally expelled from the country, and the Dutch became the connecting link between Japan and Europe. The commercial history of nations affords a sad comment on their morals. Gain is the object of their worship, and for its promotion they readily sacrifice every other consideration. This was the case with the Dutch. Not content with supplanting their rivals in the ports of Japan, they gave their assistance to the emperor when his persecuting edicts drove the native converts into rebellion. Their policy was selfish and lowminded in the extreme, and though it secured some commercial advantages, it did not avail to exempt them from restraints and regulations to which no independent people ought to have submitted.

Our own intercourse with Japan commenced early in the seventeenth century. A treaty was concluded in 1613, which gave to our countrymen the right of entering any port in the empire, and though this was somewhat abridged in 1616, a very friendly relation was maintained until 1623, when our countrymen entirely withdrew from the trade. 'Of the English,' says a recent writer, 'it is simply to be observed that in their commercial project they failed, and that they retired with honour, and much regretted, from the scene of their misadventure.' This, it must be remembered, is the judgment of an Englishman and should therefore be received with some abatement, but it was fortunate that our countrymen were far from the empire when the persecutions and civil war broke out, which spread such calamities through the land, and which have thrown so deadly a shade over the character of the Dutch.

All authorities concur in representing the disposition of the people as most friendly. So far as they are concerned, no bar exists to commercial transactions with foreigners, but the suspicious jealousy of the government prohibits such intercourse, and is designed to isolate the empire from all other communities. Some of the regulations by which this is sought are simply ridiculous, while others bear a character of cruelty which no considerations of policy ought to tolerate. 'We heartily wish,' says our author, 'that our trans-Atlantic brethren may proceed in their mission with circumspection, gentleness, moderation, and humanity; but we really cannot call in question either the justice, or the expediency, of their interfering in the affairs of Japan.'

The population of Japan has been differently estimated. It cannot probably be less than 25,000,000, scattered over various islands enjoying very different climates. 'The air of all these islands,' says an old Spanish writer, 'is very salubrious. The soil is very fertile; the fruits are most delicious.'

Idolatry prevails throughout the empire, and its forms are very various. These appear to be regarded with great indifference by the government. Occasionally, indeed, disputes arise, which are settled very summarily by the public whipping, and sometimes beheading, of the chief controversialists.

'An industrious and accurate writer sets down the number of religions or sects, quite distinct from Buddhism, at *thirty-four*. It would be difficult to find in any other country (not England or the United States of America) such striking instances of religious toleration. As far as regards the State, all these sects indulge their several opinions without restraint. The fact is, the Japanese government exhibited a rare and wonderful indifference to mere matters of doctrine, so long as they did not interfere with

the public tranquillity. When the bonzes of all the sects concurred in a petition to the emperor Nobunanga that he would expel the Jesuits and all the Romish monks from Japan, that prince, annoyed by their importunities, inquired how many different religions there were in Japan? "Thirty-five," said the bonzes. "Well," said the emperor, "where thirty-five religions can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six; leave the strangers in peace."—p. 230.

All writers are agreed as to the toleration generally practised. The Christian religion is indeed excluded, but this is not surprising. Political considerations account for the fact, apart from the nature of Christianity; which claims exclusive domination, and frowns upon every other creed. The Japanese profess whatever form of paganism they please, and change the form as often as they think fit. The members of the same household frequently belong to different sects without any disturbance of their harmony.

'From all,' says Mr. MacFarlane, 'that we can collect on this subject, we are inclined to believe that if the government could only be relieved of its prejudices and implacable animosity against the Romanists, or thoroughly convinced of the difference between the church of Rome and the reformed churches, that a troop of reformed missionaries might have a better chance of success than a powerful fleet and a great army of soldiers. But the missionary ought to be kept apart from every political scheme, and from every display of military force. Should the Japanese government suspect the Americans of any extensive design of occupation, conquest, or annexation, its hatred of the religion they profess will, no doubt, become quite as inveterate as that which has for more than two centuries been nourished against the Portuguese and the church of Rome.'—pp. 233, 234.

The government is an absolute despotism, yet, like that of China, it works by a system of unchanging laws. No individual, however elevated or wealthy, is exempt from this iron rule. Everything, therefore, wears a stereotyped character, and all progress is checked. In sketching the costume and habits of the people to-day, we picture what they were some centuries back, and the same rule will apply to the future, unless some great convulsion should shake the foundations of the empire, and assimilate its elements to those of Europe. Amongst many anomalies is the existence of two sovereigns, one presiding over the *spiritual*, and the other the *temporal* interests of the people. Mr. MacFarlane says:—

'We have already dwelt upon the remarkable anomaly presented by Japan of two co-existing sovereigns, each maintaining a state independent of the other, both being the objects of homage on the part of the people, and neither of them, as far as can be seen, betraying any dissatisfaction at the amount of allegiance that is tendered to him. One of the sovereigns

—the Mikado, or Dairi-Sama—rules by “right divine,” or by virtue of his attributed descent from the gods. The other sovereign—the Ziogun, or Koboe-Sama—rules by the “right of might,” or by virtue of his ability to maintain the power wrested by his predecessors from the Mikado. Sovereign *de jure*, the Mikado is supreme in rank, but according to all appearances, quite insignificant in political importance: the veneration which is paid to him falls little short of the honours which are paid to the gods themselves; yet he is little more than a prisoner, for he is brought into the world, and he lives and dies within the precincts of his court. The Koboe-Sama, sovereign *de facto*, is inferior in station, but uncontrolled, except by law and usage, in political authority.’—pp. 236, 237.

Personal interviews rarely occur between these monarchs, but the Ziogun frequently sends rich presents to Mikado. Their dignity is hereditary, and in default of male issue they adopt the eldest son of a prince of the empire who is nearest to them in blood. In addition to two emperors, there is a head councillor of state, with powers similar to those of the grand vizier in Turkey. He is called ‘governor of the empire,’ and no business of importance is transacted without him. As in Europe, the honors of the State are not without alloy. The penalty paid, however, is much heavier, and leads to frequent resignations. ‘It has been remarked, that a reigning prince of advanced age is rarely seen in Japan. They vacate the throne, or they die prematurely upon it of grief or ennui. Whatever it may be for the governed, the Japanese system seems to be a wretched one for the governors. Spiritual emperor or lay emperor, vizier or vassal prince, supreme councillor or provincial secretary, all are “cabined, cribbed, confined,” and condemned to a state of existence which would be to a European about as insupportable as that of a galley slave.’

The government of Japan is a personification, in its worst form, of the spy system. Every public officer is narrowly watched, and every house and family contains within itself some agent of that lynx-eyed jealousy which seeks to ascertain the most trifling occurrence of the most distant portion of the empire. Yet the people are represented as ‘frank in their manners, free and open in speech, and most sensitively alive to the points of honor.’ The same fact is observable in Turkey, and the philosophy of it has not yet been satisfactorily explained. A recent English writer has summed up the character of the Japanese in the following terms, to which no serious exception can be taken:—

‘They carry notions of honour to the verge of fanaticism; and they are haughty, vindictive, and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity; they are open-

hearted, hospitable, and, as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even the stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop of blood. The nation, with all their faults and vices, evinced qualities that won the hearts and commanded the esteem of the missionaries.'—p. 361.

The state of literature in Japan will probably surprise many of our readers. We are so accustomed to pride ourselves on our fancied superiority as to be wholly unprepared for the revelations which occasionally come upon us. This is the case with European states, and is still more so with those of Asia. Yet truth compels the confession, however humiliating, that in some things we are vastly exceeded by those whom we are accustomed to despise. One instance occurs in connexion with our present subject. Paper, for instance, came into use in Japan in the beginning of the seventh century; and printing from engraved wooden blocks was introduced in 1206,—about 250 years prior to its invention in Europe. The literature of Japan has steadily improved since a written language was acquired, and now comprises works of all kinds,—‘historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages, and travels, moral philosophy, cyclopædias, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a polite literature.’

‘The wide diffusion of education, which has been more than once mentioned, is of no recent date. The first of all the missionaries who visited the country found schools established wherever they went. The sainted Xavier mentions the existence of four “academies” in the vicinity of Miako, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; adding, that considerable as these numbers were, they were quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers instructed at an institution near the city of Bandone; and that such institutions were universal throughout the empire.

‘Nor does it appear that these institutions have decreased in modern days. Speaking of the early part of the present century, M. Meylan states that children of both sexes and of all ranks are invariably sent to rudimentary schools, where they learn to read and write, and are initiated into some knowledge of the history of their own country. To this extent, at least, it is considered necessary that the meanest peasant should be educated. Our officers, who visited the country as late as the year 1845, ascertained that there existed at Nagasaki a college, in which, additionally to the routine of native acquirements, foreign languages were taught. Among the visitors on board our ship, many spoke Dutch. Some understand a little French. One young student understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, caught readily at every English expression that struck him, and wrote it down in his note-book. They all seemed to be tolerably well acquainted with geography, and some

of them appeared to have some acquaintance with guns, and the science of gunnery. The eagerness of all of them to acquire information greatly delighted our officers.'—pp. 373, 374.

Few sights are said to be more common during the sunny season of the year than a group of ladies and gentlemen, seated by a running stream, or in a shady grove, each with a book in hand. Whatever the literature of Japan may be, it evidently interests the people. Improvement may be needed, but we may well abate our pride on seeing how widely information is diffused, and with what avidity it is sought. Instead of being so far in advance of other nations, we may take a useful lesson even from some pagan lands.

ART. VIII.—*Minutes of Several Conversations between the Methodist Ministers in the Connexion established by the late Rev. John Wesley, M.A., at their One Hundred and Ninth Annual Conference, begun in Sheffield on Wednesday, July 28th, 1852.*

THIS volume is said, by one of the flatterers of the Wesleyan Conference, to contain legislation which will engage the attention of writers on Methodist polity, and be quoted by them for the next hundred years. We regret that these additions to Methodist law should so little deserve the protracted study which is predicted for them. These laws are the result of lengthened deliberation by the members of a committee, appointed by the Conference of 1851; of repeated consultations by the members of that committee with more than 300 laymen, known to be favourable to Conference prerogatives; and of long discussions in the Conference itself. It is most painful to receive so unsatisfactory a result from so much labour. The divided and distracted Wesleyan societies needed another 'plan of pacification,' by which their strifes might be healed, their diminution arrested, and their ancient prosperity restored. The Conference legislation, presented to us in these minutes, has no pacific tendency. It can only protract and aggravate the controversy, over the bitterness and fierceness of which all good men grieve.

This controversy, which has now raged for nearly three years, and has been the cause of the expulsion or secession of about 80,000 members—that is, nearly one-fourth of the entire body—arose from differences of opinion respecting the powers of the itinerant preachers. Many points have been warmly debated respecting the rights of the clergy and the laity; but recently the whole controversy has been so narrowed that there appears

to be but one question at issue. That one question is—with whom ought to be the power of expelling church members from church communion? The Conference and its supporters maintain that this power is ‘essentially inherent in the pastoral office;’—‘the sentence of excision from the church, and the administration of the sacraments,’ being, according to one of the Conference writers, the only things that are exclusively the pastor’s! The opponents of the Conference, even the most moderate of them, claim that no member of the society shall be excluded but ‘*by a majority at a leaders’ meeting,*’ or, at the least, against a negative vote of such a majority. This they affirm was, for many years, the law and practice of the Conference itself. The more thorough reformers appear to be advancing towards the assertion of the principle that no member of any one of the churches of Christ can be rightfully excluded from church fellowship, except by the act of his fellow-members at large assembled in their church meeting.

To render this statement intelligible to those of our readers who are not conversant with the Wesleyan polity, and the technical terms by which its various officers are designated, it may be necessary to explain, as concisely as possible, the constitution and order of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

The Wesleyan Methodist societies ‘in Great Britain this year’ consist of 281,263 persons. Of these persons, many thousands—probably a majority of the whole number, sustain one or more of the many church-offices which may be held by the Methodist laity. They are Sunday-school teachers, prayer leaders, visitors of the sick, exhorters, local preachers, stewards, class leaders. It is to the honour of the Methodists that almost all of them, in one or other of these offices, sometimes in several of them, are engaged in personal service to Christ and His church.

The private members have no share whatever either in the government of the church or the administration of its discipline; neither have any of the officers just mentioned, except the stewards, the local preachers, and the class leaders. The Wesleyan laity are never present, and never, in any way, concur in any acts of discipline. When they are assembled in their society meetings, it is only to receive an address from one of those itinerant preachers who claim and exercise the entire legislative, and nearly the whole of the administrative, authority in the Wesleyan church.

The stewards, the local preachers, and the class leaders, do take part in the administration of discipline:—in absolute subjection, however, to the Conference, as is proved by the minutes now before us. The stewards have the care of the funds con-

tributed for the relief of the poor and for the support of the ministry, in the societies and the circuits. The local preachers, who are gratuitous ministers, hold, at stated periods, meetings, at which, under the presidency of one of the itinerant ministers, persons are appointed local preachers, and excluded from that office. The class leaders are of chief importance in Methodism. Each of them has the spiritual oversight of at least one 'class,' that is, of a small number of members of the society. With these he holds a weekly meeting, and at that meeting, and, if need be, in private also, he inquires into their religious condition, and gives to them such moral and religious instruction and counsel as the state of each may seem to him to require. Thus the class leader discharges duties far more thoroughly and distinctively *pastoral* than are those which the Conference advocate, before quoted, so strangely joins together as 'the necessary and peculiar functions of the *pastoral* office,' namely, the administration of the sacraments and the sentence of ex-cision from the church. These have been claimed as the monopoly of the *priest*. It is sad to see them demanded as the peculiar prerogative of the pastor.

The class leaders and the stewards, or certain of the stewards, with one or more of the itinerant preachers, hold a weekly meeting, which is called the 'leaders' meeting.' This is the meeting which, according to the moderate reformers, did possess, and ought still to possess, at least, a veto upon the expulsion of any member from the society. To this meeting the Conference absolutely and finally refuses to concede such power.

It must be granted that, even at present, the leaders' meeting does take a part not unimportant in the administration of the discipline of the society. In the admission of persons to membership—

'If there be, in the opinion of a leader, any reasonable objection to the character and conduct of any person who is on trial, such objection may be stated by him; and that if the validity of the objection be established to the satisfaction of the meeting, a member's ticket shall not be given to the person so objected to at that Quarterly Visitation.'—'Minutes,' 1852, p. 177.

This is equivalent to the power of a veto on *admission* into the society, and would seem to involve a right to the same power with respect to expulsion from it.

The actual law regarding the expulsion of members cannot be so briefly stated; and yet it needs to be fully explained, since it is the turning point of the whole controversy, and involves questions pertaining to the first principles of church government, and of vital interest to the whole Christian church.

In order to this explanation, it must be stated that the Wes-

leyan congregations are united—first, into circuits, and then into *districts*. To each circuit one or more itinerant preachers are appointed by the Conference, for, at the most, three years in succession. Almost invariably there are two or more itinerant preachers in the same circuit, and of these one is appointed, by the Conference, to be the superintendent.

The itinerant preachers of several circuits, together with certain of the lay-officers, meet, at stated periods, to constitute the ‘district meeting;’ but the lay-officers are not permitted to take part in the discussion and determination of matters ‘purely spiritual.’

The itinerant preachers, stationed in the circuits which form one district, are styled the ‘District Pastorate.’ Their authority is entirely subordinate to that of the Conference or ‘Collective Pastorate.’ This Conference consists, legally, of 100 preachers, who are or have been itinerants. Practically, it consists of all the ordained ministers, who are present at its annual meeting. All may speak and vote, but the decisions require, and always receive, confirmation by a general vote of ‘the legal hundred.’

This annual conference, into which no layman can be admitted, except by special invitation, and then only as a visitor, may enact such new laws as it pleases, for the government both of its own members and of the Wesleyan laity. Such new rules as are for the societies at large are required to be read by the superintendent at the first quarterly meeting of each circuit, after the Conference—that is to say, to the stewards and the class leaders; to the ‘local preachers of three years continuous standing;’ and to the trustees of the circuit chapels, who are resident members of the society. We state thus particularly the constitution of the quarterly meeting, because there are other important functions of that meeting yet to be mentioned. One of these functions relates to the new rules for the society at large, which the Conference may enact:—

‘If the major part of the quarterly meeting be of opinion that the enforcing of such rule in that circuit will be injurious to the prosperity of that circuit, it shall not be enforced in opposition to the judgment of such quarterly meeting before the second Conference. *But if the rule be confirmed by the second Conference, it shall be binding to the whole Connexion.*’ —‘Minutes,’ 1852, p. 168.

This last clause, which we have printed in italics, contradicts the assertion of Mr. Rigg, one of the apologists for the Conference, that the circuits have collectively a veto upon Conference legislation. They have power to suspend the operation of any new law for one year, and power, at their June meetings only, to memorialize the Conference on any connexional subject,

and, in these memorials, to suggest any alterations of the laws of the society which they may think desirable; *but they have no veto upon Conference legislation.* It is with reference to this right of memorial that the Conference has made a real concession, this year, to the lay-officers. Some of the reformers think that the removal of restrictions, as to the *subjects* of the memorials, is a concession of considerable practical value. While, however, there is no longer any restriction as to the subject-matter of the memorials, the Conference renders this concession, as we fear, practically worthless, by declaring that 'it cannot entertain any proposals which are of a manifestly revolutionary character, or subversive of that system of doctrine or discipline which has been confided to it as a sacred deposit.' Now, this sounds plausible enough; but its meaning is, that the right of the itinerant preachers to expel from church membership is part of this 'sacred deposit,' and that the Conference will not entertain any proposals which seek relief from the chief grievance of which the laity complain.

These, as we fear, rather tedious statements respecting the quarterly meeting and the circuit, district, and collective pastorate, are necessary preliminaries to the explanation of the Methodist theory and practice of excommunication.

Violations of the laws enacted by the Conference subject the offender to censure, to suspension, or to expulsion. The present agitations and the recent expulsions will clearly illustrate the working of this system of church discipline.

One of the rules forbids the holding of meetings, the writing of letters, the doing, or attempting to do, anything new, until it has been appointed by the Conference. This is the meaning of the law: we are not professing to quote the precise words. Whenever any serious difference of opinion arises between the Conference and a large body of the laity, it follows almost necessarily that this preposterous law will be broken. The Conference is not believed to be infallible. It does not profess to be so; though it requires an amount of deference to its decisions, which none but an infallible body can consistently demand, or safely receive. When, therefore, any decision—any act of the Conference—is deemed by many of the laity to be unjust and unscriptural, the objectors naturally proceed to confer with each other, to publish their opinions, and to seek the redress of what they feel to be grievances, inflicted upon themselves, or upon those who have a right to their sympathy and protection. If these objectors are private members, they have no legal power to restrain the Conference, in any of its acts or decisions. If they are members of the quarterly meeting, they have no power sufficient to prevent or reverse decisions and

deeds such as they, in their consciences, utterly disapprove. What we have thus supposed, as likely to occur, has actually occurred more than once, and especially at the commencement of the present controversy. Three of the itinerant preachers were expelled from the Conference, because they were suspected (not *proved*) to be contributors to certain publications which were alleged to be libellous, and because they would neither admit nor deny the imputed authorship. By many of the lay-members and officers, this act of the Conference was believed to be unwise, unjust, and anti-Christian. They might be right or wrong in this opinion. We are not claiming to pronounce authoritatively that they were right. We do not think, however, that any person, who is well informed as to the facts of the case, and as to the general opinion of Christian people respecting it, will deny that, according to the general opinion of Christians—ministers and people—throughout Protestant Britain, the Conference was entirely wrong in the act of expulsion. It was the beginning of strife and sorrow, of which no one can yet see the end. At the Conference just closed, several other itinerant preachers have been expelled for co-operation with those previously excluded, and others had resigned for similar reasons. We behold this strange anomaly; ministers who have been openly cast out from amongst their own brethren, welcomed, not a whit the less cordially, by Christians of other denominations, to the hospilities of the home, the services of the sanctuary, and the solemnities of the Lord's table. Wheresoever they were cordially welcomed before their expulsion they would be more cordially welcomed now. We do not mean that they are accounted blameless; but they are regarded as men who have suffered grievous wrong, and who deserve affectionate sympathy.

The Wesleyan laity had to choose between acquiescence in these unjust expulsions of their ministers or resistance to them. Resistance, in order to have any likelihood of success, must be *organized* resistance. The first steps to organized resistance, such as circular letters, consultations, public meetings, before which the expelled ministers might state their case, vindicate their conduct, and claim their reinstatement, were the very acts prohibited by the Conference law. For attendance at such meetings, and for taking part in organized endeavours to promote the objects of such meetings, the itinerant preachers have excommunicated the offending members of the Wesleyan Society, until they have had to acknowledge the fearful decree which we have already recorded.

The law and process of excommunication, as laid down in the 'Minutes' of this year, is as follows:—

A member, who has been charged with any moral or ecclesiastical offence, may be brought to trial before the leaders' meeting. In this meeting the superintendent is judge. The other itinerant ministers have a right to take part as members of the meeting. The meeting constitute a jury, who return a verdict of 'guilty,' or 'not guilty.' If the verdict be 'guilty,' the superintendent determines, after consultation with his colleagues and others, whose advice, however, he is not bound to follow, what the sentence shall be, and he pronounces that sentence. He alone decides whether the offender shall or shall not be excommunicated; and against his sentence there is no appeal to any court in which even a single layman has the right to interfere. Only the district or collective pastorate can reverse the sentence. Though all the local preachers, all the stewards, all the class leaders, all the private members, should think the sentence unjust, they,—'the whole Church'—the superintendent excepted, have no power to modify or reverse that sentence. The conference, as the result of all the deliberations of the past year, refuses *'to entertain any proposal which would go to transfer, altogether or in part, the responsibility of the SENTENCE in disciplinary cases from the pastorate to lay officers, whether in a leaders' meeting or elsewhere.'*—'Minutes,' 1852, p. 157.

There is granted, however, amongst the laws of this year, the semblance of an appeal to the laity, in the case where the *verdict* of the leader's meeting is objected against. The accused can claim a new trial before a special jury, composed of not more than twelve lay members of the quarterly meeting. They can reverse the verdict or confirm it. If they confirm the verdict of 'guilty,' the case is then to be 'left in the hands of the pastorate,' as before.

The superintendent, also, it must be observed, can place an accused person, who has been acquitted by the leaders' meeting, before this special jury for a second trial, if he should judge that the verdict of 'not guilty' was given 'in contradiction to law and evidence.' And even if the special jury should confirm the verdict of the leaders' meeting,—if the accused person should be twice pronounced innocent by the most approved of the lay officers of the church to which he belongs,—the superintendent has still the power to appeal, against the double verdict of acquittal, to courts composed of itinerant preachers *only*; and they, the district, and ultimately the collective, pastorate have power to declare both the juries factious, both the verdicts contrary to law and evidence, and to expel the accused person in spite both of the verdicts and the juries.

It will be objected that we are putting an extreme case, one

never likely to occur. The obvious answer is, that the Conference itself deems it necessary to provide, by a complicated system of laws, for such a case. Besides, it is necessary to suppose the kind of case, to meet which the law is made, in order that the law may be distinctly understood and fairly judged. Our supposed case, moreover, represents very nearly the actual state of some of the Wesleyan societies at the present moment. At Louth, in Lincolnshire, the overwhelming majority of the lay officers and members are completely opposed to the Conference and its authorities. The collective pastorate and the Christian society, in general, are in direct collision. The pastorate expels, the church refuses to acknowledge the validity of the expulsion; but the church—the Christian society—has no remedy, unless the civil law should protect its right to the sanctuaries built at the cost of its members. Against the decision of the collective pastorate, just given on this particular case at Louth, the laity have no appeal.

Thus the members of the Conference have realized the painful forebodings expressed in the close of our article on Isaac Taylor's 'Wesley and Methodism,' in our July number. In effect, they say to the laity, 'you have nothing to do with rules of discipline or laws of administration but to yield them obedience.' They put themselves, afresh and deliberately, into the position which Mr. Taylor and the Protestant press in general warned them to abandon, and which Mr. Taylor so forcibly and accurately described, in the weighty words which we again quote:—

'In respect of the position of the ministers towards the people, which is that of irresponsible lords of God's heritage, the professedly Christian world is thus parted—on the one side stand all Protestant churches, episcopal and non-episcopal, Wesleyanism excepted. On the other side stands the Church of Rome, with its sympathizing adherents, the malcontents of the English Church, and the Wesleyan Conference! This position, maintained *alone* by a Protestant body, must be regarded as false in principle, and as in an extreme degree ominous.'—Taylor, p. 268.

A feeble attempt has been made, in a letter to the 'Watchman,' by the author of the prize essay on the pastoral office, to disprove Mr. Taylor's assertion, and to show that the Wesleyan ministers have some Protestant associates in their pastoral prerogatives. The letter affirms that one of the earliest Protestant Confessions asserts for the pastor 'the power of the keys;' that the elders in Presbyterian churches are not laymen, seeing that they are ordained; and that the parochial clergymen in the Church of England have power to suspend, temporarily, from the Lord's table. It is fair to say that the writer promises a more vigorous attempt to show that the Conference has Protestant precedent for its claims. He must pro-

duce more conclusive arguments than those we have just mentioned. He must show that the principles and practice of the present Protestant ministers favour the claims he makes for his brethren. He will get no help towards this from either the Free or the established church of Scotland, or from any of the Presbyterian bodies. Scarcely any assertion can be more grotesque in its absurdity than the assertion, that while the local preachers and class leaders are only laymen, the kirk session of the Presbyterian church consists exclusively of ministers. In every practical point of view the elders are laymen. They are engaged in secular life. They do not preach, nor do they share in pastoral duties nearly so completely as do the class leaders. As to the parochial clergy, it may be true that they can suspend from the Lord's table, but there is an appeal at once to a court of civil law,—a court composed of laymen only. Neither presbytery nor episcopacy will give the least sanction to the pastoral power to expel. It is not only true that neither Mr. James nor Mr. Brock possesses this power, but that Dr. Chalmers did not possess it at Glasgow, and that Dr. Candlish neither possesses nor covets it in Edinburgh. It may be that Dr. Pusey covets this pastoral power to sentence to 'excision from the church;' but he cannot obtain it, except by following the footsteps in which his friend Dr. Newman would lead him towards Rome. We are not quite sure, indeed, whether Mr. Taylor does full justice to the malcontents of the Church of England,' the clamourers for the revival of Convocation, when he represents them as claiming that exclusive power of legislation for the church which Romish priests and Wesleyan ministers possess, nor are we quite sure that the convocationists do wish to 'exercise the pastoral charge,' as, according to the Rev. Thomas Jackson's opinion, 'it is laid down in the New Testament.' Many of them distinctly propose the admission of laymen into Convocation. Even the Bishop of London gives hope that 'lay as well as clerical members' may be admitted. The Bishop of Oxford explicitly says:—'In my judgment, any body, by whose decision the Church of England is to be bound, should include a representation of her true laity;' nor, according to Archbishop Whately, did any one advocate (in the House of Lords) 'a government of the church by the clergy, exclusive of the laity.' Will the Rev. Thomas Jackson consent to a full representation of the Wesleyan laity in the Conference? Only with such a representation of 'the whole church,'—'the elders and the brethren,'—can the Conference establish its rightful power as a final court of appeal. If such a court of appeal ought at all to exist, surely it should be constituted not of the collective

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exercise the pastoral charge as it is laid down in the New Te
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residence amongst his flock, must of necessity be a complete
stranger to them. He has short and infrequent conversations
with the individual members in his visitation of the class.
Some of them he may be able to visit in their homes, but
before he knows them, as the pastor should know his flock,
the inexorable itinerant plan removes him to another class.
The class leader exercises a spiritual oversight over his mem
bers, and obtains a knowledge of their inner life more intimate
than is obtained by any spiritual director except the family
priest. Mr. Rigg, whom we have quoted before as the Confer
ence apologist, says:—'Without the leaders, the connection
between the ever-changing ministers and the people would be
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exist, even in name ; and, although many sinners might be converted, there would be no effectual provision for the spiritual edification of the churches.* Mr. Rigg would disown the inference we make from this, namely, that the officers who perform so large, important, and indispensable a part of the pastoral duties, must have a right to share largely in the pastoral authority. Could Mr. Rigg disprove the legitimacy of the inference ? If the itinerant preachers were to claim the power of excommunication, on the ground that they are the pulpit instructors of the church, the local preachers would prefer their claim to share the power even as they share so largely in the service, and they could point to many of the smaller societies, where they, rather than their itinerant brethren, are the pulpit instructors. The Conference reply that they are, and the local preachers are not, 'separated unto the gospel of God,' and *ordained* to the pastoral office. They are met with the rejoinder that separation from secular occupations is not necessary to the discharge of the pastoral office, since the elders at Ephesus worked with their own hands, and Paul himself chose, at some periods, to earn his own livelihood as a tentmaker. Indeed it is utterly unlikely that the primitive pastors, elders, overseers, were all of them separated from secular occupations. Moreover, it is rejoined, that many of the members of the Conference, and nearly all its leading minds, are not engaged in pastoral duties at all. Whatever the prerogatives of the pastoral office may be, tutors, secretaries, editors, and publishers, are not, as such, pastors. We do not write to disparage the functions of missionary secretaries, editors, and especially tutors of colleges, for the training of ministers and teachers. We should account their functions even more important in some respects than those of pastors ; but they have no right to share the pastoral authority when they do not share the pastoral service. They are in all respects, except that of ordination, in the same position relative to the pastorate as are the local preachers ; and yet, in cases of appeal to the collective pastorate, and in discussions arising out of such appeals, these non-pastoral members of the Conference lead in debate, and are evidently the fountains of law. If, finally, the power of excommunication is said to be imparted in the act of ordination and always retained, so that for the maxim 'once a priest always a priest,' we are to substitute 'once a pastor always a pastor,' then all the ordained ministers possess this power, and are responsible for its exercise. What then becomes of the monopoly of this awful power, for such it

* 'Congregational Independency and Wesleyan Connexionalism Contrasted.' By the Rev. J. H. Rigg. Page 58.

is, rightly considered, by the superintendent? Why, for example, is Dr. Beaumont, who is not a superintendent; and why are all the other ordained ministers, except the superintendents, denied that authority which is affirmed to be inherent in the pastoral office, and absolutely necessary to its faithful discharge? The Conference theory will not bear examination on any side. The superstition regarding spiritual powers conferred in ordination is, perhaps, the weakest side of all.

The preceding reasonings start from principles and facts familiar to Methodists. As Congregationalists, we should have a different kind of answer to arguments founded on the scriptural precepts, addressed to those who are to 'rule' and those who are to 'submit' themselves. In the congregational church the pastor does rule, not as the lawgiver, but as the expounder of the rules which the Divine Lawgiver of the church has given in his inspired Statute-book. The members of the church do obey—not slavishly, but intelligently and freely—Christ's precepts, as their pastor unfolds those precepts to their understandings and their hearts. The solemn act of excommunication from a church of Jesus Christ is not a transaction to which the proceedings by judges, and before juries, in civil courts, can furnish any guiding analogy. The entire system of Methodist legislation has an elaborate complexity utterly alien to the spirit of the New Testament. The real question to be decided in cases of church discipline, is, whether the accused is really a 'wicked person;' whether, by impenitent continuance in sin, he is already separated from Christ, and therefore ought to be cut off from His church, and to be restored only when there shall be proof that Christ hath received him as a true penitent. The Conference speakers and writers are ignorant of the procedure of congregational churches in cases requiring discipline. They do not seem to know that the pastor reproves and rebukes the offender first in private; that the deacons unite in the efforts to turn the wanderer from the error of his way; that when the sentence of excision must be pronounced, the pastor pronounces that sentence, not as the decision of his personal judgment alone, but as the judgment of the church and its officers—of 'the whole church.' We do not eschew the case where there may be a difference of judgment between the pastor and the church. If the difference be as to the proof of guilt, or as to the amount of punishment which is due to the guilt, the wise pastor, remembering that he is liable to mistake, will gladly defer to the opinion of the brethren. If the difference be not one of opinion, but of moral and religious principle—that is, if a majority of the members should persist in retaining in their fellowship one whom they admit to be a

wilful transgressor of Christ's law—there is no remedy but the secession of the christian minority from the majority who deliberately proclaim that they will not obey the Supreme Lawgiver—that Christ shall not reign over them. Nor would there be any remedy, under any form of church government, unless the anti-christian majority were all of them expelled, together with the offender, whose sin they had made their own.

As congregationalists we should also refer to the general strain of the epistles in which Paul 'addresses himself' (we use the words of Neander) 'to the whole church, and takes into account the co-operation of the whole community.' The church is entrusted with the maintenance of discipline within itself. Nor should we be deterred from quoting those texts which a clever writer in the 'Wesleyan Magazine' asserts to have been 'wrested for factious and divisive purposes.' The interpretations which he thus characterizes are not any modern interpretations, invented by the Wesleyan reformers. They are the obvious interpretations which are suggested to ordinary readers, and which are given in such commentaries as those of Barnes, Bloomfield, and Olshausen—the interpretations that pervade Protestant ecclesiastical and biblical literature. The writer in the 'Wesleyan Magazine' has a horror of democracy which equals or exceeds that of Lord Derby. He cannot endure that a Christian church should be regarded as 'an ecclesiastical republic—a community in which government and discipline are administered after a republican fashion.' When our Lord says, 'tell it to the church,' he interprets, 'tell it to the bench of elders,' not to the members at large of the Jewish synagogue. When it is recorded that 'the whole multitude of the disciples looked out and chose the seven deacons,' he reminds us that the apostles had a veto on their choice. When it is said that 'it pleased the apostles and elders, *with the whole church*,' to send the deputation to Antioch, he affirms, that 'there is not a word in the entire narrative to show that any popular assembly was ever consulted on the subject, or had anything to do with the settlement thereof;' and this, although even Mr. Wesley 'factiously and divisively' affirms, that the whole church 'had a part therein.' The texts which this writer thus tortures for tyrannical purposes, will, notwithstanding his perversions, satisfy impartial students that the primitive church polity fully recognised the laity—the whole body of believers—as entitled to full participation in church affairs. The contrast between the Wesleyan and the New-Testament church polity in this respect, cannot be concealed. Even the stewards—the Wesleyan representatives of the primitive deacons—are not

‘looked out and chosen’ by the church, but nominated by the superintendent, and approved by the leaders’ meeting.

But the texts which relate directly to the sentence of excommunication by the church at Corinth are subjected to the most severe torture. We will give several specimens of the interpretations which are said to have been adopted ‘for factious and divisive purposes.’

We take first the popular commentator, Barnes :

‘The church at Corinth was to be assembled with reference to this offence, and was to remove the offender. Even Paul, an apostle, and the spiritual father of the church, did not claim the authority to remove an offender, except *through* the church. The church was to take up the case ; to act on it ; to pass the sentence ; to excommunicate the man. There could scarcely be a stronger proof that the power of discipline is in the church, and is not to be exercised by any independent individual or body of men foreign to the church, or claiming an independent right of discipline.’

On 2 Cor. ii. 6, Mr. Barnes comments thus: This punishment was inflicted *of* many—

‘By the church in its collective capacity. Paul had required the church to administer this act of discipline, and they had promptly done it. It is evident that the whole church was concerned in the administration of the act of discipline, as the words “of many” are not applicable either to a single bishop, or a single minister, or a presbytery, or a bench of elders; nor can they be so regarded, except by a forced and unnatural construction.’

Bloomfield interprets ‘the many,’ ‘the general body of the church—meaning all except the person so punished.’ The learned and impartial Olshausen classes 1 Cor. v. 4 with those ‘passages in the New Testament in which there exists a reference to all the members of the church upon a democratic equality.’ Neander, on the same passage, says that the Apostle Paul assumed that ‘regularly, in a matter of such common concern, the participation of the whole community was required;’* and Dr. Hinds, the Bishop of Norwich, regards the passage as proving that ‘the church, as a body, has the right of exclusion.’ Even Mr. Wesley so wrests these texts in the Corinthians, as to say in the ‘Notes’ which form part of ‘the sacred deposit’ committed to the Conference, that ‘by many’ signifies ‘not only by the rulers of the church; *the whole congregation acquiesced in the sentence.*’

Against this weight of authority, and against the common-sense view of the passage and its bearings, the Wesleyan writer argues that the case was peculiar and miraculous—that the

* Neander's ‘Church History,’ vol. i. p. 258, Clarke's edition.

apostle interposed authoritatively, and that his interposition is fatal to the doctrine of inviolable congregational independence. He asks, could the Church of Corinth 'reverse the apostle's sentence? or stay the execution of it? or acquit or protect the accused?' He asserts that the power of the church was neither judicial nor deliberative, but was merely administrative. No one denies the authoritative interference of the apostle, nor the obligation of the church to render implicit obedience to his inspired sentence. The inference is only the more clear and strong in favour of the necessity of the concurrence of the church in the sentence of excommunication. If an inspired apostle deemed it indispensable that 'the many' should inflict, and the many remit, the punishment—much more—immeasurably more—should the uninspired pastorate regard the concurrence of the church as necessary to a valid sentence of excision.

If the apostle were living amongst us, we should gratefully accept his inspired decisions, and implicitly obey them. In the personal absence of apostles, the churches are to execute *their* sentence, as it is contained in their writings, and thus to obey the Divine Lawgiver of the church. No ingenuity will induce students of Scripture to accept the authoritative interference of an inspired apostle as a reason for the authoritative interference of the collective pastorate, especially when the pastorate ignores the church in a manner which stands in complete contrast with the apostle's assembling the whole church, that they might '*put away from themselves the wicked person.*'

Thus the Conference theory of the pastoral authority is condemned by precedent, the precedent of the apostolical and primitive churches, as well as of all Protestant churches in later times: it is condemned as self-contradictory, for the power is exercised by many persons who do not perform pastoral duties at all; while many, who do largely perform these duties, are excluded from sharing in it: it is condemned by the plain meaning of decisive Scripture texts. Yet the Conference cling to it with a desperate infatuation, over which we may mourn, but for the cure of which we have ceased to hope. They speak as men spell-bound, and imagine themselves—not their brethren whom they have cast out of the church—to be persecuted for righteousness' sake!

The present aspect of the controversy saddens the heart of the Christian. The party who are called 'Moderates' complain that their pacific overtures have been met with 'rebuffs and reproach,' instead of the relentings which they hoped to witness, and they prepare to use the press for the diffusion of liberal principles of church order, throughout the Conference connexion. The thorough reformers have large funds, have the

aid of the expelled ministers, and employ the agency of lecturers, as well as of tracts, for the accomplishment of their purposes. Multitudes of the Wesleyan people, who take no part in these agitations, heartily desire concession by the Conference, as the means of restoring peace. We do not venture to foretell the probable result of these agitations. We look mournfully, rather than hopefully, upon them, and pray that He who desires His church to be one may heal the breaches of Zion. If we were writing in the spirit of partisans, we should conceal the fact that the bodies who have seceded from the Conference have not prospered, as might have been hoped. We would conceal no fact. We would learn the lessons which all facts are intended to teach. The New Connexion, though, as far as we know, deserving to prosper, tends to decrease. The Wesleyan Association is torn by intestine strifes. The reformers, in many places, have been compelled to establish separate services, and must soon be pressed with the difficulty of securing an efficient ministry. We have observed amongst them a way of speaking of salaried ministers, and have read of proposed salaries to their lecturers, which indicates a low estimate of the recompence due to intellectual and spiritual labours, and an unwise and overweening confidence in the labours of local preachers. This is a natural reaction from the superstitious reverence for the clergy, which some of them have but recently shaken off; but it is an error, and it leads to fatal practical evils. They imperatively need for themselves, for their families, and for the people amongst whom they hope to win converts to Christ, a thoroughly able and learned ministry. If, out of this whirlpool of strife, there should emerge a 'Methodism of the Future,' in which the people shall enjoy liberty without licence; in which the Bible shall be the only creed, and the New Testament the only statute book; in which the pastoral and the itinerant ministry shall be harmoniously combined;—that future Methodism will need a pastorate, which will not struggle for authority, because it will inevitably gain authority by the force of ability and character—a pastorate composed of the ablest men, adorned with the richest culture, and enabled, by a liberal income, to occupy, humbly yet gracefully, their due rank in English society. Meanwhile, it behoves the Independent and Baptist churches—the churches of the Congregational order, and those of the Presbyterian platform also, to present a pattern of true catholic communion—of freedom and order—of light and love.

Brief Notices.

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Memoir of Daniel Chamier, Minister of the Reformed Church, with notices of his Descendants. London : Printed by Samuel Bentley and Co. 1852.

THIS memoir is not published for sale, but is intended chiefly as a record of family descent. This accounts for its peculiar form, and for numerous details uninteresting to the general reader. The greater part of the book, however, is of a different description. It lets us into the very heart of the noble and triumphant struggles of the Huguenots of France with Henry IV. and the Jesuits. Chamier was the leading spirit of that glorious conquest. He was killed by a cannon-ball at the siege of Montauban. His descendants have filled high positions in the French Protestant Church and in the English state, and some of them suffered for their attachment to the gospel during the persecutions of the Protestants in France. On the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of his grandsons came to London, and ministered in several French Protestant churches in this city. One of his descendants took an active part in the American war of the revolution. Another became under secretary of state, and member of parliament for Tamworth. He was well known in the literary and fashionable circles of his day, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of the original members of Johnson's Literary Club, founded in 1764, the others being Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, and Sir John Hawkins. We find another of the family associated with Manners Sutton, archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Ellenborough, and Bishop Magendie; and this gentleman's son filled some of the most prominent situations in the civil service of the East India Company at Madras, and after his return to London, became treasurer of St. George's Hospital, and died in Park Crescent, at the age of seventy-five, in 1831. One of his sons, Frederick Chamier, was a commander in the British navy, the writer of a series of popular nautical

novels, also of a continuation of 'James's Naval History, to the battle of Navarino,' as well as of a 'Review of the French Revolution of 1848.' His brother, the Rev. William Chamier, is now minister of the English Episcopal Church in Paris. We need not enter into further family details, but we have traced with much interest the fortunes of a family 'descended from one of those indomitable opponents of the Church of Rome, whose deep learning and fiery zeal kept alive in the south of France the spirit of the Reformed Church at a time when the avowed dislike of the sovereign, Henry of Navarre, to several of its leaders, and his treachery to the Church itself, aided by the machinations of the Jesuits, and (it must be confessed) the violent bearing of some of its own ministers, had well nigh deprived it of those privileges and immunities which had been conceded in the Edict of Nantes.'

The Claims of Truth and of Unity considered, in a 'Charge' delivered by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Parker, 1852.

It is now some years since, in reviewing Archbishop Whately's two 'Essays on the Kingdom of Christ,' we had to notice the anomalous and perplexing position which that acute and liberal man occupied as a prelate in the Anglican Church, and especially in that objectionable and offensive department of it, the Established Church of Ireland. The 'Charge' before us calls our recollections back to the remarks we then made, and seems to stamp upon them a kind of verification. For example, on the first page of this 'Charge,' his Grace notifies the subject of his preliminary remarks—'*No effectual legislative protection for religion.*' We heartily acquiesce in this principle, to which Dr. Whately was, doubtless, led, as much by his logical as by his historical studies. How comes it, then, that he himself is a legislator in sole virtue of his being a prelate, and for the very purpose of affording legislative protection to religion, and no other?

The Archbishop's next object is to declare and account for 'the stationary, or even receding condition of the Reformation for nearly three centuries.' Among the causes of this phenomenon, he alludes to some having reference to particular times and localities, to contentions among Protestants, and other considerations, in the treatment of which he is, as if unconsciously, led to expose the fact, that a coercive legislation on religious matters, so far from having the advantage of securing uniformity of faith, has only the pernicious disadvantage of creating a hypocritical, and, therefore, a criminal profession of conformity. Yet this writer, we repeat, is one of the highest dignitaries of our coercive church. But for his position, it would seem marvellous that he should have omitted to mention, as obstructing the advance of protestantism, that the Reformed Church retained that controlling protection of the state which had occasioned half the horrors of the papal domination.

His Grace commits another and similar inconsistency in defending the Roman Catholic from the charge of surrendering his private judgment to the church or priest, to whose *dicta* he passively resigns his soul; inasmuch as he has primarily exercised that judgment upon the *validity* of the

sovereign claims of that church or priest. 'To speak,' says he, 'of such a person as indifferent about truth would be not only uncharitable, but also as unreasonable as to suppose a man indifferent about his health or about his property, because, distrusting his own judgment on points of medicine or of law, he places himself under the direction of those whom he has judged to be the most trustworthy physician and lawyer.' Now, if God speaks to us in revelation, treats us in providence, and deals with us in judgment, through our professional advisers, this is an admirable specimen of 'Whately's Logic;' but if religion is a personal thing, and individual responsibility a fact, the case is, we opine, rather different;—and the Archbishop must elect his alternative.

We could continue this style of exposure, did our space permit, throughout the successive topics of this 'Charge,' and should be glad to dwell especially upon two dissertations which one might be forgiven for suspecting to have been treacherously directed against the foundations of the Established Church. These will be sufficiently understood by their titles; the one being headed—'The Adherents of a Party are Deprived of the Character of Witnesses,' and the other, 'Definiteness of Object essential to the Utility of Associations.' How the enunciation of such views can benefit a church of 'shreds and patches' it is hard to see. His Grace's logic is as perfect as his style is lucid; but it seems calculated to act upon his church as Juvenal represents the roots of trees to act upon the sepulchral monuments they were planted to protect, reducing the memorials themselves to destruction and oblivion.

Letters from Italy and Vienna. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1852.

THESE letters, dated in the spring of last year, are anonymous. They have the freshness of being written on the spots described, and are characterized by vivid perception, cultivated taste, an amiable spirit of liberal Church of England protestantism, and a strong view of good sense. While reading them, we have been unavoidably reminded of Charles Dickens's 'Pictures from Italy,' generally in the way of resemblance, occasionally in the way of contrast. The writer sometimes refers to that volume with assent to its statements, but in one instance for the purpose of correction in a point of slight importance. We do not regret that the English traveller, while free from bigotry towards Roman Catholics, so frequently makes a passing observation on the *contrasts* between Romanism and the gospel; and we are not disposed, because extreme Protestants ourselves, to find fault with his testimony in favour of the general morality of the priests at Rome, while, at the same time, confirming the experience of other travellers by gently condemning the dishonesty and falsehood of the Italian people, as compared with others, 'in the transactions of vulgar life.' In the quietest descriptions of Italian sight-seeing, the reader is now delighted with sparkling wit, and now led to thought by some unexpected, yet natural and serious reflection, on the disagreeable national peculiarities. These suggestions are not the less valuable from their association with stories which are rich and *piquant* in most laughter-provoking drollery. Those who have read most about Italy, and even some who have long sojourned in that 'peninsula of wonders,' will probably

atrocious doings of the papal church. Even paganism has been exceeded by catholic Rome, as the valleys of Piedmont and the fair fields and fastnesses of Languedoc testify. The work before us details a series of enterprises, by which the dark policy of Louis XIV., prompted by Bossuet and the Jesuits, sought the extirpation of the Protestant faith. Their churches were razed to the ground, their property pillaged, their dwellings burnt, their wives and daughters insulted, and they themselves driven into exile, doomed to the galleys, or broken on the rack. The work of extermination was carried on to a terrible extent, and the foulest passions of the human heart were freely indulged. The heroism of the Huguenots almost surpasses belief. Deprived of their natural leaders, they stood at bay, chose officers from amongst themselves, and for several years held the Marshals of the 'Grand Monarque' in check. Unhappily, their own character greatly suffered by the scenes through which they passed. The sheep were turned into wolves, fanaticism in its wildest and fiercest mood shaped their policy, and frequently prompted to deeds of blood. Oppression makes a wise man mad. We need not, therefore, wonder at the shepherds of Languedoc emulating the cruelty and treading in the steps of their persecutors. M. Peyrat's work is not written in the style of English history. It is deficient in discrimination and reflection, does not sufficiently distinguish between the true and the questionable, and leaves the reader sometimes in doubt respecting the view that is entertained of the actions recorded. It is a series of rapid sketches, portraying the chief incidents of the strife, rather than a luminous exhibition of the principles involved and the terrible calamity endured. Notwithstanding this, however, the work will be read with much interest, and conveys an instructive though mournful moral respecting the evils of intolerance on the one hand, and of popular fanaticism on the other.

The Head and the Heart enlisted against Popery, under the Banner of Christian Truth. A Prize Essay designed for Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS little volume, apparently the production of a lady, is the fruit of much reading and observation, and most happily fitted 'to arrest the attention, and instruct and fortify the minds of Sunday School Teachers and Scholars.' We do not remember to have seen the unscriptural features of the Church of Rome portrayed with equal intelligence, fidelity, and perspicuousness within such brief limits. To many others, besides the classes for whom it is immediately intended, we can sincerely say, Read these pages, and neither your 'head' nor your 'heart' will hesitate to range under the 'banner' which is here unfurled. The arrangement is skilful, and the illustrations are pertinent and lively.

The Economy of Prayer; its Principle, Practice, and Result: deduced from the 'Lord's Prayer.' By Joseph Ede. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1851.

A SWEET companion for the closet of the devout, for which, in the most sacred moments, the reader will give thanks.

Memoir of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, late Rector of Walton, Herts.
By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. Second Edition. London: Seeleys. 1852.

NONE can read this ably written Memoir without the highest order of instruction and refreshment. It delineates the character of one of the most beloved of men, who maintained an eminent spirituality with rare practical sagacity and benevolent activity. Differing widely as we do both from Mr. Bickersteth and his biographer in ecclesiastical questions, and in some points of Christian doctrine, and entertaining our own views of the *comparative* excellencies of the particular type of character to which the late rector of Walton belonged, we can assure our readers that in these volumes they will find much to admire, and more to love. The earlier portions are highly instructive to parents; and they present a fine model for young men employed in offices and chambers. Much of the calmness and real power of Mr. Bickersteth's influence was secured by the habit, commenced while young and carried on through life, of acting by method, and faithfully reviewing his course. We have seldom read so well-written a biography, or one which so well deserved to be written in the best manner. The last chapter, headed 'Last Illness and Death,' is a lovely picture of an English Christian family watching the departure of its revered head into the world of spirits. We greatly admire the modest and chaste simplicity with which the character of Mr. Bickersteth is summed up, and the faithfulness of the biographer to his last injunction—'Let it be made clear that my only ground of confidence is the Lord Jesus Christ—Christ first, Christ last, Christ all in all'—words of deep significance as the dying wish of one who knew so well what they meant, and who himself meant so much by using them.

The Ragged School Union Magazine, Vol. III. London:
Partridge and Oakey.

THIS magazine is one of the most truly noble monuments of wise and practical philanthropy of which our country can boast. We rejoice to observe that at the close of last year there were, in London alone, 102 schools, having under instruction 10,861 Sunday scholars, 6021 week-day scholars, 5572 in evening classes, 2062 in industrial classes: instructed by 1341 voluntary and 180 paid teachers, and having room for 17,010 scholars. The increase in five years has been most remarkable—from 20 schools, 200 teachers, and 200 children, to the large number we have just stated. Nearly 400 boys and girls have emigrated, and accounts of the most satisfactory kind have been received of their proceedings in the colonies. Many other efficient provisions for destitute children have sprung from this institution. Similar schools and unions abound in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and most of our large cities and towns. We sincerely hope that this publication, which is full of interest to the Christian and humane, will be so encouraged as not only to defray its own expenses, but to leave a surplus for the funds of the union in its self-denying labours. It is conducted in a very able manner, and we most cheerfully give it our best commendation.

The Gospel and the Great Apostacy; or, Popery contrasted with pure Christianity, in the Light of History and Scripture: especially with reference to its present character and pretensions. Prize Essay. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS essay is well fitted to answer the design of the Society by which it is published. The arrangement is skilful; the tone calm, sober, and serious; and it differs advantageously from many publications on the same side of the grand controversy, by promoting 'self-reflection as to the extent in which we may be entangled in these errors.' The writer analyzes and defines Popery with care; intelligently traces its historical origin; lucidly states the conditions of the argument between Popery and pure Christianity; ably refutes the main errors of the Roman Church; denounces its maxims and practices as opposed to the moral law; and portrays its character and its doom in the language of inspired prophets. His positions are ably maintained and supported, both by texts of Scripture and by passages in the original languages from historical authorities. The work is written in a plain perspicuous style, and forms an admirable guide for those who desire to have at hand a compendious, simple, and trustworthy manual of Protestant principles.

Divine Mercy; or, the Riches of Pardoning and Paternal Love. By John Cox. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Ward and Co.

A SCRIPTURAL elucidation of the most attractive of all themes, within the range of ordinary minds, and well adapted to general usefulness.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated in the Metre of the Original. By the Rev. Charles Lessingham Smith, M.A., late Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer of Christ College, Cambridge. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

THE admirers of Tasso will be glad to possess this skilful translation of his immortal poem in the metre of the original. The translator mentions 'Hoole and his Successors,' and renders full justice to the 'ancient structure,' and spirited and easy versification of Fairfax as a work never likely to vanish from English literature. That version, which Dryden pronounced superior in harmony to Spenser, and which Waller studied for its melodious numbers, was republished with a life of Tasso, and likewise a life of Fairfax, some years ago. Since that time, an elegant version in English Spenserian verse has been produced by Mr. Wiffen, librarian to the Duke of Bedford, of which Mr. Smith, in his preface, makes no mention. We regret the absence of a biography of Tasso, of notes, and of an index. The attempt of the translator to give the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' in Tasso's metre, and in such language as the great Italian poet would have used had he been writing English, appears to us to be justified by success. The verses flow on with easy music in harmonious numbers, and in gracefully selected words, sufficiently modern to forego the need of a glossary, yet tinged with as much of the antique as well beseems so old a poem.

The Shrines and Sepulchres of the Old and New World: Records of Pilgrimages in Many Lands, and Researches connected with the Histories of Places remarkable for Memorials of the Dead, or Monuments of a Sacred Character; including Notices of the Funeral Customs of the Principal Nations, Ancient and Modern. By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. In two volumes. London: Newby. 1851.

HOWEVER funereal the title of these volumes, the author's intention is not to minister to a morbid melancholy, but, by bringing together the sepulchral rites of various nations, to make literature the vehicle of wholesome thoughts amid the absorbing cares which are too continuously bowing down men's hearts beneath the load of material and momentary interests in their hasty journey to the grave. He has yielded to 'the propensities of early life for ramblings among tombs and ruins, indulged in later years in wanderings of a wider range, and with ampler opportunities for making researches of this kind than fall to the lot of the generality of men to do.' The qualifications which he is conscious of bringing to this work may be said to end there. The book is badly arranged, and the composition is worse than the arrangement. As a compilation of extracts, it evinces some diligence but not much judgment, and more supersitition than good taste. It is, perhaps, not unnatural in a gentleman of the author's country and religious profession to believe the trumpery which he sets forth in these volumes as authentic history, to trifle with the masculine free spirit of the British nation as though it were a mere party prejudice, to bewail the departure of mediæval reverences for the dead, and to hope for the revival of such obsolete modes of honouring virtue and religion. It is too late. The institutions, creeds, ceremonies, and priesthoods of superstition have passed away, and are passing away. It is a vain thing to enshrine *their* memory, to adorn *their* sepulchres. The world will forget them as it becomes wiser, or look upon them as the fallen leaves which prepare the soil for healthier growths. It is with men's works, and not with their graves, that enlightened humanity will sympathize; with the immortal, rather than the mortal; with the spiritual in preference to the picturesque; not with dust, and tombs, and epitaphs, but with souls, and principles, and deeds that cannot perish.

Bible Fruit for Little Children; gathered by the Rev. E. Mannering. London: J. Snow.

AN excellent little book, intended for those who are *beginning* to think, and admirably suited for their instruction. The lovely spirit of the Christian parent breathes in every page, while the elements of true wisdom are ministered in their simplest and most intelligible form.

Louisa. From the German of Voss. By James Cochrane, translator of 'Herman and Dorothea,' from the German of Goethe. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: Theobald. 1852.

A PLEASING translation of a charming poem universally admired in Germany.

The Tagus and the Tiber; or, Notes of Travel in Portugal, Spain, and Italy, in 1850—1. By William Edward Baxter. In two volumes. London: Bentley. 1852.

MR. BAXTER is an experienced traveller and writer of travels. Two years ago he published his 'Impressions of Central and Southern Europe,' and now he has improved the leisure hours of winter evenings in embodying the recollections of another long journey. The variety of the scenes—the graphic descriptions—the lively anecdotes—the acute and just observations which fill these volumes render them very attractive; and the social and political reflections contained in the last six chapters on the Papal Territories, the Political Condition of Italy, the Political Influence of Roman Catholicism, The Land Question at Home and Abroad, and on the Education of the People, make them as practically instructive as they are rationally entertaining. We can readily forgive a little occasional fine writing in volumes with which we have been so much pleased and instructed. We hope they will be widely circulated.

Discourses on Some of the Most Difficult Texts of Scripture. By the Rev. James Cochrane, A.M., &c. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

WE are far from thinking that all Mr. Cochrane's explanations are the best that could be given; most of them are mere reiterations of the usual arguments on behalf of the rigid Calvinism of the Westminster Confession. In the last three discourses, there is an oversight of the particular kind of sin declared to be unpardonable—blasphemy—which, if examined, would have prevented much commonplace obscurity and unsatisfactory exposition. Those who desire a critical, exegetical, and independent discussion of the difficulties surrounding the texts on which the discourses of this volume are based, must seek them elsewhere. For popular preaching, especially in Scotland, these discourses are fair specimens of the mode in which such matters are dealt with, and they will, on the whole, be edifying to a large class of readers.

A Dictionary of the French and English Languages. In Two Parts. I. French-English.—II. English-French. With a Vocabulary of Proper Names, for the Use of Schools and for General Reference. By Gabriel Surenne, F.A.S.E., &c. &c. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

A GOOD companion, not only to the student, but to the traveller in France.

Poems illustrative of Grace, Creation, Suffering. By the Rev. Richard Sinclair Brooke, A.B. Dublin: McGlashan. London: Seeleys. 1852.

THESE poems are of varied merit, yet all imbued with a cultivated taste, and many of them animated by a fine national spirit. They exhibit traces of delicate observation, tender sentiment, felicitous command of language, and a healthy tone of religious feeling, without any tinge of sectarian bigotry.

A Vindication of the Church of England, in reply to the Right Hon. Viscount Fielding, on his recent secession to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, author of 'The Verities of the Church,' &c. London: Rivington. 1851.

AN able vindication of what is true, somewhat enfeebled, in our eyes, by a vein of theological error, which is one of the surest tendencies towards the Church to which Lord Fielding has seceded. Let our readers judge by such sentences as the following:—'The vicegerent of Christ is the Holy Ghost, *sacramentally* given—first, in holy baptism, once for all, for justification from original sin, through the blood of Christ; secondly, as a perpetual fount of remission of personal sin and renewal of life in the Holy Eucharist.' 'The ecclesiastical, or outward Church, consists of all persons *rightly baptized*, holding the apostolical Scriptures for the canon of faith, and living under the sacramental ministrations of the apostolic succession.'! With the exception of these notions—common to the Church of England with the Church of Rome—we are bound to speak with commendation of this volume, as ably sustaining, in the way of *argumentum ad hominem*, the superior claims of the Church of England. The author avowedly treats this question 'entirely in an ecclesiastical point of view,' in a calm, courteous, and respectful tone, which we cannot but admire.

Analysis and Critical Interpretation of the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis, preceded by a Hebrew Grammar, and Dissertations on the genuineness of the Pentateuch and on the Structure of the Hebrew Language, By the Rev. William Paul, A.M., Minister of Banchory Devenick, N. B. London and Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 1852.

THIS beautifully printed volume has received our most careful attention. It is a great improvement on Robertson's 'Clavis Pentateuchi,' and constructed on the same plan with Bythner's 'Lyra Davideis.' It will be found very helpful to the student of the Hebrew Scripture, especially to such as do not enjoy the instructions of a living teacher. The grammar is based on that of Dr. Lee. The Dissertations prefixed are much more satisfactory, both in their spirit and in their conclusions, than many of the same order exhibiting a greater parade of scholarship. We shall be glad if this brief notice, which is all that we have room for, should secure for it the attention it so well deserves from Christian ministers of all denominations, on whom we shall not cease to urge, as is our wont, the earnest prosecution of these strictly Biblical studies.

A Latin Grammar, containing: Part I, The Eaton Grammar, revised and corrected. Part II. A Second or Larger Grammar in English, for the Higher Classes in Schools, &c. By the Rev. J. T. White, A.M. of C.C., Oxford, &c. London: Longmans. 1852.

MR. WHITE is the Junior Upper Master of Christ's Hospital, London, and favourably known as the able editor of Xenophon's 'Anabasis,' and other classical books. We could scarcely desire a more complete grammar for the work of teaching, or of private study, than the one now before us. The Syntax and the Prosody are both remarkably clear and full.

Healthy Religion Exemplified in the Life of the late Mr. Andrew Jack, of Edinburgh. A Memoir. By the Rev. Peter Lorimer, Professor of Theology and Biblical Literature in the English Presbyterian College, London. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1852.

PROFESSOR LORIMER has rendered good service to young men engaged in business by this simple and well-written memoir of a Christian tradesman. As a truthful history, combining good taste and practical sense with a healthful glow of manly devotion, we are not afraid of saying more than is due when we express our wish that it were in the hands of every tradesman in the empire. There are many Christian employers, we trust, whom our recommendation may induce to distribute it largely among the class of readers for whose best welfare they feel the most conscientious interest.

The Pope's Supremacy a Thing of Priestcraft, alike Unwarranted by Holy Scripture or Tradition. Being a Compendious Refutation of the Arguments by which Modern Romanists attempt to support Papal Usurpation. By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Bosworth. 1852.

A FRENCH Abbé has published two pamphlets for circulation among Protestants, on 'The Pope and the Holy Scriptures,' and 'The Pope and the Primitive Church.' With these pamphlets Mr. Collette ably maintains the conflict which he began in a private correspondence with the writer, which he has here published. We have on a former occasion done justice to Mr. Collette's 'Romanism in England,' and we have no hesitation in commending the pamphlet now under review as cutting from under the feet of the Romanist the whole ground on which he rests his system. We should be happy in promoting its wide diffusion through our country, as singularly well adapted to expose the hollowness of the Papal pretensions.

The Origin and Progress of Book-keeping; comprising an account of all the works on the subject published in the English language from 1543 to 1825, with Remarks Critical and Historical. By B. F. Foster. London: Law; Aylott and Jones; Vandenberg. 1852.

FROM the collection of variously-coloured pebbles and shells, the notches in rods or canes, knotted strings, *tallies*, scoring presents, we have the words *calculate*, *tally*, *score*, still used in modern accounts. The Italians introduced the Indian notations and the denary numbers, and the system which bears their name. The first treatise on the subject of book-keeping was by an excellent old monk, Lucas Paccoli, in Venice, at a period when the fame of her princely merchants was such that it had become a common saying that 'it required more points to make a good merchant than to make a good doctor of laws?' This was in 1494. In 1531, John Gottlieb published the first *German* treatise on book-keeping at Nuremburg. In 1602, Simon Stevin published, in the French language, his celebrated work on the application of the system of double-entry to the national accounts. The title of the first English book on the *Italian method*, in 1543, was as follows:—'A profitable treatyce, called the instrument or booke to learn to

knowe the good order of the keypyng of the famous reconyng, called in Latin, *Dare et Habere*, and in Englyshe, Debitor and Creditor, by Hugh Oldcastle.' This was followed by Peele, Mellis, Dafforne of Northampton, Collins, Monteage, Clark (a merchant), Fenning, Jones of Bristol, Fulton of Calcutta, Isler, and 159 works on English book-keeping in the English language, ending with Mr. Foster's 'Double Entry Elucidated,' which has received the warmest commendations of the commercial and literary press.

On the State of Man subsequent to the Promulgation of Christianity.
 Small Books on Great Subjects. Edited by a Few Well-Wishers to Knowledge. London: Pickering. 1852.

THE object of these treatises is to portray the state of society in Europe consequent upon the introduction of the Christian faith. It is partly civil and partly ecclesiastical. The anonymous writer is evidently a person of respectable learning, of a candid temper, and philosophical habits, and fully alive to the perversions of sacred truth which mingled at an early period with the doctrines and practices of the Christian Church; at the same time he traces with a cautious and wisely-guided hand the slow disappearance of oppression, cruelty, and the barbarities of war before the progress of Christianity, notwithstanding the reaction of old philosophies, national faults, and the infinite varieties of selfish motives by which its profession was corrupted. With quiet thoughtfulness, and in a gentle flow of elegant diction, he paints the scenes of former times in colours drawn from original sources, often translating largely from the oldest writers. There is a studious, and, we think, successful, avoidance of party bias and theological controversy. Three Parts of the work only have been published, and the author, who has 'written in the solitude of a sick chamber,' has been compelled by exhaustion to take rest for awhile, 'but hopes, if his health permit, to bring out another Part in the spring of next year.' We shall be glad to learn that he has been spared and strengthened to complete his design. The reader will find in his production the results of much investigation exhibited in a manner which is brief but not superficial; 'without rancour, and without favour.'

The Channel Islands; Historical and Legendary Sketches. By C. J. Metcalfe, jun., with Illustrations. Simpkin and Marshall.

'THE Channel Islands, whether we consider the salubrity of their climate, the varied beauties of their scenery, the fertility of their soil, or the important part they have sustained in the history of our country, deserve a better acquaintance, and a higher appreciation, than, from their isolated position, they have hitherto enjoyed.' So writes Mr. Metcalfe in the opening sentence of an instructive preface to this volume of tales in verse; and all Englishmen who have visited those charming islets will concur in his opinion.

The work before us is published by subscription, and its excellent paper and typography, and beautiful vignettes, render it a handsome volume.

The author has evidently been more anxious to keep good faith with his subscribers, than to augment his own profits.

The Channel Islands are rich in traditions. Ten of these Mr. Metcalfe has turned into rhyme. We select a specimen from the last of the ten, relating to St. George's Well, Guernsey. St. George and St. Patrick are said to have met on the spot, and the Irish saint was discussing the means of securing the island for his Irish devotees. The English saint demurred to his right to do so, putting in an equal claim for himself.

'Our claims are equal, do you see!' quoth Patrick.—'Not a bit.
Pray is it not an island, man?' quoth George.—'Well, what of it?'
'Why, *this*, I'm king of Ireland,' quoth Pat, 'and, by that token,
I'm of all isles the patron saint'—was e'er such logic spoken?
'And Ireland is an island sure—God's blessing on it rest!'
'Nor less is England,' cried St. George, 'of which I stand possessed.'
'Sorrow a bit! Your learning you've forgotten, I'm afraid;
'Tis joined to Scotland, sure; and thus a continent 'tis made.'

The debate waxed warm, and threatened to bring into use the 'good broad sword,' when at length, by the suggestion of St. Patrick, the saints decided to act as saints ever should, by each communicating such blessings as he could to the islanders.

'For sure 'twould be a burning shame, nay, more, a crying sin,
For champions of the faith to fight, this *peaceful* isle within.'

To tourists visiting the scenes of these tales, the book may prove an amusing companion. Beyond that extent, we do not think it would be of much interest to our readers.

The Saints our Example. By the author of 'Letters on Happiness.'
London: Longman and Co. 1852.

THE writer of this admirable volume is a lady who has already contributed somewhat largely to public instruction in 'Letters to my Unknown Friends,' 'Discipline,' 'Twelve Years Ago,' 'Letters on Happiness,' and 'Some Passages from Modern History.' In the present work she adapts herself specially to members of the Church of England; but, though this circumstance accounts for occasional expressions that are distasteful to Nonconformists, we should regret that any readers of the 'Eclectic' were, on this account, to deprive themselves of the evangelical teaching, both experimental and practical, with which her pages so pleasingly abound. Her lessons are drawn from the New Testament, the common inheritance of all Christians; and whatever diversity of opinion there may be respecting 'Saints' Days,' there can be none respecting the duty and blessedness of our being daily 'followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' To all who would fulfil this duty, and enjoy this blessedness, amid the distracting controversies, temptations, and struggles of these exciting times, we bear our testimony on behalf of this book as an interesting monitor and a faithful help.

Catharine Sinclair ; or, the Adventures of a Domestic in Search of a Good Mistress. By a Servant of Servants. London: W. Tweedie. 1852.

WRITTEN by an American lady, as a companion to a book she had not seen, but which, perhaps, our lady readers have—‘The Greatest Plague in Life ; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Servant.’ On so really important a question in our domestic economy, as well as on some others, we venture, with becoming diffidence, to invite the attention of our fair friends to this clever little story, written by one of their own sex and condition.

Tyre ; its Rise, Glory, and Desolation. With notices of the Phœnicians generally. London: Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume belongs to the monthly series of the Tract Society, and has been prepared with much diligence and pains-taking research. Materials have been collected from various sources, ancient and modern, and the whole are arranged with skill and discrimination. No fair opportunity of illustrating the sacred writings is neglected, ‘and it has been the aim of the compiler to set forth Tyre and its history as conveying a solemn lesson to those who, in modern times, are busily engaged in the pursuits of industry and commerce.’ The volume is most creditable to the Society, and will amply reward a diligent reader.

Sonnets, written strictly in the Italian style ; to which is prefixed an Essay on Sonnet Writing. By the Rev. William Pulling, M. A., &c. London: J. and J. H. Bohn.

It is, perhaps, a just charge against those who enjoy, as resident members, the emoluments and the learned leisure of our universities that they do not contribute their just proportion to the higher literature of this country. But to this, as to all such general rules, there are happy exceptions ; and one of the most eminent of these is the author of the volume before us. Mr. Pulling, though undistinguished by the accident of church preferment, is a man not only of great moral worth, but of singularly vast and various attainments ; and of his literary reputation it may be said, as of the fame of Marcellus, ‘Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.’ As a linguist, the amount of his learning may well be unknown, inasmuch as there can be but few who are qualified to appreciate it ; but in the volume before us he presents himself in a manner which all cultivated minds can admire and enjoy.

A review of English poetical literature might suggest the notion that our language, with all its acknowledged merits, is not adapted to the sonnet. Indeed, Mr. Macaulay, in criticising these minor productions of Milton, apologises for them as a kind of poetical *memoranda*, and desiderates the ‘hard enamel’ of Petrarch. If anything can redeem our language from this charge, we think that the defence has been successfully achieved by the combination of poetic feeling, and, if so mechanical an expression is admissible, the beautifully dexterous manipulation of Mr. Pulling. A single specimen, inscribed ‘To God,’ will at once illustrate our criticism,

and afford a specimen of the high moral and religious feeling which inspires the whole of this beautiful little volume :—

‘ A HALLOW’D name I wrote upon the sand
Of the sea-marge. Eternal Sire ! ’Twas thine !
And oft I view’d the labour of mine hand,
To see if well were form’d each sacred sign !
Deep all were drawn, and would, I hoped, withstand
The flood returning of the wavy brine ;—
But back it hasted to the bounds of land,
And swept away each trace of my design !
’Tis thus, O heav’nly Father ! on mine heart
Thy finger, as on stone in days of yore,
Inscribeth oft how good and great Thou art :—
But soon life’s billows sweep its tablet o’er :
Then, then all vestiges of Thee depart,
And I am left the ravage to deplore !’

Review of the Month.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT, as it is understood from ministerial organs, will meet for the despatch of business on an early day in November ; though there is just a hope that the event may occur a fortnight or more earlier than that time. It would be rash to predict the party forms into which its heterogeneous elements will crystalize, until those elements are brought into direct combination. It is almost as difficult to forecast the policy of the government. This is walled up within an impenetrable silence, against which all the parties which the public press represents fire their provocations in vain. That the ministry will originate measures to rescind the commercial economy on whose solid surface the names of Peel and Cobden are engraved, is generally regarded as improbable to the last degree. The palmiest days of Sir Robert Peel’s career seem destined to a revival ; and it is not improbable that the Earl of Derby will be the second Nemesis of the inequitable designs of the British agriculturist. Still it becomes the advocates of commercial freedom to maintain a close combination and a constant watch. They have enemies as skilful in insidious strategy as they have heretofore been overwhelming in force of arms. But it is not only economical interests which are now in peril ; it is not to be disguised that we have at present an anti-progressive and anti-national ministry. A Spanish proverb says, ‘ Injure a man, and you will never forgive him,’ and a parity of experience demonstrates that those who have injured a cause with which they have once been associated, regard it ever afterwards with an incurable repugnance. The Prime Minister was a party to the Reform Bill, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer emerged into public

life as an ultra-liberal. It is natural to conclude that they will be most determined enemies of political reform, and that the driblets of it which they will consent to allow will be, as it were, worthless hostages given to the enemy to seduce them to an ignominious peace.

On one point alone the minister has distinctly declared his intention—viz., ‘to maintain the Church of England *in all its integrity*.’ If the corruptions of that church had not been recently proved to be flagrant—if they were merely casual and symptomatic, instead of being essential and vital—such language might be misunderstood. As, however, the case stands, it can only be interpreted as declaring a reckless resolution to perpetuate those corruptions, to reject all the claims of justice, and in this, as in all the more political departments of the administration, to arrest and throw back the shadow on the dial of national progress.

The ordinary dictates of wisdom would seem to prescribe an obvious course to the advocates of political and ecclesiastical reform. We should deprecate a hollow and insubstantial truce. The surrender of principles would be as great a folly now as at any period of less embarrassment and uncertainty. Nevertheless, union is the very secret and essence of our strength. The errors, nay, even the suspected treacheries of the past, should be forgotten. Our safety lies in the combination of an invincible resolution to carry out those measures which constitute the policy of the age, with that candour and moderation of counsel which, without dishonourable compromise, shall secure the embodiment of a phalanx strong enough to hurl from their official seats the obstructors and opponents of the will of the people. In such a cause names need not be mentioned, and personal antipathies should be forgotten. Let it be a battle of principle and not of faction, and we will await the issue with a cheerful confidence.

By the death of the Duke of Wellington, a large amount of patronage has been placed at the disposal of the Premier. Some popular disapprobation was excited by a rumour that the office of Commander-in-Chief would be assigned either to Prince Albert or to the Duke of Cambridge. The acceptance of such a function by the Prince Consort would have been the first false step in his public life, and it is understood, with very general satisfaction, that this important appointment has been conferred upon the veteran general, Viscount Hardinge, an arrangement which suggests a faint, but still cheering, probability, that the department of the Ordnance, over which he has hitherto presided, will hereafter be merged in that of the Commander-in-Chief.

CHANCERY REFORM has been one of the prominent stalking-horses of the Derby administration; and on this, as on most other subjects on which a tangible announcement has leaked out through the doors of the Cabinet, barred and guarded by official reserve, the phenomena are singularly contradictory and puzzling. The Lord Chancellor, stealing, as Mr. Disraeli would say, the clothes of the bathing Whigs, has initiated their project of chancery reform.

The Master’s office, that sepulchre of fortunes and limbo of vain hopes, the purgatory of suitors and the paradise of the bar, has been abolished. The unhappy prisoners of the inquisition of equity have had the crust of theoretic hopes thrown into their dungeon; but the practice of the Government is as inconsistent with this flattering theory as—to take an extreme

illustration—the recent statements of the members of the Government at the hustings. Like the cat transformed in the fable into a bride, Lord St. Leonards is still the cat; and the appointment of Mr. Stuart to the vice-chancellorship, vacated by the premature death of Sir James Parker, declares, louder than words can speak, the *animus* of the Government. Mr. Stuart, eminent, no doubt, as an equity barrister, is chiefly notorious to the public as the passive nominee of the late Duke of Newcastle, who ‘did what he liked with his own,’ and as the determined obstructive of chancery reform. It is difficult to prognosticate the effect (as the lawyers term it) of the Lord Chancellor’s benediction. ‘The voice is Jacob’s, but the hands are Esau’s’; and the chances are, that the patrimony will belong to neither. An honest regard to a righteous and just reformation is not to be expected from men who once bore the name of Sir Edward Burtenshaw Sugden and Edward Geoffrey Stanley.

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN GOVERNMENTS has occasioned much uneasiness, especially to those classes whose commercial interests would suffer from a rupture with our Transatlantic brethren. The facts of the case are simply these. By the terms of a long-standing treaty, the Americans are debarred from taking fish within three miles of the coasts or bays of British North America. This prohibition, according to an undisputed international understanding, withholds them from approaching nearer than a distance of three miles from the two headlands which enclose any of the said bays. This contract the fishing vessels of the United States have long been accustomed to infringe. They have entered the bays of our colonists, and prosecuted their trade as if no such treaty existed. The complaints of our American fellow-subjects have been loud and repeated; and at length the present Government have adopted proceedings at once prompt and menacing; they have not only insisted on the cessation of all infractions of the treaty, but have sent vessels of war to protect the interests of the colonists. These steps greatly irritated some parties in the American Legislature; and although it was impossible to justify their infraction of a binding treaty, it was still feared that a hostile collision might ensue. As Parliament is not sitting, the negotiations which have passed between the two Governments are not before the public. Until lately, however, it has been generally understood that the dispute had been adjusted by a surrender of the rightful claims of the colonists to the sole fishery of their bays, on the condition that they should enjoy a similar privilege along the coasts of the United States. This ostensible compensation is just nominal and valueless;—indeed were it otherwise, the aggressors would have had no temptations to those encroachments which form the ground of the dispute. Meanwhile a memorial of the most urgent description has been addressed to her Majesty from the aggrieved colonists, praying that their rights may be effectually protected, and the provisions of the treaty enforced. Private letters indicate a far greater degree of exasperation than could decently be exhibited in a state paper; and it is now reported that the ‘difficulty,’ as the Americans term it, is as far from a settlement as ever. There is nothing that we should more earnestly deprecate than the interruption of our friendly relations with the United States. As the two great poles of Anglo-Saxon civilization, enterprise, laws, language, and religion, the cordial union of the two countries is as important to their common interests as it is fraught with benefit and

promise to the world at large. In the special contemplation of such interests, the prayer, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' might well become a universal liturgy. At the same time, it is impossible to observe, without great regret, the selfishness and rapacity, which is, we fear, increasingly infecting the national character of the United States. Even the atrocious invasion of Cuba appears to have been only the exponent of a feeling which now extensively prevails in the States; while the unjustifiable breach of faith which occasions our present dispute with them is simultaneous with a claim to the Lobos Islands, only known to the world as the mine of guano, and immemorially the undisputed dependency of Peru—a claim the dishonesty of which is almost forgotten in a sense of its outrageous absurdity. The latest intelligence respecting this dispute is afforded by the 'New York Journal of Commerce,' and is published in the 'Times' of September the 23rd. 'The fact is,' says the American organ, 'that there has been neither settlement, nor arrangement, nor negotiation on the subject, and for the present there is not to be any. The difficulties that at first apparently surrounded the question have disappeared in consequence of a better knowledge on the part of our government of the circumstances of the case. All the misapprehension which existed in this country on the subject of the British orders and pretensions, and all the ill feeling that prevailed in consequence of it, were caused by the blundering manner in which the new British ministry took their measures for the protection of the shore fisheries of the American colonies.'

'The state of the matter is now thus:—No negotiation has been commenced, on either side, on the subject; but on both sides it is promised that, in order to avoid a collision, the greatest degree of caution and forbearance shall be used.'

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA appears, at last, to be approaching its termination. It has constituted only one of many indications of an evil destiny hanging over the connexion between Great Britain and her colonial dependencies; and the mode in which it will be concluded is by no means flattering to the martial pride of this country. The result is not that we have destroyed, or even reduced, the enemy, but that we are resolved, after the experience of a succession of disasters and a large expenditure of national wealth, not to fight any longer. The policy of General Cathcart now is to make the colony self-defensive, to withdraw our troops, and leave the frontier of the colony to be defended by a mounted police. It is obvious that this conclusion might have been arrived at twelve months ago, and the country thus have been spared the sacrifice of about three quarters of a million sterling; but the colonial office seems fated to mistake and failure. One result, however, of this arrangement is matter of congratulation. It must necessarily confer upon the colony the unrestricted right of self-government, and thus a precedent will be established, which we hope to see very extensively followed. Hitherto we have paid very dearly for the right to boast that the sun never sets upon our empire.

THE CASE OF THE REV. ROBERT MOORE serves to perpetuate the universal scandal excited by those recent disclosures of episcopal and capitular malversation brought to light by the report of the ecclesiastical commission, and by the exertions of church reformers in the House of Commons. This gentleman, it appears, has enjoyed an income of

£10,894 6s. 6d. a-year, for the sinecure office of Registrar-General of Wills. This office, to use his own words, is a patent one of great antiquity, which has always been executed by deputy, and the emoluments of which are regulated by act of parliament; and it is now about to be broken up for want of funds to pay the necessary staff. It was the gift of his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will be inherited by one, if not two, gentlemen after his decease, who have had the good fortune of similar parentage. The notoriety of this fact has directed public attention to the other offices held by Mr. Moore. Of these the following is the plethoric catalogue, in so far as it has yet been revealed to the public:—

1. A canon of Canterbury, £1000 a-year, and a share of the patronage of thirty-four livings;
2. The Rector of Hunton, Kent, £763, and a suitable house;
3. The Rector of Latchingdon, £680, and a suitable house;
4. The Rector of Eynesford, Kent, £150, and patronage of living, £410;
5. The Rector of Hollingborne, £55 and fines.

From these purely professional sources, apart from the great sinecure, this gentleman appears to have received a sum of no less than £184,000.

The interest felt in Mr. Moore is perhaps enhanced by the recollection that his brother, the Rev. George Moore, was, till 1846, by gift from the same quarter, Canon of Canterbury (value £1000 a-year, and a share of the patronage of thirty-four livings, held since 1795), Rector and Vicar of Wrotham (value till his death £2061, with suitable house, held since 1800), Vicar of East Peckham (value £750, with suitable house, held since 1805).

The notice bestowed upon this flagrant case by the public press has elicited some similar, but almost incredible facts, with reference to a Mr. John Mott, who appears, from the showing of a correspondent in 'The Times' (Sept. 9), to hold no fewer than thirty-seven offices in ecclesiastical courts, the respective values of which vary from £1123 11s. 10d. per annum, to a small sum. Such a system can never last. It seems as if the Church of England would perish, as an establishment, through the intolerable magnitude of its corruptions.

THE QUESTION OF THE REVIVAL OF CONVOCATION continues to agitate the Church of England, and its interest is sustained by the operations of a society whose sole design is the advocacy of this much-disputed measure. One of their latest publications is now before us,* the design of which is to present in one view the declared opinions of the highest ecclesiastical authorities on this subject. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol announces his conversion to the sentiments of the Convocation party, after years of doubt and mistrust; only proposing one constitutional change. 'I apprehend,' he says, 'that no arrangement of this matter will be satisfactory to the Church as the community, except such as will give a fair representation to the clergy of all the dioceses in England, Wales, and Ireland, to be assembled not in separate synods, but in the same house of convocation.' The Bishop of London adopts a similar course,

* A Catena of Episcopal Authorities on the Synodical Question; or its progress demonstrated by extracts from Charges recently delivered by dignitaries of the Church of England, with notes and observations. London: Rivington.

advocating the restoration of synodical powers, but adding, 'It may be doubted whether the actual constitution of convocation is the best that could be devised.' The Bishop of Oxford follows on the same side, especially urging the importance of the Church speaking for herself, instead of being 'misrepresented by those who seek popularity and power for themselves by assuming the easy and attractive character of reforming churchmen.' The Bishop of Salisbury advocates the same measure, more especially on the ground of those changes in the constitution of the legislature effected by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and removal of the Roman-catholic disabilities, and hazards the preposterous assertion that prior to those acts 'the legislature consisted entirely of members of the Church.' After this, we may, perhaps, find Edward Gibbon in the calendar, and the Earl of Chatham quoted as one of the modern fathers. Those who are only acquainted with the more important writings of the Archbishop of Dublin will probably be surprised to find his Grace not only advocating the restoration of these dangerous powers, but representing himself—though with great modesty—as the long-standing leader of the cause; designating the modern notions as 'views which I had long since advocated in the House year after year, when I stood almost alone. The Bishops of Winchester and Manchester take the opposite side, and the Bishop of St. David's and Archbishop Churton give in their adhesion, the former with some hesitation to this hazardous, but, as we venture to predict, unsuccessful movement. 'So long,' says the bishop, 'as we consider the subject in the abstract, and confine ourselves to the general notion of a representative deliberative assembly, the wish that has been expressed for the revival of such assemblies in the Church seems both natural and reasonable, and it is one from which I cannot withhold my sympathy. The power of deliberating on its own affairs seems inseparable from the very notion of a corporate body which is not a mere machine or passive instrument of a higher will, and therefore most especially to belong of right to a Christian Church.'—'Charge,' p. 52.

THE PROSPECTS OF OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES, and of this country in connexion with them, appear to be daily brightening. The production of gold from Mount Alexander alone is so large as to be scarcely credible. The amount sent to Melbourne for the weeks ending respectively the 11th, 18th, and 25th of June, were 80,000, 91,000, and 105,000 ounces, giving an average of 92,000 ounces, equivalent to £370,000 weekly, or nearly twenty millions sterling per annum! The immense sums thus accruing as the reward of individual enterprise have not only interrupted communication from the colony, by seducing the crews of ships from their duty, but have also created an immense demand for general labour, and proportionately increased the remuneration of the employed of every class. This circumstance has suggested the policy, at once wise and beneficent, of promoting the emigration of our able-bodied, but dependent poor, to a continent blessed with such a variety of natural advantages, and now found to be enriched with such prodigious native resources. After a disgraceful contest, the inhabitants of the metropolitan parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have succeeded in obtaining an extra rate, with the proceeds of which they have initiated an excellent system of pauper emigration. The emigrants comprised twenty-four men, eighteen women, thirteen boys and

girls, and three infants—in all, 58. The tender for conveying them is £15 per adult. Every one will be supplied with an ample outfit. A small sum will be placed in the hands of the captain, to be distributed by way of *honorarium*, and the adults will have £1, and the children 10s. each in their pockets, on their arrival at the colony. This excellent example has just been followed in Ireland, where, from two unions, sixty young women have been shipped for Australia, with a suitable provision for their wants. The records of at least one benevolent society, for the promotion of this object, give us full confidence in the success of the scheme; and not the least interesting case which has been published, is that of a boy from one of the Ragged Schools in the metropolis, who was assisted to emigrate in 1850, who never went to the gold diggings, but who, on the 5th of March, 1852, addressed a letter to his father in England, accompanying a box of gold dust, worth upwards of ninety pounds, and constituting probably only a portion of his savings from the wages of ordinary labour. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of this scheme, both to this country and to that favoured continent which bids fair to become to the southern hemisphere the grand centre of civilization, commerce, and religion.

This state of things, however, is likely to produce some effects upon our own country of a very important kind. It is calculated that no fewer than *three hundred and fifty thousand* individuals emigrated last year from Great Britain and Ireland, and that during the present year no fewer than one hundred thousand have left this country for the gold-fields of Australia alone. It should be borne in mind that a large proportion of these masses belong to our working classes; and not only so, but it is the most industrious, successful, and enterprising of those classes who for the most part have the faith and fortitude to venture on so great a change. That this efflux of population should tell upon the labour market was doubtless expected; and its effects were most distinctly perceived during the late harvest, and are still increasingly felt in the manufacturing interest, as well as by private families in some parts of the country, in the paucity of domestic servants. Yet, simultaneously with this, an increase has occurred in the demand for labour altogether without precedent. That comprehensive measure of commercial policy, in the passing of which, to adopt a parliamentary phraseology, while Colonel Thompson was the direct originator, Cobden and Bright were the mover and seconder, and Sir Robert Peel the representative sovereign, has produced, contrary to the vaticinations of interested parties, a vast increase in the manufactures and exports of this country. That augmentation continues to an extent which seems to constitute it a law, the interruption of which is only threatened either by a reckless spirit of speculation, or by extrinsic events which no human sagacity can prognosticate. The vast increase of our productive power, which has recently been made, is, to all appearance, justifiable on the principles of commercial prudence. In Lancashire and Yorkshire, the districts of which Manchester may be regarded as the capital, the increase of machinery within the last few months amounts to 3717 horse-power, and necessitates the employment of no less than 14,000 additional hands. A single instance has been mentioned in the public prints of a mill for the manufacture of alpaca and similar goods, which covers six

acres of ground, around which the proprietor is building seven hundred cottages for the work people, the whole involving a cost of £500,000. The natural rise of wages consequent on this contemplated increase of production is evidently not the only subject for consideration. Regarded in connexion with the diminished supply of labour occasioned by emigration, it suggests the question,—whence is this deficiency to be made up? This inquiry points attention to our continental neighbours; and it seems probable that as their skilled artisans were formerly driven to our shores by persecution, they will now be invited to them under more benign conditions. Heretofore, under a hard compulsion, they have brought us manufactures which, though not indigenous, the enterprise and ingenuity of the British people have perfected into a staple of national wealth; and now it seems the sign of the times that the influence of an extended emigration, combined with the pacific spirit of the age, will neutralize the isolation of our insular position, and unite us with the continent in those ties which, originating in mutual commercial interests, may bind nations to us in a cordial fraternity.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has troubled society to its depths, has absorbed for a time the attention of the British people, and given a new and unexpected current to the press of Europe. The fall of such a man, the subsidence of such an unexampled multitude of honours without the possibility of transmission, the contrast of individual mortality with an imperishable fame, seems for a moment to suspend the breath of the nation, as the rupture of the last link which connects the calm progress of the present with the stormy history of a past generation. The traditions of our fathers spring into a sort of personal realization; and the tide of history seems to suffer an unnatural ebb, which discloses long-covered spaces, and to bring us face to face with events which transpired before we had an existence. The associate of Pitt, the companion-in-arms of Nelson, the counsellor of departed monarchs and of senates now almost historical, has at length, in the fulness of age and of honour, submitted to the common lot. In this event men of all parties must find much to occasion at once a respectful remembrance and a candid forgetfulness. The Duke, like all great men, was created by his age; but the age which created him was a very different one from that which has witnessed the close of his astonishing career: and amidst the doubtful glory of a thousand victories, and the opulence of honours reaped as a harvest grown on the very heights of civilized Europe, perhaps his most lasting distinction will be that he grew with time, and that a nature plastic enough to be moulded by the pressure of successive events adapted itself, to the last, to a condition of things the most opposite to that which surrounded him in the rigid resolution of his youth. With native aristocratic tendencies, which no less than his constitutional temperament led him far towards absolutism, he accepted the Reform Bill, emancipated the Catholics, and liberated the commerce of his country. A Spartan in his native manners, he was the dignified Athenian of polished society; a soldier almost by birth, he was the head of one of the most celebrated universities in the world; and when the ermine of nobility covered the epaulettes of the warrior and the orders of the hero, it was hard to say which was the more becoming decoration. He furnished a striking exception to the roll cited by Juvenal as illustrations of the misfortunes of longevity, inasmuch as the

only diminution of his greatness is the humiliation of the grave. Thus much may justly be said, without a fulsome panegyric, of a man from many of whose principles we widely dissent, and on much of whose career we look with pensive regret. We could desire, if it were not a vain wish, that the posthumous honours which will crown the course and the name of Wellington might take the character of the present, and catch the rays of the future, rather than reflect the lights and the shadows of the past. In so far as the Duke of Wellington has been a faithful servant of the people and a loyal subject of the Crown; in so far as he has sacrificed irrational predilections to the cause of progress and the mandates of a nation's will; in so far as he has curbed an instinctive impetuosity beneath the dictates of patriotism and political justice; in so far as he has healed divisions and soothed the animosities of party, let him have all the laurels of honour which can spring up over his tomb, watered by the tears of a nation's gratitude. But for the sake of peace and progress, and in the name of religion and humanity, let us not disentomb the ashes of Waterloo, the carnage of the Peninsula, and the Ganges of blood which in India satiated the Moloch of war. Let his military fame be the immortality of a lasting regret; and let it be the best consolation of our sorrow for his death, that he has lived long enough almost to forget the exploits which constitute the substance of his glory.

We cannot dismiss this topic without a reference to the conduct of the Queen in connexion with this event. On hearing of it her Majesty, and her family and household, in their privacy at Balmoral, immediately paid those outward tokens of respect for the memory of the Duke of Wellington which, in courts, are usually reserved for royalty alone. At the same time she signified through her prime minister her desire that public honours should be paid to the deceased; but that the interment should be postponed until after the meeting of parliament, in order that the representatives of the people might determine the mode of paying due respect to the ashes of the great Commander, and that those honours might be the expression of the mind of the British nation, and not the dictate of personal, though royal, partiality. Her Majesty has subsequently issued the following general order, to be read at the head of every regiment in the British army —

‘The Queen feels assured that the army will participate in the deep grief with which her Majesty has received the intelligence of the irreparable loss sustained by herself and by the country, in the sudden death of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

‘In him her Majesty has to deplore a firm supporter of her throne, a faithful, wise, and devoted counsellor, and a valued and honoured friend.

‘In him the army will lament the loss of a commander-in-chief unequalled for the brilliancy, the magnitude, and the success of his military achievements, but hardly less distinguished for the indefatigable and earnest zeal with which, in times of peace, he laboured to maintain the efficiency and promote the interests of that army which he had so often led to victory.

‘The discipline which he exacted from others, as the main foundation of the military character, he sternly imposed upon himself; and the Queen desires to impress upon the army that the greatest Commander whom England ever saw has left an example for the imitation of every soldier,

in taking as his guiding principle, in every relation of life, an energetic and unhesitating obedience to the call of duty.'

Such graceful regard to the memory of a meritorious public servant, and such equally graceful consideration of the claims of the parliament and the people, deserve the tribute of public respect, and are more calculated to secure the integrity and permanence of our monarchical institutions than all the pomp of regal state and all the array of imperial power.*

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Romanism an Apostate Church. By Non-Clericus.

The Twin Pupils; or, Education at Home. A Tale Addressed to the Young. By Ann Thomson Gray.

Earlswood; or, Lights and Shadows of the Anglican Church. A Tale for the Times and All Time. By Charlotte Auley.

The Three Colonies of Australia—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia—their Pastures, Copper Mines, and Gold Fields. By Samuel Sidney.

The Israel of the Alps. A History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses. Translated from the French of the Rev. Dr. Alexis Muston.

Pastoral Theology; the Theory of a Gospel Ministry. By A. Vinet. Translated from the French.

Political Tracts for the Times. No. 1. The Fall of the Great Factions By Vindex.

A Guide to the Knowledge of the Heavens. Designed for the Use of Schools and Families. By Robert James Mann, M.R.C.S.C., &c.

The Pictorial Family Bible. With Copious Original Notes. By John Kitto, D.D. Part XXX.

The Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Poets, Philosophers, &c. &c. With Biographies. Part IX.

Bible Exercises; or, Scripture References for Schools and Families. By Miss Ann.

The Treasure-Seeker's Daughter. A Tale of the Days of James the First. By Hannah Lawrance.

The Free Schools of Worcestershire. With a Statistical Chart of their Scholars, Revenues, and Privileges. By George Griffiths. Nos. 5 and 6.

The Curse of Christendom; or, the System of Popery Exhibited and Exposed. By the Rev. John Baxter Pike.

The Union Harmonist. A Selection of Sacred Music, consisting of Original and Standard Pieces, Anthems, &c. Arranged by Thomas Clark, of Canterbury.

Poems. By Henry Hogg.

Dublin; an Historical Sketch of Ireland's Metropolis. Monthly Series of Religious Tract Society.

Lives of the Popes from the Dawn of the Reformation to the Romanist Reaction, A.D. 1431—1605. Part III.

* The Messrs. Longman have reprinted, 'by permission,' the admirable memoir of the Duke which appeared in the 'Times' of September 15th and 16th. It forms Part xxxi. of 'The Traveller's Library,' and cannot fail to have—what it richly merits—a wide circulation.

THE
Eclectic Review.

NOVEMBER, 1852.

ART. I.—*Report of the Commissioners on the British Museum.* Ordered by the House of Commons. 1851.

2. *British Museum. Index to Report and Evidence.*

3. *The Athenæum, June 15th, July 17th, 1852.*

4. *Estimates and Civil Services, 1853. Education, Science, and Art.*

5. *Report of the Select Committee on the National Gallery.*

6. *Correspondence of the Architect and Officers of the British Museum with the Treasury.*

THEY who are opposed to all improvement because it is innovation, persuade many weak minds into the belief that liberal reformers would reduce every institution and every order of society to one dead blank, and vulgar level. A monotonous and barren desert spreads before them, as a realization of the ‘Radical’ ideal—all elegance, all learning, all poetry excluded from view, that laws may be given by the talented, obtrusive tribunes of the mob, and that illiterate fustian may rule with supremacy over our national affairs. Such a picture was elaborately and vividly painted by Sir Robert Peel when he gave his last vote, as his first was given, in opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832. All that made power gentle, and obedience liberal, all that harmonized by a bland assimilation the gradations of society; all that incorporated into politics the virtues of private life,—all this was to be destroyed, and more than this, the cultivation of letters and the encouragement of art would no more be the adorning graces of the state. Sculptor,

painter, and poet were to diminish into insignificance behind traders and spinners, while educated men would lament in vain the refinement and polish which in the age of GEORGIUS REX distinguished the Corinthian orders of English society.

The prescience of the statesman failed him then, as frequently at other times. Our manners and our tastes have not been corrupted by the purification of our institutions. We have not become entirely sordid through ceasing to be comparatively slaves. We are partially free from the polluting influences of the last century, without losing all appreciation of the grand and beautiful in the natural or in the moral world. So far, indeed, has the success of popular government been from vulgarizing the national sentiments, or debasing the educated orders of society, that there is now in this country a finer and a more general perception of the brilliant and noble in art and literature than there was at any period between the Revolution and the Reform Bill. Legislators elected by the people have deliberated for the people. Picture-galleries, museums, and public libraries are now far more numerous, and more likely to be multiplied than they ever were before. We have discovered that, to promote good order, to increase the respectability of the working classes and the morality of great cities, we must provide for them the means of rational amusement and useful information. By this we aid, instead of superseding, higher and more effectual plans of education, and by this we soften and elevate the people at once, by influences more powerful as well as more kindly than laws.

The thickening population of London, perpetually traversed by currents from all the provinces of the empire, possesses few resources of this kind. Its public galleries are few, and the collections of individuals are open to a very limited number of persons. Annual exhibitions there are, but these are implacably 'genteel,' while the rooms of all our societies are barred by the rules of stern exclusion. For London, therefore, there are only the five chambers in Trafalgar-square and the British Museum. It is, consequently, important that our two public institutions should be rendered as valuable to the country, and as worthy of it as possible. They are not so at present. The one is in a state of chaos, the other is an absolute disgrace. Both, however, since the reports of the committee, the able articles in the 'Athenæum,' and some discussions in the legislature, have been brought before the country, which will probably next session be required to decide upon some interesting questions connected with them.

We all know that the British Museum originated in the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who, in 1753, bequeathed his collection to

the country. Next year Montague House, in Great Russell-street, was purchased and fitted up for its reception, and by 1759 the objects in art, antiquity, and science, were stored in it. These were followed by the Harleian and Cottonian libraries, and Montague House became speedily the richest cabinet in the empire. When, however, in 1801, the spoils of Egypt arrived, the floor of a private dwelling was found not massive enough to sustain their weight. It was then determined to enlarge the buildings, and the addition of the Townley marbles gave development to the plan which parliament had in view. From that to the present period, constant improvements have taken place, and now we certainly possess a spacious structure with a stately façade, which we may point to without shame as the British Museum.

The country, however, has not consented to so large an expenditure from its funds to endow this noble collection, without acquiring a right to insist on a careful and judicious disposal of the immense resources placed at the command of the trustees. The building of the British Museum has cost since 1828 nearly £700,000, and the expenditure for maintenance and purchases since 1755 has amounted to £1,200,000 sterling. Of this only £345,000 have been laid out in buying new collections. The worth of the contributions, including the great library formed by George III., and professedly given, but in reality sold, by George IV., amounted during the twelve years preceding 1835 to £400,000. The result is, that we are possessed of a national collection unrivalled in variety, extent, and value. There is nothing mean, nothing squalid, nothing of poverty spreading itself out to mimic the appearance of wealth.

In the building itself there is little of which we feel disposed to complain. There may be too much grandeur in the façade in comparison with the humble brick facings of the flank and rear, and the barbarous erections to the right and left may contrast uncouthly with the stately columns and florid entablature of the centre; but the design and proportions of the edifice are fine, and the interior is of corresponding beauty. The entrance-hall, with its trabeated ceiling, its deep coffer, its Doric frets, its brilliant encaustic painting, its shower of golden stars over a ground of deep blue, and its flooring of Portland stone diversified by grey marble diamonds, produces an impression of magnificence upon the mind. As we ascend the wide staircase, between walls of polished red granite and massive balustrades, and as we pass from gallery to chamber, and from floor to floor, we feel no humiliation in the idea that we are in the national depository of antiquity, science, and art. The building, nevertheless, is now far from capacious enough to

contain the immense variety of objects stored up within its walls—seven distinct collections,—printed books, manuscripts, antiquities, drawings and prints, mineralogy, zoology and botany. Since, however, the guardians of the place confessed, when the question of a classified catalogue for the library was discussed, that their science was not quite sure about the proper division into which subjects should be distributed, they appear to be in a similar difficulty in disposing of their mummies, their minerals, their stuffed birds, sarcophagi, torsos, and shells. If this be true, there can be but one reason for it—that the arrangements are not confided to competent men. This, considering the manner in which parliament has provided for the government of the Museum, it would be difficult to believe, if the fact had not been frequently exposed. The control of the place, with the whole property, is vested in forty-eight trustees, one nominated by the crown, twenty-three by virtue of their official station, nine named by the representatives or executors of donors, and fifteen periodically elected. They appoint a committee, and the management of the whole is under close and formal supervision.

Nevertheless, there is not only confusion in the arrangements, but poverty in the various departments of the Museum. There is no collection of British antiquities worth mentioning—and no room for one if we possessed it, though large presentations would undoubtedly be made if accommodation for them were provided. For books, says the ‘Report,’ there are twelve or thirteen chambers, ‘besides cellars.’ And this is a literal truth. What lies choking those cellars we are not so audacious as to guess; but possibly we might build up a new China wall, or fill up the canal of Ku from the buried masses of unexplored erudition lying in those melancholy caverns, level with the more accessible sewers in Russell-square. In the same manner were the Assyrian sculptures exhumed in Nineveh to be interred in London—dug up from the palaces of Asia to be newly entombed in that dark profound of the Museum, where, passing under moist brick arches of most penal aspect, you issue into the softened gloom of a vault, and see the monuments of an antique race, deposited as though the vision of civilization would profane them. To confirm this idea, a coarse wooden barricade protects the marbles from that vulgar curiosity which would ascertain what is engraven on them; and country visitors, after peeping into this hypogæan receptacle of ancient art, return to the light to popularize the idea that Nineveh sculptures exist in the British Museum.

‘It is exceedingly difficult,’ said one of the trustees, in his evidence, ‘to find places for many of the collections that belong

to us.' Another of them tells us, that, in some particulars of its internal arrangements, the building must be looked upon as a warning rather than as a model! In the department of antiquities the light in many rooms is bad, the objects are inconveniently crowded, and the coins and medals are so cribbed for want of space that visitors necessarily interrupt the officers at their work. Obscurity results inevitably from the architectural style of the edifice, and confusion from its being inconveniently full. 'Now,' says a judicious writer in the *Athenæum*, 'it is admitted that our collection of Grecian sculpture is superior to any other in the world; that our Roman collection, though not equal to the former, is still fine; that in Egyptian sculpture we are inferior to none; that we stand high in bronzes, and are good in vases. Surely such treasures deserve a casket to contain and exhibit them, which will not extort criticism like this from the very trustees who have charge of it.'

The print department, which it is recommended to appropriate for the Nineveh marbles, is so confined in space that its contents might as well be in the private keeping of Sir Henry Ellis. The northern galleries of mineralogy, too, are gloomy, and one of them is very small. The arrangement is defective; and an eye of little science can perceive how chaotic is the disposal of specimens. The animal kingdom is better represented, and birds, beasts, and fishes, are more carefully disposed; but it is crowded, ill-lighted, and in some parts ludicrously distributed. 'The botanical collection,' says the writer we have already quoted, 'occupies only two or three rooms, and is not exhibited to the public, nor, indeed, to any one without considerable trouble; and therefore it cannot be classed among the attractions of the Museum. Dried plants, though of great use to the naturalist, are not, and cannot be made, very seductive to the public; and the collection in the Museum, besides being much smaller than the herbaria possessed by several private individuals in this country, is antiquated in its arrangement—although, in a scientific point of view, it possesses a special interest.'

Not a single object in the Museum, much less a whole collection, ought to be in this manner excluded from public view. But this result is inevitable from the crowded and disorganized state of the whole. Coins, gems, and other articles of value are heaped under glass covers where no one can hope to see them; there is no room for the Nimroud monuments; the Roman sculptures remind us of Rome after a visit of the Goths; the British antiquities, few as they are, obscure one another; the Greek, Egyptian, and Etruscan collections, if they are fairly grouped now, cannot be extended; and the Lycian

marbles are most unartistically disposed. Of rich gems we have very few; of coins many, but uncatalogued; the vases are fine, but ill-arranged. To make room for these the resident officers should quit their apartments; even Sir Henry Ellis cannot long be suffered to remain; and certainly the room to the north-west of the Egyptian collection must be appropriated.

The conchological collection in the British Museum is considerable, but inferior, we learn, to that of a private individual in Gower-street. The entomology is fine, and scientifically arranged. There is no purely geological collection—nothing that can be compared with that of the Geological Society. Funds, as well as space, are required for this. The class of birds is a very complete and beautifully ordered department of the natural history collection; but the osteological specimens are exceedingly incomplete.

It is in the department of printed books, however, that we find the most conspicuous anomalies. Here is a collection of about half a million of volumes, consulted by about twenty thousand readers in the course of a year. The average attendance is about two hundred and fifty a day in the summer months, and more than three hundred in the winter. About twelve hundred new cards of admission are granted annually. In 1828, not more than seven hundred and fifty names were on the books. Now there are more than thirty-two thousand, principally of persons who make use of the privilege for a serious purpose. Indeed, there is not perhaps a single man of letters in the country who does not from time to time require to visit this national library.

Beyond all things, therefore, it is important that access to it should be easy, and that the treasures it contains should be available. With regard to access, it is nominally easy enough; and we are not disposed to object to a limitation as to age, though, as Mr. Peter Cunningham suggested, Chatterton, under the existing rule, would have been entirely excluded. However, that may pass. An entrance may be readily obtained, except when, as sometimes has occurred, the librarian's caprice or want of courtesy prevents it. Sir Henry Ellis, in his examination before the Committee, replied to question 323: 'I always make inquiry of the party who comes or writes to me, and if he can get respectably recommended, *even if it is from a tradesman* of the neighbourhood, if I believe the recommender to be a respectable man, I take his recommendation.' When, however, Mr. Weale, the publisher, who had contributed nearly a thousand guineas' worth of books to the library, gave a recommendation for admission to the reading-room to Mr.

Armstrong, the engineer, it was contemptuously refused by Sir Henry Ellis, who dismissed the applicant, saying, 'Weale! publisher! Who is he? We don't like the recommendations of booksellers.' Sir Henry should have remembered that the only 'we' to be consulted was the public; and that he is no more than a servant appointed and paid to fulfil certain duties, and liable to be dismissed for uncivil behaviour. Another incident has fallen within our own knowledge. An English writer, of long-established and general reputation, recommended a French gentleman, who was refused on the ground that he was a foreigner. At the same time it was notorious that scarcely an European nation is not daily represented at those shining black tables where our metropolitan *litterati* digest the accumulated stores which the pens of every country have provided for universal use. In consequence of these circumstances frequently occurring, literary men in general feel that, through some eccentricity of temper in a gentleman whom they jocularly call the Cerberus of the Museum library, they are exposed to impertinence and obstruction where they have a right to expect assistance and courtesy.

Having once passed, however, the dragon who guards the door, a simple person might imagine that his object is attained, and that the stores of ancient and modern literature are laid open to his research. One week's experience disperses this pleasant delusion. First, he must accustom himself to what Mr. Carlyle calls the 'Museum headache.' Never in a crocodile mummy-pit, in the Grotto del Cane, or in the precincts of a metropolitan church-yard, could we breathe an atmosphere so poisonous and depressing. Sickness, giddiness, faintness, steal upon the unacclimatized reader, who is distracted by multitudinous influences hostile to philosophical study. Some one with a nose like a bassoon startles you on one side; a pair of clanking heels clink along the slate pavement on the other; one old gentleman mutters perpetually to himself, and another distorts his countenance into every horrible grimace while he whistles over the crackling leaves of some dry Chaldæan folio, raising a breeze which blows away half your papers. The smell of musty binding, of decaying calf and russia, of worm-eaten county histories, and commentaries mildewed with neglect, combined with the dreary aspect of the rooms, the bad ventilation, and a variety of distracting sights and sounds, may allow a person to read and compile, but renders it impossible to study or write.

If the rooms were more tolerable, the student's vexation might be greater. The pestiferous atmosphere is a grateful excuse for going away, to escape the tedium and disappointment of a long day in the library. Careful and polite attention, indeed,

on the part of the attendants is invariably received. But it is the catalogue which sinks our hope when we approach it—and this because it is not classified. Lord Strangford thinks the difficulties of a *catalogue raisonnée* insuperable, and so does Mr. Panizzi; but the one being a lord, whose title would make all the research he needed, and the other, a functionary fencing against proposals of closer attention to duty, their opinions are not weighty. We have yet to hear a single good reason why a classified catalogue of the British Museum library is not prepared. If the present officials refuse to undertake it, let them be dismissed, and put the task to competition. We have heard London booksellers say they would contract to perform the whole service in a year; and we fully believe it could be done.

That it is an injury to literature to remain in want of such a catalogue no public writer will deny. Instances of it fall under our notice every day. One of these we find in the curious and learned work of Dr. William Bell on ‘Shakespeare’s Puck and his Folkslore.’ In one of the notes which so largely display his scholarly accomplishments, the archæological doctor says,—

‘I should have worked the substance of this long note into my text, only, as Mr. Planché had not thought it necessary to give the *name* of the author from whom he had taken his figure, I wished to examine it in the original; but the deplorable practice of cataloguing works in the British Museum, solely by the names of their authors, prevented me finding it till the text was printed. Had, as in all the large libraries on the Continent, the titles of the books been arranged in a systematic order of subjects, on turning to the division—“TOPOGRAPHY, GREAT BRITAIN, OXFORDSHIRE,” the book would have been readily found, and considerable personable trouble and loss would have been spared me.’—(Vol. i., 246.)

The advantages of the British Museum library, in comparison with others in Europe, are, no doubt, large. At Berlin, the reading-room is almost dark; a ticket for a book is required to be put into a trunk outside the door many hours previously—frequently the preceding night. In France many vexatious regulations obtain; and while in Munich and Dresden the accommodation is better, those are lending libraries, and not fairly to be compared with that of the British Museum. But there can be no possible reason why the catalogue is not classified, except that the librarian and a part, at least, of his staff are incompetent for the duty; and still less can there be a reason why the reader should have to search through four catalogues in pursuit of a single book—the old one, with all its blots and erasures, the new duplicate one of a hundred and fifty folios; the king’s catalogue and the Grenville catalogue, besides a fifth division for ‘Academies,’ making sixteen folio volumes marked A! A classified catalogue would assist research,

bring all the books on one subject under the eye, and enable the student, says Dr. Bell, at each particular examination, to ascertain what new works have been added.

The rooms are inconveniently crowded, simply because they are too small; not because persons are admitted whose readings are of a nature un contemplated among the objects of the institution. Mr. Carlyle exhibited a little vanity in expatiating on his own deep habits of study, and a little impertinence in alluding to the 'manufacturers of useful knowledge,' as well as compilers of dictionaries and encyclopædias. Let the king's library be thrown open, and not left as the vacant domain of a few keepers and assistant librarians, walking with echoing steps, through chambers which by their beauty might remind us of the Vatican.

There is no complaint more general or more just than that of the neglect shown in procuring new English books for the library. They ought to be there, arranged and catalogued within two months,—the histories, travels, and romances of Murray, Longman, Colburn, and Newby, as well even as the effusions from Kent, Saunders, Mudge, Bentley, and Vickers; for if these only serve to load the creaking shelves with seventh-rate romances, compilations, and rejected trash, still, as a collection of the national literature, they cannot be spared. It is true they are obtained, but not in proper time. We have ourselves watched books, and not found them catalogued until ten months after their publication, and this although the public is scandalized by Mr. Panizzi being permitted to drag booksellers into a police-dock for neglect. The whole system is bad. 'We find,' says the 'Athenæum,' 'that the last addition to the building in this department is rapidly filling, that accessories are coming in at the rate of ten thousand volumes a year,—and this rate of increase should be augmented rather than diminished,—that three years ago a room was in course of construction for the reception of newspapers in a part of the building described as being in the most inconvenient portion that could possibly have been selected. We find Mr. Panizzi dwelling on the necessity for extending the building, and advocating the erection of a new wing to receive the manuscripts, and the occupation by printed books of the rooms now used by that department. This is the only tangible proposition we have yet seen; but it would cost something like a quarter of a million of money, and would furnish proper accommodation for about seven years, and make a shift for about five more.'

The writer in the 'Athenæum' has made proposals which are now discussed in all quarters, and will probably occupy the attention of parliament. He recommends the amalgamation of some of the present departments in the Museum with other existing

institutions,—the mineralogy with the Museum of Economic Geology and Government School of Mines; the removal of the botanical department to the gardens at Kew; the location of the stuffed and preserved specimens near the Zoological Gardens; and finally, the transference of our splendid collection of sculpture, coins, medals, drawings, and prints, to the National Gallery.

But *we have* no National Gallery! We have only a miserable place in Trafalgar-square, divided between the public collection and a private monopoly called the Royal Academy, which exists to the detriment of art and the injury of artists in this country. We have indeed many fine pictures; but nothing which deserves to be styled a National Gallery. Numerous painters of the highest fame have none of their works here, and several others have only third and fourth-rate productions. Still those we have are worthy to form the nucleus of a British collection, which might one day emulate Munich or the Louvre. We have eight by Annibali Caracci, and three by Ludovico; ten by Claude, some of the finest as paintings, but not the best subjects; four by Dakendolo; two by Francia; eight by Guido; three by Murillo; one by Parmegiano; six by Gaspar Poussin, and eight by Nicolas; four by Raffaele, all second rate; eight by Rembrandt, including the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' considered by many as his *chef-d'œuvre*; nine by Rubens; five by Titian; four by Vandyke; two by Velasquez; and two by Paul Veronese. The Gallery was begun in 1824, by the purchase of Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures by old masters, for fifty-seven thousand pounds.

A new National Gallery is now in contemplation. The Earl of Derby and the Chancellor of the Exchequer hinted at it at the dinner of the Royal Academy; Lord Mahon has suggested the formation of a gallery of historical portraits; Mr. Hume does not desire to economize to the exclusion of this idea; Prince Albert, with that enlightened respect for the arts which becomes a person of his station in England, has assisted in propagating the idea; and the literary as well as the political press has circulated it through all the channels of public opinion. What we require is a spacious gallery, in a good situation, to receive works of art, ancient and modern sculptures, painting, architectural models and drawings, and engravings. The word gallery has suggested to the leading organ in the *beau monde* of letters one objection. A room of immense length, he says, like the Louvre, filled with the productions of the men of genius of all ages and countries, is certainly a magnificent spectacle; but there is more ostentation than artistic design in such an arrangement. The student requires a clue to his studies—of the masters and eras of art. He needs some guiding lines to be traced on his

memory—as the Rubens room, the Flemish room, the Raffaele room. The wall space also is thus economized; there is a classification of works, and thus a grand lesson exhibited in the mere disposal of the pictures. Art in this way is made to relate its own history.

We think that the new National Gallery ought to be a grand building—itself a work of art, but not a gorgeous or florid pile. It should be erected for its object—as an edifice to contain the sculptures and pictures belonging to the nation. We may then see the Vernon collection delivered from the dubious gloom of Marlborough House; individuals who now notoriously hold back splendid gifts of paintings, because we have no structure worthy to receive them, will directly adorn the British gallery; the Museum may be cleared of collections which do not properly belong to it, and open a place for the neglected, unavailable, and decaying records of the country; and a fine treasury of engravings, which are now as useless as though they served to wrap the mummies of the Pharaohs, may be brought out from antiquarian dust near Russell-square. This we hope to see effected, if not during the approaching session, at least within one or two years; and whatever is done we shall have to thank the ‘Athenæum’ for its bold and masterly explanation of this subject.

The Committee on the National Gallery have effectually condemned the present building and its site. Smoky chimneys, noisy children,—idlers, not coming to look at the pictures, but to rendezvous—with dust and impure vapours from the neighbourhood—constitute the objections; apart from the miserable plan of the building, and its wretched character as the Imperial Gallery of Great Britain. There is no space for works of art. Berlin, Munich, Florence, Vienna, Dresden, the Louvre, the Vatican—all the national collections in Europe, in one detail or other, shame our own. The Committee, therefore, have recommended a site for the new National Gallery at the side of Kensington Gardens, adjoining the Bayswater-road, on a dry soil, at a spot easily accessible, open, free from impurities, and pleasant to the eye.

It remains for these questions to be discussed by parliament and the country. They are not unimportant. The establishment and expenses of the British Museum for the year ending March 1853, are estimated at £52,000; with new buildings £21,350, and purchases £2,966. The cost of the National Gallery during the same period will be £2,495,—only £795 to be expended in purchases, two in number,—Rembrandt’s portrait of himself, and a picture, by Van Eyck, from Viscount Middleton.

The actual state of these questions allows the hope that some

effectual movements will shortly be made with reference to the National Gallery ; and active debates are taking place among those who will at least have a share in determining the result. The means they choose lie, of course, along the ancient highways of immemorial routine. In this country prescription rules the progress even of reform. We advance by invariable gradations. First, abuses accumulate until they almost overwhelm the institution to which they are attached, and entirely bury its utility out of sight ; then the press sounds an alarm, the functionaries deny the grounds of complaint, the press repeats the charge, and at last a circle of discussion widens over the vast waters of public opinion. Then government 'takes up' the subject, and acknowledges the wrong, but never goes straight forward in search of a remedy. It must have a commission ; it must have a blue book ; it never supposes the existence in Great Britain of shrewdness or skill enough to accomplish a simple end. So with the National Gallery. Inquiries are to be made at every *court* of Europe that possesses a collection of pictures—for on the Continent nothing belongs to the *people*—about their plans and their ideas, and out of all this a model for ourselves is to be made. Well, if the thing be done well, we shall not dispute the fashion of doing it ; but our anticipation is, that we shall not have a better National Gallery than we might have by employing at once some architect of genius to design it.

The Museum question is in a better way of solution. We have built and re-built ; we have spent on it, within thirty years, almost as much as the bishopric of Durham has swallowed up in that period ; and now the trustees confess that the place cannot accommodate what it already contains, and will be turned into a mere warehouse if we attempt to choke it with any more. No change of details can now suffice. There is a mighty bull coming from Assyria, and possibly some antiquarian Mahmoud may bring after him his colossal brother of Tanjore. Marbles and metals, mummies and monoliths, are waiting to have space provided for them, with pillars from Athens, friezes from Rome, sculptured slabs from Nineveh ; and the trustees, with a sapience worthy of a justice of the Dorsetshire petty sessions, recommend that, with respect to science and antiques, we smooth the difficulty away 'by suspending all purchases, and refusal of gifts.' By this means, they say, we may 'limit the growth' of the collection. Had a mandarin of China or a port-admiral of Japan invented this suggestion, we should have admired it as consonant with the ignorance and folly which in those empires stint and famish every liberal aspiration of the people ; but from gentlemen like the trustees, so much extravagance could not have been expected. But, as the 'Times'—

following the 'Athenæum'—allows, they have really pointed out the only alternative. We must abandon our national collection to its present incompleteness, or we must allow the Museum to colonize a number of institutions in the capital. The Vatican at Rome, says our literary contemporary, St. Mark's at Venice, the Imperial at Vienna, the National at Paris, the Escorial at Madrid—in fact, all the renowned libraries of the continent, have a history stretching back into the middle ages; but the British Museum is the growth of a single generation. We may expect books in future to be added at the rate of nearly twenty-eight thousand a-year; so that a room of equal capacity with the splendid 'King's Library' will be required every five years—that is, the whole building must be increased by a tenth of its present dimensions.

It will be to little purpose to adopt the suggestions which some ingenious patriots have offered. Not one of them will be efficacious for anything except putting off the evil day. Filling up the great quadrangle with a circular reading-room of glass and iron would be a piece of incongruous patchwork—totally unsuited to its object. No one, of course, thinks any change could be for the worse from the vault-like approaches and pestilential gloom of the reading-rooms we have; but a new building in the centre would leave the other general defects exactly as they are, so that the whole discussion would soon have to be revived. There is a vast collection of manuscripts, too, most inadequately provided for. Consequently, nothing seems feasible or sufficing as a remedy, except giving up the Museum to literature, and sending the minor collections where they can be accommodated better, and be equally accessible to the public.

Two questions, in addition to these, have arisen. *Who* are to be admitted to the reading-room, and *when* are they to be admitted? Though we cannot agree with Mr. Carlyle in ridiculing the compilers, who have their vocation, and ought to be allowed facilities for it, we are sensible of the great disadvantages to students in the presence daily of about two hundred idlers, whispering, laughing, walking to and fro, and whisking flippantly the leaves of 'picture-books' and light romances. We would not expel these, but they might be divided from the genuine explorers of those literary treasures now guarded by the equivocal courtesy of Sir Henry Ellis. The hours of study seem clearly to be—while there is sufficient light to read by, without exposing a priceless collection to peril from fire.

And now, we have one question to ask, and shall be glad if the answer does not involve an exposure of flagrant abuse. What becomes of the lighter books, which our publishers are forced to send to the Oxford library? Is the rumour well-

founded that they are first read by the officials and then sold? The country has a right to be informed on this point.

To these subjects we direct our readers' attention. They ought not to be neglected by the country. If, beyond political liberty and domestic prosperity, we ought, as a people, to have an ambition, it should be the exaltation of literature and art. These are the embodiments of truth and beauty; they constitute the immortal fame of nations; and by them all that is delightful to the vision is fixed into enduring shape. Commerce enriches, and freedom ennobles a state; but art and letters soften and elevate its people; delight them by images and colours, starting like dreams from the canvas, or forms of perpetual beauty chiselled from the marble. If, then, we have the refined and liberal aspiration to revive for ourselves the bloom of the Athenian myrtle wreath, let us dedicate to books, to sculpture, and to painting, edifices which are worthy of them; and while we cultivate these adorning and elevating graces, the purity of letters and the grandeur of art will return upon us a hundredfold all that we bestow on them.

ART. II.—*The Works of Pascal.* Newly Translated and Arranged. By George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman and Co.

1. *The Provincial Letters.* 2. *The Miscellaneous Writings.* 3. *The Thoughts on Religion, and Evidences of Christianity.*

DURING recent years considerable light has been thrown both on the works and the life of Pascal. M. Cousin and M. Faugères have especially contributed to redeem from obscurity and destruction some of the finest fragments which he left behind him, and to set in a new, or at least more intelligible colouring, an interesting period of his history. In 1848, M. Vinet published his 'Studies upon Pascal;' and Ernest Havet has recast Faugères' edition of the 'Thoughts,' and given a complete view of the recent controversy relating to that work. Mr. Pearce has done well in presenting us with a version of the minute and copious edition of Faugères. He has accomplished his task, upon the whole, with scholarship and taste; and the English reader is now for the first time enabled to study Pascal—at least in those noblest monuments of his genius, his 'Thoughts'—in a form and garb of which he himself would not have been ashamed.

We propose to avail ourselves of the opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief sketch of the life and labours of

this great man, in which we shall embody whatever new particulars the industry of his recent commentator and editor have been able to glean. Often as his portrait has been already drawn and his works criticised, there is more than enough to repay us still in a review of both; for there are but few names in the past associated at once with so much worthiness of character and such a rich and manifold range of intellect as that of Pascal. The high union of the most rare and even diverse qualities of mind which his writings display, is amongst the most remarkable of which we have any record. How seldom do we see such a combination of mental powers—the highest scientific skill wedded to the finest literary art; at once the most severe and vigorous and the most light and playful cast of thought; the subtlest and most comprehensive reach both of mathematical and philosophical investigation, and the happiest and most exquisite graces of the *belles lettres*; while the glow and tenderness of an enthusiastic piety irradiate and beautify all.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, on the 19th of June, 1623. His father was first President of the Court of Aids in that city; but on the death of his wife he abandoned his professional duties and repaired to Paris, with the view of devoting himself to the education of his children, of whom, besides the subject of our notice, there were two daughters, Gilberte and Jaqueline. Here he united himself with a band of sages, who then, in the 'springtide of science,' were applying themselves with all the ardour of a fresh-born zeal to physical studies. Among these were Descartes, Gassendi, Mersenne, Roberval, Careavi, and Le Pailleur; and, in order to stimulate and forward their respective labours, they were in the habit of assembling at each other's houses, and engaging in discussion on the topics which so strongly interested them. They held also a regular correspondence with other *savants* in the provinces and throughout Europe, and were thus instructed in the general progress of scientific discovery. This small society of friends, thus united by the simple attraction of congenial pursuits, it is worthy of notice, formed the origin of the famous Academy of Sciences established by royal authority in 1666.

Young Pascal, who from his earliest youth had given signs of great mental activity, became a frequent auditor of these conferences when held at his father's house. He is reported to have manifested the deepest attention and the most inquisitive spirit; and it is even said, that when only eleven years of age he composed a treatise upon sound—in which he sought to explain how it was that a plate, struck with a sharp instrument, returned a sound which ceased all at once on the finger

being applied to it. His father, apprehensive that so lively a taste for science might prove pernicious to his other studies, agreed with his friends to abstain from speaking of subjects relating to it in the boy's presence. This was found, however, to be of little avail. The thirst for scientific knowledge, once awakened, continued to burn in the breast of the young philosopher; and shutting himself up in his solitary chamber, he gave himself unrestrained to the bent of his desires, and was actually found to have traced upon the floor the figures of triangles, parallelograms, and circles, and so far examined their properties, without even knowing their names. 'His reasoning,' it is said, 'was founded upon definitions and axioms which he had made for himself;' and, according to the same authority, he had, step by step, succeeded in reading the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of Euclid—that the sum of the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles—when surprised by his father in his extraordinary task. Astonished and overjoyed, the father ran to communicate the fact to his intimate friend, M. le Pailleur.

It is true that some have ventured to doubt the fact of this wonderful precocity on the part of Pascal. According to the Abbé Bossut, however, on whose authority we have relied, it is substantiated by the most indubitable evidence; and if only substantially correct, it no doubt bespeaks a marvellous capacity in Pascal as a mere boy. Having so remarkably asserted his love for science, his father no longer sought to lay any restraint upon him in following out the strong bent of his genius. He was provided with the 'Elements of Euclid,' which he almost immediately mastered without assistance. By and by he began to take a conspicuous part in the scientific conversations which took place at his father's house; and while still only in his sixteenth year, he wrote the famous 'Treatise on Conic Sections,' which so excited the 'mingled incredulity and astonishment' of Descartes.

Stephen Pascal was now the happiest of fathers, in the contemplation of his son's rising genius, and the maturing graces and accomplishments of his amiable daughters, when all his fair visions were suddenly dashed by an unforeseen calamity. Impoverished by the long continuance of war, and by financial embezzlements, the government, under the direction of the well-known Cardinal Richelieu, ventured to reduce the dividends on the Hotel-de-Ville. This proceeding naturally excited the discontent and murmurs of the annuitants, and meetings were held on the subject. So mild an expression of liberty, however, could not be tolerated by the cardinal minister. All such meetings were pronounced to be illegal

and seditious, and those who were supposed to have actively engaged in them pursued by the vengeance of the government. Stephen Pascal was signalled out, although, it afterwards appeared, unjustly, as one of these, and an order immediately issued for his arrest,—which, however, by the timely warning of a friend, he succeeded in eluding, and betook himself for refuge to the solitudes of his native district. It is difficult to conceive a more cruel and tyrannous exercise of authority under any regular and peaceable form of government than is here exhibited to us; and, as if still more to bring out the fearful chances of such an absolute power lodged in the hands of an individual, the following story as to the manner in which the afflicted father was restored to his disconsolate children is related by the Abbé Bossut. ‘The cardinal having taken a fancy to have Scudery’s tragi-comedy of “L’Amour Tyrannique” acted before him by young girls, the Duchess d’Aiguillon, who was charged with the conduct of the piece, was desirous that Jaqueline Pascal, then just thirteen years of age, should become one of the actresses. Her elder sister, who in her father’s absence was the head of the family, replied with indignation, that “the cardinal had not been sufficiently kind to them to induce them to do him this favour.” The duchess, however, persisted in her request, and made it to be understood that the recall of Stephen Pascal might be the reward of the favour which she solicited. The friends of the family were consulted, and they agreed that Jaqueline should accept the part assigned to her. The representation of the piece took place on the 3rd of April, 1639. The little Jaqueline played her part with a grace and accomplishment which charmed all the spectators, and especially the cardinal himself. She was skilful enough to take advantage of the momentary enthusiasm. Approaching the cardinal on the conclusion of the play, she recited the following verses:—

‘ Ne vous étonnez pas, incomparable Armand,
Si j’ai mal contenté vos yeux et vos oreilles;
Mon esprit, agité de frayeurs sans pareilles,
Interdit à mon corps et voix et mouvement;
Mais pour me rendre ici capable de vous plaire,
Rappelez de l’exil mon misérable père.’ *

* These verses have been thus rendered:—

Oh! marvel not, Armand, the great, the wise,
If I have slightly pleased thine ear—thine eyes;
My sorrowing spirit, torn by countless fears,
Each sound forbidden save the voice of tears;—
With power to please thee wouldst thou me inspire,
Recal from exile now my hapless sire.

The tyrant was taken in the pleasant lure that had been laid for him. 'He took the girl in his arms,' continues the abbé, 'and embracing and kissing her while she repeated the verses, replied, "Yes, my child, I grant you what you ask; write to your father that he may return with safety." The Duchess d'Aiguillon, immediately taking up the conversation, spoke in praise of Stephen Pascal: "He is a thoroughly honest man; he is very learned; and it is a great pity he should remain unemployed. There is his son," added she, pointing to Blaise Pascal, "who, although he is only fifteen, is already a great mathematician." Encouraged by her first success, Jaqueline again ventured to address the cardinal; "I have still another favour, my lord, to ask you." "What is it, my child? ask what you will; you are too amiable to be refused anything." "Permit my father to come in person and thank your eminence for your kindness." "Certainly," said the cardinal, "I wish to see him; and let him bring his family along with him." As soon as the father received the grateful intelligence, he returned with all diligence to Paris, and immediately on his arrival hastened with his three children to Ruel, the residence of the cardinal, who gave him the most flattering reception. "I know all your merit," said Richelieu; "I restore you to your children, and commend them to your care; I am anxious to do something considerable for you."

In fulfilment of this promise, Stephen Pascal was appointed, two years afterwards, Intendant of Rouen, in Normandy, the duties of which office he is said to have discharged during the seven following years with an ability and disinterestedness which recommended him alike to the district and the court. His family accompanied him to the country; and in the same year, 1641, his elder daughter was married to M. Perier, who had distinguished himself in a commission with which the government had entrusted him in Normandy, and who subsequently became counsellor to the Court of Aides in Clermont-Ferrand.

Blaise Pascal, now reputed a geometrician of the first class, followed with a consuming ardour his favourite studies. At the age of nineteen he invented the *Arithmetical Machine* which bears his name. Some of the finest years of his life he devoted to the improvement of this contrivance; and he has himself informed us that one of his main reasons for doing so was, that it might be serviceable to his father in the discharge of his official duties. There can be no doubt, however, that he permanently injured his health in this laborious task, while he never succeeded in it to his wishes. The great Leibnitz took up the project of Pascal, and is understood to have

executed two models of a calculating-machine, at once more simple and effective than that of Pascal. But greatly as both these illustrious attempts merit our admiration, they failed in proving of any practical benefit to the world. It was reserved to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Babbage, at once to conceive and bring to practical completion such a calculating-machine as truly deserves the name, which not only computes, unaided, the problems given to it, but, moreover, *'corrects whatever errors are accidentally committed, and prints all its calculations.'*

The study of physics next engaged the active and restless curiosity of Pascal; and here a more successful reward awaited his labours. The attention of scientific men had already been drawn to several phenomena bearing upon the fact of atmospheric pressure. It had been found by the workmen engaged in the construction of the fountains at Florence for Cosmo de Medicis, that they could not raise water by means of a sucking pump beyond the height of thirty-one feet. Galileo was applied to for a solution of the difficulty. Imbued with the notion which had prevailed from all ages that the water follows the piston, because nature abhors a vacuum, he replied that this abhorrence of nature, in obedience to which the water at first rises, has yet a limited sphere of operation, and that it ceases to act beyond thirty-one feet. Somewhat dissatisfied himself, however, as might be conceived, with this explanation, he engaged his pupil Toricelli to investigate the subject, and endeavour to find a more rational and satisfactory cause of the phenomenon. Toricelli immediately suspected that the weight of the water had something to do with the particular degree of elevation at which it stood in the pump, and that of course a heavier fluid would not stand so high. He accordingly experimented with mercury, and the result of his experiment is so well known, and has been so popularly applied in the construction of the *barometer*, as scarcely to require mention. Having taken a tube of glass three feet in length, and completely closed at the bottom, he filled it with mercury, and then applying his finger to the higher end, and reversing the tube, he plunged it into a small basinfull of mercury, withdrawing his finger as he did so. After a few oscillations, the mercury settled at thirty inches, and he was hence, of course, led to the conclusion that the water in the pump, and the mercury in the tube, at the respective heights of thirty-one feet and thirty inches, exerted the same pressure upon the same base, and that both were necessarily counterbalanced by some fixed and determinate force. But what was this force? Learning from Galileo that the air was a heavy fluid, he formed the belief and gave publicity to it,

that the weight of the atmosphere pressing upon the water in the reservoir, and the mercury in the basin, was the counter-acting cause which sustained both suspended at their respective elevations. He did not live, however, to verify the important conclusions to which he had thus come. It remained to Pascal to place, by a series of novel experiments, the matter beyond all doubt.

Having heard from M. Mersenne of the experiments that had been made in Italy, he repeated them at Rouen with the same results, but without reaching at first any satisfactory explanation. He was at once led, indeed, from his own observation, to conclude that the ancient dogma of nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was a mere figment; ignorant, however, at this time of the suggestion of Toricelli as to the pressure of the atmosphere, he failed to strike into the right path of discovery. But shortly after he had published his views and researches on the subject, in 1647, he became acquainted with those of Toricelli, and at once entering into them, very soon formed the conception of an experiment which should leave the matter in no question. If the weight of the air was the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the tube of Toricelli, as he suggested, the mercury ought to stand at a less elevated height, according as the column of air which pressed upon the surface of the basin in which the tube stood was increased or diminished. If, on the contrary, the atmospheric pressure had nothing to do with the phenomenon, the mercury would always remain at the same elevation, whatever the height of the column of air. Pascal endeavoured himself so far to carry out this experiment, but the variation was too insignificant at ordinary heights to warrant any conclusive inference. He accordingly communicated with his brother-in-law in Auvergne, in order that he might try the experiment during an ascent of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain of that province, about 3000 feet in height. 'Some circumstances,' says the Abbé Bossut, from whom we have borrowed much of the previous detail, 'retarded the execution of the project, but at length, on the 19th of September, 1648, it was performed with all possible exactitude, and the results which Pascal had predicted occurred from place to place. In proportion as they ascended the mountain, the mercury fell in the tube, the difference of level at its base and summit being upwards of three inches. In returning, the party renewed their observations with the same results.' When Pascal received information of these interesting particulars, he immediately computed the proportional fractional rise of the mercury within small elevations, and making the experiments again for himself

on the heights at his command in Paris, he found the results to correspond with his calculations. He was thus left in no doubt as to the correctness of Toricelli's suggestion, and all who merely sought to arrive at the truth were convinced that he had established it by the most satisfactory demonstration.

After he had thus ascertained that the atmospheric pressure was the true cause of the suspension of the mercury in Toricelli's tube, Pascal immediately saw that the column of mercury would also fluctuate with the changes of the weather. In order to verify this fact M. Perier made a series of observations at Clermont during the years 1659, 1650, and the three first months of 1651. M. Chanut, also, the French ambassador in Sweden, was engaged to make a similar course of observations at Stockholm, in which he was assisted by Descartes, who happened to be then resident in that city. It was fully proved by these observations that the column of mercury varied in length according to the temperature, the winds, the moisture, and other circumstances connected with the state of the atmosphere; and the Toricellian tube thus became adapted to the popular use, in which it is now so familiar to all, of indicating the changes of weather dependent upon the variations of the atmospherical column.

These discoveries made an extensive sensation in the scientific world, and greatly added to the reputation of Pascal. His triumph, however, was by no means unmixed. So ancient and venerated a dogma as nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was not so easily exploded. A degree of sacredness seemed to invest it from its very antiquity, and the Jesuits came to its rescue. When Pascal published his first experiments on the subject, made at Rome, in a work entitled '*Experiences nouvelles touchant le vide*,' P. Noel, a Jesuit, who was then rector of the College of Paris, violently attacked it. 'All the prejudices of a bad philosophy, and all the virulence of error,' were summoned to the assault. Pascal readily repelled the objections of the Jesuit; but the strength of the obstacles he had to encounter was thus painfully manifested to him. When his further discoveries became known, the Jesuits renewed their attacks, accusing him of appropriating the labours of Toricelli. He replied in a letter, giving a minute account of all his proceedings, and thus in the most effective way vindicating his distinctive claims to be reckoned as a discoverer along with the Italian. There can be no doubt that it is from this period we must date Pascal's relations of hostility to the Jesuits which have become so immortalized by the '*Provincial Letters*.' These repeated assaults upon the value of his scientific labours

provoked his indignation, and prepared the way for the merciless war which he subsequently carried on against them, with such infinite art and success.

But Pascal was destined to experience another and still more painful attempt to deprive him of the glory of his scientific researches. This attempt proceeded from no less distinguished a person than Descartes, who himself preferred a claim to be the original author of the suggestion of the experiment that was made on the Puy-de-Dome. In a letter to Careavi, of the 11th June, 1649, he put forward this claim. This letter Careavi immediately communicated to Pascal, who was one of his intimate friends; but from whatever cause, Pascal never condescended to notice it. It is supposed that his feelings were too much wounded by the assertion of Descartes to permit his making any reply. In the letter to which we have already alluded, wherein he detailed the whole course of his proceedings, he had distinctly claimed for himself the sole suggestion of the experiment on the Puy-de-Dome, while attributing to Toricelli all the merit of the previous discoveries. And it is utterly inconceivable that Pascal—who ‘was the very soul of honour,’—should have so specially claimed the conception of this experiment if he had received any hint of it from Descartes. The pretensions of Descartes, which are entirely unsupported, have been generally pronounced by subsequent philosophers to be groundless.

In spite of these obstructions, Pascal continued with avidity his physical researches, in the course of which he was led to the examination of the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids. It had been already long ago discovered by Archimedes that a solid body immersed in a fluid loses a proportion of its weight corresponding to its mass and figure. It had been farther ascertained that the pressure of a fluid upon its base is as the product of that base by the height of the fluid, and finally, that liquors pressed on all sides of the vessel containing them; but it still remained to determine the exact measure of this pressure before the general conditions of the equilibrium of fluids could be deduced. This Pascal successfully accomplished, by an experiment of making two unequal apertures in a vessel filled with a fluid and closed on all sides, and applying two portions pressed by forces respectively corresponding to the size of the apertures. The result he found, by two methods no less ingenious than convincing, to be that the fluid remained in equilibrio. He had thus the general principle that a fluid in equilibrio presses *equally* in all directions; and from this principle the different causes of the equilibrium of fluids were easily deduced.

His conclusion on this subject Pascal embodied in a treatise, intitled, 'De l'Equilibre des Liqueurs,' composed in 1563; but not published till after his death. He also left behind him another treatise on 'The Weight of the Column of Air,' which has been pronounced to form the basis of the modern science of Pneumatics.

The most important of the remaining scientific labours of Pascal was his invention of the famous arithmetical triangle, in the course of the researches connected with which he was also conducted to the doctrine of Probabilities—a branch of mathematical science which has subsequently, at the abler hands of Laplace and Poisson, received such important extension and improvement.

We have already remarked the injury that Pascal's constitution sustained from the intense devotion of his early studies. When only eighteen, his health had received a shock from which it never recovered. Henceforth it is said 'he never lived a day without pain.' In his twenty-fourth year he was attacked with paralysis, which, during three months, almost deprived him of the use of his legs. Shortly after this, he returned to Paris with his father and his sister Jaqueline, and there once more took up his residence. Moved by the solitudes of his family he gave himself some relaxation from his severer studies, and made several journeys into Auvergne and other provinces. In 1651, however, he had the misfortune to lose his father; and his younger sister, who had long meditated the intention of consecrating herself entirely to the service of religion, carried her design into effect in 1653, and became a nun in the famed convent of Port Royal des Champs. Thus withdrawn from the rest of his family, he returned with a fatal enthusiasm to his mathematical labours. His health was anew shattered; and the worst effects would speedily have followed, had not the actual failure of his powers, operating more convincingly than the counsels of his physician, forced him to abandon for awhile all study.

There was little previously known concerning the life upon which Pascal now entered for a brief period before his ultimate retirement from the world. Bossut only tells us in the most general manner that 'for the meditation of the closet he now substituted the promenade, and other similar exercises of a pleasing and salutary nature. He saw the world, and although always bearing a slight tinge of melancholy on his disposition, he there captivated by the power of a superior mind and his graceful accommodation to the learning of those whom he addressed.' Some have not hesitated to express the opinion that the thought-worn recluse now plunged, somewhat heedlessly,

into the current of mere worldly pleasures. All seem agreed that he gradually acquired a strong relish for the agreeable society in which he mingled, and that he had begun to dream of marriage. The following seems to be the true representation of this period of his life, according to the light which the labours of M. Faugères have thrown upon it.

His most intimate friend at this time was the Duke de Roannez, subsequently associated with his other friends in the publication of his 'Thoughts.' Captivated by his genius and devoted to his person, the duke, according to the expression of Margaret Perier, 'could not lose sight of him.' An apartment was reserved for him in his hotel, where he would sometimes remain for days, although possessing a house of his own in Paris. Here Pascal would seem occasionally to have mingled in the light and careless society in which the youth of Paris then moved. We cannot, however, imagine that such society in itself attracted his interest. It was more a study for him, serving to originate some of those trains of reflection which he afterwards pursued with such profit in the seclusion of Port Royal. As he listened to the conversational frivolities of a Chevalier de Méré, or the cynical sentiments of a Miton or Desbarreau, the first conceptions of his great vindication of morality and religion probably arose within him. 'He touched for a moment with his feet,' says M. Faugères, 'the impurities of this corrupt society, but his divine wings were never soiled.'

The blandishment which now filled Pascal with delighted distraction was something very different. Charlotte Gonflier de Roannez, the sister of his noble friend, then lived with him. About sixteen years of age, she possessed a captivating form and manner, while a sweet intelligence gave brightness and animation to her mere external graces. Pascal was constantly thrown in her company, and 'what so natural,' M. Faugères asks, 'as that he should love; and overlooking their disparity of rank, secretly aspire to a union with the possessor of charms so irresistible?' There can now, indeed, exist no doubt that he had ventured to cherish such feelings. Apart from the letters which he addressed to her at a later period, now published for the first time by M. Faugères, and so obviously revealing, under all the pious gravity of their style, a depth of tender solicitude which mere Christian interest will hardly explain, this fact is clearly established by the discovery of the fine fragment, entitled '*Discours sur les passions de l'Amour*.*'

* This fragment was brought to light by M. Cousin, and so highly did he value it that he considered it a sufficient reward of all his labours upon Pascal; labours to which we shall presently allude.

Here the evidence of a pure and fervid passion unmistakably manifests itself. 'None but one,' it has been truly said, 'who had himself deeply drank the sweet poison of love's intoxication, could have ever penned this beautiful fragment, pervaded by so intense and glowing an ardour and yet so delicate and refined a susceptibility, by such a beating and wildly glad emotion and yet so touching and profound a melancholy, by such a rapture and yet such a pathos.' With what a fine and exquisite hand does he portray the passion in all its varying moods, now roseate and flushed with joy, now drooping and pensive with tears, and now wild with anxiety. It is everywhere the touch of one who has himself owned all its mastery. There is besides a specialty of allusion to his own circumstances which leaves his cherished secret in no doubt. 'Man in solitude,' he says, 'is an incomplete being; he needs companionship for happiness. He seeks this most commonly in a condition on an equality with his own, because liberty of choice and opportunities are favourable in such a state to his views. But sometimes he fixes his affections on an object *far beyond his rank*; and the flame burns more intensely as he is forced to conceal it in his own bosom. When love is conceived for one of elevated condition, ambition may at first co-exist with passion; but the latter soon obtains the mastery. It is a tyrant which admits of no equality; it must reign alone; every other emotion must subserve and obey its dictates.'

We naturally ask with M. Faugères, did Pascal find his love returned by the sister of his noble friend? There is reason to believe so, when we see a correspondence established between them, implying the highest degree of esteem and confidence. But it is to be regretted that we know nothing of the letters of Mademoiselle de Roannez, and it is, in fact, only fragments of those of Pascal that have been preserved. The rigidity of the Jansenist copyists have left us only such passages as they thought might minister to edification.

But whether or not Pascal's passion was shared, circumstances did not favour it. He had then acquired but little of the celebrity which afterwards awaited him. His position was not a promising one, and his rank greatly inferior to that of the object of his attachment. Awakening from his brief enchantment, he no doubt deeply felt all this. He saw the vanity of the delicious dreams in which he had for awhile forgotten himself. An alarming incident, which had nearly proved fatal to him, co-operated strongly to rouse him from the soft indulgences which were weaving their spell around him. In the month of October, 1654, while taking his usual drive along the bridge of Neuilly in a carriage with four horses, the two

leaders become restive at a part where there was no parapet, and precipitated themselves into the Seine. Happily, the sudden violence of their leap broke the traces which yoked them to the pole, and the carriage remained on the verge of the precipice. The effects of such a shock upon the feeble and impaired frame of Pascal may be easily imagined. With difficulty he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen; but so shattered were his nerves, that for long afterwards, during his sleepless nights and moments of depression, he constantly saw a precipice at his side, over which he seemed in danger of falling.

This striking incident has commonly been regarded as the sole cause which led to Pascal's retirement from the world. The probable truth would seem to be, however, that it only combined with his sense of the apparent hopelessness of his passion to make him seek a refuge from disappointment, and a nobler source of enjoyment, in the sublime meditations and devout observances of religion. His sister Jaqueline had already prepared the way for this. We are told by Madame Perier that she had contemplated with great anxiety the manner in which her brother was mingling so freely with the world, and earnestly besought him to quit it. And with his mind now awed by so narrow an escape from death, and his heart cherishing a secret affection of which he dared not anticipate the fulfilment, her entreaties readily prevailed with him, and he finally withdrew into the pious seclusion of Port Royal des Champs, and became the associate of the holy men who have given to this spot so undying a name.

The Abbey of Port Royal, after a long period of relaxed discipline, during which many abuses had crept into it, had at length attained a high renown for sanctity, under the strict and vigorous rule of the Mère Angelique Arnaud. Appointed to her high office, when only eleven years old, through a deceit practised upon the pope, she very soon began to manifest that she would be no party to the motives which had induced her election at so premature an age. An accidental sermon preached in the convent, when she had reached her sixteenth year, by a wandering Capuchin monk, left an impression upon her which was never effaced; and she set herself immediately to reform her establishment, and carried her measures into effect with a zeal and determination betokening that peculiar firmness of character which was destined to be so severely tried.

At this time the papal church in France was divided into the two great parties of the Jesuits and the Jansenists. The Abbey of Port Royal favoured the latter, and had, indeed, under the

directorship of M. de St. Cyran, become the great stronghold of this party. It would be out of place here to enter into the ground of this controversy. It will only be necessary to trace historically, in a few words, its rise, in order to enable the reader to understand the future relations and labours of Pascal.

There has, no doubt, always existed in the Church of Rome, a party attached to the peculiar tenets of St. Augustine. We can discover their existence and influence amid all the dark and confused phenomena of the middle ages; later, the Dominicans especially espoused these tenets in opposition to the Franciscans. Although discountenanced and overborne by the opposite party, under the guidance of the Jesuits, in the Council of Trent, there were still even then in the bosom of the Catholic Church many strong supporters of the Augustinian theology—a fact which was very soon elicited by the publication of a book by a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Molina, on some of the controverted points of doctrine. The views most opposite to those of St. Augustine were formally set forth in this book, with a considerable share of the peculiar scholastic ingenuity of the time. This attempt immediately roused the slumbering orthodoxy of the Dominicans. A wild and stormy discussion ensued. No fewer than sixty-five meetings and thirty-seven disputations were held before the pope on the subject. No decision, however, was pronounced by the papal see; and the conflict continued till both parties had begun somewhat to pause from their exhaustion, when a new circumstance excited it more vigorously than ever.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century, two young priests, who had been previously fellow students at Louvain, passed some years together in mutual study at Bayonne. The writings of St. Augustine principally engaged them; and, as a natural consequence, they both imbibed an ardent and lifelong love for his peculiar views. One of these was Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranne, who afterwards became the Abbé de St. Cyran and the spiritual director of Port Royal. The other was the equally well-known Cornelius Jansen, subsequently bishop of Ypres. Smitten with so intense a love for the distinguishing tenets of St. Augustine, the latter made it the business of his life to arrange and systematize them in a volume under the title of 'Augustinus.' Being suddenly cut off by the plague in 1638, his scarcely-finished work was immediately published by his friend. At once the smouldering fire of the controversy was kindled into a new flame. The Jesuits rose in unanimous cry against the ill-fated volume; and so high and fierce was their indignation that they are even said to have demolished a splendid monument erected over the grave

of its author, and disturbed with impious hand his remains. One of their number, Nicolas Cornet, forthwith set himself to extract its alleged heresy in the shape of five propositions—which, by a bull of the pope, dated 31st May, 1653, were pronounced to be ‘heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous.’ The friends of Jansen, however, maintained that the condemned propositions were not to be found in his book. Another papal decree was accordingly obtained, declaring that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were contained in the ‘Augustinus.’ But this, as a matter of fact, the Jansenists boldly (!) pronounced to be beyond even the pope’s infallibility to determine; and so the war of words raged more bitterly and hopelessly than ever.

Among others who engaged in the strife was the celebrated Anthony Arnaud, doctor of the Sorbonne, and brother of the abbess. He was among the most illustrious of the band of students who had gathered around St. Cyran in the retirement of Port Royal des Champs; and, on the death of the former, who perished from the effects of his sufferings in the cause of his friend, Arnaud in a measure assumed his place. Deeply interested in the progress of the controversy, it was only to be expected that he should personally join in it. The old antagonist of Descartes and Malebranche was not likely to fear an encounter with the Jesuits. He accordingly published, in the year 1655, two letters on the subjects of discussion. Immediately he was made the object of the most unrelenting hostility. Two propositions were extracted from his second letter, upon which his colleagues of the Sorbonne sat in judgment, and which, after a prolonged discussion, they pronounced to be heretical, and consequently expelled him from their society. This decision was obtained by a very disgraceful combination of parties; the Dominicans having united with their old enemies the Jesuits against the defenders of Jansen, and subscribed a form of condemnation in which the two parties could only have agreed by interpreting the same terms in entirely different senses.

But in the meantime, and just before this sentence was published, a new antagonist had entered the field against the Jesuits. The first of the ‘Provincial Letters’ had appeared. The story of the origin of these inimitable letters is thus told:—

‘While Arnaud’s process before the Sorbonne was still in dependence, a few of his friends, among whom were Pascal and Nicole, were in the habit of meeting privately at Port Royal, to consult on the measures they should adopt. During these conferences, one of their number said to Arnaud, “Will you really suffer yourself to be condemned like a child, without saying a word, or telling the public the real state of the case?”

The rest concurred; and in compliance with their solicitations, Arnaud, after some days, produced and read before them a long and serious vindication of himself. His audience listened in coolness and silence, upon which he remarked—"I see you don't think highly of my production, and I believe you are right; but," added he, turning himself round and addressing Pascal, "you, who are young, why cannot you produce something?" The appeal was not lost. Pascal engaged to try a sketch which they might fill up; and, retiring to his room, he produced, instead of a sketch, the first Letter to a Provincial. On reading this to his assembled friends, Arnaud exclaimed, "That is excellent! That will do; we must have it printed immediately."

Pascal, by a happy intuition of genius, had just seized the right way in which to treat such a subject so as to win the public interest and favour. By bringing his clear and penetrating intellect and sound sense to bear upon the jargon which had become mingled up with the controversy, and the gross absurdity and injustice which had characterized it on the part of the Jesuits, he threw a flood of light upon it which engaged the most general curiosity, and left his opponents without any reply. The first letter fell like an unexpected dart among them, striking dismay into their ranks; and as the others followed at irregular intervals, becoming more pointed and fatal in their effects, their idle rage knew no bounds, and, unable to meet them with any effective weapons of argument, they could only exclaim, *les menteurs immortelles*—'the immortal liars.' Keen and perspicuous logic, the most effective and ingenious turns of statement, the most eloquent earnestness, the liveliest wit, the most good-tempered, yet unrelenting raillery, were all combined by Pascal in these memorable attacks. Nothing can be more felicitous than the manner in which he blends these various qualities, the unceasing intermixture of light and shadow, of the casual conversational pleasantry, the most careless sidelong strokes of sarcasm with the gravest invective and the most solemn argument, imparting to all the charm of dramatic interest. 'Molière's best comedies,' says Voltaire, 'do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity.' 'There is more wit,' echoes Perrault, 'in these eighteen letters than in Plato's Dialogues, more delicate and artful raillery than in those of Lucian, more strength and vigour of reasoning than in the Orations of Cicero.'

It will not be necessary to present the reader with any analysis of these celebrated letters. They range over a great diversity of topics with the same rare compass and flexibility of comprehension—the same inimitable grace and facility of expression. The reader is carried captive with the intermingled

flow of humour and power—laughter, astonishment, and seriousness. The two first, which were published before the promulgation of the sentence against Arnaud, deal with the subject-matter of the controversy—the condemned propositions of Jansen, and the import of the disputed doctrines. The darkened and unintelligible squabble becomes, for the first time, clear in the strong light cast upon it. In the two following letters Pascal discusses the decision of the Sorbonne—exposing, with the keenest shafts of his wit, its injustice, and especially the inconsistency of the Dominicans, in making cause with the Jesuits, and so forswearing the doctrines of the ‘Angelic Doctor’* for whose authority they professed so unbounded a reverence. In the next six—still addressing his supposititious friend in the country—he lays open the whole subject of Jesuitical casuistry—unfolding gradually, and with the most ingenious effect, the accumulated mass of its absurdities and immoralities. In the remaining eight letters, he drops the style of address adopted in the preceding; and, turning directly to the Jesuits, he meets in the face the calumnies by which they had sought to impair the effect of his disclosures; and passes under review more at large, and in a more earnest and elevated strain, their whole system of maxims and morals. The lighter argument of his previous letters he exchanges for the most solemn and forcibly-sustained charges—overwhelming them in a torrent of indignant eloquence beneath the ruin of their own baseless crudities of doctrine and criminalities of practice. We have already mentioned with what successful power these famous letters told against the Jesuits; but it was not merely from the difficulties they had in replying to them that they found them so formidable. Their most fatal influence, perhaps, arose from the ridicule they excited in all classes against them. They were so entertaining that everybody read them. They penetrated into every rank of the Parisians, and even of the inhabitants in the provinces. They were seen ‘on the merchant’s counter, the lawyer’s desk, the doctor’s table, the lady’s toilet.’ ‘Never,’ says Father Daniel, ‘did the post-office reap such a profit. Copies were despatched over the whole kingdom, and I myself received a packet of them, post-paid, in a town of Brittany, where I was then residing.’ Even the political friends of the Jesuits participated in the mirth of which they were the objects. The seventh letter is said to have found its way to Cardinal Mazarin, who laughed over it very heartily. ‘The names of the favourite casuists were converted into pro-

* Thomas Aquinas.

verbs. *Escobar* came to signify the same thing with 'paltering in a double sense.'* Father Bauny's grotesque maxims furnished topics for perpetual badinage; and the Jesuits, wherever they went, were assailed with inextinguishable laughter. Nor was this all. More serious effects followed. The popularity of the Jansenists, both as confessors and preachers, rose with the tide of ridicule against their enemies; and while their churches were crowded, those of the Jesuits were comparatively deserted. On all hands, the 'Provincial Letters' procured their discomfiture and chagrin; and it is impossible to conceive any mode by which they could have been more pitiably abased, and the standard of Right raised more victoriously over them, if the rude success of Might yet remained with them.

This, alas! the ill-fated Jansenists were soon destined to experience. Abetted by the government, the Jesuits pursued their purposes of hostility with an unrelenting hand, and a suppressed, but only more bitter hatred. On the 30th of March, 1656, two months after the condemnation of Dr. Arnaud, forcible measures were on the eve of being taken against the quiet inmates of Port Royal. An order in council was issued, that every scholar, postulant, and novice, should be banished from the convent. An extraordinary event, however, caused a respite of this proposed violence. A miraculous cure was supposed to have taken place in the person of Pascal's niece, Margaret Perier, a resident in the abbey. Its enemies were awed by this incident, and the popular sensation which attended it. A brief interval of unwonted prosperity followed; crowds of noble and distinguished devotees thronged the courts of the secluded abbey, and while the fashionable enthusiasm lasted, the nuns and students were safe from the vengeance of their enemies.

Threatening clouds, however, soon began again to gather around the fortunes of the Jansenists. The Jesuits patiently waited their time. A fresh bull was in the meantime obtained from Rome, reiterating the condemnation of the five propositions, and the declaration that they were in the '*Augustinus*;' and further adding that the *sense* in which they had been condemned was the *sense* in which they had been stated by Jansen. In December, 1660, the young monarch, Louis XIV., gave effect to this bull. Having convened an assembly of bishops, an anti-Jansenist formulary based upon it was drawn up, and so framed as to entrap all who were not prepared to yield in the

* Introduction to M'Crie's Translation of the '*Provincial Letters*,'—an interesting introduction to an admirable translation.

most implicit manner. The consequence was the commencement of a fierce and bitter persecution against the Port Royalists. The Mère Angelique taking the lead, refused to sign the formulary, and encouraged her nuns in the same course. Worn out as she was with suffering, and, indeed, dying, she maintained her integrity with a noble constancy. Neither entreaties nor tears could move her. She beheld her beloved establishment broken up—its sacred enclosures desecrated by the tramp of soldiery—her brother driven into exile; but she remained firm under all, and, after a bold remonstrance addressed to the queen, sought a quiet retreat where to breathe her last.

During the issue of these commotions, Pascal had somewhat strangely reverted to his long-abandoned scientific studies. Nothing can more strongly evince the strength and liveliness of his genius than the manner in which he returned to pursuits he had so early and completely laid aside. During one of the many nights which his almost continued suffering rendered sleepless, his mind was directed to the subject of the cycloid. A train of new thought respecting it occurred to him, which he traced to its results with a facility and success quite the same as if he had never left off his mathematical studies. In the short space of eight days he completed an original method of solving this class of problems, which ranks among his most brilliant claims to distinction as a geometrician.

The last years of Pascal's life, it is well known, were chiefly occupied with preparations for a great work which he meditated on the Christian religion. From the fragments which he left behind him, we can but faintly gather the outline of this work. There remains enough, however, to testify to the magnificence of its conception. Here lie, as it were, a noble pedestal, and there a sculptured pillar, and there an ornament of rich chasing and exquisite device; and we may imagine, although we cannot supply, the sublime temple which Pascal would have reared of these rare materials to the honour of his God had his life been spared. All the inconsistencies and exaggerations which critics now so easily detect in the 'Thoughts,' the mere broken pieces which were as yet to be hewn and moulded together by his consummate genius, would doubtless have disappeared as the fabric arose in compact beauty and strength under his plastic hand. Every exaggeration would have been softened down under the influence of his fine judgment and almost perfect taste, and what now remains a mere glorious project would have been a luminous work.

But if the 'Thoughts' are thus at the very best unfinished, we have hitherto only possessed them in a still more imperfect state

even than that in which they were left by Pascal. Fragments at the best, they have been still further broken and mutilated by the rude and impertinent hands of editors and commentators. The very singular and successive processes of corruption to which these fine remains have been subjected, furnish, in fact, one of the most extraordinary disclosures of literary history. We find that until the publication of M. Faugères' volumes we have never really possessed the 'Pensées' at all in their original shape. 'The book was in our libraries without being actually there,' as M. Vinet said. It was not in any veritable sense the work of Pascal, but a spurious compound of diverse authorship. The truth of this M. Faugères has established beyond all question. He sets in the clearest light, and traces in the most convincing manner, the various steps by which the work thus became corrupted.

It was first published, it appears, shortly after Pascal's death by his friends Arnauld, Nicole, and others. They were unwilling to rouse anew the hatred of the Jesuits, whose hostility Pascal had so strongly provoked, and they therefore first of all expunged whatever might possibly be construed into offence by them. They then submitted the volume to a committee of *Doctors of the Sorbonne*, who again, on their part, made numerous retrenchments in it according to their pleasure. Such was the preliminary ordeal through which it passed before it ever saw the light at all, and in what a maimed and corrupted state it came forth from this ordeal it is needless to state. 'These fragments,' finely says M. Faugères, 'which sickness and death had left unfinished, suffered, without ceasing to be immortal, all the mutilation which an exaggerated prudence or misdirected zeal could suggest, not only with the view of improving their orthodoxy, but even their style,—the style of the author of the *Provincial Letters*.' Well may he add, with indignation:—'The style of Pascal! who among his cotemporaries or friends was capable even of always comprehending his exquisite style, so identified with his mind, that it is, as it were, only the thought itself robed in its own chaste nudity, like an antique statue? Only Corneille, or Bossuet, perhaps, would have accepted without fear of offending taste, the simple, yet strong expressions which flow from the pen of Pascal, especially when he dashes off the grand outlines of a first sketch.' Again, in reference to the corruptions of this first edition of the 'Thoughts,' M. Faugères explicitly states that 'there are not twenty successive lines which do not present some alterations, great or small; and as for total omissions, and partial suppressions, they are without number.'

Subsequently new editions were published by Condorcet and

Bossut. Both these editors gave to the public some additional remains of Pascal, but not only did they not succeed in correcting the errors of the first edition, but they added fresh errors of their own. Condorcet's edition, to which Voltaire added notes in a characteristic vein of mocking scepticism, may be said to have completed the work of corruption which these noble fragments have undergone. And when they could be so interpolated and travestied as to furnish food for the scoffing humour of Voltaire, we cannot well conceive any further process of degeneracy to which they could have been submitted.

M. Cousin deserves the credit of having first taken active steps to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things. He instituted, in 1843, an elaborate comparison between the published list of the 'Pensées' and the original MSS. of Pascal which had fortunately been preserved in the Royal Library at Paris; and being struck with their wide and serious discrepancy, he drew up a report on the subject, which he laid before the French Academy. This had the effect of exciting a prominent attention to the subject, and M. Faugères was found immediately ready to undertake a new edition in strict conformity with the original MSS. This task M. Faugères has executed in a most highly satisfactory manner. He has collected with industrious care the entire autograph MSS. of Pascal, and transferred them in their original and unmutated form to his pages. Notwithstanding the extremely fragmentary aspect that this has given to some portions of his volumes, he has wisely, we think, given us the whole, so far as the form of expression is concerned, as he found them, not having ventured on any emendation whatever. We should scarcely have been satisfied with less than this, after what the text had already suffered in the way of emendation. He has rightly restricted his labours to the arrangement and elucidation of the confused and intermingled fragments; and in this respect he has accomplished a most useful and noble task, for which all students of Pascal will thank him.

We cannot now enter upon any criticism of the worth of these 'Thoughts,' as now for the first time possessed by us in their genuine form. Such criticisms have been recently attempted in a manner which entirely meets our sympathy, and to renew the attempt here to any adequate effect would lead us far beyond our limits. We cannot help, however, commending these highest efforts of Pascal's genius to the earnest study of all in search of deep and satisfactory views of truth. At no purer fount, save the Bible, could they drink. And then, what a delight it is to come now for the first time into immediate commune with the genuine 'thoughts' of so great a soul! All unveiled, we read them just as they arose in the deep silence of his own lofty musing. We enter into his study, and see the great thinker at work.

But while Pascal thus meditated in seclusion, the shadow of death was creeping fast on him ; he was hastening to an early grave. With declining strength his devotional austerities rather increased than diminished. Sorrow also preyed upon him. Apart from his general sympathy with the sufferings of his Port Royalist brethren, he had specially to mourn the death of his sister Jaqueline, who fell a victim to the conflict between expediency and conscience in the matter of the formulary. Henceforth he seems to have secluded himself from the world more than ever, devoting his time especially to duties of charity. He had taken a poor man, with his whole family, to live in his house. One of the children having fallen ill of small-pox, he removed, at her earnest solicitation, to the house of his sister, Madame Perier, who had come to Paris with her family, just to be near him and watch over him. Almost immediately on his removal, he was seized with an alarming sickness. The physician did not apprehend any immediate danger, but he himself judged otherwise. He desired to have the sacrament administered to him, committed himself to the disposal of God, and, convulsions having supervened, he expired on the 19th August, 1662, in the fortieth year of his age.

Thus lived and died one who has left behind him an imperishable name equally in science, literature, and religion. Had he accomplished nothing more than the brilliant researches of his youth, he would yet have been remembered among the most illustrious of the noble band who ushered in the high advance of modern science ; but the succeeding lustre of his literary renown as the author of the 'Provincial Letters,' the mellow glory of his piety, and the lofty and comprehensive radiance of his genius, so conspicuous in the 'Pensées,' have nearly eclipsed the remembrance of his early scientific greatness. It is but seldom, surely, that we see so manifold a gift of mental endowment bestowed on any of the sons of men—a union of talents at once so splendid and so homely, so rich in the higher attributes that soar into the mystic empyrean of sublime contemplation, and at the same time in the observant, ingenious, and reflective faculties that range freely amidst the more complex phenomena of nature, the pettiest details of mechanical contrivance, or of literary argumentation, and the abstruser difficulties of the higher geometry.

The personal character of Pascal is no less fitted to draw our love than his many high intellectual qualities our admiration. Sweetness of temper, warmth of affection, the most unassuming simplicity, and the gentlest humility, are the features that beam forth upon us in all his conduct and writings. Amid all the temptations of his controversy with the Jesuits, he never forgets that benignant courtesy which tempers with grace even the wound

which it inflicts ; and however strong may be the current of righteous indignation in which his eloquence sometimes flows, it is never agitated by the turbulence of asperity, nor the foul energy of abuse. He was too penetrated by the 'divine spirit of charity to permit his taking any unfair advantages against even such enemies as the Jesuits. His labours of active benevolence were unceasing ; his generosity knew no bounds ; he even beggared himself by his prodigal benefactions ; he did what few do, mortgaged even his expectancies to charity.'

The depth and sincerity of Pascal's piety it were needless to dwell upon. No one ever cherished more profound and influential convictions of religion, or sought more thoroughly to resign himself to their sacred sway. He lived continually as under the 'great taskmaster's eye.' He dwelt with a delighted earnestness on the lofty ideal of Christian virtue, and few characters have, perhaps, borne in greater purity and loveliness the impress of some of its higher features. It must be confessed, at the same time, that there was much in Pascal's views of religion that cannot be commended. In the later years of his life, especially, its darker and less cheerful aspects were far too predominantly present with him. The awful shadow of eternity lay on him so heavily as almost to conceal the brightness of earth, and check the warm and genial flow of natural affection. Suffering seems not only to have chastened, but depressed and darkened his spirit, so that he felt distrustful even of the blessings of life, and shrank from its joys. It is, we believe, undoubted that his ascetic practices were of the most rigid and unyielding nature. He is even said to have worn beneath his clothes a girdle of iron with sharp points affixed, which he struck into his side whenever he felt his mind disposed to wander from religious objects or take delight in things around him. And he gives deliberate expressions to the feelings under which he thus acted in such sayings as the following :—'I can approve only of those who seek in tears for happiness.' 'Disease is the natural state of Christians.' We need not say how great a misconception of Christianity these statements present. Blessed, no doubt, are the uses of affliction ; but blessed also are the uses of prosperity ; and the Christian is to be educated as well by the light and warmth of bright days, and benign and joyful affections, as by the sad painfulness of disease and the shadowed loneliness of sorrow. So far from Christianity requiring from us the abnegation of any of the true and pure emotions of our nature, it is its very glory that it consecrates and hallows them all—that it invests them with a higher interest and a more enduring loveliness. Under whatever misconception, however, and formal extravagances, as may appear in the writings or life

of Pascal, we must not forget the rare Christian strength and beauty that lay beneath ; the faith which bore him with so meek a fortitude through all his trials, and the love which never wearied in its labours and never wasted in its strength.

As a writer, we have already so far spoken of Pascal. In this capacity it is not too much to say that he shines with the brightest lustre. There is at once a breadth of power and a felicity of touch in all his literary productions which stamp them classical, and may be said to have already placed them beyond all the ordinary chances of oblivion. The singular purity and finish of his style are proverbial. It is copious and powerful, yet flexible and easy, owning the lightest play of thought, rising at times into passages of transcendent compass and beauty, yet moving gracefully and tastefully in the least laboured sketches ; as M. Faugères truly says, 'lofty without exaggeration, everywhere replete with emotion, yet self-sustained, animated without turbulence, personal without pedantry or egotism, at once magnificent and modest.'

And thus we close our cursory sketch of the life and works of this great man. Familiar as may be his name, his works, we are pretty sure, are yet but very partially familiar, and models as they are both in style and sentiment, at once adorned with the brightest graces of literary art, and full of the deepest springs of thought, we know of none that will more amply reward a close and repeated study.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison.* Written by herself, and Edited by her Grandson, the Count de Montbrison. In 3 volumes. London: Colburn and Co.

THE Baroness D'Oberkirch was born in June, 1754, in Upper Alsace, and was the daughter of Francis Louis, Baron de Walder, who held in succession several military appointments, and was president of the resident nobility in the circle of Suabia. He was a Protestant ; and his daughter, we are told, was baptized in the parish church, 'in the holy evangelical Protestant faith.' Her mother died when she was only three or four years old ; and her early training was, in consequence, confided to her godmother, who appears to have discharged the trust with discretion and diligence. Speaking of her father's castle, Schweighausen, she tells us :—'We lived there in quiet and retirement, receiving the visits of our relatives and friends, praying to the Lord, and practising his holy religion ; listening to the spoken

word of God, and treasuring it up in our bosoms. Every evening we assembled round my father, who endeavored to repay, by the extreme tenderness of his affection, the loss we had sustained in my mother. We listened to his conversations with my uncles or the pious clergymen who often visited us at the castle. He related historical facts, the high deeds of our ancestors and of the people of Alsace, who have never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and scorned to admit a master.' At the age of fifteen she was introduced to the family of Duke Frederick Eugene de Wurtemberg, who had then just taken up his residence at Montbéliard, and the intimacy ripened into a lasting friendship between herself and the eldest daughter of the Duke, who afterwards became the wife of Paul, the Emperor of Russia. 'I was as much at home,' she says, 'with this royal family as if I had lived with them all my life. She who was to ascend the throne of the Czars, she who was to be mistress of half Europe, treated me as a sister—as an equal. She lavished on me the tenderest affection and the most unbounded confidence, and allowed me to enjoy all the sweet familiarities of a mutual affection.' Under these circumstances, we are not surprised at the somewhat exaggerated terms in which the Baroness speaks of the Princess Dorothea. This intimacy was maintained through very chequered scenes, and contributed largely to the introduction of the former to the highest circles of French society. Her natural temperament, and the character of her early training, may be gathered from the following brief extract;—

'My father wished to go to Strasburg this year, 1776. We were delighted with our visit; the society was of the highest fashion, numerous and exceedingly gay. I began to love balls and fêtes; it was natural at my age; however, I have never transgressed the bounds of the severe morality in which I was educated, nor swerved for a moment from the hereditary dignity of my family. We Protestants are accused of stiffness: we certainly set a high value upon reserve in the conduct of women, and strict moral principles. We are convinced that the purest happiness is to be found in domestic life, in a close adherence to the rules of honour, and a solemn respect for the holiness of the marriage tie. We are, perhaps, on that account, less fascinating, but more trustworthy.'—Vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

In the same year she was married to Baron D'Oberkirch, an estimable man, who, though nearly twenty years older than herself, contributed greatly to her happiness by unceasing kindness and much deference to her wishes. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, for whose special edification these 'Memoirs' were written. They are composed from three journals, kept in 1782, 1784, and 1786, in the first of which years she accompanied the Princess Dorothea, then travelling with her husband, the Arch-

duke, under the title of the Count and Countess du Nord; and in the last two she was at Paris, on the urgent invitation of the Dauphine de Bourbon. 'I shall often be obliged,' she says, 'to relate things alike repugnant to my feelings and my principles, but which portray the epoch in which we live. I will, however, avoid low gossip, not possessing a talent for that style of writing which gives such things currency. I record facts either more or less serious, and I will have at least the merit of an exact adherence to truth.'

It has been necessary to premise thus much, in order that our readers may duly estimate the opinions which are expressed; and we must further report, for their information, that the Baroness was not a whit behind her contemporaries in the importance she attached to hereditary distinctions, then approaching so terrible a crisis. She was amongst the most ardent worshippers of an interminable genealogy, and sometimes exhibits this weakness in a ridiculous, if not an offensive form. Such things were characteristic of her class and times; nor have we altogether escaped the infection. Other idols have, indeed, arisen. Our commercial character enables wealth to compete with genealogy; but the same radical evil may be traced under the various forms assumed. It is an unhealthy, and must be a pernicious state of things, when the accidents of birth are received as substitutes for personal qualities, and constitute a passport to society, if not to respect, whatever the folly or the vices with which they are connected. 'I ask,' says the Baroness, referring to her daughter's marriage, 'in my son-in-law only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that.' Had her wish been gratified—and we know not whether it was so—she might still have had a knave or a fool for her son-in-law,—so short-sighted and absurd are such preferences. We are not disposed to underrate the value of 'high birth,' nor are we the abettors of a levelling theory. Let not hereditary distinctions, however, be unduly exalted. Above all, let them never be substitutes for personal merit, or an occasion of reflecting on those whose virtues and genius point them out as the true nobility of our race.

The period of Madame D'Oberkirch's entrance into public life was deeply interesting, in whatever light it be viewed. It was towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., whose vices had rapidly matured the disaffection of his subjects. A slave to his mistresses, their caprice became a law to his kingdom, and the corruption of the court spread like a terrible infection through the land. Few monarchs were more worthless. There were no redeeming qualities in his character or policy; and his licentiousness was sometimes indulged in forms so gross as to

make the stoutest worshippers of royalty tremble and blush. This monarch died in 1774, having accomplished no other end than that of preparing the tragedy which followed. Our fathers were horrified at the atrocities of the first French revolution. We do not wonder at it. Such deeds had never been perpetrated before. Individuals may have equalled the wickedness of some of the Jacobin leaders; but history records no parallel of a great people surrendered to the domination of furious and malignant passions, or rather of the seam of a populous city carrying on for a time a successful crusade against the luxuries of wealth, the distinctions of rank, and the yet nobler endowments of intellect and virtue. Looking at the barbarities daily practised, our fathers could not find terms sufficiently strong to express their abhorrence of the revolutionists. In their horror at what they heard and saw, they forgot the mitigating circumstances which might have been pleaded, and which go to show that though the Robespierres and the Marats of the revolution cannot be cleared of the foulest crimes, their guilt was shared with their victims, and grew out of the example and influence of the higher orders of society. The tragedy enacted under Louis XVI. was the terrible retribution of a maddened and imbruted people for ages of misgovernment. It was not in the nature of things that the Sansculotism of Paris should start at once full grown on its diabolical career. It had been nurtured from ancient times. Kings and queens, the noblesse and the clergy, had contributed to its growth. With a blindness for which it is difficult to account, they had heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; and when at length the hour of vengeance came, their own frivolities and crimes had prepared the instruments of their torture. So brutal and ferocious a community could be formed only by grinding oppression, the lowest grade of poverty, unparalleled ignorance, and a strong conviction of the immoralities and baseness of the higher orders of society. The leaders of the French had sown the wind, and it was not, therefore, strange that they reaped the whirlwind.

The chief interest of such works as the present consists in the illustrations they afford of the preparation silently going on for this terrible consummation. Madame D'Oberkirch was no genius. Her mental powers were not above the ordinary level; she was incapable of seeing further than other people; and her morality, though superior to her class, was not so rigid and high-toned as to make her fully sensible of the corruption and worthlessness which reigned about her. Yet she was a woman of quick observation, and happily adopted the plan of noting down much of what she saw and heard. She was admitted to the best society, and supplies many

touching, though undesigned, illustrations of the process which was destined to elicit so dark and tragical a result. Many of her records are mere trifles with which we could readily dispense, were it not that they yield a glimpse into the hollowness and corruption of the society whose exterior was so fascinating. It was the whiteness of the sepulchre, the beauty of consumption. Men gazed upon it with admiration, and lived on its smile ; but when its hour came they saw only the contents of the grave, or the ghastly hue of death. But it is time we turn to the volumes themselves ; and we are mistaken if our readers, amidst much that is worthless, will not discover many things to interest and inform them.

Marie Antoinette is one of those historical personages about whom it is difficult to ascertain the truth. Her personal beauty and tragical death invest her with a charm against which the most phlegmatic are not proof, while they array in her defence the chivalry of gallant and noble natures. The sublime genius of Burke found here an inspiring theme ; and even the rigid moralist, in censuring the frivolities and evil counsels of the queen, is unconsciously influenced by admiration of the woman. She was married to the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., in 1770, and is described as of exquisite beauty. Her popularity was at first great ; she was the idol of the court, and the people sympathized with their superiors. ‘The queen,’ says our author, in the year 1784, ‘looked more than usually beautiful ; and she was very well received, for she was then beloved ; people had not yet begun to calumniate her, or if they did it was not publicly.’ Our author’s introduction to the queen was under advantageous circumstances. She was in attendance on the Countess du Nord, which induced her majesty to dispense with the ordinary form of presentation. The Russian court were engaged to dine with the royal family, and the following brief sketch introduces a brilliant scene, of which history records few parallels :—

‘The grand-duchess shone at this dinner, and displayed an intelligence and tact very uncommon at her age. The etiquette observed at public receptions at court is so fatiguing and wearisome to princes that I do not know how they can ever become reconciled to it. After dinner the entire court assembled in the saloon *de la paix*, where there was to be a concert. There were places in the gallery for persons who had been presented, but had not received invitations from the queen. The palace was all brilliantly illuminated, as on days of high ceremonial. A thousand chandeliers depended from the ceilings, and every bracket supported a branch holding forty wax-lights. The effect was magical. It would be impossible to give an adequate description of the splendour and richness of the decorations, of the magnificence of the dresses, or of the matchless beauty of the queen, who lent a grace and charm to everything around her.

‘ Her majesty was told that I had the honour of being the intimate friend of the grand-duchess, but that, not being a Russian, I could not be presented with her. She immediately sent me an invitation to her concert, and whilst we were at dinner, a lady of the court called on me to say that the queen would dispense with the ceremony of my presentation.

‘ “Madame,” said the queen to the Countess du Nord, “it would have been a strange oversight in me to have separated you from your friend at the very moment that I was seeking to surround you with everything that could give you pleasure.”

‘ Her majesty received me with excessive goodness and amiability, and said—

‘ “Madame, I do not know which I ought to envy most, you the friendship of the Countess du Nord, or her the possession of so faithful a friend, as I understand you to be.”

‘ Never shall these words be effaced from my remembrance, nor the gentle glance by which they were accompanied.

‘ The queen made me sit behind her and the Countess du Nord, between Madame de Beckendorf and Madame de Vergennes, and did me the honour of addressing me five or six times during the concert.

‘ “You come from a province, baroness, that I thought very beautiful and very loyal when I passed through it. I never can forget that I was there first greeted by the French; that it was there they first called me their queen.”

‘ She asked me, a little while after, how many children I had, and when I replied that I had but one daughter, she said—

‘ “It is a pity that you have not a son; but I hope that you will have one, as I am sure that he would serve the king as faithfully as his ancestors have done.”’—*Ib.* pp. 242—244.

Louis XVI. was, in many respects, the opposite of his queen. He was ‘very timid, and always a little embarrassed by ceremonials.’ His habits, moreover, were simple; and had he fallen on other times, and been surrounded by councillors whom he might safely have trusted, he would have possessed the goodwill, though he could never have commanded the admiration or respect of his people. It was his unhappiness to inherit the odium due to the misgovernment and vices of his predecessors, and his own infirmity of purpose and feebleness of character unfitted him to stem the torrent which had at length risen above its artificial embankments. He had no settled principles, was weak and vacillating, and stood aghast at the tempest which was raging, in absolute ignorance of the wants of his people, and of the character of the epoch which had arrived. He was the tool of his court, and was swayed to and fro, according to the caprice or passion of his queen.

‘ As a recreation, Madame Bombelles took me to visit the apartments and cabinets of the king, which I had not yet seen. They were not so handsome or as much ornamented as those of the queen. The simplicity

of Louis XVI.'s taste is seen in everything about him. We ascended by a private staircase to a small room at the very top of the palace, where the king works as a locksmith, an occupation in which he takes great pleasure. As I entered this apartment, filled with tools, I was greatly impressed by these evidences of the simple tastes of so great a monarch.'—*Ib.* p. 257.

Such tastes, unassociated with other qualities of a regal order, were not adapted to an age of unbridled licentiousness, in which the worst forms of vice were practised. Never was a community more thoroughly corrupt than Paris at this time. It was the nearest approach to pandemonium which modern history presents. From the throne to the garret or the cellar, from the noble of ancient lineage to the poorest mechanic, it was one mass of evil. Selfishness, rapacity, lust, matrimonial infidelity, brutalizing ignorance, and the most grovelling superstition, were the reigning divinities, and their temples were crowded by worshippers who were earnest in nothing else. Of this state of things the baroness affords an occasional and partial glimpse:—

'One of the ulcers of society, which is every day becoming more envenomed, and which will prove fatal if a remedy be not applied, is the attention paid by gentlemen to actresses and to women who disregard the ties of marriage. They devote a great deal of their time to them, not publicly, for they dare not do that, but in private. How many men ruin their properties to deck such women with gold and jewels! It is an unparalleled scandal, repugnant to every upright mind, and to which no remedy has been yet applied, notwithstanding the lamentations of families. I have no desire to set myself up as a moralist, but I confess that I have often congratulated myself upon not having a son, that I may be free of this and other embarrassments.

'A spirit of unbridled licence is abroad. The free-and-easy manners which gentlemen acquired in the society of these *demoiselles* have spread their contagion in circles within which deference should never be laid aside. Loose expressions are used in presence of the most respectable women. This is a trait of manners that I would not wish to omit, and of which the source is very remote. Volumes may be written on this truth, which is *too true*, as Figaro says.'—*Ib.* pp. 320, 322.

The character of Joseph II. of Austria, brother of Marie Antoinette, is thus briefly sketched. He was at this time on a visit at Montbéliard:—

'We were afterwards presented to Joseph, who made a most agreeable impression on me. He seemed to be proud—not of his high position, but of his personal superiority. He was very tall, but held himself perfectly straight. He wore a wig, which he sometimes, unconsciously, pulled awry. His manners were noble and simple, too simple perhaps; and certainly his visit did no service to France, where it tended to bring royalty into discredit by putting kings on a level with the lower classes of society, who were not slow to profit by the circumstance. Joseph II.'s

sense of justice, his moderation, his humanity, made him adored by his subjects, whilst his gracious and unaffected manners inspired at first sight as much affection as respect. I have already expressed this opinion, and I now repeat it. I have but one reproach to make him, it is on the subject of philosophic tendencies. He ambitioned, it is said, to walk in the footsteps of the great Frederick. He wished to digest and put into operation a new plan of government conformable to his new ideas. As far as my limited knowledge would allow me to judge, I think that he made a mistake. All philosopher as he was, he did not call to see M. de Voltaire, at Ferney, a loss for which the patriarch could scarcely console himself.'—Ib. pp. 172, 173.

Of the character of Paul we have a much more favorable account than is usual. He is known to history as an eccentric and impulsive monarch, whose reign did not realize its early promise. His assassination in 1801 dissolved the Baltic coalition, which had seriously threatened British interests. By our countrymen his faults have been magnified by the medium through which he has been viewed. His early secession from the northern alliance, the embargo he laid on English vessels in Russian ports, and the friendly disposition he cherished towards Buonaparte, have served to magnify our estimate of his faults, and to conceal the better qualities of his character and policy. At the time of his marriage to the Princess Dorothea in 1776, he was under the imperious rule of his mother, who was exceedingly jealous of power, and sought to prevent his taking part in political affairs. The princess, shortly after her marriage, speaks of him in terms of impassioned affection, as 'the most adorable of husbands;' and six years afterwards, when he was twenty-eight years of age, he is thus described by our author:—'His first appearance was not prepossessing. He was very small, and his face would be considered plain even amongst the northern races; but on a nearer view, his features revealed an expression of intelligence and refinement, his eyes were brilliant and animated, and, notwithstanding the astute smile that played about his lips, his countenance wore an habitual air of calmness and repose.'

The following anecdote is a thousand times more interesting than the notices given of the salons and beauties of Paris. It exhibits, in a most favorable light, the character of the distinguished personages to whom it relates, and increases our regret that the archduke was not placed in circumstances suited to develop and mature the better qualities of his mind. Speaking of a visit to the collegiate church of Aix-la-Chapelle, the Baroness tells us:—

'At the moment that we came out of the church, one of the children attached to the choir, and who was attending the clergyman engaged in

doing the honours to their imperial highnesses, gave an affectionate salute to a poor woman who was sitting at the foot of a column. She held upon her knees a crippled child covered with a few rags. The grand-duke, whose glance nothing can escape, saw the sign of recognition, and observed the poverty of the poor woman: he stopped, and asked if this child was hers. The poor creature, astonished at being addressed by so great a personage, appeared stupified, and neither rose nor answered. The canon repeated the question a little more sharply.

"Softly, softly, M. Canon," said the prince, "do not embarrass this poor woman; she will comprehend better in a minute. Is this child yours, my good woman?"

"Oh yes, sir, it is indeed mine! but it would not be alive now but for that little angel that is standing there behind his reverence."

Every eye was now turned towards the little choir-boy, who drew back quite ashamed.

"Do not be ashamed of performing a good action," said the prince. "Come, tell us what this child has done for you, and we will see if there be any means of recompensing him, by aiding him in his work of charity. Is he a relation of yours?"

"No, sir, he is not a relation; but I love him as much as I do my daughter."

And then the poor woman, who had quite recovered from her embarrassment, related how, on Palm-Sunday, she was returning from the gate of the church, where she had been asking alms, and how she found herself and her little daughter entangled amid a crowd of carriages belonging to the Bishop of Liege, who officiated on that day. Very much alarmed, she attempted to run, her foot slipped, she fell on the pavement, and her child was thrown forward at some paces distant. The little girl's arm was broken, and she would have been trampled under foot by the horse were it not for little Hans, who sprang towards her, and bore her away at the peril of his own life. Since that day he shared with the mother and daughter the fruits of his labours: himself an orphan, and without relations, he adopted those that Providence had sent him, and endeavoured to support those whose lives he had saved. He was bound to a wheelwright, and earned fifteen sous per day, besides what he gained at the chapter. All his earnings were given to his adopted mother; but as the little girl had never recovered the effects of her accident, the entire was expended at the apothecary's in drugs. He had scarcely enough to eat, and was almost destitute of clothing; but the generous Hans cheerfully submitted to every privation. The grand-duchess, with tearful eyes, poured the contents of her purse into the apron of the poor woman, who, having never before seen so much money, thought that it was all a dream.

"I am sure that in doing this, I recompense Hans more largely than if I gave him twice that sum for himself. But he shall not be forgotten."

Their imperial highnesses purchased for Hans the establishment of a wheelwright, which was to be worked for him until he should be of an age to undertake the management of it himself.—Vol. ii. pp. 130—132.

The frivolity and unreflecting joyousness of the Parisians are frequently noticed; and those who looked only at the surface, and

estimated the state of things in France by the standard of other countries, might well mistake the signs of the times. 'All were so gay,' remarks our author, 'cries of joy, hurras, and shouts of applause, re-echoed from all sides. They drank and sang to their full content, while some danced to the sound of music.' Who could foresee in this gaiety and lightness of heart the ferocity and bloodthirstiness which were so soon to render Paris an Aceldama? The earth was clothed with beauty; and the gay walkers upon it knew nothing of the terrible convulsion whose materials were gathering below. The same features continued to distinguish French society at a later period. Speaking of 1784, the Baroness tells us:—'After the opera, we went to the Tuileries, then the fashionable promenade; but as the Parisians do everything through caprice, they selected one alley, and would not take a step in any of the others. All were suffocating; some persons almost fought. The buttons of the gentlemen's coats carried off the lace trimming of the ladies' mantelets; falbalas were torn by the pommels of swords, and flounces of point lace were sometimes seen dangling from the end of a scabbard.'

Some few men of profounder reflection than ordinary looked beyond the present moment, and dreaded the storm that was gathering. Society was, indeed, corrupted to its very core; and, as is common at such times, a host of strange fantasies were abroad, each of which had its zealous abettor. Even such observers as Madame D'Oberkirch could not at all times free themselves from gloomy apprehensions. 'Is it not strange,' she asks, 'that this century, so immoral, so philosophically boastful, and so sceptical, has, as it approaches its close, become not believing, but credulous, superstitious, and inclined to the marvellous. It is like an aged sinner who trembles at the thought of hell, and fancies that he repents because he fears. Around, one can scarce see anything but sorcerers, adepts, prophets, and necromancers; and everyone has visions, presentiments—and, strange to say, all are bloody, all threatening. What will be the latter years of this century, which was so brilliant at its commencement, during which so much has been written in proof of its Utopian theories of materialism, and which now can think only of the soul, and of its superiority over the body, and over instinct! I dare not think of it. All that an impartial person can or ought to do is, to lay before the world all they see, all they hear, and leave to posterity the decision that we cannot give. One cannot be at the same time judge and partizan.'

At a still later period, after reporting a discreditable anecdote of M. de Talleyrand, she remarks, 'How depraved is the

present generation ! God alone only knows when all this will end !' This is the language, be it remembered, not of a philosopher or a prude, but of a woman of fashion, superior, it is true, to the morals of her class, but not disposed to magnify their vices, or to apply to human conduct a standard of ideal excellence. And yet we are called on by maudlin sentimentalists to regard the victims of the *revolution* with unmixed sympathy. We can do nothing of the kind. We pity suffering humanity under whatever form it appears, but cannot so far confound good and evil, as to invest the effete libertines and licentious beauties of the salons and theatres of Paris, with the virtues which entitle to respect and admiration. They paid a bitter penalty; but no sound moralist, even while condemning the agents of their punishment, will overlook their demerit and guilt. As they sowed, so they reaped, and the tale of their sorrows reads an instructive lesson to mankind. The literary men, to whom it is fashionable to attribute so many of the evils which visited France, were no favorites with our author. 'I consider these men,' she says, 'as the primary cause of all the later misfortunes of France, and detest them with all my soul.'

Madame de Staël, as might have been anticipated, is sketched with the bitterness of a devotee to the old order of things; yet the superiority of her genius is admitted. The writer had too much good sense to deny the latter, though her attachment to fashions which were passing away led her to misunderstand what she terms the 'prudery' of the illustrious Genevese.

'The Duchess of Bourbon was very ill to-day, and sent for me early. I went, and remained the entire day with her. She received a great many visits this day, during which there was a great deal of conversation about court and city, and, as may be supposed, the neighbour was not spared. The chief topic was, the presentation of Madame de Staël, whose inelegant appearance was thought quite out of keeping with the refinement of Versailles. She was described as ugly, awkward, and affected. M. de Staël, on the contrary, is very handsome and well bred, and seemed to be very little pleased by the impression that his wife made. Since her marriage, Madame de Staël has made herself perfectly ridiculous by her prudery and pretensions, and has the blindness to mistake the starched manners of Geneva and the impertinent airs of a parvenue for the deportment of a fine lady. Her mother, Madame Necker, who is the most detestable pedant in the world, has been exceedingly ungrateful to M. Thelsson, with whom M. Necker was cashier, and to whom he owes all his success. M. Necker is universally detested, on account of the injury that his system has done; and this prejudice against the father is an injury to the daughter, who is undoubtedly a woman of genius, although her ideas have taken a false direction, and her Genevese origin is constantly revealing itself, notwithstanding the superiority of her understanding and the dignity of her position.'—Vol. iii. pp. 206, 207.

We must close our extracts with the following anecdote of the times of the Regency, which was told our author by the Chevalier de Morney, an old man of eighty-four, who was governor of St. Cloud at the time of her visit to that celebrated palace. The chevalier had been page to the Regent during the reign of Louis XIV., of whom and of his court he related many incidents. Being asked what he was thinking of at the time of her arrival, he replied,—

“What was I thinking of? I was thinking of a circumstance that few persons know, that happened here one evening, when I was but sixteen, and that I do not think it would be right to tell.”

“But you will tell it to us, chevalier,” said I, softly; “it will give us so much pleasure.”

“Yes, I may tell it *to you*, who are Germans, and will not laugh at it. I could have laughed at it myself when I was young, not so young as twenty or sixteen; then, I can assure you, I looked on it as seriously as the actors in the tale themselves. Well, then, at this cascade, where I am now sitting old and infirm, I have seen, on a lovely night in autumn, Mademoiselle Orleans, the most beautiful creature that God ever made, kneeling beside my poor fellow-page, M. Saint Maixent (a noble gentleman from Anjou), and heard them both vow eternal fidelity. The princess swore to enter a convent, and he to seek death upon the battle-field; and they were both faithful to their promises: she became abbess of Chelles, and he received a bullet in the breast from the firelock of a Spaniard. He was not twenty: 'tis only in early youth that one has sufficient romance to commit such sublime extravagance.”

“What, M. le chevalier, he sought death in battle, and she retired to a convent? They must have loved each other then?”

“Of course, they loved each other; and the duchess of Orleans, who poked her nose everywhere like a ferret, suspected it. They at first wished to marry and run away; but, fortunately for the princess, her lover was an honest man, and would not degrade the royal family. She was quite determined, and nothing else could restrain her. All the regent's daughters were so strange! The lovers came here to breathe their last adieu, whilst I and one of the princess's women kept watch. The princess wished to fly; but St. Maixent begged her not to destroy her future peace by such an act, and to submit to fate, since it was impossible that they could be united. He flung himself at her feet, and swore upon his honour that no other should ever possess his love; and as he could not obtain the only happiness he desired on this earth, he would seek an honourable death. I see the whole scene again; there is the opening between the trees, that allows the moonlight to show their graceful and youthful forms, and there I see the princess kneel beside her lover, and swear that she would never marry, that she would leave the court and go into a convent. ‘Are you satisfied now?’ said she; ‘destiny cannot separate us altogether.’ He kissed her hands and wept passionately, and I, though only a spectator, cried like a child.

“The princess kept her word, and, spite of all the entreaties and commands of her family, retired to Chelles. A thousand different reasons

were given for her conduct ; some even said that she was attached to her dancing-master, Caucherau ; but I have told you the real cause. The duchess took very good care not to publish this, as she did everything ; she was in a terrible rage, and had the most deadly horror of a misalliance. Poor St. Maixent ! He was worthy of being loved ; I have never met any one like him since.” —Ib. pp. 3—5.

We have rarely met with a work which illustrates more fully the period to which it relates than the one before us. The Baroness D'Oberkirch was the intimate friend of some of the most distinguished personages of her day. She was frequently in the society of emperors and kings, queens and duchesses, and her faculty of observation, and habit of immediately recording her impression, render her volumes as instructive as they are entertaining. The most fastidious may read them without offence, for, though pleased occasionally with a little scandal, she scrupulously avoids the grosser class of anecdotes with which French memoirs frequently abound. Nor does this omission detract from the completeness of her picture. The best informed may gather fresh knowledge from her pages, while all will be pleased with the variety of her experience, and the tact with which she has exhibited the more prominent features of French fashionable life. We commend her ‘Memoirs’ as a work of light, pleasant, and instructive reading, from which some explanation may be gathered of a social problem that has perplexed and mystified many subtle minds.

ART. IV.—*The Three Colonies of Australia : New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia ; their Pastures, Copper Mines and Gold Fields.* By Samuel Sidney. London : Ingram, Cooke and Co. 8vo. pp. 427.

IN our last number we promised a full report upon this volume, and we cheerfully fulfil the task. Mr. Sidney is known to the public as the editor of ‘The Emigrant’s Journal,’ and as the author of ‘The Australian Hand Book ;’ and in the course of his former labours, he has gathered up a store of practical knowledge which is now produced to great advantage. It has been asked whether the book is trustworthy ; and in our opinion it is. Personal residence in the colonies would have rendered it more accurate, less haste would have preserved it from a few blemishes, but it is truthful in the main, and is the production of an honest mind. Both the subject and the treatment are interesting ; a bold exposure of abuses, old and new,

and a clear aim at the promotion of the welfare of the labouring classes in conjunction with the prosperity of the colonists, make it a valuable work, which all may read with advantage, and which those who are intending to emigrate should examine with special attention.

The work is divided (p. 19) into three principal sections—historical, descriptive, and practical; but in the execution of this design, it will be found that the practical is placed before the descriptive. The second chapter begins an original and instructive history of discovery, casting a glance at the nomenclature of the colonies as they now exist. On this incidental topic it will be admitted that it is high time to allow the name of New Holland to give place to the general term Australia, and the name of Van Diemen's Land to the softer appellation of Tasmania. But how shall we reduce the barbarous and inappropriate phrases of New South Wales and South Australia into univocal and pleasant form? An act of parliament has filleted the brow of Port Philip with the graceful title of Victoria; and the day may come when Pastoralia and Cerulea shall be the characteristic names of the provinces above mentioned, and when Austerlind shall be affixed to Swan River. It is an ungrateful task to stand godfather to a child, an omnibus, or a province; but with the euphonious titles of Pennsylvania, Georgia, Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia before us, and with the recollection that Plymouth Dock has been transmuted into Devonport, we have good hope of distinctive and mellifluous designations for these new-born dependencies. Under the head of discovery we are led to notice that it preceded occupation by two centuries, that the great '*terra Australis incognita*' presented a repulsive aspect to the first navigators. 'The Commander Carstens, sent by the Dutch East India Company to explore New Holland, describes it as "barren coasts, shallow water, islands thinly peopled by cruel, poor, and brutal natives, and of very little use to the company." Tasman's Land was pronounced to be the abode of "howling evil spirits."'

No antiquities are found in Australia; there is no trace of an ancient civilized race. When first settled, it was strictly in a state of nature; and only two faint evidences remain of the visits of the first explorers; one is a tin-plate found at the entrance of Shark's Bay, bearing the date of 1616, which is noticed by our author, and another, in Hobart Town, which we desire to rescue from oblivion. In digging the foundation for a house on the margin of a sequestered creek flowing into the estuary of the Derwent, a cannon-ball was exhumed, which, in the opinion of connoisseurs, was of Dutch manufacture, and had

been buried about two centuries. This is a significant relic ; it explains the character of European visitation, and Carstens' melancholy description that Tasman's Land was the abode of ' howling evil spirits.' Savages are men—had they not cause to howl ? But the moral does not end here ; there are islands in the Pacific where like tokens of fraternity are imbedded in the soil shot from English guns—and wantonly shot. The history of discovery now drawing to a close is still a history of blood.

The chapter on transportation is fraught with horrors. The author traces it from the ancient abjuration of the realm, when exile was preferable to incarceration in the donjon keep—onward to the sale of white slaves to the American plantations, with its accompanying crime of kidnapping—down to the ameliorated but still terrible form of the assignment system. A blush mantles the cheek as we read the details. Oh, that we could say these villanies have passed away ! But no ! even under the assignment system there were men who would goad their bond-servants to madness by withholding their tickets of leave ; and Van Diemen's Land is still the scene of great atrocity. Every *populus virorum* must be of the same character, and every form of punishment where power is wielded by irresponsible authority. What shall we do with our criminals ? is a vital question—the great sea-gaol on the one hand, the penitentiary on the other, are opposite but unsatisfactory means of solving the problem. The prevention of crime, therefore, yet remains as the pressing want of the day. The game laws and intemperance are the fountains of crime ; cannot these dread sources of misery be dried up ? But we have no space to enter upon this discussion, and therefore turn to our author for illustration of the past.

' The following recollections are extracted by permission from the MS. " Voluntary Statements of the People of New South Wales," collected by Mrs. Chisholm :—

' *Joseph Smith.*

' Macdonald's River, County of Hunter, 3rd Oct., 1845.

' I arrived in the colony fifty-six years since ; it was Governor Phillip's time, and I was fourteen years old ; there were only eight houses in the colony then. I know that myself and eighteen others laid in a hollow tree for seventeen weeks ; and cooked out of a kettle with a wooden bottom : we used to stick it in a hole in the ground, and make a fire round it. I was seven years in service (bond), and then started working for a living wherever I could get it. There was plenty of hardship then : I have often taken grass, and pounded it, and made soup from a native dog. I would eat anything then. For seventeen weeks I had only five ounces of flour a day. *We never got a full ration except when the ship was in harbour.* The motto was, " kill them or work them, their provision will be in store." Many a time have I been yoked like a bullock with twenty or thirty others

to drag along timber. About eight hundred died in six months at a place called Toongabbie, or Constitution-hill. I knew a man so weak, he was thrown into the grave, when he said, "Don't cover me up; I'm not dead; for God's sake don't cover me up!" The overseer answered, "D—— your eyes, you'll die to-night, and we shall have the trouble to come back again!" The man recovered, his name is James Glasshouse, and he is now alive at Richmond.

' They used to have a large hole for the dead; once a day men were sent down to collect the corpses of prisoners, and throw them in without any ceremony or service. The native dogs used to come down at night and fight and howl in packs, gnawing the poor dead bodies.

' The governor would order the lash at the rate of five hundred, six hundred, to eight hundred; and if the men could have stood it they would have had more. I knew a man hung *there and then* for stealing a few biscuits, and another for stealing a duck frock. A man was condemned—no time—take him to the tree, and hang him. The overseers were allowed to flog the men in the fields. Often have men been taken from the gang, had fifty, and sent back to work. Any man would have committed murder for a month's provisions: I would have committed three (murders) for a week's provisions! I was chained seven weeks on my back for being out getting greens, wild herbs. The Rev. —— used to come it tightly to force some confession. Men were obliged to tell lies to prevent their bowels from being cut out by the lash.

' Old —— (an overseer) killed three men in a fortnight at the saw by overwork. We used to be taken in large parties to raise a tree; when the body of the tree was raised, he (Old ——) would call some of the men away—then more; the men were bent double—they could not bear it—they fell—the tree on one or two, killed on the spot. "Take him away; put him in the ground!" There was no more about it.

' Mrs. Smith's Statement.

' I have seen Dr. —— take a woman who was in the family way, with a rope round her, and duck her in the water at Queen's-wharf. The laws were bad then. If a gentleman wanted a man's wife, he would send the husband to Norfolk Island. I have seen a man flogged for pulling six turnips instead of five. One Defrey was overseer, the biggest villain that ever lived, delighted in torment. He used to walk up and down and rub his hands when the blood ran. When he walked out, the flogger walked behind him. He died a miserable death—maggots ate him up; not a man could be found to bury him. I have seen six men executed for stealing 21 lbs. of flour. I have seen a man struck, when at work, with a handspike, and killed on the spot. I have seen men in tears round Governor ——, begging for food. He would mock them with "Yes, yes, gentlemen; I'll make you comfortable; give you a nightcap and a pair of stockings!"'—pp. 50—52.

No wonder the colonists clamour for the abolition of transportation; they know its woes, and that they are immitigable. Some few may adopt the Sydney motto—*sic forte Etruria crevit*, in a base sense, but a majority of thousands to one abjure it.

And it is no mean evidence of the advancement of the colonies in intelligence and virtue that they are all but unanimous in deprecating a system which was the foundation of their fortunes.

Mr. Sidney reviews the administrations of the successive governors of New South Wales, and deals fairly with all, except that of Sir George Gipps. We are quite willing to accord the merit he ascribes to his predecessor, Sir Richard Bourke, but cannot help thinking he praises him in order to throw an invidious shadow upon Sir George. Of the three last governors Sir George Gipps was unquestionably the most able man; he possessed consummate talent, and displayed a courage, candour, and liberality worthy of the nonconformist blood which flowed in his veins. He was somewhat of the Cromwell order; he became a reformer, and insisted that the officials should give a day's work for a day's pay. He saw how far the squatters had leagued to form an *imperium in imperio*, and was resolved to curb their oligarchical insolence. Hence the opposition he excited. He refused all seductive arts, and did not, as others, suborn the press; he trusted to his unaided tongue and pen to repress what he deemed social and political grievances; and although he had never uttered a speech before he became governor, yet he displayed an eloquence which came home directly to the bulk of the colonists, and effectually confounded his opponents. These ascribed their defeat to Sir George's power, and called it tyranny; but it was the force of reason. The dispatches of Sir Richard Bourke are models of statesmanship, but they are the offspring of his under secretary; Sir Charles Fitzroy is also indebted to the present colonial secretary for measures of wisdom, and for the explanation of them in council; but Sir George formed his own plans, and wrote his own state-papers, and they stand imperishable records of his genius. What we now affirm is borne out by Mr. Sidney's statements; his facts belie his glosses, and even he himself sometimes pays a tribute of respect to one so truly great.

'Yet Sir George Gipps was not without noble as well as brilliant qualities. His hands were clean; in a different sphere, matched and subdued by the even competition of English public life, he might have done himself honour and the state service; but his was a temperament ill-suited for the exercise of powers so absolute as those of a colonial governor—powers which he had acquired without any tedious probation. At one stride he passed from a subordinate military rank to the government of a great province of wealthy and discontented men, having in his hands authority which could make or mar a whole class or a whole district.'—p. 113.

It is well known Sir George rose from a captaincy in the

engineers to be the governor of a province ; and that, to the credit of the government, he was selected for the ability he had shown as secretary to the commission to Canada ; and as many a day may pass before we shall meet with his equal, it is but just to his memory to state further particulars respecting him. He was an uncompromising lover of justice ; and, therefore, after a most horrible massacre of the blacks, he resisted all the threats of wealthy settlers to deter him from his duty. The murderers were hung. Shortly afterwards, a squatter demanded a party of police to put down the predatory attacks of the aborigines upon a very distant out station. The governor told him that, if he would go so far from the centre of government, he must take the consequences ; that a guard for all the squatting districts would exhaust both the treasury and the whole police force, and leave the settled districts insecure. ‘Then,’ (said the squatter), ‘I shall take the law into my own hands.’ ‘What do you mean?’ said the governor. ‘I shall shoot them.’ ‘Then I will hang you as sure as my name is George Gipps.’ This decisive line of conduct protected the aborigines without exposing the settlers to harm ; a little more vigilance at their own expense kept their flocks in safety. The following anecdote, in reference to Mrs. Chisholm’s enterprise is characteristic :—

‘Sir George Gipps, who was capable of noble sentiments when his evil temper or home instructions did not override them, took a public opportunity of expressing his sense of the merit and utility of her plans, saying, “I think it right to make this public acknowledgment, having formerly thrown cold water upon them.”

‘A few days after the permission (to frank letters) had been granted, the governor sent for Mrs. Chisholm in a great hurry. She found him in one of his fits of excitement, the table covered with her own letters.

“Mrs. Chisholm,” he exclaimed, “when I gave you the privilege of franking, I presumed you would address yourself to the magistrates, the clergy, and the principal settlers ; but who, pray, are these John Vardlys and Dick Hogans, and other people, of whom I have never heard since I have been in the colony ?”

“If,” she replied, “I had required to know the opinions of these respectable gentlemen on the subject of the demand for labour, and the rate of wages they could afford, I need not have written ; I can turn to half a dozen blue books and find there ‘shepherds always wanting and wages always too high ;’ besides, to have answered me they must have gone to their overseers, and then answered me vaguely. I want to know, as nearly as possible, what number of labourers each district can absorb, and of what class and what wages. If your Excellency will wait until I get my answers, you will admit that I have applied to men humble but intelligent, and able to afford exactly the information I require.”

‘ Sir George Gipps was satisfied with the explanation, and still more with the replies of the bush settlers ; so the sub-officials were on this occasion discomfited.’—pp. 154, 155.

From this extract it appears that Sir George gave way occasionally to bursts of temper ; we will admit this fault, but palliate it by the fact that he was affected with disease of the heart, and that his bursts of passion were directed against wrongs. This disorder brought him to the grave shortly after his recal ; and let the visitor to Canterbury cathedral mark his bust on the right hand of the nave, and in the force of his beetling brows and the noble lines of his intelligent countenance, read the cause of the animosity, and the love, which alike followed him to the tomb—a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that did well. This is the shrine we visit there—the shrine of a great man.

It required the hand of a wise and bold pilot to steer safely through the difficulties existing when Sir George Gipps arrived—the reaction of the land mania, an impending scarcity of grain, and a commercial crisis ; but he succeeded. At the close of his administration, the greatest amount of material good had been secured on the firmest basis. Mr. Sidney may endeavour to snatch the palm from the victor, and place it in other hands, but the concluding paragraphs of the tenth chapter are a practical eulogium upon the skill and firmness with which Sir G. Gipps governed New South Wales :—

‘ The ability and integrity of the colonial secretaries of state during the administration of Sir George Gipps, and of Sir George himself, are indisputable ; but then they insisted on knowing whether shoes fitted or not better than the people who wore, and insisted, too, that they should wear them. Fortunately the prosperity of the colony did not entirely depend on the crotchets of a colonial minister, or of a governor, although both could, and did, seriously retard its progress.

‘ While the Legislative Council were contesting, inch by inch, the “elementary rights of Englishmen,” the grass was growing, the sheep were breeding, the stockmen were exploring new pastures, and the frugal industry of settlers was replacing and increasing the capital lost by wild speculations.

‘ Before Sir George Gipps retired, in 1846, he was able to announce that the revenue exceeded the expenditure, and the exports the imports, while the glut of labour which followed his arrival had been succeeded by a demand which the squatters termed a *dearth*.’—p. 131.

To Sir George the roundhead succeeded Sir Charles the cavalier. He is a genuine specimen of the class, being, as his name Fitzroy intimates, a direct descendant of Charles II. He had previously governed in Antigua, but a more incapable man for Australia it would be hard to find. On landing at Sydney,

he said, with a *sans souci* air, ‘I wonder how Sir George Gipps could have suffered himself to be annoyed under such a delicious climate.’ It is certain he has not suffered himself to be broken down with the cares of state. And yet he has proved a respectable governor, having wisely entrusted the reins to his officers who had been disciplined under Sir George Gipps; and they have guided the chariot of the government as well as Sir Charles can drive his four-in-hand. Mons Meg is supported by better metal than herself, or the citadel would be in danger. Sir Charles is an excellent show-gun, while the battery is worked with the twenty-four pounders. Such is also Mr. Sidney’s view.

‘His (Sir C. Fitzroy’s) administration, personally, affords no room for observation. He appears to have no opinions, a very conciliatory manner, and to be only anxious to allow the colonists as much liberty of legislation as his instructions will permit. He is contented to drive his own four-in-hand while his official advisers manage the colonists. And perhaps, until it is found possible to select as governor of Australia some man of superior intellectual attainments and refined tastes as well as common sense, conciliatory manners, and official aptitude,—some one, in fact, who would teach the wealthy young colonists that, according to modern English notions, more is needed than a large income, a polished exterior, and a fashionable tailor, to make a gentleman—there cannot be a better governor than the sporting, ball-giving, George the Fourth style of Fitzroy.’—p. 167, 168.

In 1851 Victoria was separated from New South Wales by virtue of an imperial statute passed in the previous year. Victoria is a satellite no longer, but a new planet projected through an independent orbit: the history of New South Wales is, therefore, adroitly summed up at this point with facts which show at one glance a mighty progress; in her case also chaos is reduced to order—the nebulous haze has been condensed into a star.

The chapter on Victoria is unexceptionable; and we shall only crown the author’s enthusiastic statements with a table of statistics.

Population of Victoria.—1851, 70,000; 1852, 115,000.

Imports.—1850, £745,000; 1851, £1,056,000.

Exports.—1850, £1,042,000; 1851, £1,423,000.

In the course of the year, upwards of 50,000 souls have been added to the population; while the revenue far exceeds the expenditure, and is enormous.

When our author touches upon South Australia he assumes the censor; and assails the Wakefield theory as vehemently as Don Quixote attacked the windmills. We are not about to defend that theory—the celebrated *Eureka, Eureka* of the ‘Spectator;’ but we may at least crave his mercy. Its most

obnoxious features have been modified, and Adelaide has risen to importance notwithstanding early mistakes. He treats the South Australian Company with great scorn; the curl on his lip is as formidable as a mustachio, but where the grievance! It is certain, as he admits, that the colony of South Australia would not have been founded but for the timely intervention of the company; and this was no mean exploit. If the colony possess the resources and capabilities which are mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter, then the company may be proud of its achievement. To represent it as a mere land-jobbing company is unjust; the men who founded it were actuated by the purest motives, and they have pursued a career untarnished by disgrace. Their accounts have been regularly published, and are open to the world. Had they outbid small settlers at public auctions, had they wrested special surveys out of the hands of other capitalists, they might have been blameworthy: but as they have fostered the small settler, and have constantly kept their land in the market for his unbiassed choice, they are entitled to praise. At considerable outlay and risk they have made the improvements in the port and the road which Mr. Sidney sneers at in one page and applauds in another; and they still hold themselves free to promote public works, and afford eligible arrangements to tenants or purchasers. And as to a land company necessarily coming under the imputation of jobbery, it is easy to stop the gratuitous inference by saying, that wholesale dealers are auxiliaries to a regular and wholesome supply—that a second hand facilitates prompt purchase, especially when the first hand is the government. The company cannot exist as a trading concern unless it dispose of its wares: hence it is no monopoly; and instead of holding back, it promotes the circulation of land, which is its stock in trade. The company has been of supreme advantage to the colony, and its continuance and activity at this juncture is, in our opinion, of the last importance. On the same grounds we do not hesitate to take this opportunity of defending the Australian Agricultural Company. Its monopoly of coal, which Mr. Sidney bemoans, extended only over lands granted after the date of its charter; and it was for a term of years which has just expired never to be renewed. The coal fields would have remained unworked but for this company; it created the market for coals, so that older grants could be wrought to advantage; and now that its exclusive privilege has ceased, the whole colony is open to enterprise under the advantage of experience obtained at the company's cost. In other respects it will be allowed that the establishment of the company at Port Stephen has been most useful. Under the auspicious

influence of three such men as Sir Edward Parry, Captain Dumaresq, and Captain King, it has been the nursery and training school of hundreds of orderly and industrious emigrants. In the days of transportation, its convict servants were well treated, and its hired labourers acquired the skill and means of becoming independent proprietors. Looking at the history of these two companies, we should be glad to see associations of the same sort, individual capitalists purchasing special surveys of 20,000 acres, and settling a numerous tenantry upon them. Village colonization may yet form a good item in Australian progress; and what so necessary to that end as the possession of a large tract of land in the first instance by proprietorship—be it sole or corporate.

The 'sufficient price' question in respect to Australian country lands cannot be discussed in this brief space: but the upset price of twenty shillings an acre is justly denounced. On this head New South Wales might complain of her neighbour as Virgil does, that Mantua was too near to unhappy Cremona. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the raising of the price, first from five to twelve, and then to twenty shillings, was very palatable to existing landholders; it increased their wealth immediately; and there are not a few who would deprecate a diminution, knowing that their possessions would thereby be depreciated. The rise was most infelicitous; for the concentration of population aimed at was defeated, the colonists refusing to buy and preferring to squat. The excessive price has also deterred emigrants from choosing Australia when they have balanced her advantages with America, where land is cheap. And yet it will be hard to retract. Perhaps the only course left is that of fixing the price to the districts already declared subject to it, and naming a lower scale for all the lands beyond. Experience has taught us that dispersion, however injurious in some respects, is essential to pastoral prosperity. Whatever blunders attended the settlement of South Australia, she is now firmly seated; whether she has been saved by copper or by corn, it matters not—a favourable Providence has granted her material good, and this is the result.

'Statistics of South Australia in 1850, the Fifteenth Year of its Settlement.'

'The exports of the year ending April, 1850, amounted to £453,668 12s. Of this sum £11,212 was in wheat, £20,279 in flour, £63,729 in copper in ingots, £211,361 in copper ore, £8188 in tallow, and £113,259 in wool.

'These are the staple exports of South Australia.

'The imports for the same period were £587,423, part of the excess arising from imports of railway, mining, and other productive investments.

In the same year 64,728½ acres were in cultivation—wheat, 41,807 acres; potatoes, 1780; gardens, 1370; vineyards, 282; hay, 13,000.

‘ The population was 63,900, of which 7000 were Germans.

‘ Live Stock.—Cattle, 100,000; sheep, 1,200,000; horses, 6000.’—p. 371.

In the division of the ‘ Three Colonies’ which treats on emigration, there is an abundance of useful remark. Most of the principles we laid down in our last number are here illustrated; and we shall transcribe a few incidents, not only as being interesting in themselves, but as an index to the subjects which are introduced. In several places capitalists are told they must serve an apprenticeship of a twelvemonth at least; a very hard lesson for them to learn; they kick at it prodigiously; but they must submit, otherwise they certainly exchange wealth for beggary. The emigrant is greatly encouraged, and the facilities for departure are clearly pointed out, especially the assistance now afforded according to the plan first made public, and efficiently carried into operation by Mrs. Chisholm, a lady worthy of all praise. It is evident that much of the matter in this department has been supplied by her pen. It were waste of time to classify the anecdotes we now give, apparently at random, but really with a view to instruction upon important points; and we are sure our readers will not be wearied with them, or others of a like nature, which remain after these copious extracts are made:—

‘ *William Faulkner the Sailor.*—I am one of the seventeen smugglers taken at——; two of our party were hung at Flushing (Bröck and Powell), on the Dutch coast; we were taken by the Dutch on suspicion, and given up to the English consul; we dealt in gin all over England, but we did nothing worse; my father and brothers were in the navy; my father was carpenter in a 32-gun frigate (Blanch). I was in the same ship with Nelson, on board the Victory, and when he fell I was near him, about twelve feet from him; I was a powder-boy, and I heard Nelson tell Captain Thomas Hardy, “ Bring the ship to an anchor;” and he said he would not, Collingwood being his senior. You may say when we lost him we lost the whole of our pride. I may say, and there was great sorrow there. I was also on board the —— frigate at the taking of Flushing, Captain J. Keen, commander; also at the taking of Copenhagen; also at two islands up the Straits—that’s where the 3rd Buffs got their facings turned. Captain Hardy will recollect me. And I also sailed with his brother Temple in the Swift; there I received a pension of £12 a year from the Swift share. I received three wounds. This pension I lost when convicted, but I hope by the charitable intercession of Captain Thomas Hardy to recover it. Have never been in any trouble in this country. On arriving in this colony, I was assigned to a man named Painter; remained there until my cousin, Lieutenant William Edmonston, pilot of

Sydney harbour, made friends for me; he got me a berth in the government brig; there I received 32s. per month; remained four years in her; then engaged as fisherman to Sir Thomas Brisbane; after then went as master of a vessel on the coast; remained fifteen months; then came up this river as trader; took a farm from Mr. Smith, bushman, for twenty years; rent 150 bushels of wheat per year. I now rent 12 acres of land, and work it myself; the rent is £5 a year; I make a comfortable living; have plenty to eat and drink; we use about half a pound of tea a week, but buy it by the chest. I have been married 21 years last May; I married Hester Clarke, per Brothers. She was schoolmistress in Newgate.

. . . . I think it's one of the finest countries in the world for a poor man. I have been right round the world; this is the best for a poor man. A man can feed his pork, rear his poultry, and it is his own fault if he don't do well. I ought to have been the richest man in the colony.

'I have gathered plenty, danced and sung it away; then began again. Soon got plenty. I have ten acres of wheat in, have two cows, one pig, twenty laying hens. When I sell my wheat I buy tea, sugar, clothes for the year. No matter what happens here, a man has only to begin again—that the fact I assure. If I had not a farthing I would not lay down.

'The wife states she has never wanted for food since in the country.'—pp. 161, 162.

'The "Do-nothings." This name will surprise some and offend others, but in the end will do good; and I really do not know any one useful thing they can do. E—— was entered as a governess; I was glad of this, for I had then, as I have *now*, several applications for governesses in the country: she was a pretty girl, too; and I know when pretty girls have no money—no friends—Sydney is a very bad place. There is nothing so unpleasant as to question a young lady as to her competency. She could teach music, French, drawing, &c. &c.; she was satisfied with the salary, and her testimonials were first-rate. "You say you can teach music?" "Yes, ma'am." "You thoroughly understand it?" "Most certainly." "One of your pupils is nine years of age: how long do you think it will take her to get through Cramer's Instruction Book?" A pause. "Perhaps you have not seen it?" "No, ma'am, but I was very quick myself—I have a good ear for music." "What book did you study from?" "I learnt singing and music at the same time." "Tell me the name of the first piece you played?" "Cherry Ripe." "The second?" "Home, sweet Home." "The third?" "We're a' noddin." I said no more about music. I gave her a sum in addition; and she made sixteen pounds five, eighteen pounds four. Now this girl, I afterwards ascertained, at home, had lived in a family as nursemaid, and washed the clothes of five children every week: but she was a pretty girl—something of a favourite at sea. The captain was very anxious about her; had taken her in his own boat, to the North-shore, to try and get her a good place; he devoted seven hours to this work of *charity*. Nor did this zeal rest here. The following day he took her to Paramatta; they returned to the ship, and this girl was kept four days in it, after the other girls left. When he called at my office he was astonished, horrified, that I knew the detail; said Sydney was a scandalizing place; that his feelings were those of a

father. However, I received the girl the same evening, and removed her the following day very far from his parental influence.

‘ But for another specimen ; and really, out of fifty, I am at a loss how to select ; but I will give ——. She was another of the *would-be* governesses ; but her views were more humble—for the nursery. Now, she could neither read, write, nor spell, correctly. “ Can you wash your own clothes ? ” “ Never did such a thing in my life. ” “ Can you make a dress ? ” “ No. ” “ Cook ? ” “ No. ” “ What can you do ? ” “ Why, ma’am, I could look after servants ; I could direct them ; I should make an excellent housekeeper. ” “ You are certain ? ” “ Yes, or I would not say so. ” “ Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beef-steak pie—for that dish—and a rice-pudding for this ? ” “ Oh, no, ma’am, that’s not what I mean ; I’d see that the servants did it. ” “ But there might be great waste, and you not know it ; besides all, or nearly all, the servants sent to this colony *require teaching*. ” Nothing but my faith in Providence that there must be *a place for everybody* enabled me to bear with this infliction ; and yet, if I turned them out, I knew their *fate*. But it was trying to my patience every morning to be up and breakfasted, and in my office first. I never had but one in the Home of this class that fairly made her own bed ; they could smooth them over, and night after night get into them.’—p. 147.

The descriptive portion of the work will be found replete with entertainment ; but we must draw our remarks to a close. We had hoped to give full proof that Australia is far from being badly watered, but must content ourselves with the bare statement, that more rain descends in Australia than in England. The rain-gauge gives as many inches of water as in Cumberland, and enough rain falls in one year to supply the wants of three : but it is rapidly drained off. If, therefore, the colonists will construct dams and reservoirs, the mischief of occasional floods and occasional droughts will be obviated ; for, in the one case, the waters will be kept back, and in the other, they will be preserved. Wherever dams have been made, they have diffused the utmost fertility, and the expense has been very trifling in proportion to the advantage gained. And it is a curious fact—but a certain one—that water does not become putrid when kept as in England. We could point out many spots now arid in dry seasons, which might, by a small outlay, become places of broad waters and streams.

The condition of the Aborigines demands more than a passing remark ; much remains to be said of their natural and aggravated wretchedness : they present melancholy retrogression in the midst of general advancement. Mr. Sidney has been constrained, by want of space, to withhold his remarks, and we, for the same reason, must condense our own. Their origin is unknown ; we prefer to trace their descent from

Africa rather than Asia. The only gleam of light on this subject is to be found in the red hand still visible on some of the rocks, just as Mr. Stevens beheld that mark of Baalic worship near the ruined temples of Central America, and in the Boomerang, an instrument of war and fowling depicted in one of the sepulchres of Egypt. Their language is highly artificial; they possess the dual in number, reflective pronouns and reflective verbs: but the roots cannot be satisfactorily compared with any known tongue. The tribes vary so much in their vocabularies that to learn the language of one is no aid to obtain the words of another; so that, as they are rapidly dying off, an expert linguist fails to acquire a perfect acquaintance with a single dialect before the men who used it become extinct. Hence the insurmountable obstacle to conveying religious instruction: the only converts have been taught through the medium of the English language. Every missionary establishment among them has failed, and even schools which promised favourable results have been broken up before any effectual good could be accomplished. For more than a quarter of a century efforts have been made to evangelize them; but, with the exception of about a score of converts, without success. Theirs is a deplorable condition—the smallest amount of physical good with the greatest amount of spiritual destitution—they fear demons, but have no deities; and their highest hope is fixed on a vague notion of the transmigration of the spirit into the body of the lordly white. Most of the tribes are cannibals; their women are degraded; polygamy exists; in all their social relations might is right; and we behold in them the last remnants of a race which has gradually sunk as they left the centre of civilization and lost the knowledge of God. But we are not to forget they are men—oftentimes fine men—the women, as many a settler ought to allow, are humane and gentle. It is to be hoped they will yet receive kind consideration at the hands of the colonists. But, at present, it is our sad duty to declare that the flag of England is planted on the grave of the oppressed Aborigine. Heaven forefend the curse which might justly descend upon Australian progress—a thought calculated to sober us when we look around upon the vast territory so rapidly subdued, and upon a prosperity of which men are so ready to boast.

ART. V.—*The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon; a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity; illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent Research.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., M.R.S.I. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 12mo. 1852.

THE pride of family, of race, and of colour, has done, and is still doing, such enormous mischief in the world, that every fresh argument is acceptable which establishes the groundlessness of the common assumption on these heads. It is particularly satisfactory to find some corrective to error of this kind, applied in our own case, at a moment when our pretensions to superiority are pushed to extraordinary, offensive, and dangerous lengths, as if we English were in race pure Anglo-Saxons, and therefore destined by Providence to guide and rule the nations. It is, on the contrary, plain, by the clever deductions made in this volume, from unquestionable facts, and even against the author's conclusions in other respects, demonstrated that we are really as mongrel a race as is to be found upon earth—mongrelism meaning simply the mixture of lineage. To say nothing of our Norman descent, as far as it goes, a very large proportion of the inhabitants of this island at the present day came from the Brito-Romans and from the older Britons, made up as they were of Celts, Cymri, Scoti, and Belgæ. Yet zealous men on both sides of the Atlantic insist that the Anglo-Saxons alone are the models of purity among men, and types of Nature's best handiwork.

The point is neither new nor doubtful. Venerable Bede was not likely to err on such a subject; and he expressly mentions Latin and *British*, as well as Anglo-Saxon, as spoken by the respective races in England in his time; and in the volume before us there is adduced the strongest proof that the population of our towns continued to a late date, in defiance of the Saxons and Danes, to hold the municipal character established by the Romans. From this fact the rational conclusion is, that the people, strong enough to retain these municipal privileges, were not weak in numbers. This fact alone might, indeed, settle the case. It places the Anglo-Saxons substantially out of the towns in England, as the Norman conquest deprived them of most of the castles, leaving but the farms and villages for their ruder habitations, a little relieved by the semi-civilization of the monasteries, although they were not the sole possessors of either church or land. Who the inhabitants of these

privileged towns were it is not difficult to determine, and Mr. Wright is certainly in error in holding them to have been exclusively Roman legionaries; for by consulting sources of history, which he neglects or undervalues, a large portion of the urban population will be found to be of British origin. There is, however, a more encouraging and consolatory view to be taken of the case, than that which simply repudiates the suppression of any races. The population of England, as it now stands before the world, whatever its worth, is eminently a mixed body. It is neither exclusively British, nor Roman, nor Anglo-Saxon, nor Danish, nor Norman. It is sprung from them all, as will be seen more and more clearly when the remnants of their respective works shall be examined and classified in the manner extensively done in the volume before us.

The same method of inquiry applied to Ireland will bring its people within the range of the same argument, and the wise determination of the late and the present ministry to publish the *Brehon Law* must produce in those genuine indexes to ancient Irish usages many an illustration of national character common to the Anglo-Saxons and the old Britons, but suppressed by conquest.

Mr. Wright is well known for his familiar acquaintance with the *material* antiquities of these islands. He has done more than perhaps any other individual of late to promote the improvement of measures for the preservation of that class of remains, as they occur in pulling down buildings, searching graves, sinking cellars, digging into the foundations of old towns and mansions, tracing ancient highways, and cutting new railroads. From these sources he has collected and arranged a prodigious number of facts with skill, and a good index makes his topics easily accessible. He has, besides, opened ingenious views on the complex origin of the English people, and has demonstrated the duration of some of our ancient free institutions, down to much later periods than are commonly allowed to them. Upon two points, however, for want of taking correctly into account equally good sources of history, language, and physiognomy, and written annals, he hazards paradoxes too serious to be passed by unnoticed; such as his doubts respecting the capacity of the Britons to acquire high civilization, and his denial of the existence of Christianity in Britain until it was introduced, as he thinks, from Spain and Armorica, in the fifth century, into Cornwall and Wales, and from Rome by St. Augustine among the Anglo-Saxons in the year 597. Subject to cautions on these heads, the volume is a valuable 'manual of British archæology,' as the author correctly calls it in the preface. It omits too many periods of

research to be 'A History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain,' as it is termed in the title-page.

The period selected by Mr. Wright for his survey of the Celts, the Romans, and the Saxons in Britain, is from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Norman Conquest. The previous trade of the Phœnicians and others with Britain, chiefly for *tin*, is glanced at, and the distinctive characters of the several races of its inhabitants are slightly touched upon. Some of these were connected by descent and friendship with the Belgians of the continent; who probably were Germans more than Celts; and some were allied with the purely Celtic Veneti of Western Gaul.

The first two Roman invasions, and the condition of the Britons at that time, are described from the 'Commentaries,' with additional details from Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus. The degree of civilization, however, then attained by the tribes seems to be underrated by Mr. Wright, who adopts a *corrupted* text of Cæsar, to the effect that they had no *coins*, without noticing the satisfactory correction of that text by the late Mr. Hawkins in his able treatise on the subject. This error of assuming Cæsar to state the reverse of what is to be found in the lost manuscripts, and in the earliest printed editions of his 'Commentaries,' he attempts to account for by a singular conjecture from another fact which his industry and his candour establish, namely, the very great number of British coins of the period immediately after Julius Cæsar, discovered in the districts visited by the first invaders. 'This money,' he says, 'was coined in mints introduced from Rome,' for which no authority is vouched, nor can any be probably produced for it better than the power of fancy which furnished Shakespeare with his Imogen of the same period. But, as Mr. Wright clearly shows, the British tribes, at least in the south, were now raised far above the savage state attributed to them by another poet. Instead of 'the wolfskin'* for their sole article of dress, the trowsers—'bracca'—were worn, and the cloak of many colours, that probably originated the Scottish plaid and the long coat of the Irish. The traders of Gaul, according to Strabo, imported bracelets, necklaces, and vessels of glass, and specimens of these articles are found in the old graves; and when the Emperor Claudius took advantage of the dissensions in Cymbeline's family to invade Britain again, the progress making by the native inhabitants in consequence of their voluntary intercourse with more civilized neighbours, proves that a sanguinary conquest was not wanted for their advancement. A question has been made, whether,

* Dr. Richards on the 'Aboriginal Britons.'

at the first invasion, they possessed ships. Mr. Wright does not mention the subject, but they unquestionably had boats—their coracles—and Cæsar found such boats sufficiently suited to military service to be models for those he used in his subsequent campaign in Spain.

From the bowels of the earth, and from caves, some evidences are produced of the industry of the inhabitants of the sea-coasts, who must have preceded the tribes of Cæsar's time; and the conclusion, from these, and many other remains, seems to be correct; that at the remotest periods thus revealed to us, metallic as well as stone implements were in use. In addition to a sketch of the progress of the Romans in Britain in the first century, when Wales and all Scotland to the Highlands were included in that name, Mr. Wright infers from passages in Tacitus and Juvenal, and from the elaborate Irish geography of Ptolemy, that Ireland also was at this time visited by Roman legions.

The bulk of the volume enlarges upon the prodigious quantity of objects which attest the successes of Roman civilization among us, and which our Camdens and Horsleys, our Stukeleys and Hoares, have expatiated upon these three centuries. This portion of the book will be peculiarly acceptable to the student. It is a complete catalogue *raisonné* of the subject, and full of interest. The most novel chapter is the eighth, containing a curious exhibition of the Roman military system of migration, which brought many foreigners into Britain. The facts are clear beyond the possibility of mistake. Inscriptions upon tombs show that people from all parts of the world intermingled in the island. Thus, for instance, one found at Cirencester, Dannicus, who belonged to the *Indian* cavalry stationed there, was a citizen of Bauriam in Switzerland; and Sextus Genialis, who, belonging to the *Thracian* cavalry, was a Frisian. J. D. Heron, prefect of the second cohort of Gauls at Old Penrith, came from Asia Minor; E. Crispinus, prefect of the Ala Augustis at old Carlisle, was an African; P. Ælius, of the same corps, was a native of Pannonia; M. Censorius, prefect of the cohort of Spaniards at Ellenborough, was of Nîmes in Gaul; L. Duccius, an officer buried at York, was of Vienne in Gaul; F. Longus, a tribune of the twentieth legion at Chester, was a native of Samosata, in Syria, the birth-place of Lucian.—p. 251. Such is the cosmopolite character of an important portion of the inhabitants of Roman Britain, and the custom of polygamy facilitated the distribution of a variety of races at the permanent stations of the legions. The free municipalities formed of these materials survived the fall of the Roman power in Britain, and in the most disastrous state of the country, which ensued upon the withdrawal of the armies, many of

the towns remained comparatively safe from attack. Here were preserved traces of order and civilization, and here the Saxon invaders met the steadiest resistance. 'We have no reason,' says Mr. Wright, 'for believing that London, for example, was ever taken and ravaged by Saxon invaders.' The citizens successfully, also, resisted the Danes. These important facts were perhaps never before so distinctly made out.

The free towns so preserved reappear in some of their most material privileges even after the Norman conquest. Elective government, legislative functions, and independent action in many of them, both before and after that event, indicate their Roman origin, and justify Mr. Wright's conclusion that 'they hold a very important place in the history of social development, inasmuch as, while the country itself underwent so many violent revolutions,—while Britons, and Saxons, and Normans, alternately gained possession of the soil, the population of the towns continued to exist without any further alteration than that gradual infusion of foreign blood which must necessarily take place in the course of ages.'—p. 449. On this head, indeed, Mr. Wright demonstrates what others have long suspected and speculated upon. But to this ingenious and correct conclusion he annexes the untenable condition that the inhabitants of these towns consisted of 'the due mixture of Saxons and Romans that forms the basis of modern civilisation,'—*to the exclusion of the British element!* This last point is at direct variance with facts, like the assertion that the Britons were less capable of civilization than the Anglo-Saxon race. As shown by Mr. Wright himself, from classical authorities, they improved rapidly when independent, between Cæsar's invasion and the conquest by Claudius, and after, when conquered, they made notable advances under the enlightened government of Agricola. They were distinguished as soldiers under successive emperors, and there is no ground for the assertion that they did not always form a large portion of the town populations. Mr. Wright's recorded fact, that 'the antiquities of Anglo-Saxon paganism are derived almost entirely from their *graves*,' confirms the remark, that the Anglo-Saxon invaders were much kept out of the towns. The ultimate disappearance of the Latin tongue from our speech, except as to single words, and perhaps in the absence of the *article* in some districts, shows that the Romans who survived in the towns were a minority. Had it been otherwise, the *Romane* dialect must have prevailed in England instead of the Anglo-Saxon and British, as in the south of France, and the British language would have entirely given way in the struggle. So far from this being the case, the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary we now know to have been materially

influenced by British words, and to this day the pronunciation of even Anglo-Saxon words is affected by British usage. This is the judgment of the distinguished linguists Cardinal Mezzofanti, and William Edwards of Paris; and it is a judgment adopted as sound by the ablest of recent continental historians.* In an elaborate work upon the Celtic tongue, to which the Institute of France awarded a prize, M. Edwards showed that, through all the revolutions of time and conquests, our modern English speech is characterized by peculiarities to which there is no analogy in any German or Latin dialects, but which, being found in the modern Breton of France, and Welsh, Gaelic, and Manx, are strictly traceable to a British original. This identity of language is as solid a criterion of identity of race as the best preserved weapons or utensils, or even inscriptions found in graves and ruins, and it strongly confirms the narratives in some old chronicles and poems, and even legends, which, like the illuminated pictures of the middle ages, often combine genuine representations of facts with the strangest and most incredible fictions.

With regard to the absence of all *Christian* symbols from the antiquities found in Roman Britain, which Mr. Wright holds to be a proof that the Christian religion was not at that time brought into the island, it is surely but poor logic to oppose a negative argument to the positive contrary texts of early Christian writers, with which all are familiar. Still less is it worthy of Mr. Wright's critical acumen to treat those remarkable texts as 'flourishes of rhetoric.' Besides, the period of the Roman domination in Britain, the four first centuries, happen to be that in which Christian archæology is not particularly rich in any country.

Still less satisfactory is his cool disposal of the British Christianity, confessedly established in Wales and Cornwall at the arrival of the Romish missionaries among the Anglo-Saxons, at the close of the sixth century. He 'suspects' it to have been introduced from *Spain*, or *Armorica*; yet he carries it back to the beginning of the fifth century, when the Romans departed—a conjuncture not very likely to be seized upon for missionary undertakings. It is a serious defect in an important work of this elementary character, to throw doubts loosely upon points of religious history, which at least demand the respect of deliberate consideration and discriminating criticism.

* M. de Bonnechose, author of the 'Four Conquests of England,' a work to which the Institute of France this year awarded a prize; and which to the graces of style which have made Thierry's 'Roman Conquest' a general favorite, adds the rare merit of critical scholarship.

This remark is made with the less hesitation, as the work to which it is applied has many attractions of style and pictorial adornment, and in the future editions which the increasing taste for antiquarian research must call for, it will be easy for Mr. Wright to add grave arguments upon the subject in question, if upon further inquiry he still thinks he has truth on his side.

ART. VI.—*The Free Church of Ancient Christendom, and its Subjugation under Constantine.* By Basil H. Cooper, B.A. London: Albert Cockshaw.

AMONGST the many partial and prejudiced historians of the church, it is gratifying to have to note one whose evident aim is to tell, as briefly as may be, yet with sufficient fulness for all the purposes of accuracy, the whole truth on the subject. There is an air of sincerity and honest earnestness pervading the work before us that cannot be mistaken, and that brings to our remembrance what Lord Bacon has adduced from Lucretius,—the ‘poet that beautified the sect otherwise inferior to the rest,’—respecting ‘the vantage ground of truth; a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene;’ whence, also, may be seen ‘the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below.’

The service Mr. Cooper has rendered in the present volume was assuredly a desirable one—that of breaking up the old stereotyped framework from which ecclesiastical writers have been wont to draw their impressions, and setting forth the *materiel* of fact in a new light. To change the figure, he opens up afresh the fountains of truth in relation to the condition of the early church, and if we mistake not, will receive the thanks of all his readers for the freshness and the life that sparkle everywhere along the rapid course of his narrative. Although he has availed himself of the results of modern research and criticism, whether of the English or German school, his originality is discoverable in the passages cited from contemporaneous authors, and in the perfect acquaintance he evinces not merely with the writings, but even the very spirit of the past. While many ecclesiastical writers, even some that are reputed learned, adduce their authorities in such a manner as to convince the critical reader that they were consulted only for the sake of the particular point in hand, or, in some instances, not at all, it is evident that Mr. Cooper had familiarized his mind beforehand with all the original documents illustrative of the course through

which he takes his readers ; and that the labour of compressing his knowledge within prescribed limits has been his great difficulty. Perhaps one of the chief drawbacks to the interest that will be felt in perusing his production, is to be found in the very amplitude of his style, which, although always to the point, and of the purest order, is crowded with historic facts, in the shape of hints, allusions, or suggestive references, that all but jostle one another in almost every page. With this, however, it is not our intention to quarrel. What some may deem a fault, is, in our estimation, a rare excellence, and a pleasing characteristic of Mr. Cooper's work, in a merely literary point of view. There is no rhetorical trick about it ; none of that artificial plastering over thin and poor materials, which is becoming so fashionable with some writers. Commend us to the ample and involved periods of Bacon and Milton, Bolingbroke and Burke, ' clothed in the ample folds of inversion,' in preference to the spasmodic and all but inarticulate deliverances of the new school. Our best writers are those who have spoken out what was in them from a full mind, welling forth the wide and stately stream of thought in a continuous flow, not without eddies here and there, where the lighter materials, though in some sense separable from it, are borne along with the main current.

The writers to whom we raise objection show too much of art. They remind us of the process by which some of our broad valleys are watered ; where, instead of the majestic river winding its way, free, and broad, and deep, and gurgling as it goes, we behold innumerable petty channels, admirably laid out, and most mathematically adjusted to the surface needing irrigation, but ridiculously incompetent to any noble freightage. The opening sentences of Mr. Cooper's volume illustrate our meaning, and bespeak the manly English mind of the author.

' At that great epoch in the history of mankind, the goal which antiquity reached blindfold, and the starting-point of modern times, when the light of the world began to shine in the darkness, which yet comprehended it not, the last of the four mighty empires spoken of by the prophet Daniel, that of Rome, whose splendid destinies were foretold by the inspired statesman whilst as yet it lay unconscious in its cradle, had attained its giant prime. From the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates stretched their colossal legs of iron, which bore the load of Chaldean, Persian, and Greek civilization. Its eastern neighbour, the Parthian kingdom of the Arsacidæ, who ruled over the countries between that river and the Indus, was Rome's rival in breadth of territory, and was dotted here and there with great cities of Hellenic origin and culture, founded in the times of the Macedonian and Syrian dominion. Of these, Nisibis, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon were among the chief. But owing to incessant civil broils, which Italian craft was ever on the watch to foster, it was

already fast verging towards its fall; and its fatal adherence, so accordant with its Tartar nationality, to the anti-commercial maxim of non-intercourse with foreigners, must have doomed it, but for the frequent wars into which it was plunged by the restless ambition of the Cæsars, to as complete historical insignificance as, from the same cause, has always been the lot of China.'—pp. 3, 4.

But as it is our purpose to give some account of the work before us—such as may serve to whet the appetite of our readers for the volume itself—we turn from all minor considerations to the historical subject submitted to our notice.

The *title* of the volume is sufficiently significant of the views of the author respecting the early condition of the Christian church, and of the relation subsisting between it and Constantine after the lapse of three centuries. The only ground on which we should be inclined to demur to this nomenclature, respects the idea of continuity conveyed by the phraseology, as if it were the *same* church that was originally free, and that was afterwards subjugated. We hold that Christ's church has ever been free; never can be subjugated. To suppose otherwise, is to give an empty meaning to Christ's own words,—‘And, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ It was not the church of Christ that Constantine subjugated; but something else, assuming the name most unworthily,—namely, the corrupted Catholic church, whose defection from all the peculiar principles of the gospel had been sufficiently marked before the period when the Byzantine ruler made it the facile instrument of his policy, and the subordinate handmaid of the state. On this point, we are certain, Mr. Cooper and ourselves are agreed. He has shown this to be the true statement of the case in the body of his work. We regret, therefore, that a phraseology has been employed, of a purely traditionary kind, and which serves to confirm an erroneous idea. We would have ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,’ even in the title-pages of our church histories. Especially would we have it impressed upon the inquiring and thinking mind of England, in this period of our history, when ecclesiastical matters are receiving perforce so much attention, that the church of Christ ever has been and must be free; that to part with liberty is to part with life, because it is to depart from Christ; and that every so-called church, whether of this age or that, whether more general or more local, that yields its trust to other hands than those in which Christ deposited it, is, *ipso facto*, no longer a member of that mystical body, of which Christ is the sole and sovereign head. Our historians have too commonly written as if the church of Christ were capable of any transmutation without losing its characteristics; of embracing any errors, cherishing any spirit,

yielding to any authority, following any polity, without becoming unchurched; and hence the history of the church has become the most vapid and melancholy of all histories, instead of being, what the history of the true church really is, and ever must be, a counterpart of the four Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles, the most cheery, sunny, heavenly thing that ever engaged human pen. A large portion of what is generally designated 'the History of the Church' would have been more correctly termed the 'History of corrupted Christianity;' and a new history is greatly to be desired, which, avoiding all these corruptions and profanations of the holy Gospel, shall incorporate in a life-like portraiture the faith, love, and constancy of those only who in every age have believed in and served, as loyal subjects, Jesus Christ their Saviour and their King.

The materials for such a history, or at least that portion of it which embraces the first three centuries, will be found to a considerable extent in Mr. Cooper's volume. The introduction is a noble piece of writing, and furnishes the best account we remember to have seen, within so brief a space, of 'the state of the world at the advent.' The two chapters into which it is divided—the one embracing the state of the Gentiles, and the other that of the Jews and Samaritans—are worthy of republication in a separate form, as a manual for Christian students, in relation to a topic, the knowledge of which is indispensable to a thorough appreciation of the religion of Jesus.

The first period of the church's history is termed by our author, 'the apostolic period;' which is further subdivided into three ages—that 'of our Lord,' that 'of the Twelve,' and that 'of John.' Each of these ages occupies a chapter, replete with profound, and not unfrequently original, views. The nature of the church is illustrated by our Lord's life and teaching, and the leading idea of the work—that it was free, internally and externally—is established by a great variety of considerations deducible from the same source. It is clearly shown that the fundamental principle of the church's organization is that of implicit subordination to Christ alone, to his doctrine, and his laws; that church association is neither an unthinking agglomeration of members on the one hand, nor a hierarchical confederation on the other; but a free and brotherly co-ordination of loving disciples of the common Master, and loyal subjects of the common Lord. It is also shown how the old and formal priesthood is abrogated and an universal and spiritual priesthood appointed in its place; while the functions of a permanent Christian ministry are proved to be those of instrumentality for specific ends, not at variance with liberty, and with no authority saving that which pertains to the truth

itself. The following passage contains the author's views on the last-named point:—

‘It has often been felt hard to reconcile this cardinal truth of the universal Christian priesthood with the divine appointment of the ministry. But though it for ever excludes a hierarchy, even in its lowest germs, so far is it from being inconsistent with a ministry, to whose power for good no limits can be laid down, and in which even apostles are to be ranked, that it furnishes precisely its best warrant and truest justification. The higher unity in which these two seemingly conflicting truths, or antinomies, as they are styled by the Chevalier Bunsen, in his ‘Church of the Future,’ are harmonized, is, as he rightly says, the idea of the kingdom of God itself. In that there is one Lord; but there are differences of administrations. All its citizens have an unction from the Holy One, in virtue of which all are alike entitled, nay bound, in thankful acknowledgment of the benefits of redeeming love, to present themselves, through the mediation of the eternal High Priest, as living sacrifices to God. On the other hand, however, the Spirit of grace, so far from destroying, even intensifies, whilst it ennobles and sanctifies, the individual lineaments and capacities of each so consecrated believer, and moulds them to the common end of the Divine glory. The unity based on the common relationship to God, through Christ, is one which presupposes the richest diversity in the endowments of its component elements. There is one life, but the vital functions vary even as the organs of the spirit themselves.’—pp. 75, 76.

The chapter entitled ‘The Age of the Twelve,’ is a most instructive one, evincing how deeply the writer has penetrated into the secret meaning of those great events which the ‘Acts of the Apostles’ has recorded with so much simplicity. After a brief but impressively beautiful *resumé* of the preparation made by Christ for the establishment of His church, he proceeds to show how it was constituted, by an intensified consciousness of a divine calling to this object on the part of the apostles and disciples to whom our Lord ‘showed Himself alive after His passion,’ by the directions of the Saviour and the remembrance of what He had said and done, and by the descent of the promised Spirit on the day of Pentecost; how it grew, as a living organization, sustained, augmented by new converts, and subjected to a really divine discipline, through the spiritual presence of Christ; how it evinced its freedom, not merely by the free spiritual life animating its members, but also by casting away the bonds of national prejudice, and local partiality and *prestige*, by the free preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles, and the admission to its fellowship of individuals and churches brought to Christ from the Gentile world; how the differences which arose, through the natural opposition of interests between Jewish and Gentile converts, were reconciled by virtue of the same free spirit of love and association; and how, during this.

initiative period, out of one original and local church there came to be established many churches, all similarly founded on the rock of Christian truth and profession, all equally free to follow their Great Head, all independent in what pertained to local operations, and all one in Christ Jesus.

‘Such were the churches—free, and yet glowing with love—which, before the close of this age, were lighted up as candlesticks in the cities of Judea, Samaria, Galilee, Phoenicia, Syria, Cilicia, Cyprus, Crete, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Lycaonia, Ionia, Lydia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Pisidia, Pontus, Macedonia, Achaia, Attica, Illyricum, Spain, and Italy, within the Roman Empire—the scene of the gigantic Pauline missions; not to speak of Egypt and Cyrenaica, in which, also, Christian communities must have been planted within the same brief period. Beyond the Roman frontiers, societies were established, by the original apostles and their fellow-labourers, in Arabia Felix, Æthiopia, Scythia, and the Parthian Empire—though these, probably, consisted for the most part, only of Jews and proselytes. But though so widely scattered, composed of such different elements, and all sovereign, yet these evangelical commonwealths were by no means isolated; but, by virtue of a living and powerful consciousness of their common relationship to Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, around which they all revolved, receiving light and warmth from the same divine centre, they felt themselves to be *one*, to a degree which has never been conceived, not to say realized, under any system which, pretending to unite by an *outward* bond churches which God in his providence has *outwardly* placed asunder, must necessarily issue, not in a union of churches, each made up of equal brethren in Christ, but in a hierarchy of priests—the skeleton of a dead Christianity.’—p. 102.

In the chapter on ‘the age of John,’ wisely separated from that of ‘the Twelve,’ the reader will be deeply interested in the glowing picture of the living Christianity of that period sketched by a contemporary, but not inspired writer, Diogenes, whose words are presented in an English form in this volume. We are glad to see that, since the publication of Mr. Cooper’s admirably translated extracts from this early writer, the whole has been published. We may here also observe, in passing, that in this and the many other parts of the volume enriched by quotations from ancient authors, the scholarship of Mr. Cooper is evinced by the accurate and idiomatic manner in which the very life and spirit of the originals are transfused into his English version. More important than this, however, is the broad and original light in which the age of John is depicted, ‘an age not so much distinguished by new enterprises as by the consolidation of former conquests.’ The effect of the fall of Jerusalem on the Jewish theocracy; the guardianship exercised by John over the Christian freedom of the churches; the rise of Ebionitism and Gnosticism; and the progress of persecution under the powers of the Roman state, are all briefly but forcibly described. In this chapter, also, the monstrous

and baseless theory of Rothe—that an apostolic council constituted prelacy in anticipation of the decease of the apostles, and as a permanent substitute for their authoritative functions—is disposed of in a most triumphant manner, not without a spice of wholesome humour excited by the hollowness of this, the last learned hypothesis of the defenders of prelatical usurpation. Rothe is justly reputed one of the most masterly critics of the German school; but in this ecclesiastical tilt, at least, he has met with his match in Mr. Cooper, who, if not a professor, like his antagonist, is worthy of a professor's place in any of the free colleges and universities (alas, how few!) of which our country can boast.

After this admirable sketch of the apostolic period, we are introduced to what our author designates 'the first transition period,' extending from the close of the first century to the latter part of the second, or from the death of John, A.D. 100, to the martyrdom of Polycarp, A.D. 164. This division of the work occupies two chapters, the first embracing the age of the apostolic fathers, and the second that of Polycarp. Both chapters are invaluable. They are enriched with the results of recent discoveries in relation to the epistles of Ignatius, the genuine portions of which are now accurately eliminated, and with citations of great value from the recently recovered works of Hippolytus. Besides this, they abound in original suggestions of the author, confirmatory of the opinions already entertained by scholars respecting the characteristics of this period.

In the first chapter the testimony of the apostolic fathers is adduced in relation to the freedom of the churches in all essential respects, both in the age of the apostles and in that immediately succeeding; at the same time, it is also shown how, towards the close of the latter, there sprang up in Palestine a new order of things, introductory to that prelatical system which afterwards became embodied in the catholic church. We are here conducted to a vital point in the history of the church, namely, the origin of prelacy, or, as Neander terms it, of 'the monarchico-episcopal government.' Around this spot has the battle between the free and enslaved churches been waged in times past. Heretofore the battle has been a drawn one, because the origin of prelacy has never been historically traced. Neander has admitted that 'we are without precise and perfect information as to the manner in which the change took place in individual cases,' and rests his conviction respecting it on analogy and conjecture. 'It was natural,' he says, 'that as the presbyters formed a deliberative assembly, it should soon happen that one among them obtained the pre-eminence,' &c. To this it has been objected,—as, for example, Neander's translator, Professor Rose, has objected, in a foot-note appended to these

very words, that the admission that there is no historical trace of any such arrangement is a very material concession to the arguments of the prelatists. Thus the contest has stood hitherto. At this juncture our author enters the lists with a new and perfectly historical argument, that demands the candid and serious notice of all who appreciate the importance of this controversy. Those who derive their church principles exclusively from the New Testament need no aid from any historical argument, feeling, as they do, that the absence of all prelatical functions in the specifications of the great statute-book of the church is conclusive. Yet even they will be confirmed in their faith if it can be shown definitively when and how prelacy originated. Mr. Cooper perceives the beginning of the prelatical and Catholic system in the Essenes, a society of Jewish mystics, who are thus described:—

‘ This monastic society was organized quite on the prelatical plan. Hence Eusebius (H. E., ii. 17) actually mistook the Therapeutæ, or Essenes of Alexandria, as described by Philo in his tract, ‘ *De vitâ Contemplativâ*,’ for Christians, laying particular stress on *the identity of their form of government with that of the church in his day*, a point of resemblance which counterbalanced with him the lack of the slightest intimation in Philo that they had ever heard of him at all. Not the less, however, has he been followed in this outrageous blunder by not a few both in the Roman and Anglican churches, men whose learning and Christianity nothing but their blind admiration of the hierarchy could have rendered so utterly useless in the case. They [the Essenes] had in each of the cities in or around which they dwelt a single spiritual chief, who was invested with sacerdotal dignity. To these, and to the subordinate presbyters, the members were taught to yield as implicit obedience as to the divine law, to which duty they were even pledged by the oath of initiation. . . . Scarcely was John cold in his grave at Ephesus, when this society, which had held out against the preaching of Christ and the apostles, found in the new gospel of Elxai, a basis on which it could capitulate. It assumed the Christian name, but without the cross, and with the rejection, besides, of nearly every other distinctive truth of the New Testament. Of its members, and of the renegades from the apostolic communities of Palestine, the Ebionite church was formed, which afterwards ramified throughout Perea, Nabathea, Paneas, Moabitis, Gohah, and Batanea, and even spread to Asia Minor, Cyprus, and particularly Rome. Of its ecclesiastical principles, the most extant monuments are the Apocryphal Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, forged in the first post-apostolic age, and the Clementines.’—pp. 167—169.

To this source Mr. Cooper traces the prelatical and hierarchical system. In subsequent portions of the volume he fortifies the position he has assumed, and with an amount of proof difficult to withstand. At the same time, we regret that the limits of his volume have not allowed greater space for the full

exposition and defence of an hypothesis which, besides being new, is of so much consequence every way in relation to this formative period of church history. We should like to know, for example, in what light he regards the views propounded by Neander, and to which reference has already been made; whether he rejects them altogether; or whether he deems them not inconsistent with the theory he has propounded. We hope that he will not lose sight of this subject; but give it the amplest development and discussion in a separate form. Mr. Cooper speaks, in another portion of the present volume, of the publication of the Syriac version of the Ignatian epistles, (once the stronghold of prelacy, but by the labours of Mr. Cureton and others, won over to the friends of freedom,) as having done 'more to rock to its foundation every cathedral in Christendom than Cromwell by his cannon or Milton by his pen.' We admit that the boast is not an idle one; but let Mr. Cooper only give the world in a thoroughly complete and irrefragable form the views which he has only sketched—though with masterly ability—in this volume, respecting the origin and growth of prelacy, and we feel assured that the blow will be more decisive than even that over which he so triumphantly exults. Even the Syriac Ignatius, powerful as his testimony may be in opposition to the pretensions of the sacerdotal order, is, after all, only a negative witness; while Mr. Cooper apparently has it in his power to adduce the Essenes as witnesses on the same point, only in a positive and purely historical manner. But as the matter stands at present, we do not feel justified in proclaiming an absolute triumph. We desiderate a fuller court, and a more formal institution of the pleadings on both sides of the question.

Passing over the age of Polycarp, which forms the subject of an erudite chapter on the propaganda of the Free church, its civil and literary opponents, its martyrs, Justin and Polycarp, and the grand heresy of Gnosticism—under which latter topic the author quotes largely from the recently recovered work of Hippolytus—we come to the two remaining periods of ante Constantine church history, entitled the Hierarchical Periods, and the Second Transition Period. Each of these periods is again subdivided: the first into the three ages of Victor, Tertullian, and Cyprian; and the latter into those of Commodian and Eusebius. It is not in our power, however, to do justice to these chapters within the limits of an ordinary review. Suffice it to say that, like those on which we have commented, they are worthy of the attentive perusal of all who would understand the process by which the hierarchical church became consolidated amidst manifold corruptions, until it was

thoroughly prepared to transfer its allegiance from Christ, its hitherto nominal head, to Constantine, that truly remarkable man, who after becoming the ruler of the world was quietly permitted, if not invited, to rule over the church as well.

We must here draw our notice to a close. The subject of this volume is one of deepening interest, and is becoming better understood with every new generation. The normal state of the church, long departed from, has, ever since the Reformation, been the goal towards which all ecclesiastical events have tended. Much, however, remains to be done. The various church-systems embodied in the sects of Christendom have to show their faultiness by their results. Each element of truth and error seems destined to work itself out in some sectional division of the great whole. From every phase of the past something has to be learnt, until the process of departure is clearly seen and comprehended, and a general desire is generated for the truth and unity of the original church-system.

Such works as Mr. Cooper's we hold in especial regard, as indispensable auxiliaries to the grand consummation. As the battle is between truth and error, so the real battle-field is laid in the first three centuries. There the strife began; and with the thorough comprehension of that it will end. The constitution of the church of the future—to adopt the phrase of Chevalier Bunsen in its widest acceptation—can be no other than the constitution of the church of the earliest part.

After what we have already written, it is scarcely necessary to say how highly we think of the present work. None who know what the church precisely needs in the present time will write disparagingly of it. As a series of sketches of the successive periods to which it relates, from the age of Christ to that of Constantine, it is most masterly—such sketches as the hand of an ecclesiastical Cuvier alone could draw from the fragmentary memorials of the past. It is no commonplace compilation, but the production of an original mind, that has omitted in its independent researches nothing of any value that has been known or noted before, and worthy to take its place on the same shelf with the more elaborate, but not more genuine, works of the great Neander.

ART. VII.—*History of the British Conquests in India.* By Horace St. John. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1852.

No phenomena in history are more remarkable than the formation and decay of empires in the East. A man with a genius for war and policy arises, exerts his influence, at first perhaps, over a small number of followers—a clan or a tribe—disciplines his friends and dependents in the use of arms, undertakes marauding expeditions, collects spoil, and having revealed to his partizans the secret of their own strength, flies with them at higher game, and converts his sword into an imperial sceptre. Sovereign power having been once attained, the tide of ambition rushes forth impetuously on all sides, until the entire circle of the regions coterminous have been subdued. Then the energies of the conquering nation, enfeebled by diffusion, relax and shrink; the victorious soldiers gradually degenerate into effeminate nobles; indulgence is substituted for exertion; pride and avarice for valour; luxury insinuates its poison through the whole state; and the political edifice, dilated into gorgeous grandeur by the arts of war and peace, crumbles away still more rapidly than it sprang up, and the seat of dominion is transferred to another land.

This truth has been nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in India, where a succession of brilliant thrones have appeared and vanished with something like meteoric velocity. Among these none was more extended than the throne of the Moguls, which, founded by Baber Khan, supported a series of ambitious, unscrupulous, but magnificent monarchs, who enriched their capitals with mighty structures, encouraged literature and the arts, created an extraordinary amount of material prosperity, excited sometimes the admiration, sometimes the terror, of their subjects, achieved great victories, reduced the kings and princes in their neighbourhood to the ranks of tributaries, and seemed to have established their authority on an immoveable basis.

While they occupied this dazzling position, a handful of merchants from the West landed on their shores, and, by dint of persevering humility, obtained the privilege of building for themselves a warehouse, then called a factory, where they might expose their goods for sale, and carry on their traffic with the natives. Little did the statesmen of Agra or Delhi then suspect what those insignificant strangers were destined to accomplish. It transcended the powers of their mind to conceive that the simple commercial structure called into existence by their permission contained within itself the seeds of innumerable revo-

lutions and a mighty empire ; that the spirit which pervaded its inmates was, in the course of a very brief period, to pass forth and penetrate the whole of India, to overthrow their palaces, to dissipate their armies, to curb or obliterate their superstitions, to reform their manners, and ultimately to succeed in establishing a new dominion more wonderful than any yet described in the annals of mankind.

To review the various steps by which this unparalleled result has been reached is the object of Mr. Horace St. John's work. It does not profess to be a history of British India, but rather an investigation into the causes by which our sway has been rendered predominant there. Numbers of writers possessing more or less ability have undertaken, as well here at home as on the continent, to fasten a stigma on the British nation on account of its proceedings in Asia. Some of these have been animated by envy, some by a natural proneness to censure the actions of others, while a third class, sincerely reprobating all conquests and wars, have been urged by their generous impulses to uphold the cause of humanity. Mr. Horace St. John undertakes to overthrow the reasonings of all these, and has, we think, succeeded in proving that the English in India have been the authors of far more good than evil, and that to the two hundred millions who inhabit its various provinces, they now ensure a much larger amount of the blessings of life than they ever enjoyed under any form of government.

It would be doing great injustice, however, to the East India Company to suppose, whatever may be the measure of good they now accomplish, that they proceeded to Asia with any settled plan of conquest. On the contrary, they were, at the outset, what they professed to be, mere merchants, intent on the profits of trade. The territories they acquired came to them in many cases against their will. Fortune, it has been said, laid an imperial crown at their feet ; and their only delinquency is, that they stooped and picked it up. But even this they did with much reluctance. They long contemplated it rolling in the dust ; grasped at by many competitors ; and it was only when it had been stained and tarnished, and was on the point of passing out of the country altogether, that they prevailed on themselves to become its masters.

Philosophy has not discovered the key to the events of civil history ; but by following carefully the steps of the English in India, we may discover the *rationale* of some of those processes by which the subtle mechanism of power is produced. We behold the vanquished, in all instances, contributing largely to their own downfall, not always through any inferiority in the character of their minds—for many of those who disputed with

us the sceptre of India were men whose genius and abilities were equal to everything save their ambition—but through the habit of suffering their passions to overmaster their reason. In some of our earlier contests, we had, no doubt, to do with very ordinary personages; but as the crisis of empire approached, Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan, Holkar and Sindiah, exhibited a force and brilliance of intellect, a wealth of resources, a vigour, an energy, a perseverance, which appeared to entitle them to victory. But the steady valour, the general probity, the calm understanding, and the indomitable resolution of the English overwhelmed the genius of those magnificent princes, defeated their armies, counteracted their policy, and laid their thrones prostrate in the dust. The sword of Great Britain has flashed over the whole peninsula, from Cape Cormorin to the stupendous mountains of Thibet; and what is far more, the English mind has vanquished and penetrated, and enlightened more or less, the immense population swarming between the Indus and the Brahmapootra, for the sacred Ganges now rolls through the very centre of our dominions.

It has often been objected to Great Britain, that if it were to-morrow expelled from India, it would leave behind no lasting memorials of its rule. A more unfounded or ignorant observation was never uttered. Burke, in the intemperateness of his rhetoric, first gave vent to it; and from his day to ours, a class of weak and servile imitators have stupidly re-echoed the absurdity. The truth, however, is, that we have produced more effect on Indian society in the space of one hundred years than all the governments which preceded ours in the course of three thousand years. It is true, we have erected no imperial mausolea, or gorgeous palaces, or stupendous temples—these things being wholly incompatible with the genius of our civilization;—but for the promotion of human happiness we have done what is far better; we have constructed vast military roads, uniting province with province, and enabling the inhabitants to interchange commodities with facility; we have thrown bridges over rivers; we have constructed innumerable tanks for irrigation, with canals for the use of commerce, and docks and ship-yards, with whatever else belongs to the development of material prospects. Nor is this all. There is not a district in Hindoostan which has not experienced the humanizing effects of our institutions and laws, of our education and religion. In most parts of the country the father has ceased to imbrue his hands in the blood of his female children, and the widow no longer proceeds, drunk with opium, to burn herself with the dead body of her husband. Human victims have disappeared from the altars of Kali; the obscene orgies of Salsette and Jaganat'h have in a great measure

disappeared; and the whole fabric of Brahminical superstition is dissolving and crumbling away before the influence of an infinitely superior system of ideas.

To what extent we may be permitted to develop in Asia our theory of civilization it is impossible to foresee; but the probability is, that in the course of a few generations, the entire body of Hindoo society will be impregnated with European opinions. Already, in every part of the country, their notions are giving way before ours. The doctrine of caste has received a fatal blow. Organized tribes of robbers, whether on the rivers or on land, are scarcely to be found. The petty tyrants, who, from their lofty castles, formerly laid the towns and villages in their vicinity under contribution, have disappeared, and the minds of the natives are beginning to be impressed with the belief, that an equitable administration of justice is due to them.

How these effects have been produced it is not difficult to comprehend. Our military system requires the training and discipline of large bodies of the natives, who, being brought perpetually into contact with Englishmen, cannot possibly escape being influenced in some degree by western ideas. When, after their periods of service, these men return to their villages and families, they necessarily carry along with them something of the opinions, notions, tastes, and preferences they have derived from their officers, and the influence they have themselves undergone they exercise upon their relatives. The same thing may be said of the Hindoos and Mohammedans employed in the administration of the civil government in India, in the collection of the revenue, in her civil and criminal courts, in her schools and colleges.

Our readers are already, perhaps, familiar with one of the illustrations of the manner in which European, or rather English, habits have been engrafted on the native mind. Under the domination of the Moguls, at least towards the decline of the empire, the rapacity of the Nawabs and Subadars compelled all who possessed wealth diligently to conceal it; and when they ventured on any enjoyment at all, to be very careful it was in secret. They erected no spacious or magnificent houses: they laid out no grounds in parks or extensive gardens, but contented themselves with the sybaritish living they could command within the narrow precincts of their harims. Now, on the contrary, throughout India, but more especially in the Bengal presidency, the rich Baboos, or proprietors, vie with each other in the spaciousness of their houses, in the gorgeousness of their furniture, and in the beauty of their gardens and plantations, which have been multiplied with wonderful rapidity.

within the last thirty years. It is now, consequently, not at all uncommon to behold, in the vicinity of the Ganges, what may be very properly denominated English parks, dotted with lofty trees, artificial mounds dotted with flowering shrubs, parterres, lakes, canals, fantastic bridges, summer-houses, and plantations.

Besides, the cultivation of the soil for agricultural purposes is now greatly improved; and as every year opens up fresh facilities for the transmission of produce to the rivers or to the sea, the multiplication of India's internal resources may be assumed to be in a state of the most rapid development. As is perfectly natural, the cultivation of the mind keeps pace with that of the soil. The desire for knowledge is perpetually on the increase; schools are consequently called for in the remotest villages; journals and books are becoming fashionable; and in many cases, English literature may actually be said to be striking root into the Asiatic mind. It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that few of our countrymen would appear to have applied themselves on the spot to the study of the results effected by our civilization. We know not exactly how much has been done; but we may affirm, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that we have conducted Indian society to a point of transition, whatever may be the category into which it will next pass.

The means by which these mighty consequences have been realized have nowhere been enumerated and described accurately. But the military and political machinery employed by us in changing the condition of India, is ably and faithfully delineated in Mr. Horace St. John's book. He confines himself to an analysis of the instrumentality by which India has been reduced to obedience; he describes our acquisitions one after another, laying before us, as he goes along, the obstacles surmounted by the conquerors, and all the difficulties and resistance subdued. Into military details his plan would not suffer him to enter; but he has very carefully and diligently explained the political views by which the successive governors and generals have been guided in their dealings with the natives.

It would be too much to expect that so immense a framework of power should have been completed without the perpetration of any political crimes. But upon these Mr. Horace St. John dwells with reluctance. His desire is to represent the East India Company as little faulty as possible; and therefore, with more partiality than historical justice, he extenuates the excesses of ambition into which its servants were sometimes betrayed. Warren Hastings, for example, is painted with

a lenient hand. Dazzled by his genius, charmed by the vastness and magnificence of his views, and warmed into admiration by his matchless intrepidity, Mr. Horace St. John feels strongly inclined to deal indulgently with his fearful guilt, though he admits its existence. For Clive he shows less sympathy. Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, with a false pacific policy, is represented as having been the author of nearly all the succeeding wars. Of Lord Cornwallis, notwithstanding his unaggressive character, the historian speaks with much respect; but he reserves his entire admiration for the Marquis of Wellesley, under whose administration our Indian empire acquired the greatest development it ever made during so short a space of time. Some of the most important and dangerous wars ever undertaken by the Company were conducted to a conclusion by his statesmanship. He broke the power of Tippoo Sultan and the Mahrattas; he reduced kingdoms to the condition of provinces; he inspired confidence in our friends, and struck terror into our enemies, and so strengthened the entire system of our rule, that, from that day forward, our Asiatic empire may be said to have been invincible.

Over the administration of Lord Minto Mr. St. John passes in silence, because he made no acquisitions of territories on the main land, though the destiny of the Company led him also to make conquests in the Indian Archipelago—a region upon which our author announces a separate work as about to appear. His successor, Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, completed the subjection of the Mahrattas in a campaign of unparalleled brilliance,—the British army, in thirteen formidable divisions, manœuvring simultaneously over a space of many hundred square miles, meeting the enemy at every point, counteracting all their schemes, humbling their pride, and ultimately so completely vanquished their spirit, that they never rose again, but vanished absolutely as a political power from the face of India. In the Nepaul war Lord Hastings was less successful. Extraordinary faults were committed by various generals in the defiles of the Himalaya, though the obstinacy of the mountaineers was at length—in part at least—subdued, and large portions of territory were ceded to the Company.

The succeeding governors-general, until within the last few years, were more engaged in reforming the internal administration of the empire than in extending its frontier. Lord Amherst accomplished little or nothing. Lord William Bentinck grappled with financial and social difficulties, and effected great improvements in the condition of the natives. It was not until Lord Auckland's time that the flame of conquest was again kindled, when our armies passed the Indus, ascended the Suleiman range, and descending into the valleys and plains of

Affghanistan, carried our victorious standard to the borders of Persia and Central Asia.

But one of the greatest disasters recorded in our Indian history was now to overtake us. The Governor-General himself, destitute of all statesmanship, though beyond measure honest in his view, had entrusted the conduct of the expedition to persons of very inferior capacity, who committed the worst faults which politicians could have fallen into. Our partizans in the country were disgusted and estranged; our enemies were excited to tenfold hostility; and when we had conducted things to this pass, our leaders appeared to have believed that they had accomplished their duty, and that thenceforward the affairs of peace and war might be abandoned to the impulse of mere routine. Then followed the insurrection and the massacre, the panic and the ignominious flight. English ladies and gentlemen were scattered as captives over the whole of Afghanistan, while a large division of our native army was literally annihilated.

We omit to dwell on the achievements of Lord Ellenborough, who went out to India to perpetrate the most extravagant absurdities, to relinquish Afghanistan and the new empire we might have acquired in Central Asia, who subdued the Ameers, and played the general at Gwalior, then abandoned the fruits of his victories, and would have effected incalculable mischief had he not been hastily recalled.

Lord Hardinge, a new military leader, without any large political views, blundered into the Sikh war, and then became useful by mistake. We are, at present, engaged in a fresh conflict with the Burmese; but, through the impotence of our policy, if we achieve any victories, we shall in all likelihood throw away the fruits of them, though the true principle of our Asiatic policy would seem to be that of indefinite expansion; for, whenever we stop, the tide of events will inevitably set in against us.

What we have thus briefly indicated Mr. Horace St John has described at length, discussing carefully every question connected with the growth of our empire, and clearing our servants in the East from much of the obloquy so unjustly cast upon them. Admitting the fact, which he does not attempt to disguise, that he is an upholder of the East India Company, he may be said to have gone calmly, though with obvious partiality, through the whole of this very difficult and intricate subject. His views are often comprehensive, his remarks generally judicious, and his style full of brilliance and variety; his faults as a writer are, a too elaborate display of rhetorical powers, and an unwillingness to indulge in that repose of composition which supplies contrast, and is itself a large source of pleasure.

We select from various parts of the work passages which will enable the reader to judge of its character and merits. The following, in which the writer sums up the consequences resulting from the annexation of the Carnatic, exhibits much power and eloquence, while it conveys at the same time political lessons in the highest degree important:—

‘The annexation of the Carnatic was a perfect revolution. It was a revolution in the elements, in the principles, in the members, in the organs, of government. A new political, a new moral, a new social scheme was introduced. On all sides benefits were distributed. The native prince was saved from the tyranny of reckless adventurers swarming in his Court—from growing debts—from eternal complications, daily more confused—from the power of committing great crimes, and the danger of meeting their punishment. His people were rescued from an oppression which made a desert where the art of industrious ages had made a paradise, spoiled them of all the grateful fruits of peace, and left them to lament in misery, or endure in reptile torpor, the afflictions of servitude. The English were relieved from a heavy burden—from the perennial source of trouble—from dissensions without hope of settlement. The mind of Wellesley displayed itself on this occasion, lofty, pure, and luminous. The Carnatic is a monument to his fame.

‘It suited the purpose of a late writer, many of whose views are admirable, to declare that the scenes of ravage which have desolated India and drenched her plains with blood, have been equally terrible, whether the tide of conquest poured from the plains of Tartary, or after the Crescent and the Green Flag, or from the ranges of the west, or from the plateau above the Deccan, or from the decks of British transports. The Company may well afford to be condemned by such a judge. Even from their bitter and laborious prosecutor this acknowledgment is won, that, if the Governor-General held in view the true end for which government was instituted, and for which it ought to be upheld, he could stand with perfect assurance upon his policy. Its fruits were rich and precious. A wide and beautiful country was incorporated in the immense mass of the British Empire. Eighteen hundred years before, it had contributed a province to a Hindu monarchy; it had passed under the Muslim yoke, and few countries were so abundantly adorned with the monuments of piety, pride, or wealth; with temples dedicated to a solemn faith; with tombs erected by vanity as the receptacles of mortal dust; with palaces which no sovereign ought ever to have been rich enough to possess, and no people servile enough to build. Few also had exhibited more sad vicissitudes of fortune. It had been devastated by frequent wars; it had been swept by the fleet and fierce cavalry of the Mahrattas, of Hyder, and of Tippoo; its people had been slaughtered time after time by the light of their own blazing homes; it had been afflicted by chronic famine, with pestilence—its auxiliary genius—and now it was blessed by a happy revolution.’—Vol. i. 275.

The student of Indian history must often have found himself interested, and sometimes perplexed, by glimpses of the Pin-

darries, whose origin, power, and achievements may be reckoned among the most extraordinary circumstances in the annals of the Indian Peninsula. It inevitably excites our surprise to observe the coolness and recklessness with which such bodies of men commit crimes. To comprehend their state of mind, however, we need only follow them through their early training, and the subsequent events of their lives. Of these marauders Mr. St. John gives a lively account, for which we have not space.

Much anxiety was experienced, during our expeditions beyond the Indus, respecting the character and condition of Affghanistan, its wild and ferocious inhabitants, its rich and beautiful productions, its commerce, its industry, with the incipient traces of civilization discoverable in some of its greater cities. Mr. St. John presents the reader with a highly graphic and interesting picture of this region :—

‘The Persic Affghanistan is the country lying between Persia and India. It is inhabited by a martial race, but whether these were named “Lamentation,” as an exiled tribe of Judea, or from the descendants of Saul in Israel, from the Copts of Pharaoh’s army, or from the Jewish soldiers of the Arabian caliphs, or the Gaurian mountaineers, or the Gætic conquerors of Bactria, history does not decide ; for their true origin is unknown. Their chronicles show, however, that they are a people which, if united, might be conspicuous among the bravest and most powerful nations of Asia.

‘Including the rugged territories to the north-west, their country fills the whole space between Chitral, Kohistan, and Kunduz, between Gilgit, Yessen, and the petty states of the Eastern hills, with the Indus, Bhawalpure, Sindh, Beluchistan, and Persia. Thus it has in parts a length of six hundred and sixty, and a breadth of five hundred miles. It is an elevated broken tract, with peaks from fifteen to twenty-one thousand feet in height, and deep valleys full of population. Four-fifths of the surface are mountainous and rocky ; there are a few bleak, unfruitful table-lands, whose scanty pasture feeds an occasional flock, and the rest is composed of valleys. These produce beautiful grain, and are adorned by the finest orchards,—peaches, apricots, nectarines, grapes, pomegranates, figs, mulberries, citrons, and other fruits, unsurpassed in beauty, abundance, and flavour, throughout the world. Their fertility, indeed, is excelled in no part of India, and their climate is pleasant and salubrious. Gold, silver, copper, lead, antimony, zinc, and sulphur, abound. Whole hills are in places formed of rich black iron ore, while coal is believed to be plentiful.

‘A large proportion of the Affghan tribes are pastoral, and wool might become an important element of wealth, besides the fine soft hair of the mountain goat, celebrated as a material for shawls. These fabrics, woven by the weavers of the valleys, are carried down in bales to be wrought in the looms of Dacca, receive brilliant dyes from the plains of lower India, and are prized all over the East as the garments of princesses and the beautiful girls devoted to please the sense of Oriental kings. Though

anarchy has been the prevailing condition of the country, commerce has never ceased to be active—flowing in one direction towards Hindustan, in another through Kelat to Sonmeanee, in another to central Asia; and this trade might be developed to an indefinite extent, if the politics of the whole region were happily settled. The Lohanis alone, a migratory tribe, half traders, half shepherds, lead annually hundreds of thousands of domestic animals with merchandise, to the delightful plains and rich pastures of the Kohi Damaun, proceeding in great numbers also to Dera Ismael Khan, and even to the mouths of the Hooghly, returning through the Derajat, and carrying supplies for traffic in the markets of Central Asia. If this system has flourished from ancient times—as it has, for the Lohani merchants were robbed by Baber three centuries and a half ago—notwithstanding every obstruction offered by barbarism and war, it is easy to imagine what a throng of commerce might fill the passes of Affghanistan whenever policy establishes it as the gate and citadel of British India.

‘The rude but acute and subtle Affghans have always been sufficiently powerful to excite alarm, and sufficiently exempt from the control of law to threaten the peace of their neighbours. Like India, their country has been frequently overrun, though never held long by rulers of one dynasty. Unable, however, to prevent strangers enjoying temporary triumphs and supremacy over their soil, they have continually invaded that of others.’
—Vol. ii. p. 138.

We conclude with the author's recapitulation of the results which have flowed from our Indian conquests. If the reader has gone carefully through the events of our history, he will probably acquiesce in many of the views put forward. Mr. St. John, however, speaks of the *Company* spreading the knowledge of Christianity, and says, ‘more than political, the Hindus have to gain religious emancipation.’ The accomplishment of this is one of the labours he points out for the future; but we fear he is not duly apprized of the spirit of its past ecclesiastical procedure. This has been thoroughly hostile, as is well known to every missionary society. The Company, incorporated as it is with the British system of government, favours establishments, lord bishops, cathedral stalls, and stipends for an opulent clergy; but we are sorry our author has not devoted a chapter to the noble work of the voluntary societies now blessing India, and promising to reclaim its people from heathenism to Christianity. This is indeed a glorious task; and the Company would simply have discharged its duty had it encouraged their pious efforts. But this it has not done.

It cannot be unknown to our readers, that the Church, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, the London, and other missionary societies, have long been labouring, and with great success, in India. In the *histories* of some of these societies, and in the periodical publications of all of them, ample mate-

rials exist for copious information on this most vital subject, to which the author might have had easy access. We deeply regret that in general works on India, all this information should be passed over or supplemented by misrepresentations. The literature of voluntary Christian missions in India has already become too voluminous and respectable to admit of excuse for such omissions or perversions. Their importance in themselves is greater than that of commercial progress or territorial aggrandizement, of political arrangements or military operations; and they represent the purest element in modern civilization, while they bear on remote consequences both in the personal and social welfare of the entire human family. We can conceive of no object so worthy of the vast and beneficent designs of Heaven, in permitting so powerful an ascendancy to England in the East, as that of diffusing through our agency that Gospel which makes the nations wise, virtuous, and happy; and we cannot look on the march of conquest opened to our arms in those distant regions, without hoping that whatever the amount of temporary evil, it is intended by the Supreme Ruler to remove all obstructions to the free passage of his own truth. Nor is it merely from *à priori* principles that we are led to such anticipations; all the facts of British history in India, including those which relate to the translation of the Scriptures, the establishment of schools, the spread of our language and literature, and pre-eminently the unfettered preaching of the Gospel, go to strengthen our convictions, and to animate our hopes. On all proper occasions it is our conscientious desire thus to bear our earnest testimony on behalf of the grandest undertaking of this adventurous age. We recommend the following summary to the attentive perusal of our readers, and readily give our assent to most of the statements it contains:—

• We govern by right of lawful acquisition, and we govern by right of wise and virtuous administration. Reforms are required, and they will take place when public opinion insists upon them; but on the whole, India is, perhaps, considering the circumstances of its political and social history, one of the best governed countries in the world. . . . The monuments of a genuine and pious civilization are not pyramids or pagodas, or towers or columns, or any of those huge trophies by which the daring barbarian genius of a Pharaoh, or a Mogul, endeavoured to perpetuate its fame. The achievements of the English in India belong to another order. They have abolished the hideous crime of burning the wife with the remains of her husband, which sprang from the bloody idolatry of the Brahmins; they have extirpated infanticide from populations amid which the virtues of human nature appear to have been renewed; they had redeemed thousands from that superstitious horror of the widow's second marriage, which drove innumerable women to suicide, or

the last resort of moral degradation ; they have encouraged industry by protecting the people, first, in the prosecution of their labours, and then in the enjoyment of their gains ; they have extinguished the Thracian orgies of Juggernaut : they have prevented those chronic wars which formerly allowed vast military hordes to riot on a superfluity of plunder ; they have made great highways ; they are educating the people ; they are spreading the knowledge of Christianity ; and they are communicating the humanity of Europe to the swarthy idolaters of Asia. These are their monuments. Brass and marble never formed any so durable ; for these are the victories of civilization, which ratify the triumphs of the sword.

‘ If other monuments are required, India exhibits them—the noblest which can be imagined. The interest of money reduced from thirty-six or twelve to five per cent., is the sign of a credit more valuable than all the gilded tombs of all the kings ; the rapid influx of population to every conquered province, is evidence of beneficent rule, better than flaunting records can afford ; the steady decrease of crime, during thirty years, proves the establishment of a justice whose administration is acknowledged to be good, mild, and speedy ; the extirpation of gang-robbers has given safety to the highway ; the decrease of fortifications round the villages, and the voluntary disarmament of the peasantry, show that security exists ; and sixteen thousand beautiful gardens, extensive as parks—laid out within a few years in Bengal alone—exhibit a tranquillity and content of which there is no trace in any former period of Indian history. Along the coasts, the security of trade is complete, while formerly the maritime population was characteristically piratical—the Sudra tribe of Kaloris especially, on the western shores, avowing the profession of robbers, not only without disguise, but with pride.

‘ As for substantial monuments, do they not abound ? The tanks repaired, the roads, the harbours, the aqueducts, constructed ; the extended irrigation ; the jungle changed into rice-fields ; the rise of a middle class ; the creation of a great market ; the organized police : the clothing of naked millions—even the extraordinary improvement in the breed of horses—these are monuments more splendid than the trophies of Nadir or Akbar. And the institutions erected in the East by the superior and diffusive genius of English charity are better testimonies of our rule than all the palaces, pagodas, and tombs, from Malabar to the Himalaya. When, also, I hear that we have left India more desolate than the realm of the savage and the haunt of the obscene vulture, I ask what government ever bequeathed more honourable memorials than the villages—more than two thousand in number—which were, in Holkar's country alone, rebuilt and re-peopled in the course of three years ? And how much has India not gained by her people being delivered from that bloody proscription of whole families and tribes, to which they were formerly liable from the capricious ferocity of their princes ?’—Vol. ii. p. 214.

ART. VIII.—*Flogging in the New Militia.*2. *Don't Enlist in the Militia.*

SUCH are the headings of two handbills issued by the Peace Society, intended to dissuade young men from volunteering into the militia. It would hardly be compatible with our dignity as reviewers to notice these specimens of wall literature, were it not that an unexpected distinction has been conferred upon them in the form of a government prosecution, to be conducted with all due parade by her Majesty's attorney-general. *O nimium fortunati libelli!* Oh, immortal placards! instead of ending your ephemeral existence, like your brother broadsheets, on dead walls and the shutters of forsaken shops, thus destined to be transplanted to cabinet councils, to shake the hearts of Home Secretaries, to engage the profound deliberation of the wisest ministry that England has ever seen, to be officially proclaimed in the 'Gazette,' to confront ermined Justice in her august halls, to engage all the elaborate apparatus of legal wisdom and state, and then to be transmitted to posterity embalmed in the fragrant forensic eloquence of the profound Sir Frederick Thesiger and the pathetic Sir Fitzroy Kelly! It really is scarcely possible to treat the matter seriously; and yet it is a serious matter, involving no less a question than the right of Englishmen to discuss the character of the laws under which they live. If the promoters of these bills may be indicted for a seditious libel, we venture to say that there is not a newspaper published in the United Kingdom which may not with equal plausibility be laid hold of; for scarcely a week passes wherein we do not find in the pages of our public journals comments on some of the laws and institutions of this country, far bolder and stronger than anything which these placards contain. For what, our readers may be curious to know, is the nature of these terrible missiles which have succeeded in disturbing the profound political hybernation of the Derby ministry, and tempted them to the perilous game of a state prosecution against the liberty of the press? The redoubtable sheets are now before us. The first is headed by a woodcut engraving of a military flogging, drawn, as we understand, from the life, and followed by a description, from the pen of eye-witnesses, or actual sufferers, of the true nature of this brutal and degrading punishment. Attention is then called to the fact that the military and other members of the House of Commons positively refused, after a long and earnest discus-

sion raised by Mr. Bright's amendment, to surrender the right to use the cat-o'-nine-tails in the militia. The young men of England who may be tempted by the bounty, are therefore warned that they will be liable to this punishment if they volunteer into the ranks of the new force. The other bill consists mainly of an abstract of some of the provisions of the Militia-law, *conveyed in the very language of the Act of Parliament itself*, followed by an earnest request to young men and their parents to ponder these provisions well ere they entertain the idea of voluntary enlistment. Let it be distinctly understood that these bills contain no other advice than that the young men of this country should *use the liberty which this very Militia-law allows them*, of refusing the proffered bounty, and declining to enter the service. It was the loudest boast of the present government on behalf of their bill, as compared with that of their predecessors, that by making the enlistment voluntary, the hardship and oppression which all admit attend a militia measure would be greatly mitigated, if not entirely removed. It might have been thought that this right to choose accorded to the people of England involved also the right to know the reasons on either side which might serve to decide their choice. It appears, however, that this was a mistake. Great pains, indeed, are taken to acquaint them with one side of the question. The authority of lord-lieutenants, the influence of landlords and employers, the persuasive powers of recruiting-sergeants and policemen, and the winning eloquence of the gin-glass and beer-pot, may be employed *ad libitum* to enforce the blessings and advantages of this militia service to the utmost. 'With respect to recruiting,' said the Duke of Cleveland, at a meeting of the lieutenancy of the county of Durham, 'he thought they should have sergeants or soldiers from the line for the purpose of recruiting. They know the way to enlist men, and when they found a man half inclined, *they had a peculiar manner of coaxing, just as a candidate coaxes his constituents.*' Yes, we know how sergeants from the line, and some candidates also, practise 'coaxing,' by glosing and cajolery, by bribery and drunkenness, by equivocation and falsehood, by everything that can debase the nature of their victims as men and as citizens. To seize a raw clown, whom they may see wandering open-mouthed at a country fair, and wheedle him into a public-house by the promise of drink, and detain him there until—his brain being muddled with ale and his poor half-awakened intellect bewildered by ribald songs and fabulous tales of a soldier's life and glory—he is tempted into accepting the bounty; to parade him through the street, as a decoy-duck to other dupes, bedecked with ribands, and grinning in maudlin imbecility, and then to drag him before the

nearest magistrates, while he is yet reeking with the fumes of his recent debauch, where, to use Cowper's graphic description,

‘ Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A Bible-oath to be whate’er they please,
To do he knows not what—’

to do all this, we say, is deemed a loyal, patriotic, and honourable thing; and dukes and marquises, lord-lieutenants and justices of the peace, are not ashamed to take part in so pitiful a plot against their ignorant and unwary neighbours. But if a number of gentlemen—of many of whom it may be fairly said that they are second to no class in this country for their high moral character and their active philanthropy—taking pity on these poor rustics, step forward and say to them: ‘Understand that the law gives you a free choice whether you shall enter into this service or not; and, before you do so, it is well you should know that there are other things in the Militia-law besides bounty and beer-money; that when you enlist you make yourselves subject to the Mutiny Act, and the Articles of War; that you are liable to heavy fines and imprisonments for certain offences against military discipline; that if you fail to join your battalion when ordered by your officers, you may be drafted into the regular army, and sent as a soldier to any part of her Majesty's foreign dominions; and that by the verdict of a court-martial you may be adjudged to receive fifty lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails on your bare back,’—if this is done, why those same parties who are actors or accomplices in such wretched exploits as we have described above, become transported with loyal indignation, issue their summons to printers and bill-stickers, and besiege the Home Secretary with their supplications to institute state prosecutions against men, to the full as loyal, patriotic, and honourable as themselves, as ‘wicked and seditious libellers.’

Perhaps the true secret of the immoderate wrath into which these gentlemen have been betrayed may be found in the announcements which fill the columns of the ‘Gazette,’ week by week, of official appointments in the militia, compared with the returns received from various parts of the country of the number of volunteers who have joined this redoubtable corps. It is quite clear there is to be no lack of officers. Ambitious squires, younger sons, and military gentlemen on half-pay, rush forward, with an ardour and a devotion that is quite affecting, to claim all the posts to which there is attached either emolument or honour. But what if there be no men? The English nation is hardly in the temper to pay a staff of officers that cannot find an army. And if so, and the peasants and artisans of this country are inexorably deaf to the voice of the charmer, and

will not enrol themselves under the banners of these valiant knights, what is to become of the newly-installed colonels, and majors, and adjutants in the militia? *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

Whether the inculcated bills of the Peace Society may have had any influence in producing that result we know not, but it would certainly appear that the voluntary enlistment has, to a great extent, proved a failure. In many parts of the country, scarcely any portion of the allotted quota has been enrolled. In others, it is far short of the required complement, and in almost all, the volunteers (as was, indeed, foreseen by all but her Majesty's government) consist, not of respectable young men from the middle and working classes, but of that vicious and vagabond population which are always hanging loose on society, and ready to accept any bounty or bribe which will afford them the means of momentary indulgence. We confess that this is a result which we have witnessed, not only without regret, but with sincere satisfaction. We hold in utter contempt the absurd cant that indisposition to military service is a proof of effeminacy or cowardice. *They* must have curious notions, certainly, of what constitutes the elements of manly character, who imagine that they are either indicated or produced by submission to a three weeks' drilling in the awkward squad of the militia. One would think that the bold and adventurous spirit by which Englishmen are carrying the conquests of their industry and commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the gigantic enterprises on sea and land which they are constantly accomplishing, utterly regardless of toil or hazard, would be enough to vindicate them from the charge of national enervation, without the necessity of their assuming a scarlet coat, a military stock, pipe-clayed trowsers, and a musket, and residing in a public-house or a gin-shop for a month annually, by way of proving their intrepidity and stoutness of heart. We read, on the contrary, in this reluctance to volunteer in the militia force, the growth of a higher moral feeling among the young men of England, which shrinks from the contaminating associations of the barracks and the billeting-room, and of that true manliness and self-respect which despises the wretched tinsel of military display, and abhors the inevitable degradation of military discipline.

We confess we are far from satisfied that this country has need of any addition to its national defences. Certainly if more of our national resources are to be flung into this all-devouring abyss of military expenditure, the people of this country will do well to ponder first a few facts like the following:—Porter, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' shows that during the first fifty-two years of the present century,—that is, from

1801 to 1852,—we have already expended on our army, navy, and ordnance, *more than thirteen hundred millions of pounds sterling* (£1,300,000,000). Of this sum considerably more than one-half has been spent since the peace. In a paper published by the Peace Society on the eve of the late election, there is an elaborate statement, the result of careful search into all parliamentary documents relating to our military forces, made by Mr. Hume, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. William Williams, and signed by them as an attestation of its authority, in which it is shown that there has been, since the year 1835, an increase to our forces of ~~all kinds~~, apart from the militia, of 72,586 men! The expense of our military establishments during this year, including militia and Caffre war, amounts to £16,500,000. The estimates for the last two items we have mentioned are about £1,000,000, leaving fifteen millions and a-half for our regular defensive establishments.

‘Had any one of them realized,’ said Mr. Cobden, in his speech against the Militia at Marylebone, ‘what fourteen or fifteen millions really meant? That was one of the difficulties with which they had to deal. People heard of fourteen or fifteen millions being voted, and the matter passed away as if it had been a vote of so many farthings, and there was no process of comparison or computation by which they could realize in their minds what it was. He would give some illustrations to show what it was. The rated rental of all the real property in Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, and Essex, the metropolitan counties, was £13,924,000. The sum voted for the defence of the country for the present year, therefore, was greater than the rental of the four metropolitan counties! And yet the great public instructors told them that the country was left defenceless, and nothing had been done for its defence! Then again, Lancashire and Yorkshire, the backbone of England, without whose gigantic industry and trade she would not be able to hold the position she now occupied, with all their mills, and manufactories, and mines, and railroads, had only a rated rental of £12,500,000, or nearly two millions less than had been voted this year for the national defence. Then, take that great industrial department of the country, the cotton manufacture, which a gentleman who lately delivered a lecture on the subject before the Prince Consort at the Society of Arts, stated to employ directly and indirectly about three millions of people. The whole of the raw cotton employed by that great manufacture costs only as much as was spent on the national defences this year. What was now paid for the army and navy and ordnance would pay 10s. a week (no very high average of wages) to 500,000 agricultural labourers in a year, as many as

were required to raise the food consumed in England, the produce of her own soil.'

But if, in the face of these astounding facts, the people of England are still so frightened as to call for more national defences, then we venture to say, there is no conceivable form in which this can be done, in which the *maximum* of annoyance and mischief to the country can be so ingeniously combined with the *minimum* of efficiency for its avowed purpose as by the enrolment of the militia.

It must be remembered that the militia, foreseen by all but is organized, as was again and again of respectable young moters, is to repel a sudden invasion, *classe* our shores, to employ the words of the Earl of Derby, 'at the notice of a few hours upon the coast of this country,' an invasion, 'not for the purpose of attempting permanent occupation, but for insult and aggression.' And to accomplish this end, we are to trust a body of men who will consist, beyond doubt, of the most unsettled and wandering part of our population, who are to be assembled for only three weeks in the year, and who in the intervals,—even if many of them (as is most probable) do not leave the country and go off to Canada or the diggings,—will be scattered over the whole face of the land, within reach of no trumpet or bugle call at the moment when they are most wanted. It is scarcely possible to put the folly of relying on such a force in a stronger light than the Marquis of Lansdowne did in the speech, in which, nevertheless, with curious inconsistency, he supported the measure. 'There was another consideration,' said his lordship, 'patent, under the provisions of this bill—viz., the very great uncertainty of obtaining these men again when once they had been parted with. He approved of the ballot being made as remote as possible, but in relying upon volunteers we relied upon men gathered from all parts of the country, and upon persons of a most locomotive description. The House might depend upon it, that upon an emergency the whole time of the non-commissioned officers would be occupied in pursuing those men from one part of the country to the other, and in bringing them back to those colours which many of them might have motives for abandoning. He could not consider, therefore, that the army to be raised under this bill, if it could be called an army at all, would prove to be one which could be relied upon.'

And it is remarkable enough, that at the very time when certain parties in this country are trying to get up a spurious enthusiasm for this system of citizen-soldiership, proposals are everywhere afloat in those countries where it has existed longest and in its highest perfection, to abandon it altogether, on account of its helpless military inefficiency. The French

National Guard has been dissolved, after having been proved by long experience to be equally worthless for defending liberty and for upholding government. The Prussian Landwehr, to which our own statesmen so confidently appealed during the discussions on the Militia Bill, is now, we are told, all but universally condemned by the most competent authorities in that kingdom. The 'Times' own correspondent, writing recently from Berlin, says: 'The test of the efficiency of the ~~and signed by them as an~~ sudden summons of 1850, has shown that there has been ~~is~~ long prevalent on that point our forces of all kinds, ~~as~~ as asserted after the confusion had ~~The~~ that the military measure (i. e. the summons) cost were well bestowed; facts were revealed that might have led, had war broken out to awful disasters. . . . A pamphlet by Major von Luek, an old and experienced officer, advocates the abolition of the whole Landwehr system as faulty, being founded on no real principle, but the feeling roused by a passing event. . . . He denies that the Landwehr service is popular. The man who enters it is liable to be taken from his work or place just when he is beginning to establish himself in life, to his certain loss and possible ruin; for this he has not even an ideal reward, for it can hardly be said that a Landwehr regiment is a living military body at all. A man does not feel it a pride, but merely a material loss and a moral plague to belong to it.'

No less emphatic is the testimony we receive in regard to the American militia, to which also many triumphant references were made during the debates in the House of Commons. An American author now before us remarks: 'It has been a source of general corruption to the community, and formed habits of idleness, dissipation, and profligacy. It did a great deal to flood our land with intemperance, and muster-fields have generally been scenes or occasions of gambling, licentiousness, and almost every vice. The history of our militia drills is a tissue of such facts. In answer to inquiries made by our general government in 1826, *the highest officers of the militia in different sections of the country represented* "militia musters as prejudicial to the morals of the community; as assemblies of idle and dissipated persons; as making idlers and drunkards rather than soldiers; as attended, under the most favourable circumstances, with riot, drunkenness, and every species of immorality; as *always* scenes of the lowest and most destructive dissipation, where nothing was acquired but the most pernicious habits.'"

But while utterly inefficient for military purposes, the militia, it will be seen, is an admirable contrivance for spreading demoralization and vice among the people. All ministers, parents,

and Sunday school teachers, should get by heart the following clause from the present Act:—‘That all mayors, bailiffs, and other chief magistrates, are required to *quarter and billet the officers and men of the Militia, when called out to annual exercise, in inns, livery-stables, ale-houses, victualling-houses, and all houses of persons selling brandy, strong waters, cyder, wines, or metheglin, by retail.*’ Already the provincial papers are beginning to be filled with sad and sickening descriptions of scenes of disgusting drunkenness and debauchery, exhibited by the poor wretches who have accepted the government bounty, at the time of their enlistment; some, we are told, ‘too drunk to be sworn in;’ others, already committed to jail for savage assaults upon their comrades. But we know not how we can better express our sentiments on this part of the subject, than by borrowing the following language of a contemporary:—‘Of the corrupting influence of military service, both on its immediate subjects and the community at large, why need we speak? Let the state of our garrison towns and the neighbourhood of our barracks testify. And if we need additional illustration, we have only to look to the moral condition of the large towns and cities on the continent, in reference to which we could produce facts that would startle and appal our readers. We will mention, however, only this one:—In Munich, the population returns show that the number of illegitimate births exceeds the legitimate. Facts of a similar nature, though not quite so bad in degree, may be stated of most other continental cities. And in reply to inquiries we have made, as to the cause of this frightful and prodigious increase of social corruption, the unanimous judgment of those we have questioned has been, that it is owing, in a main degree, to the enormous number of military of every kind which constantly infest the large towns. In this respect, the militia would be infinitely worse than even the regular soldiery. For these latter are a class apart, mixing but little with general society; the severe military discipline to which they are subjected forming a sort of sanitary cordon, which restricts, to a certain extent, the spread of the moral pestilence they everywhere breed. But the militia having been brought for three weeks or a month, yearly, into the very focus of the disease, are sent back into the bosom of the community, as if for the very purpose of diffusing in the families and neighbourhood to which they return the deadly infection of their licentious and dissolute morals. An English officer, publishing an account of his recent travels in Germany, and remarking on the social effects of the Landwehr, observes—“This universal soldier-ship is assuredly a curse; the enlisting of men for a term of many years forms better soldiers and spoils fewer citizens.

Doubtless many youths, their 'three years of heroship expired,' return to their homes lost and polluted men, and spread wide the taint of immorality." No less certain it is, that this "force of citizen soldiers," as it is sometimes pompously called, is the very best device that can be conceived for spreading among the people a taste for arms, and a disposition to have recourse to them as the great remedy for all social and political ills under which they may labour. What has led the populations of France and Germany so rashly to seize the sword, as the means of extorting concessions from their own governments, instead of employing that moral power of public opinion, by which the popular will has, in this country, achieved such splendid and enduring triumphs in the cause of civil, religious, and commercial freedom?—what but the military education through which they are almost universally made to pass by means of this boasted system of citizen-soldiership? And can any man of ordinary sagacity doubt, that if you train a large body of the lowest and least intelligent classes in this country to the use of arms, the danger may become imminent—should a crisis similar to that solemn one through which we passed in 1847 again recur—that these men will employ such skill as they have acquired in leading their ignorant, and perhaps severely suffering countrymen, in a crusade against the authorities?"

But be the merits or demerits of the militia law what they may, the question between the government and the Peace Society, in reference to these placards, is one of far wider compass and significance. For, virtually, it is nothing less than this: Have we, as Englishmen, the right to express our disapproval of what we deem faulty or foolish in any of our laws or institutions? Or is this liberty to be suddenly withdrawn from us, by a government determined 'to stem the progress of democracy?' There may be many in this country who have no particular faith in the principles, or sympathy with the views, of the Peace Society. There may be others who think they are utterly mistaken in their judgment both of the necessity and the value of a militia. But we believe there is no true friend of freedom in the kingdom, whatever be his opinions on these points, who will not resent this insolent attempt of a Tory administration to suppress liberty of discussion, and cheer on the committee of the above institution in all the efforts they may make to resist this first, but, we may be sure, if successful, not the last, encroachment on that only true guarantee of civilization and progress—a bold and unfettered press.

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Three Years in Europe; or, Places I have seen, and People I have met.
 By W. Wells Brown, a Fugitive Slave. With a Memoir of the Author.
 By William Farmer, Esq. London: Gilpin. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1852.

THE extraordinary excitement produced by 'Uncle Tom' will, we hope, prepare the public of Great Britain and America for this lively book of travels, by a *real* Fugitive Slave. The author was 'raised' at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1814, and removed, while an infant, to Missouri. There he saw his mother flogged on the bare back for being a few minutes behind her time in the field. After this, he was hired to a Virginian, Major Freeland, a cruel wretch, from whom he escaped to the woods; was hunted with dogs, recovered, and terribly punished. He subsequently became the hired slave of a steam-boat captain, then of an hotel-keeper, a native of a *free* state, and afterwards of the proprietor of the 'St. Louis Times,' a kind master. We next have him as a waiter in a steamer on the Mississippi, and then labouring in the field under a burning sun. Again, he became the domestic servant of his owner—a relative of his father—whose family he drove to church, having to stand by the horses outside, while they were attending to the worship of God within. At sixteen years of age, he was hired to a slave-dealer, and became familiar with the scenes of horror and wickedness inseparable from that trade. Returning to his owner, he learned that he and his mother were about to be sold, because their kinsman was in want of money. They attempted to escape, but were driven back into slavery. The mother was sold into the south; the son became the property of a merchant tailor, and was sold by him to a Captain Enoch Price, of St. Louis, who employed him as his coachman. The master took the slave, along with his family, up the river to Cincinnati. As the steamer lay near that city, he made his

escape and fled to the woods. After much suffering and privation, he was hospitably received by a venerable member of the Society of Friends, whose name he assumed. He refused to buy his freedom; and, protected by the power of public opinion *against* the laws of the United States, he laboured for six years as a lecturer for anti-slavery societies in New York and Massachusetts. For legally securing his personal freedom, and for the purpose of constantly giving 'a living lie' to the doctrine of African inferiority, he was deputed by the American Committee in connexion with the Peace Congress to represent them in Europe.

His *last* experience of the American prejudice against colour was on board the *Canada* which bore him to this land, where he was 'recognised as a man and an equal.' At Paris, he was greeted as a powerful public speaker, by Victor Hugo, Cobden, and Tocqueville. In London, he was elected an honourable member of the Whittington Club. For the last three years he has been employed as a public lecturer in the principal towns of the three kingdoms. It is a curious fact that Mr. Enoch Price, Mr. Brown's former master, visited this country during the Exhibition last year, when he made diligent inquiry after his lost 'property;' but in vain. It would have been a remarkable meeting.

We have, then, in this volume, the first history of travels by a 'Fugitive Slave.' Though he never had a day's schooling in his life, he has produced a literary work not unworthy of a highly-educated gentleman. Our readers will find in these 'Letters' much instruction, not a little entertainment, and the beatings of a manly heart on behalf of a down-trodden race, with which they will not fail to sympathize. Our old friend, James Montgomery, whom Mr. Brown found reading the 'Eclectic,' will be surprised at seeing his name associated with those of 'Defoe, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Chaucer,' as 'having been incarcerated within the walls' of the Tower of London; and Mr. Brown will have the goodness, in the next edition, to remember that it was in 'York Castle,' not in the 'Tower,' that the poet of freedom was a prisoner. We may, at the same time, notice that the 'Royal Academy' is the proper designation of the institution which has its rooms in the 'National Gallery.' The figure of Gulliver looking down on Lilliputians, which the writer had applied to Windsor, might be omitted from the description of York Minster.

The Notions of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits; with an Examination of the Defence of an Essay on the Proposed Renderings of the words Elohim and Theos into the Chinese Language, by William J. Boone, D.D., Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States to China. By the Rev. James Legge, D.D., of the London Missionary Society. Hongkong: Printed at the 'Hongkong Register' Office. 1852.

WE cannot be expected to enter fully into the discussion of the very important question treated in this volume. Having failed to procure the assistance of an eminent professor of Oriental languages, we are under the necessity of expressing the best judgment we can form by persons not conversant with the Chinese language. The point of controversy between

Dr. Boone on the one hand, and Drs. Legge, Medhurst, and Bowring, Sir George Staunton, and Mr. Doty, on the other, may be briefly stated thus :—Dr. Boone maintains that the Chinese have no word in their language answering to our word GOD ; that the general or generic name of the Chinese gods is *Shin* ; and that, therefore, this word *Shin* should be used to render *Elohim* and *Theos*. On the contrary, Dr. Legge argues that the *Shin* of the Chinese answers to the word *Spirit*, and ought to be employed in that sense alone ; that the Chinese have a word *Shang-Te*, answering to *Elohim*, *Theos*, and GOD ; and that this word—not *Shin*—is the proper word to be used in rendering *Elohim* or *Theos* into Chinese. To these assertions of Dr. Legge, Dr. Boone replied in his ‘Defence :’ and the work now before us is an elaborate and critical examination of that ‘Defence.’ We cannot follow the writer in his wide range of Chinese literature, or in the acute and lucid investigations with which he has filled his 166 closely printed pages. We can only say that, accepting his translations of Chinese documents as accurate, he appears to us to have made out his case. In addition to the importance of correctly rendering such awfully momentous words as *Elohim* and *Theos* in the Holy Scriptures, we have been much edified by the proofs afforded in this discussion that, as among the ancient Greeks and Romans, so among the Chinese, there are such unquestionable traces of the recognition of one Supreme Being. As the translators of the ‘Septuagint’ were right in translating *Elohim* by *Theos*, as *Theos* is used in the Greek New Testament—as *Deus* in Latin, with its modifications in modern languages derived from Latin—and God, in its modifications in the northern languages of Europe—are accepted as rendering *Theos*, it certainly appears to us that the proper rendering of the same words in Chinese, is not *Shin*, but *Shang-Te* ; and that, in every one of these instances alike, the propriety of the translation rests on the fact, that, in each language respectively, these words represent the fundamental idea to which the Scriptures appeal as already in men’s minds, and which is enlarged and elevated by their glorious revelations of the acts and attributes of the Highest Being. It cannot but be a matter of regret that a keen controversy on this subject should have continued so long, without any near prospect of agreement or compromise ; but, while gravely sensible of the present evil, and frankly acknowledging the difficulties that beset the question, so voluminous attested in the correspondence of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it is due to our convictions of truth that we should say, with becoming deference to Chinese scholars who take a different view, that Dr. Legge and those who think with him are right. We can have no interest in the question but one—that the Chinese should have the most appropriate word in their language for the name of GOD. According to the lights we have, and the best exercise of our judgment, that word is *Shang-Te*.

The Advocate; his Training, Practice, Rights, and Duties. By Edward W. Cox, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. London: John Crockford.

Our readers will best understand the general character of this work by an enumeration of the ‘Contents’ of the thirty-seven chapters of which it

consists—‘The Introduction, Capacities, Natural Qualifications, Physical Qualifications, Mental Qualifications, Pecuniary Resources, Will and Courage, the Training of the Advocate, Moral Training, Practical Morals, Intellectual Training, How to Study, How to Read, What to Read, Studies for Information, Studies that Educate, Professional Studies, Physical Training, the Art of Speaking, Practice in Chambers, the Inns of Court, Student Life in the Temple, the Call, Reflection, Choice of a Circuit, the Circuit, Practice in Chambers, Cases for Opinion, Advising on Evidence, Reading a Brief, Consultations, the Practice of the Courts, the Examination in Chief, Cross-examination, Re-examination, the Defence, the Reply.’

On these numerous and entertaining topics Mr. Cox treats with much force, good sense, and elegance. His style is singularly free from all lawyer-like verbosity. In some parts of the work—as in his racy description of ‘Student Life in the Temple’—he discovers considerable graphic and artistic skill as a writer. The youthful student will not, therefore, be repelled from the many valuable lessons of instruction which the book contains, by any crudity or dulness in its style. ‘Blackstone’s Commentaries’ would not have been half as much read and remembered but for the alluring fascination of their almost faultless composition.

Mr. Cox, in his most appropriate Dedication—made, by permission, to Lord Denman—speaks, we think, somewhat too despondingly with regard to the future prospects of the profession of an advocate in this country. But it should be recollected that it is a prodigiously wealthy, and what is better, an intelligent, a moral, and a *free* country. So long as the priceless blessings of freedom of speech and discussion, liberty of the press, and trial by jury shall be maintained intact, the Bar can never fail to be a noble profession, that will afford fine scope for pecuniary success and proud distinction to a fair proportion of its members. It is now, and for some years past has been, most enormously overstocked; but things in this respect will find their appropriate level.

It is the more creditable, however, to our author, that, with such gloomy forebodings, he has, nevertheless, bravely aroused himself to the praiseworthy task of aiding the crowd of youthful aspirants for success along their toilsome and somewhat discouraging path. Though it may not be a very flowery or even road which the young advocate has now to travel, it still leads to the Temple of Fame. We know not, in conclusion, that we can express more correctly our sense of the value of this treatise than by saying, that the very fact of the appearance of *such* a work, *at the present moment*, is a bright sign of hope to cheer up our spirits against the depressing effects of the plaintive vaticinations of our afflicted jurist.

General and Mixed Education. A Lecture delivered at University College, London: introductory to the Opening of the Classes, in the Faculty of Arts and Laws, at the Commencement of the Session, October 15th, 1851. With an Appendix. By John Hoppus, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly.

As our views of the various schemes of ‘National Education’ are well known, and our objections to all of them excepting those supported on the

voluntary principle have been repeatedly given in these pages, we do not feel called upon to discuss them in noticing this 'Lecture.' The calm and courteous spirit in which Dr. Hoppus refers to the 'conscientiousness' of parties holding such views is beyond all praise; and though we are unable to modify our judgment against all the other schemes, we are free to concede that their supporters may be quite as conscientious as ourselves. The difference between us is,—that *we do not* ask for compulsory support from parishes or government, while *they do*; consequently, we have them at liberty to labour for the education of the people in their own way, so long as they do not seek to enforce our co-operation in the shape of rates and taxes. We do not agree with those who think there is any analogy between free public schools for all and schools or colleges for those who pay the fees to teachers and professors. We rejoiced in the establishment of the London University, and we still deem it worthy of all the consideration which Dr. Hoppus claims on its behalf: yet we cannot but regard with complacency the more comprehensive system of THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, in which the earlier institution is now absorbed as 'University College.'

It is more for the interests of the higher education that twenty-nine colleges throughout the kingdom should have the power of granting certificates for degrees than that such a power should be confined to one college in the metropolis. No parties are more bound by consistency to hail this extension of liberal culture than the supporters of University College; and we believe that there are none who contemplate this state of things with higher satisfaction than Dr. Hoppus himself. We are convinced that the multiplication of colleges is a good, and can become an evil only when they are feebly conducted, or when they become rivals in a hostile sense. On some collateral questions mooted by the author in his Appendix we forbear remarking, further than to say—we deeply regret, with him, that 'THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON' does not give the encouragement which we think ought to be given to *psychological and ethical studies*, thus falling below the Universities of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, and the Owens College, Manchester, as well as University College at Sidney, in Australia. There is much in Dr. Hoppus' 'Lecture' which our readers will find highly instructive, and nothing to offend the most fastidious taste.

The Napoleon Dynasty; or, the History of the Bonaparte Family. An entirely new work. By the Berkeley Men. With twenty-two authentic Portraits. 8vo, pp. 624. New York: Cornish, Lamport, and Co. London: J. Chapman.

IN a brief advertisement prefixed to this volume, the American publishers inform us—'It has been often remarked in Europe, that if an impartial history of Napoleon and his Times should ever be written, it would come from America.' We were not aware of this fact. The remark had never reached us, and now that it has done so, we fail to discover its reasonableness. Certainly it receives no confirmation from the volume before us. for, whatever be its qualities, *impartiality* does not rank amongst them. A more thorough-going or one-sided advocacy of the present ruler of France

has never been attempted. The object of the work, we are informed, 'is to furnish, in a single volume, authentic biographies of the principal members of the Bonaparte family : to gather and array from many volumes into one, valuable, rare, and interesting materials now floating on the turbid ocean of modern history—beyond the reach of all but the adventurous, the curious, or the learned.' So far the volume is interesting, and may be read with advantage ; but there is evidently another and deeper purpose in it—not, indeed, avowed, but sufficiently conspicuous to be traced by every intelligent reader. Louis Napoleon, significantly styled 'Emperor of the French Republic,' is the hero of the work, for whose exculpation it has been prepared.

We have no faith in the *American* origin of the work. Its style is French ; many of its words savor of continental authorship, the structure of its sentences is artificial and artistic, and its materials are, to a considerable extent, derived from Bonapartist sources. We look upon it as one of the many efforts now made to create a public sentiment, favorable to the existing order of things in France. As an able, brilliant, and unscrupulous piece of advocacy, it has high merits ; but as a contribution to impartial history, it is utterly valueless. Contemporaneous history, it is admitted, has pronounced the *coup d'état* 'a usurpation without parallel ;' but the state of France, it is argued, rendered something of the kind inevitable, and the act itself 'has been sustained by a very large majority of the French people.' 'The Napoleon dynasty,' we are assured, 'is the only possible compromise between Bourbonism and the American type of well-balanced democratic liberty.' How long that liberty would survive, if the principles of 'the Berkeley Men' were prevalent in the States, we need not say. We have no fear of this result—much less that it can be compassed by such glaring omissions, and intentional misconstructions of history, as this volume exhibits. As a collection of anecdotes, illustrative of the career and policy of many distinguished personages, the book has great charms, and as such we recommend it. In any more serious light, it merits severe castigation.

Miscellanies. By James Martineau. London : John Chapman. 1852.

THIS is a reprint of papers, by Mr. Martineau, in various periodicals, which have been collected by Messrs. Crosby and Nicholls, of Boston, U.S. The papers are on 'The Life, Character, and Works of Dr. Priestly ;' 'The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. ;' 'Church and State ;' 'Theodore Parker's Discourse of Religion ;' 'Phases of Faith ;' 'The Church of England ;' 'The Battle of the Churches.' Most of these compositions are well known to such of our readers as care for these matters. We greatly differ from Mr. Martineau on some of the most fundamental questions in theology. While he has much beauty of thought and of expression, his generalizations are hasty ; his reasonings are superficial ; his animosity towards evangelical Christianity is bitter and unsparing ; and his hold of *revealed* truth is so slight as to suggest the apprehension, that if he had strength of intellect and purpose to push his opinions to their legitimate consequences, his position in relation to religion, whether natu-

ral or revealed, would be far removed from that which he now holds. The path that leads away from faith in the Son of God is one which appears to us to afford no resting-place but simple atheism, under whatever guise of metaphysical philosophy it may be hidden. On that path the writers of this school are sliding with more or less rapidity : some of them with a consciousness of this tendency, and others without it, yet all unanimous in the denial of the truths which constitute what we believe to be the very essence of the Gospel. With these views, we look with sober sadness at the prominence and activity which characterize the movements of disbelief. There is no fear in our sadness, excepting for the victims of these plausible negations. A healthy reaction has already set in. Solid learning, genuine criticism, moral soundness, and practical sagacity, are ever on the side of the true. Both literature and science are becoming more decidedly tributary to the popular theology of the New Testament. We can wait for the passing by of clouds—the temporary disturbances of scepticism—surely trusting to the progress of that truth which is the parent of freedom, the light of man, and the revelation of God.

The Republic of Plato, Translated into English; with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By John Llewelyn Davies, M.A., and David James Vaughan, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge : Macmillan and Co. 1852.

WE cheerfully commend this translation both to those who can and to those who cannot compare it with the original. The introduction and the analysis are both valuable. We apprehend that Plato is perpetually lauded or censured by writers who know little, if anything, of his philosophy as expressed by himself; and we know not that the translators and the spirited publishers of this attractive volume could have rendered a better service to true philosophy than by thus bringing so celebrated a treasure before the English reader. The version is faithful and elegant, though the translators acknowledge that while 'the thoughts may be represented with sufficient accuracy in another shape, yet the grace of the style can scarcely fail to perish in a translation.' Not a few of our readers, we trust, will be induced, by the aids here afforded them, to study the original until they feel the lofty glow of its spiritual aspirations, the elevation of its moral tone, and the grandeur of its musical expression. The limits of human speculation were touched by the great Athenian, and left him perplexed by those profound and ever-pressing questions of which we find the true solution in the authoritative revelations of the Gospel. What Plato hoped, Jesus has *proved*, and his inspired apostles have taught, while the Christian theory of man and of his social relations is built on the foundations laid by the hand of God himself in the deepest instincts of our nature. Even the errors of Plato are instructive; and no candid student of his writings in the present day can fail to acknowledge his immeasurable superiority to the self-styled philosophers who see nothing but material phenomena, giving no heed to the universal voice of consciousness, while they deride immortality as a dream, and religion as a superstition. And we venture to suggest, that the study of Plato by the great English divines of the seventeenth century might be renewed with advantage by their successors in our own day.

Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and assist in Literary Composition.
By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. &c. &c. London : Longmans. 1852.

It seems scarcely fair to give only a 'brief notice' of so elaborate a work as this; and yet it would be difficult to do it justice even in a long review. We regard it very highly. Its object, as the writer clearly states, is exactly the converse of that of an ordinary dictionary. 'The purpose of an ordinary dictionary is simply to explain the meaning of words, and the problem of which it professes to furnish the solution may be stated thus:—The word being given, to find its signification, or the idea it is intended to convey. The object aimed at in the present undertaking is exactly the converse of this—namely, the idea being given, to find the word or words by which that idea may be most fitly and aptly expressed. For this purpose, the words and phrases of the language are here classed, not according to their sound, or their orthography, but strictly according to their *signification*.' The utility of such a work is much greater than appears on the surface. In order to secure perspicuity and accuracy in speaking or writing our language, Dr. Roget has established six primary classes, or categories—those of Abstract Relations, Space, the Material World, Intellect, Volition, the Sentient and Moral Powers. Under the class of abstract relations are arranged:—1. Existence; 2. Relation; 3. Quantity; 4. Order; 5. Number; 6. Time; 7. Change; 8. Causation. In like manner, all the six classes are subdivided with remarkable skill and precision, and the most delicate perception of the subtlest distinctions. We can assure our readers that it would be unjust to the author to represent his book as a merely dry catalogue of words. It is full of suggestions. It exhibits the extraordinary richness, fulness, and flexibility of the English language. We recommend it specially to writers who seem to imagine that they give strength to their style by adopting foreign words, idioms, and phrases; to those who use their own language loosely and carelessly; to as many as labour under the misfortune of being spell-bound by some expressions which happen to be fashionable; and to any persons whatever who are so indolent, conceited, so ignorant, or so negligent, as to damage the purity of their mother-tongue by 'a habit of arbitrarily fabricating new words and a new-fangled phraseology;' and finally, to all who honestly desire to have at command a copious vocabulary, and the entire resources of the language, whether for speaking, whether public or conversational, for translating, or for original composition in writing. We are glad that Dr. Roget follows Cicero, Quintilian, and the greatest masters of speech, in recommending the practice of translation as one of the best helps to a just and powerful use of words. In this exercise his 'Thesaurus' is invaluable. We should rejoice if our warm commendation promoted the circulation of so *thoroughly useful* a book.

The Rights and Duties of Property; with a Plan for paying off the National Debt. By John Sangster. London: Whittaker and Co. 1851.

A VERY theoretical little book, with a good 'title.' The plan for 'paying off the national debt' is very simple. Whether it will commend itself to a Chancellor of the Exchequer is problematical.

Vindication of the Church of England; in reply to the Right Hon. Viscount Feilding, on his recent Secession to the Church of Rome. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire, author of 'The Verities of the Church,' &c. London: Rivingtons. 1851.

It would be scarcely fair to pronounce a judgment on this 'Vindication' from our own stand-point, as dissenters from the Church of England: otherwise we should enter our protest against certain ecclesiastical and sacramental notions with which it abounds, and which we repudiate as contrary to the plain teaching of the New Testament. But, taking it for what it professes to be—an appeal to a seceder from the Church of England to the Church of Rome—we regard it as a satisfactory refutation of Lord Feilding's objections on his own principles. The difference between the two churches is clearly set forth; the claims of Rome to the sovereign pontificate are ably refuted; her doctrines are tried by apostolical tests, and rejected; the dates of her successive departures from the truth, which Dr. Newman regards as 'developments,' are recorded on 'chronological evidences of ecclesiastical history;' and a calm appeal is made to Lord Feilding as 'the aggressor in this warfare.' All sound-hearted men of every persuasion will sympathize, we trust, in the simple earnestness of this appeal. 'In the admissory creed to Rome, you anathematize your baptismal church. In your letter to the lord bishop of this diocese you term her a non-apostolic, non-catholic church, protesting against and denying some of God's most holy truths. In your vow of allegiance to Rome you pledge yourself to influence every one over whom you exercise persuasion or control to the same view of her. It would be idle to conceal that your secession has struck like an electric pang through the whole body of the church in North Wales. And when the secession is followed by an arraignment so serious, advanced at this especial crisis by a convert of your lordship's birth, education, weight, and eminence in the principality, there is no minister of the Church of England but is justified by his own convictions of the truth, and his pastoral responsibilities, in openly defending those scriptural and catholic principles of apostolic Christianity which it has been your pleasure to abandon for the modern system of papal Rome.'

The Journal of Sacred Literature—New Series. Edited by John Kitt. D.D., F.S.A. No. V. October, 1852. London: R. B. Blackader.

BESIDES a soundly Protestant review of Protestantism in France, and a Millenarian discussion of the views put forth respectively by Faber, Heath, and Young, on 'Hades and Heaven,' this number of the *Journal* contains several excellent papers on 'the Harmony of the Gospels,' 'the Greek Vulgate,' 'Clemens Alexandrinus,' 'the Cherubic Forms,' a curious extract from 'the Acts and Martyrdom of Matthew.' The history of the 'Rephaim,' which has now reached the sixteenth chapter, is continued from the last number, followed by papers on miscellaneous topics, which will interest various classes of readers. Among others, we notice some curious suggestions on the astrological character of the 'year-day' principle in prophecy.

A Discourse on the Greatness of the Christian Ministry, delivered before the Students and Supporters of Horton College, Bradford, on Wednesday, August 4, 1852. By J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. London: Hall and Co.

IN this Discourse, Mr. Mursell has ably defended the Christian ministry from the misconceptions by which it has been abused, whether by superstition or by false philosophy; while he delineates with much richness of thought and beauty of illustration its *unique* character, its sublime origin, its spiritual elements, and inculcates in a wise, practical spirit the settled convictions, the personal purity, the benignant temper, the earnest devotion, the intellectual activity, and the varied skilfulness with which its functions are to be discharged. We commend it as a most judicious and eloquent address to candidates for the ministry. No minister can read it without rising to higher thoughts concerning the work in which he is engaged. We have marked with special interest the healthy and discriminating tone with which Mr. Mursell adverts to recent systems which have had so pernicious an influence in disturbing that *repose in revelation* without which the Christian ministry becomes an exhibition of the most contemptible weakness, instead of being the mighty manifestation of revealed truth, and the earnest proclamation of a heavenly kingdom. Without yielding for a moment to the prejudices of mere ignorance, or forgetting the respect which is due to the advances of intelligence, he asserts at once the independence of his judgment and the ripeness of his faith, by painting the inventions of modern schools in their genuine colours, exposing their sophistries, and denouncing their antagonism to the foundations of all truth in science and history, as well as in the interpretation of the Scriptures. We cannot conclude this short notice without calling the attention of evangelical Protestant dissenters to Mr. Mursell's seasonable remarks on the 'momentous mission' which devolves on *them* to sustain the institutions on which depends so much of the fitness of their future ministers for the 'gathering conflict' of truth with error to which the Church of Christ is so rapidly advancing.

The History of Greece, from the earliest records to the close of the Peloponnesian War, including a sketch of the Geography of Greece, and dissertations on Greek Mythology, on the Heroic Age, on the early Painters and Sculptors, and on the Social Condition of the Greek People. By E. Pococke, Esq.; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., one of the Justices of her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; the late John T. Ruth, Esq.; and the Rev. J. B. Ottley, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Griffin and Co. 1851. pp. 536.

THIS volume is part of a revised and greatly admired edition of the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.' Rich in varied classical learning, and adorned with more than fifty exquisite wood-cut illustrations, we anticipate for it a grateful welcome among the promoters of exact and elegant scholarship. The story is told well. The dissertations are luminous, full, and very charmingly written. We prize the volume as a real treasure, even at a time when the elaborate and copious English histories by Thirlwall and Grote are issuing from the press.

Erastus ; or, How the Church was Made. pp. 24. London :
A. Cockshaw.

‘THERE is reason to believe,’ says the author of this effective tract, ‘that the great majority of nominal members of the Church of England are utterly ignorant as to how that church was constituted.’ Such is unquestionably the fact ; and the parties cannot do better than acquaint themselves with the statutes here quoted for their edification. By printing these, with only so much introductory remark as is needful for the purpose of history, the author has left the facts of the case to tell their own tale, and a most mournful and humiliating tale it is. We thank the Anti-State Church Association for the service thus rendered, and strongly recommend the tract to our readers.

The Life of Francis Lord Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. By the Rev. Joseph Sortain, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. London : The Religious Tract Society.

So much celebrity attaches to the name of Bacon as a philosopher, and so much ignominy loads his memory as a chancellor, that few tasks could be more delicate than the writing of his ‘Life.’ Mr. Sortain has told the story simply and well ; and while evincing his anxiety to present the character of Bacon in as favourable a light as possible, he adheres to the severe verdict on which history has condemned him. The most interesting peculiarity of the volume, as might be expected, is the intelligent and evangelical discrimination with which the religious character of Bacon is discussed. Even his errors, his frailties, and his more serious faults, are turned to good account, with ‘the humble hope that Lord Bacon may be more useful as a moral beacon than he has ever been, or can be, as an intellectual leader.’ We are thankful for the appearance of this volume, as not only a worthy tribute to profound learning and pre-eminent genius, but as a useful preservative against one of the worst tendencies of the age—the idolatry of mental power, and the comparative neglect of moral consistency and religious worth.

Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository. July, 1852.
Andover : Draper. London : Snow.

THIS number of the ‘Bibliotheca Sacra’ contains some valuable contributions from the pens of Stuart, Lewis, Robbins, Pearce, White, Rubins, Short, and Edwards. The first of these names is well known in England. Professor Edwards, the friend and colleague of Stuart, now lies near the remains of his late venerable associate, in the burial-ground of the seminary at Andover. He had been several years the principal editor of the journal. The present editors promise an obituary of him in their next number.

The Leipsic Campaign. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. In two parts.
London : Longman and Co.

THIS volume forms the twenty-ninth and thirtieth parts of ‘The Traveler’s Library ;’ and to all who are interested in military details, it will prove

very acceptable. 'It has been my object,' says the author, 'to popularize, if I may use the expression, one of the most important pages in the history of Europe.' Much use is made of the commentaries of Major-General Cathcart; and the various materials collected are blended in a continuous narrative of mournful but not unimportant import. We hope the time is not distant when the terrible evils of war will be unsparingly exhibited by every moralist and divine. We should have been glad to see more of this spirit in Mr. Gleig's work.

The Israel of the Alps; a History of the Persecutions of the Waldenses.

Translated from the French of the Rev. Dr. Alexis Muston, by William Hazlitt. With numerous engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

A DEEPLY interesting volume, the records of which should be pondered over by every man who is concerned for the maintenance of religious freedom and evangelical truth. As the title-page imports, the materials have been almost entirely derived from the work of Dr. Muston. Many additional particulars, however, from the 'Narrative' of Dr. Gilly, have been introduced, and numerous pictorial illustrations are supplied, which aid the comprehension of the reader by rendering its scenes more vivid to his imagination. We warmly commend 'The Israel of the Alps' to all our friends, and especially to the young.

A Letter to Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the Impolicy and Tyranny of any system of State Education. By Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley. London: Snow. 1852.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN and vigorous pamphlet, by one who has *worked* as well as written his convictions on the subject, and well deserving to be read by the advocates of all the plans hitherto propounded for the education of the people of England.

The Doctrine of the Manifestations of the Son of God under the Economy of the Old Testament. By the late Rev. George Balderston Kidd, of Scarborough. Edited by Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D., M.R.I.A. London: Ward and Co. 1852.

THIS elaborate treatise is not so much the putting forth of a doctrine different from the general current of evangelical teaching, as a full inquiry—which occupied the writer between twenty and thirty years—into the proofs of the pre-incarnate manifestations of the Son of God during the dispensations of the Old Testament. It will be studied with advantage by those who seek more than a superficial acquiescence in a truth of some moment in our understanding of the Scriptures. Mr. Kidd, little known beyond the place of his residence, and not generally popular as a preacher, was a man of great conscientiousness, constant in his adherence to Biblical truth, a lover of good men in a pre-eminently catholic spirit; he was more earnestly and practically bent on the nominal and visible unity of the Church than on any other object; and it was while seeking the grounds of that unity that he was led to the question here discussed. Though the manner in which the contents of the volume are brought together is not such as we would recommend, and there is not much attraction in the

style, we find a minuteness of examination, a clearness of exposition, a sifting of evidence so persevering, and so large an acquaintance with English theological writers, that we are bound to represent it as a valuable addition to the evangelical literature of our language. There are few examples of greater concentration of thought, through nearly a lifetime, on one subject; and we have a confident expectation that labour so well employed has not been thrown away, but will be crowned with good fruit in time to come.

A Monotesseron on the Gospel Records of the Life of Christ. Combined in one narrative, on the basis of Dr. Carpenter's 'Apostolic History.' Edited by Russel Lant Carpenter, B.A. London: Whitfield. 1851.

THIS is a laudable and successful attempt to embody in a compendious and cheap form, for the use of private readers and the conductors of Bible classes, the substance of many costly volumes. The introduction relates the circumstances connected with the birth and childhood of John the Baptist and of Jesus Christ. The records of Christ's ministry embrace ten parts. The narrative is given in the words of the Evangelists, but not according to the received version. The text of Griesbach is followed, and the translation of Dr. Carpenter is remarkably literal. In more than 1600 portions, there are not more than thirty cases in which a word is supplied to connect the parts, and the words supplied are printed in *italics*. Occasionally a various rendering, or a verbal explanation, is given in the margin. These notes are numerous, and contain nothing sectarian or controversial. The volume is accompanied with a convenient map. By referring to a brief index at the end, the reader can easily find any passage, according to its proper place in the separate gospels. We are much pleased with the work, and wish that it may be extensively used.

Formation of Character. A Book for Young Men: being a Companion to Maidens and Mothers. By the Rev. Thos. Binney. London: James Paul.

THE title-page of this work implies that it is published by Mr. Binney, which is not the case. He has nothing to do with it; has not given the title; and can scarcely be expected even to approve of the publication, as by him, of discourses taken in short-hand, and not revised by the preacher. As a matter of literary justice to a distinguished preacher and *author*, we protest against such a proceeding, and abstain from any further notice of a work produced in such a way.

The Messenger of Mercy; or, Words of Warning addressed to the Guilty. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THIS publication consists of four numbers, and was intended to be continuous; but the editor states that his multifarious engagements compel him to terminate his little work, which he earnestly hopes may be resumed by others. It may be recommended as forming thus far a kind of enlarged tract, composed chiefly of extracts from the pungent appeals of several good writers to the unconverted. It is calculated to benefit the multitudes who unhappily belong to this class, and we therefore wish it a wide circulation.

Remarks on Certain Statements by Alexander Haldane, Esq., in his 'Memoirs of Robert Haldane, Esq. of Airthrey, and his brother James Haldane.' By John Brown, D.D., professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church. 8vo. pp. 16. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons.

WE referred casually to this pamphlet in the review of Mr. Haldane's volume, in our journal for September last. Since then, we have read it attentively, and in doing so, have arrived at a more positive judgment than was expressed in our former article. While entertaining the most profound respect for Dr. John Brown, we should hesitate to recur again to the subject in dispute between him and Mr. Alexander Haldane, did we not feel that it was due to his character, and to the grave interests of truth, that we should do so. A clearer case of mis-statement, both as it respects opinion and fact, was never submitted to public judgment, and we hasten, therefore, to avow our entire and most cordial concurrence with Dr. Brown in the matter which has occasioned his pamphlet. Referring to the 'Memoirs' of the Messrs. Haldane, he says: 'Without adverting to minor mistakes, there are two mis-statements—the one in reference to the opinions said to have been maintained by me, and the other, in reference to certain effects said to have been produced by the controversy,—which are of such a nature, that I feel that it is doing the author an act of kindness, as well as myself an act of justice, to furnish the means of correcting gross, though it may be unintentional, misrepresentation, and of repairing serious, though it may be unintentional, injury.' On the first of these points Dr. Brown's vindication is complete. Indeed, nothing short of the hasty and uncandid spirit of a heated polemic could have hazarded the charge. Mr. Robert Haldane was a noble man, but in his zeal for what he deemed truth, he was not always mindful of the charity which 'thinketh no evil.' Like other polemics, he was too apt to attribute to an opponent the conclusions which *he* drew from the opinions avowed. The biographer would have done well to acknowledge the injustice perpetrated in this case, and all christian men would have commended the highmindedness of the act.

But it is more difficult to account for the course pursued on the question of fact. We cannot acquit Mr. Alexander Haldane on this count. He has clearly been guilty of gross neglect in the examination of evidence pertaining to a point on which he pronounces a decided opinion. What renders this the more surprising is, that the evidence was easily accessible; nay, was so public and glaring, that it is difficult to understand how it could be overlooked. The facts are simply these:—Dr. John Brown having avowed, in 1837, his intention of submitting to any penalty rather than pay the Annuity-Tax levied for the support of the established clergy, Mr. Robert Haldane addressed an expostulatory letter to him through the medium of one of the Edinburgh newspapers. Dr. Brown subsequently published his celebrated treatise on 'The Law of Christ respecting Civil Obedience,' to which Mr. Haldane replied in eleven letters—'Until,' says his biographer, 'the judgment of the public seemed so entirely to go along with his argument, that the agitation against the

tax was abandoned.' In support of this statement, the 'Morning Herald' of December 3rd, 1840 is quoted, which states that, immediately after the publication of Mr. Haldane's letters, the number of recusants was reduced from 1961 to 15; 'and such,' says the authority adduced, 'was the revolution caused in the public mind, that the tax was afterwards collected without difficulty.' Now, here is a plain matter of fact, on which it ought not to be—and we are bold to say, it is not—difficult to ascertain the truth. The facts of the case are recent and public; they have been spoken to before parliamentary committees, and may be decided on the evidence of blue books. Dr. Brown briefly adduces this evidence, and then sums up his case in the following most significant inquiry.—'Is it possible to reconcile these statements—first, that immediately on the publication of Mr. Haldane's letters, the agitation was abandoned, and the tax afterwards collected without difficulty; and second, that the arrears, which in 1837 were about £700, had in 1850 mounted up to nearly £29,000; and that, in the summer of 1840, the tax could not be got by the ordinary methods of solicitation, poinding, and imprisonment, and THE MILITARY WERE RESORTED TO?' We need add nothing. Never was a mis-statement more triumphantly demolished, and we hope that Mr. A. Haldane, in the event of a second edition of his work, will clear himself from suspicion by doing justice to Dr. Brown. The temper of Dr. Brown's pamphlet is admirable. He is content to vindicate himself and the truth with which he is identified, leaving it to his assailant 'to judge what *he* ought to do in the circumstances into which he has brought himself.'

Leila Ada, the Jewish Convert. An Authentic Memoir. By Osborn W. Trenery Heighway. London: Partridge and Oakley.

HERE is a romance of real life. For some time during the perusal, we were strongly tempted to think it was a fictitious narrative, on account of the concealment of names and dates, and the novel-like manner of its commencement. But we have been convinced it is no fiction, and the authentication on the title-page is even verified by the character of the portrait prefixed, in connexion with the religious and literary fragments of the youthful subject of the story. The incidents are few, but the narrative is one of thrilling interest. So beautiful an exhibition of christian principle is not often seen; nor, indeed, is there often a combination of such circumstances to furnish the opportunity of its display.

The heroine was the daughter of a wealthy Jew, living in Cornwall. She was highly educated, and could speak several languages. As a Jewess, she was exceedingly tenacious of her religion; but after studying the Scriptures of the Old Testament, she resolved to read the New, notwithstanding the curse which rested on such a proceeding. Conviction soon ensued, that she knew not the way of salvation; and the light began to dawn upon her, and render her at once uneasy and joyous during a long journey with her father through Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land. On her return, she discovered a

chapel in a small village near her residence, to which she paid secret visits, and there cherished the saving knowledge of Christ which she had obtained. But how was this to be disclosed to a father who loved her with the utmost paternal tenderness, but equally hated the christianity she had adopted? It was, however, done amidst tears and severe rebukes—the tears of the martyr, and the rebukes of the prejudiced Jew. Dreadful in all respects was the crisis, continuing through many days. She was dismissed from home to an uncle, where her difficulties increased. An assembly of rabbies pronounced their characteristic curses on her, and her father, if he should come near her, or have anything further to do with her. The affection of the father, however, triumphed over the prejudices of the nation and of his own heart. There was a reaction. She was recalled in resentment of the indignities she had suffered, and was permitted to be a Christian. But, alas! her sufferings and anxieties had destroyed her constitution. Her dying request to her father was, that he would read the New Testament, and what was the joy of that moment when he replied, ‘My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too, that God would help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear; I confess to you and all present that I believe in Jesus!’ On her tomb were inscribed these words:—‘This testimony (alluding to what was before said) is written by her father; who, to all eternity, will praise God for such a gift; he being, through her instrumentality, converted from the darkness of Judaism to the faith of the Gospel of Christ.’

The Analysis of Sentences explained and systematized, after the plan of Becker's German Grammar. By J. D. Morell, A.M., author of ‘An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century,’ &c. London: Theobald.

THIS is a very useful grammatical compendium—the evident fruit both of study and experience. It is divided into three parts, comprising:—1. The parts of sentences; 2. The different kinds of sentences; and 3. The logical analysis of sentences. The reader will form a good idea of the work if we allow the writer to speak for himself, by giving a short extract from the preface. ‘The method of analysis I have adopted is that which has been applied to the German language with so much advantage by Dr. Karl Ferdinand Becker. Since the publication of his celebrated grammar in Germany, every enlightened teacher in that country has seen the advantage of proceeding upon the principles there inculcated. In addition to this, however, I have also compared the plans of several other school-grammars, particularly that by Dr. Heussler, of Basel, which, though based entirely on Becker's principles, shows many excellences of its own in point of concentration and arrangement.

‘These, then, are the literary authorities I have followed in reference to the *method of analysis*. What I have done over and above this is chiefly to adapt the method to the usages of our own tongue; to furnish it with examples in the English idiom; and to remodel the whole form in which

nexions, and was not indebted, as the poets of our country have often proverbially been, to the stimulus of poverty, to assist or impel their flights. He is chiefly a satirist; but although he lashes, with skilful severity, the vices and follies of society at Madrid, we are reluctant to award to him the praise which our author bestows,—that he has the strength as well as the faults of Juvenal. Another of this fraternity—Tomas de Iriarte, was much skilled in Latin compositions, and is recorded as the only writer of eminence among the modern Spanish poets who is celebrated for classical attainments. His fame rests on his literary fables, which have obtained an extensive popularity. They have been reprinted in nearly every provincial town of Spain, and several editions have appeared both in France and America, and three translations of them have been made in English verse.

The best of the modern lyric poets is Juan Melendez Valdes, with whom some have ranked Moralin, but with a faulty admiration. Valdes is decidedly pre-eminent, though we cannot exalt him to the glory of Moore and other melodists of our own country. The Spanish poets have great advantages in their language, which is at once energetic, dignified, and harmonious; yet tending to favour a pomp and bombast in spite of its amorous mellifluousness. The translations of Mr. Kennedy are successful; but will scarcely endure a severe criticism.

Nuns and Nunneries. Sketches compiled entirely from Romish authorities.
London: Seeleys. 1852.

IF only half that is said and proved in this book of nuns and nunneries were true, it would be sufficient to fill every upright mind with grief and indignation. Whatever denials fear or shame may prompt the accused to make before the tribunal of public opinion, positive evidence from indisputable documents—indisputable, because their own—cannot be set aside. The anonymous author has pursued the right course by appealing to ‘Romish authorities.’ If any one is not yet convinced of the enormities of the Catholic system, or not yet satiated with the details of its practices, let him read this volume, which is skilfully compiled, and with as much of care and accuracy in the selection of passages as the subject will admit. The author, in his concluding pages, very fairly states that while he has exhibited the character of nunneries in various ages and various places, he is very far from asserting that *all* these institutions have always been, or are now, the abodes of profligacy and irregularity, and unites candour with the love of truth, morality, and law.

Review of the Month.

PARLIAMENT IS TO MEET 'FOR THE DISPATCH OF DIVERSE, URGENT, AND IMPORTANT AFFAIRS' on the 4th of this month. So says the royal proclamation; and people are asking each other what will be the *character* of the business transacted? will it be of a progressive or of a retrograde order?—will it carry out with honesty and good-will the spirit of recent legislation; or, while adhering to its letter, will it be designed to subvert the policy of 1846? The present is an era of reaction. The monarchical principle has triumphed for a season, and kings and emperors are showing their weakness, duplicity, and absolutism. Is our own country to be identified with Russia, Austria, and Prussia; or are we to remain the hope of the liberal and virtuous of other lands? The *final issue* does not admit of doubt. No sane man has the slightest misgiving on this point. What Strafford and Clarendon failed to accomplish, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will essay in vain. But while confident of the ultimate result, people are asking themselves what will be the immediate aim and policy of the government? The premier, in one of his unguarded moments, called on the divided forces of the tory camp to rally round his standard, in order to check the progress of democracy. What this meant we all know; and though the necessity of the case may compel acquiescence in the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel, no opportunity will be lost, we feel assured, to level the outworks of popular freedom, and to regain the ground which has been lost. Under the disguise of liberal phraseology, the real object contemplated will be a restoration of the spirit and substance of the tory creed. The ministerial organs are silent respecting the intentions of their employers, nor do we quarrel with them for being so. All we gather from their columns is vague and unshaped. It may be good; it may be bad. Hope suggests the former, but the antecedents of the ministry—to use a now hackneyed term—leads us to anticipate the latter. We hear much of the labors of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The great magician is engaged in his incantations, but what the result will be no mortal foresight can predict. Rumor attributes to him a scheme of sweeping change, to which English statesmanship, in these degenerate days, supplies no parallel. But rumor is proverbially treacherous. No wise man will build on its whispers, and in the present instance the rumor itself may possibly be an artifice to serve the purpose of a dishonest partizanship. It has been so in former times; and there is nothing in the political reputation of Mr. Disraeli and his associates to render the supposition improbable in their case. The *something which looms in the distance* may be as diminutive as its proposer is unscrupulous. The revelation, however, must speedily come, and we wait the disclosure. Political prophesying is at the best an unwise vocation; and was never at so low a discount as at the present moment. The 'Daily News' of the 22nd announced that the Queen's speech would be decisive on the subject

of free-trade. We hope it may prove so. The recent election has not left the ministry much option in this matter. Notwithstanding the prodigious efforts which the Derbyites made, the response of the people to the appeal of the Crown has placed the question beyond doubt. Should Lord Derby abide by his declaration, and discard the figment of protection, the ground will happily be clear for other and most momentous topics. Men will take up their natural position; some of the Peelites will probably resume their party connexions; and all honest liberals will be in a condition to give their undivided support to those grave questions which pertain to the franchise, and to the protection of voters in its exercise. Should it, however, prove otherwise, a vote of the lower House will probably be taken early in the session, which, removing all uncertainty on so vital a matter, will place the government in the unenviable position of a minority.

In the meantime, we look with solicitude to the general politics of the House. What will be their complexion? What position will be taken up by our leading men? Where will Lord John, Sir James Graham, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Cobden, be found? Is there any principle in which they will unite—any ground on which they can stand in company? We have our misgivings, and must not be deemed cynical on this account. We are no prophets of evil, but our confidence in the late premier and the member for Carlisle is not unbounded. It is true that both have been bidding for popularity. At the Perth dinner, Lord John gave utterance to some noble convictions, while Sir James has been renewing the liberality of his youth in sundry communications, oral and written, to his new constituents. We should have more faith, however, in these avowals, if we could forget the suicidal policy of his lordship as a quasi-liberal premier, and theameleon complexion of the politics of his quondam associate. The aristocratism of the one, and the fickle faith of the other, prevent our reposing with much confidence on either. They have both been weighed in the balances, and have been found wanting,—the one in progressiveness, the other in stability,—the former in a large-minded sympathy with democracy, the latter in sincere and earnest devotion to the people. As parts of an administration, they may be valuable, but as its presiding genius, they would fail to conciliate confidence, or to secure that measure of support which is needful to defeat a tory coalition. The revival of the late government, with its policy unchanged, however its *matériel* might be altered, would answer no other purpose than that of further dividing the liberal party. Better have Lord Derby than this; and bad as is the alternative, the country, if polled to-morrow, would say so by a large majority. We are much of Mr. Hume's opinion, who, in his letter to the editor of the 'Hull Advertiser,' says:—'When I look to the hollow professions of those who preceded Lord Derby, and note their throwing up their cards rather than play out the game for the popular cause, by calling on the reformers to join them, I cannot have much confidence in anything they may do to promote the union of parties.'

There is a party in the House, known by name, at least, as 'the people's party,' from which much was anticipated. We were never very sanguine on this point, as our former remarks have shown. Many of the members of this party have given no earnest of their sincerity, and we are not, therefore, surprised at their absence on Mr. Hume's motions. We

now learn from Mr. Hume himself that it is as easy to 'make a rope out of the sand on the sea-shore' as to unite any considerable number of liberals in an independent and earnest prosecution of the popular cause. It is well that we should know the truth, and we thank the member for Montrose for the disclosure he has made. Something more, however, is due to the country, and we hope that no false delicacy will withhold the names referred to in the following statement.

'After repeated trials and after grand promises,' says the veteran reformer, 'the most noisy in their professions have too often been the first to desert their principles, and leave the party to make, as it has always done, a miserable and shabby appearance as to numbers. I could give you lists of deserters on such trivial grounds and pretences as would surprise you, and so frequent as almost to deter any man from attempting such an effort again.' The 'Times,' according to its habit, has sought to turn the sincerity of Mr. Hume into ridicule. In two articles of the 6th and 18th, it has mingled panegyric and irony in a strain peculiarly its own. The truth and force of the statements made were evidently felt; but, true to its vocation, that journal has sought to take off the edge of rebuke, by rendering the writer an object of derision. The imperturbability of Mr. Hume was never more conspicuous than in his reply. 'I can assure you,' he says, 'that I am not 'one of those worthies who, at the close of their life, have lamented the "scant fruit" of their labors. On the contrary, when I look back on the course in which since 1818 I have been engaged—when I compare the state of the public accounts, and of the representation, of the public establishments, and of the country generally at that period, with their condition now—when I take into account the great improvements in our financial system, in the representation as effected by the Reform Bill of 1831-2, the introduction of comparative economy and retrenchment in all branches of the public expenditure, and the vast benefits conferred on the country at large by free-trade since 1842—towards all of which objects my endeavours have been unceasingly directed—I am rather disposed to rejoice at the "ample success" which has attended the efforts of those friends of progress and reform among whom I am proud to number myself; though, at the same time, I cannot overlook the fact that much more might have been accomplished had we received wider and more consistent support from all who seemed to be interested in the great work at which we have laboured.'

From the past, Mr Hume reverts to the future; and we are glad to find that the interpretation of the 'Times' was as incorrect, as its spirit is evidently hostile. It is due to Mr. Hume to give the following passage from his letter, which we have the more pleasure in doing, as it throws light on the course which will yet be pursued by the most advanced and earnest men on the liberal side of the House. 'You have assumed,' he says, 'from my letter to the 'Hull Advertiser' that I wish to propose ballot as the single point on which reformers should unite and take their stand. This is a complete misapprehension. I have often stated, and here repeat, that no scheme of reform can prove efficient, and meet my views, that does not include vote by ballot; on which account, and to avoid making various separate motions, I have included it in my annual motion for parliamentary reform, as agreed

upon by between seventy and eighty reformers, in which it was endeavoured to combine all the main elements of that change which is requisite to make the House of Commons the real representation of the people. It is the full attainment of all those rights, which Lord John Russell now at last recognises as belonging to the democracy of this country according to the Constitution, which I seek to promote; and I have, therefore, to express my regret at your attributing to me the intention to compromise the assertion of those rights collectively, and for the sake of forming a stronger party to assume ballot alone as a bond of union. I disclaim this interpretation of anything I may have said or written. The ballot alone would never make the House of Commons that democratic portion of our institutions which it theoretically is, and ought practically to be.'

We should be glad to pursue this subject, but other topics claim attention. It will afford us pleasure to report, on some future occasion, that our new parliament is made of 'better stuff' than its predecessor. Let our representatives honestly discharge their duty, and the country is prepared to sustain them. Experience of the past keeps the great body of the people irresolute and inactive; but let them see in the national councils a body of men sympathizing with their interests, and seeking the protection of their rights, and they will soon speak in a voice which must set opposition at defiance, and compel the partizans of a selfish oligarchy, whether tory or whig, to 'hide their diminished heads.'

THE APPROACHING CONVOCATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND is not, it appears, to be a legislative body. The marked expression of clerical opinion, in the results of the late contested elections of proctors to serve in the lower House, led many persons to believe that the functions suspended for 145 years would be revived, and that England would be once more blest with an ecclesiastical parliament. This impression was confirmed by the Charges of not a few bishops and archdeacons, echoed by articles from that portion of the press which represents the high church party. The significant declarations of the prime minister that he would maintain 'the church in all its integrity,' and his recent alliance with the University of Oxford as its chancellor, completed the hopes of the more ambitious of the clergy, that the times of sacerdotal domination are about to return. These hopes are doomed to a sudden and final extinction, and the would-be legislators are to pay the penalty of their golden bondage to the state by being ejected from their chamber, by royal mandate, without having performed a single act.

Considering the known opinions and aims of the Earl of Derby, and of other members of the present government, it is clear that none but the most imperative considerations could have led to this conclusion. For of the desirableness of some settlement, both of the doctrines and the discipline of the Church of England, no man of any party is insensible. The conduct of government can only be explained by the insuperable difficulties which forbid the bestowment of any further powers upon the bishops and clergy of the Church of England. Some of these are easily indicated. The publication of the evidence taken before the ecclesiastical commission has astonished and shocked the mind of the entire community; indeed it has revealed such a condition of widely prevalent ecclesiastical corruption as utterly to disgust parliament with every question respecting the Church

of England, and, in the case of its staunchest friends, to make the advocacy of its claims a most painful and embarrassing task. But since the publication of that evidence, which chiefly respected episcopal and capitular malversation (we use, by the way, an extremely subdued expression), numerous other facts of an equally scandalous description have been brought to the knowledge of the public; and of such developments the past month has been singularly prolific. In the first place, the scattered flakes of evidence which have fallen in the committee rooms of the House of Commons, have been collected and indurated, by Sir Benjamin Hall, in a letter published in the 'Times,' into a snowball, which makes a most formidable missile, and is hurled with no playful intent, and with very mischievous effect. It has ignominiously knocked off more than one mitre, and sadly damaged the windows of several cathedrals and chapter houses. We last month detailed the case of Mr. Moore, and of another gentleman who holds thirty-two offices in diocesan courts. Since then the case of the Reverends Richard and George Pretyma, sons of the late Bishop of Lincoln, have been made public. The Mere Hospital in Lincolnshire is chartered with eight hundred and seventy-four acres of land, for the perpetual support and complete maintenance of thirteen poor persons, and of the chaplain *therein* ministering. In 1817, the then bishop appointed his son Richard as chaplain, who, two years after, granted a lease of the hospital land, reserving the old rent of £32, but taking a fine of more than £9000. In 1826 and 1835, he again renewed the lease for fines of £2200 and £1742 10s., all of which, like his predecessors, he kept himself, besides £750 for timber. The report adds, that out of the £32 he kept £8 himself, and applied the rest to the use of *six* poor persons, that the buildings of the hospital had ceased to exist, that no duties were performed by him, and that the annual value of the Mere lands was more than £1200. In the same year (1817) this gentleman was appointed by his father, though bound to minister in the Hospital of Mere, to a canonry residentiary in Lincoln Cathedral, officially valued at £1665, and also to the precentorship, returned at £184, but having attached to it the rectory of Kilsby over the Tunnel, with tithes upon 2,100 acres commuted for land, and therefore not worth less than £335. In the same year his father also bestowed upon him the rectory of Walgrave-cum-Harrington, endowed with 600 acres of land, and money payments, a house besides, and therefore worth not less than £1000. The produce, then, of these three offices in the thirty-three years must have been £105,000; but in 1819, the year of his £9000 fine, his father again presented him with the rectory of Stoney Middleton, commuted at £436 10s.; and in 1825, he obtained from the Bishop of Winchester the sinecure rectory of Wroughton, commuted at £570. The annual value, then, of his church preferment is not less than £4000, and the proceeds during the tenure of it amounted to no less £134,794, besides the £13,700 obtained by anticipating the revenues of the Mere Hospital, raising the total to more than £148,500. As for his duties, till 1841 he had not performed any service at the Hospital. Wroughton rectory is a sinecure, and, when asked officially what he did as Precentor, he replied: 'My duties are to superintend the choir, and—preach once a year.'

Then as to his brother, the Reverend George Pretyma. 'In 1814,'

says the writer in the 'Times,' 'his kind father gave him also a canonry residentiary at Lincoln, valued at £1665, and the chancellorship too, returned at £284 a year, but probably worth £535, as it has attached to it the prebend of Stoke, and the perpetual curacy of Nettleham, a parish of 3284 acres, with tithes commuted for land and money payment. In the same year he became rector of Wheathampstead-cum-Harpenden, with tithes commuted for £1591, and therefore worth at least £1600, making with the canonry and precentorship £3800 a year, and producing in thirty-eight years, at least £144,000. In 1817, when Richard became chaplain, canon, precentor, &c., George was presented by his father with the rectory of Chalfont St. Giles, commuted for £804; and in 1825, when Richard got the sinecure rectory in Wilts, George stepped into a stall at Winchester, not quite a sinecure, of £642 a year. These two additions raise the annual income of his preferment to £5246, and the proceeds during his term of it to about £190,000, which with his brother's £148,500, makes £338,500 for the pair. Nor is this all; for as precentor and chancellor they are patrons of six or seven small benefices which may be useful as compensations for curates, 'invidiously called working,' and besides, as canons of Lincoln and Winchester, they have a share in corporate patronage of greater value. Thus, the Chapter of Lincoln are patrons of Great Carlton, value £571, to which, in 1844, a son of George was appointed, upon whose death it fell to another son, in 1850.

In addition to all this, the same gentleman, on the appointment of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester in 1845, accepted £50 a year for a month's nominal service, a similar appointment being made in his favour in 1847, and a third in 1849!

It is also in the knowledge of the prime minister that the result of the legal proceedings in the case of Mr. Whiston has been his reluctant reinstatement by the bishop, as head master of the cathedral school of Rochester; a result which covers his persecutors with infamy, and shows that the cupidity and tyranny of deans and chapters can only be restrained by the strong hand of the law. Simultaneously with these disclosures, a further 'difficulty' has arisen between the Bishop of Exeter and a number of his clergy, who, at a public meeting at Plymouth, took action against the conduct of the Rev. George Prynne. This gentleman's dealings with young females at the confessional was of a kind which it would be impossible minutely to describe in these pages; and this conduct the meeting in question condemned by their resolutions as inconsistent with the doctrine and practice of the Church of England. This proceeding provoked the bishop to a display of his well-known characteristics; and he forthwith called upon the mover of the anti-papal resolution to prosecute the patronized father-confessor in the Court of Arches. For once, however, the litigious prelate found himself in a cleft stick. The promoters of the meeting met the challenge by declining to institute any legal measures, relying on the precedent of the Bishop of Exeter himself, who declined for a long time to prosecute Mr. Gorham, whom he loaded with charges of heresy, and who never prosecuted the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he excommunicated, on the charge of "flat popery and something worse." For once in his life, Dr. Philpotts is 'hoisted with his own petard.' At a time when such eruptions as these upon the surface of the church indi-

cate so clearly the dangerous unhealthiness of the system, it is not surprising that the government does not dare to precipitate a crisis by pouring in the stimulus of the legislative powers of convocation. The volcanic elements, however, are not extinguished, but only denied a vent.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE through the southern provinces has been, if rumour is to be credited, a sort of popular coronation. But the term *rumour* is here used emphatically; for every organ of public intelligence is silenced in France, save only those which are subservient enough to retail to the world the dictations of individual ambition, or court intrigue. Our confidence as to the feelings of that portion of the French people who are not too frivolous to form a subject for serious attention, is held in much suspense by two considerations. The one, that the higher classes throughout the provinces have stood aloof from the ovation of the President, and that the acclamations of 'Vive l'Empereur' were uttered by a mob the most easily amenable to the dictation of venial prefects. The other is, that the most marked honours with which the President was saluted were offered by a priesthood, the enlistment of whom as his jannissaries is the only stroke of policy which redeems his administration from the charge of absolute stupidity. The whole transaction has been humiliating to the last degree. It exhibits the populace of a nation contentedly hugging its chains, and giving an apotheosis to its tyrant. But its ecclesiastical aspect is far more disgusting. The addresses of the religious bodies of France have been absolutely nauseating, and clearly demonstrate that under the withering influence of popery no more of religion has been left in Catholic France than is sufficient to admit of blasphemy. Over one religious house (as it is called) were inscribed the words,—'God made Napoleon, and then rested;' while the address of an important city to the President was a parody and expansion of the Lord's Prayer. His reception in Paris on his return was similarly and sadly gorgeous. The mind of France would seem to be degraded into a despicable satisfaction with billiards and dominoes, *can sucre*, and hide-and-seek. They prefer an illumination to a constitution, and, like the children of Rome's senility, clamour only for 'bread and spectacles.'

THE ELECTION OF THE EARL OF DERBY AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD supplies matter for very grave reflection. The significant and repeated declaration of Lord Derby to maintain the Church of England in all its integrity, if it is anything but a foolish and flimsy party-cry, means that he is resolved to perpetuate—perhaps even *he would* not dare the Herculean task of increasing—those corruptions which constitute the Church of England an Augean stable which Hercules himself could not cleanse. It is not surprising that Oxford, as the headquarters of the high church and tractarian army, should, by a sort of military suffrage, elect such a man as commander-in-chief. But as avarice is the vice, so blindness is the infirmity of age; and it yet remains to be seen whether a party tottering back to the superstitions and follies of the past, have not mistaken the points of the compass; and, while thinking to worship the rising sun, are not, like imbecile devotees, offering their homage to the setting luminary, and that a mock sun after all. Intoxicated cupidity may sometimes turn its back to the east.

THE APPROACHING SOLEMNITY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S

INTERMENT is exciting the universal interest which is natural to an occasion so pregnant with great recollections, and which promises, by all the splendour with which a British court and parliament can invest it, to satisfy the utmost desires of those who worship military glory, respect political eminence, and enjoy the pomp and pageantry which national wealth can exhibit. The military representatives of foreign nations, the *élite* of both Houses of Parliament, the array of horse, foot, and artillery, will combine to render this celebration one of the most august spectacles which has ever been witnessed in this country. We must confess to a feeling of deep regret at many of the intended circumstances of this interesting event. The lying in state at Chelsea Hospital appears to us singularly out of taste. It feeds an obsolete and irrational sentiment, and is a piece of parade grossly unsuited to the solemnity of the occasion. To expose in gorgeous decoration the last and crowning infirmity of human nature; to invest with a sort of petty glory the primeval curse; to turn into an attractive spectacle that which to the eye alike of reason and religion, is the standing manifestation of God's righteous displeasure with the sins of his children, is at once untasteful and revolting. It may suit the genius of Lamartine to imagine that the mental powers of a Napoleon weigh as virtues in the balances of his judge, and, by consequence, perhaps, that the military powers of his conqueror constitute a saintship of themselves; but we trust that the time is passed when this fiction of heathen poetry can command any other tribute of admiration than that which an intellectual sympathy is coerced to pay to 'the builder of the lofty rhyme.' An enlightened homage to the mighty dead is at once the dictate of reason, of civilization, and of natural piety. More than this is an offence to that very reason, and an outrage on those more sacred sentiments and those more sad conditions with which religion overshadows the lot of sinful humanity. Sadly out of keeping on such an occasion are the flourish of trumpets and the strains of martial music. It is vain to attempt to gild into greatness the abasement of the tomb; and the sentiment of a secular poet ought, one should think, to impress the minds even of those who are not accustomed to draw their principles from the only fountain of infallible truth:—

'No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.'

THE FOURTEENTH AUTUMNAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES has been held during the past month, at Bradford, Yorkshire. The attendance of ministers and delegates was unusually large. The Rev. Dr. Harris, President of the Assembly, delivered an impressive address on 'The Mode of Preaching in the Present Day.' In addition to the usual public services on such occasions, much interest was created, and, we trust, great good effected, by 'Lectures to Working Men,' from Mr. Reed, of Norwich, and Mr. Brewin Grant, of Birmingham. The assembly agreed to memorialize the Directors of the Crystal Palace, and also her Majesty the Queen, and recommended similar proceedings to the churches throughout the country, in opposition to that

part of the charter which provides for the opening of the Crystal Palace on the Lord's Day. The discussions of this important meeting, which affected more immediately the represented churches, were of grave interest, and will lead, we doubt not, to a vigorous enhancement of those noble principles of truth and policy which constitute the basis of the Union. On one point we venture to offer a suggestion—the LITERATURE of the Congregational churches. It is only by reading that energetic thought is sustained; and it is not to be expected that efficient action will be carried on with the steadiness and dignity of principle unless there be a deep stream of living thoughtfulness pervading the community. Surely it is not to the honour of free churches, nor does it augur well for their future prosperity, that such a valuable series of publications as 'The Congregational Lecture' should be so feebly supported, even at the reduced cost at which it is now offered. Amid the numerous organizations which abound in the churches, why should there not be, in every congregation, a small band of young men, having an intelligent secretary, who would make it their business to look well and constantly after this department of expenditure?

Among the salient points of business at this important meeting, we are glad to notice an energetic protest against American Slavery,—the expression of strong sympathy with suffering protestants on the continent of Europe,—the proposal of a conference of county associations on the best means of promoting the welfare of the churches,—a large project for the extension of chapel buildings,—the support of the Milton Club,—and the vigorous maintenance of the Board of Education. It was agreed, on all sides, that this has been the most interesting and efficient meeting of the Union ever held. We sincerely congratulate its members on the increasingly practical character of these proceedings.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

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The Journal of Sacred Literature. New Series. Edited by John Kitt, D.D. No. V. October, 1852.

Course of the History of Modern Philosophy. By M. Victor Cousin. Translated by C. W. Wight. 2 vols.

The World to Come; or, the Kingdom of God. By Rev. James Cochrane, A.M., Second Edition. With Appendix and Notes, Critical and Illustrative.

The Fall of Adam. From Milton's Paradise Lost. By Rev. Charles Eyre, A.B.

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By S. W. Fullom.

THE
Eclectic Review.

DECEMBER, 1852.

ART. I.—*Institut National de France. Académie des Sciences. Eloge Historique d'Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire.* Par M. Flourens, Secrétaire Perpétuel. Lu dans la Séance Publique Annuelle du 22 Mars, 1852.

OF late years the annual discourses on the deceased members of the Academy of Sciences have been delivered by M. Arago and M. Flourens in turns. Arago, the venerable and illustrious astronomer, the irreproachable and high-minded member of the Provisional Government, enjoys in Great Britain and America, where men speak the English tongue, a lofty celebrity. M. Flourens, whose reputation among his countrymen has secured him the high office of perpetual secretary to the Academy of Sciences, is known to all throughout the world who keep themselves informed respecting the progress of the sciences of comparative anatomy and physiology, and more especially of what may be called the philosophy of the natural sciences. Of course he is a member of most of the learned societies of Europe. His work on the nervous system proves him to be a profound anatomist. His little work on the instinct and intelligence of animals brings to bear upon this difficult theme a wonderful combination of lights derived both from philosophical and physiological sources. His works on Buffon and Cuvier, form together a narrative truly remarkable for brevity, depth, and clearness of the most renowned efforts of French genius in the natural sciences. His examination of phrenology has been

translated into several languages. We saw the other day a Spanish translation of it which had been published in Mexico! His analysis of the works of Fontenelle is a consideration of modern philosophy relatively to the physical sciences. He claims from Professor Simpson a share of the merit of the discovery of the uses of chloroform. He has made important experiments on the formation of bones, the crosses of breeds, the fecundity of species, and the instincts of animals. As Professor of Comparative Physiology at the Jardin des Plantes, he delivers annually a course of lectures to most intelligent audiences of all nations, attracted to hear the most interesting and sublime problems of natural science discussed in a manner worthy of them. In these lectures, foreigners are particularly pleased to witness the judgment and impartiality with which he rises above national prejudices and predilections, in giving praise to merit, and honour to genius of all nations. With a simplicity, clearness, and elegance, which seem attainable only in the French language, Professor Flourens gives an interest and a charm to subjects generally regarded and ordinarily treated as the driest themes. His success with his auditors is remarkable. Popular orators may obtain from their audiences more noisy plaudits, but never have we seen any speaker receive the homage of more delighted attention. Without rhetorical artifice, and without clap-trap, M. Flourens enchains and charms his hearers by the sheer attraction of great and profound ideas, expressed clearly and worthily by a master in his pronunciation of the harmonies, and, in his style, of the felicities of his delicate, tranchant, and beautiful native language.

The discourse on M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, exhibits M. Flourens in his capacity of perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences. It is a review of the labours, and an estimate of the merits, of a great naturalist. The 'Eloge' is a composition less like a funeral sermon than like an article in a quarterly periodical. But it has difficulties of its own, arising from its perusal before a learned society. Both funereal and critical, it demands, in addition to an extensive knowledge and a generous sympathy with various and contemporary merit, great prudence, dexterity, and sagacity, to manage the animosities and jealousies inseparable from scientific discussions and learned associations. The Oriental dancers, who perform amidst eggs without chipping one of them, have an easier task than falls to the lot of secretaries of learned societies, who have to discuss contemporary merit without wounding the susceptibilities of rival vanity.

M. Flourens is singularly happy in commencing gracefully his sketch of Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, who divides

with George Cuvier the merit of having won for the naturalists of France their great authority in the department of comparative anatomy.

‘ This academy has counted in the last century,’ says the perpetual secretary, ‘ among its members two brothers, of whom the one has left some useful works on botany, and of whom the other is celebrated as the first chemist who formed a clear and practical idea of *affinities*. It was of him that Fontenelle, the most intellectual of the partizans of Descartes, said—“ he produced, in 1718, a singular system—a table of the affinities or relations of the different substances in chemistry.” ’

The celebrity of these two men became a just subject of pride for their family, one of the branches of which inhabited the little town of Etampes. There, in a home where reigned patriarchal manners, a good grandmother amused herself, during the long evenings, with her numerous grandchildren grouped round her knees, by telling stories of her times, in which she would often relate those of the two learned men of the family. Her character of grandmother and her simple love of fame gave her narratives a veritable influence. One little boy, very delicate and very giddy, took it upon himself one day to say : ‘ But I also, I wish to become celebrated ; but tell me how ? ’ ‘ Eh ! ’ replied the grandmother, ‘ you must will it firmly. I knew them well, because they were of our family. You bear their name. Do as they did.’ This conversation inflamed the little enthusiast. ‘ Help me, grandmamma, I beg you.’ The excellent woman, enchanted, gave her grandson a copy of ‘ Plutarch’s Lives of Illustrious Men.’

It was thus that Etienne Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire dreamt about his future fame, when his father declared to him that he had a bursary for him at the college of Navarre, and was about to take him to it. The poor boy soon found that the way to glory was encumbered with themes and exercises which wearied him dreadfully. He was not a very assiduous scholar, and did not show a taste for anything but physical science. When he left college, great advantages were offered to him to induce him to enter upon the ecclesiastical career. He refused resolutely. His father, who was an advocate, wished him to study law. He tried it, but was soon disgusted with it. From law he passed to medicine. The trial was not more happy. There was needed by this ardent young man a freer career, further from the beaten tracks, where the adventurous spirit which already lorded it within him might find satisfaction.

This is not merely very graceful biography. It is profound narrative. More is meant here than meets the superficial eye. The light in which the facts are placed, and the objects which

guided their selection, are derived from the principles of the philosophy of the formation of character. Inheritance and habit give men the predispositions which prepare them for their careers. But something more is needed. There must be some circumstance which shall determine the specific pursuits in which the life is to be spent. 'A man is born with energy,' said Daniel O'Connell once to the writer, 'and circumstances determine the application of it.' Young Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire felt impelled towards the sciences by a secret impulse, and took a place as a free boarder in the College of Cardinal Lemoine. The professors were priests. It was there that the good and judicious Lhomond, whose works are models of simplicity, devoted his life to the study of plants and the instruction of youth. Haüy, the celebrated mineralogist, was second regent in the college, and having a filial veneration for Lhomond, studied botany to please him. Led on from botany to mineralogy, Haüy made in this science a discovery which changed the face of it, and inscribed his name upon the lists of genius. But Haüy cared less for his reputation than for his cell and his gentle conversations with Lhomond.

Young Geoffroy delighted to be near these celebrated men, and to follow them at a respectful distance in their peaceful walks. At last he found an occasion of approaching them; and, won by his simple admiration, they admitted him henceforth to share in their conversations. Under the inspiration of Haüy, Geoffroy was not long before he was passionately fond of mineralogy. At that time Daubenton gave at the College of France a course of lectures on this science. He had the habit of examining the students after each lesson. One day he examined Geoffroy upon crystallography. Astonished at his answer, he said to him, good-humouredly,—'Young man, you know more than I do.' 'I am only the echo of M. Haüy,' replied Geoffroy. A reply so simple and graceful won him the favour of M. Daubenton, which an additional circumstance changed into lively affection. It was in 1792; Geoffroy was twenty years old; the revolution was tearing France in pieces, and he had received all the knowledge he possessed from the instructions of priests; and in those days it sufficed to be a priest to be persecuted. The old teachers of the college of Navarre were imprisoned in the church of Saint Firmin. Their pupil managed to see them, and entreated them to escape by means which he had prepared for them. Generously refusing to separate their lot from that of their companions in prison, they declined his offer. What afflicted Geoffroy most was the imprisonment of Haüy. On hearing the news he ran to Daubenton; and having interested him, to all the other mem-

bers of the Academy of Sciences. Haüy was claimed as a member of the body. An order for his release was signed at ten o'clock in the evening. Geoffroy himself caused the doors of the prison to be opened; and he tried to drag out Haüy. 'Great men,' says Fontenelle, 'are children.' In the midst of 'The Terror,' Haüy was most troubled by the disorder thrown into his collection of minerals by the domiciliary visit which preceded his arrest. He had sent for them, and re-arranged them in that learned order which for a long time he alone knew, and would not consent at any price to their being removed in the night, and was resolved, moreover, to hear mass on the morrow before his departure. Haüy, next day, tranquilly, after mass, removed his dear specimens to his old cell, where he found his friend Lhomond, who had also been delivered by the interest of a pupil. However, the neighbouring cells were never again tenanted by their former occupants, who perished in the massacres of September. Geoffroy fell ill of painful excitement, and lived secluded in the bosom of his family. Haüy wrote to him that he had read his letter to Lhomond, and they had not been so gay since he had left them in Paris. 'Love and adopt my young deliverer,' said Haüy to Daubenton, who did it. When Geoffroy returned to Paris in 1793, Haüy received him still more tenderly; and the retirement of M. de Lacepede having left vacant the place of a guardian of the Cabinet of Zoology at the Jardin des Plantes, Daubenton obtained it for his young friend.

Founded by Louis XIII., increased by Louis XIV., and rendered celebrated by the works of Buffon, the Garden of Plants had already acquired the high place it has kept ever since in the modern history of natural science. Daubenton had presented a plan for rendering it worthy of its objects (founded upon the ideas confided to him by Buffon) to the Constituent Assembly in 1790. Two years later, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, then the superintendent, solicited the formation of a menagerie. Buffon had long desired the removal to Paris of the one at Versailles. By a decree of the Convention, in June, '93, the Jardin des Plantes took the title of Museum; the instruction was extended to all the branches of natural science; and the chairs increased from three to twelve. Among the new chairs there were two of zoology, one of which was given to Lamarck, and the celebrated naturalist of the North, Pallas, was proposed for the other. But Daubenton overbore the hesitations of Geoffroy himself, and secured his appointment as professor, at the age of twenty-one. 'I take upon me the responsibility of your inexperience,' said he; 'I have the authority of a father over you; dare to teach zoology, that one day they may

say that you have made it a French science.' He himself has described his embarrassment. 'Obliged to settle everything, I had acquired the elements of natural history, in arranging and classifying the collections which were confided to my care.' On the 6th of May, 1794, he opened the first course of lectures on zoology which had ever been delivered in France. He rapidly increased the collections. As the menagerie promised to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was slow in coming, he made one. There came to his door one morning a leopard, a white bear, a panther, and several baboons; the public exhibition of which was forbidden by the police. The Museum had neither funds nor place as yet for a menagerie. However, his colleagues consented quickly to give him the means of shutting up his dear and dreadful guests.

During the 'Terror' the venerable M. Tessier, who was concealed in Normandy, wrote to announce the best of his discoveries—another Delambre. He furnished details respecting his *protégé*, the reading of which inspired Geoffroy with such enthusiasm that he wrote to their object, Cuvier, saying:—'Come and play among us the part of another Linnæus, of another legislator in natural history.' The new Linnæus had scarcely arrived when Geoffroy gave himself free scope in admiring him, shared his lodgings with him, and united his labours with him. Of their joint works, the most important are *Classification des Mammifères* and the history of the *Makis* (Lemur), or monkeys of Madagascar. In the former, the idea of the subordination of characteristics, which was the chief zoological resource of Cuvier, predominates. In the latter, the pervading idea is that of the unity of composition (*l'unité de composition*), which M. Geoffroy has found throughout the whole of comparative anatomy. Such were the opposite philosophic ideas which dominated in the minds of these anatomists. The predisposition of the one was to find differences, and of the other, to search for resemblances. These opposite tendencies have both had important effects upon the progress of the science. The sagacious friends of Geoffroy warned him that he was cherishing a rival who might become his master. But he told Cuvier that he never would change his conduct towards him. In their old age, when these great anatomists had become chiefs of antagonist schools, which made Europe ring with their disputes, they would recall the happy studies of their youth together, when, as Cuvier said—'they never breakfasted without having made a discovery.'

In 1798, Berthollet wrote to Geoffroy—'Come with Monge and me, we shall be your companions; and Bonaparte will be our general.' Where? He knew not, but embarked, as it turned

out, for Egypt. M. Geoffroy sent to the museum crocodiles, ibis (*tantulus Ethiopicus*), and skeletons of oxen, ichneumons, &c.; animals perfectly preserved which lived two thousand years ago, and which, when compared with those of the present time, do not differ in any respect from them. M. Flourens remarks, that we owe thus to him the strongest proofs which have ever been given of the fixity of species—a doctrine which he afterwards combated. The mummies sent to Paris had a bearing of some importance upon the question raised by Volney, whether the ancient Egyptians were negroes. Certain ancient writers say they had a black skin, and on their statements Volney reasoned. But the forms of the skulls of the mummies prove that they were not of a different race from Europeans. A few years in Africa suffices to give French soldiers black skins, which, of course, if once acquired by parents, are transmitted to their children. As Buffon has beautifully said,—‘Man, white in Europe, black in Africa, yellow in Asia, and red in America, is always the same man, tinged by the colour of the climate.’ We have mentioned how soon the French soldier becomes black in Africa; and may add, that a proverb of society says, the English civilians return from India ‘as yellow as their guineas.’

Voltaire, in his universal scepticism, calls Herodotus ‘the father of history who made so many fables.’ But M. Geoffroy established the veracity of Herodotus in his most marvellous statements. Herodotus said that the crocodile was, of all animals, born the smallest, and grew the largest; was the only one whose upper jaw moved upon the lower, and which had no tongue. The crocodile has a tongue, but too short for use; its skull and upper jaw move upon the lower jaw, and its egg is seventeen lines in length, and it grows until it is seventeen cubits long. Herodotus says, that when the crocodile reposes his head upon the banks of the Nile to inhale the air, a little bird confidently enters his mouth and plays there securely, without a single movement to frighten it away being made by the crocodile. This is true. M. Geoffroy discovered that a little plover (*Charadrius hiaticula*) goes into the mouth of the dreadful crocodile, and relieves him from insects of which he cannot disembarass himself, from the shortness of his tongue.

M. Geoffroy studied particularly the fishes of the Nile, and more especially the electric eel, which the Arabs call *lightning*. Often as he had asked for one, it was not until a few days before the capitulation of Alexandria that a specimen was brought to him, and he had to study it, during a siege, with balls hissing around him. He was desirous of solving the mystery which

connects electricity with the principle of life. In the midst of his labours he learned that by an article of the capitulation, the collection of the French naturalists belonged to the victors. The spirit of Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, seems to have taken possession of him for a time, for he proposed to his colleagues to burn their collection. The author of the *Histoire Scientifique et Militaire de l'Expédition Française en Egypte*, puts a fine melo-dramatic speech into the mouth of M. Geoffroy, in which he accuses the British agent of wishing for 'the glory of another Omar,' as if it were not the burners who would have been the barbarians. The shame of such an act could only have disgraced the French naturalists. What would have been thought of the Spaniards if they had burned the pictures of Murillo to prevent their falling into the hands of the French? However, MM. Berthollet, Monge, and Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire were spared from disgracing themselves, by the generous conduct of the British general, who erased the article, and gave the French naturalists their collections. A handsome acknowledgment of this fact by the Academy of Sciences, a body too illustrious to be narrowly national, would have been read with pleasure on this side of the Channel. However, it is satisfactory to have the fact on record that if the French naturalists returned to Paris laden with the spoils of the East, it was because a British general acted as became a countryman of Harvey and of Hunter, when dealing with the successors of Buffon, and the associates of Cuvier.

The distinguishing characteristic of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire as an anatomist, was the perception of resemblances.

'This lively sentiment,' says M. Flourens, 'displayed to him a superior law of method. Beside the principle of the subordination of organs he placed the principle of moveable subordination. The characteristic which predominates in one group may be nothing more than a subordinate characteristic in another. He viewed method under a new aspect. General classification had no other merit in his eyes than the negative merit of not breaking up the natural and direct approximations of species. And this stated, everything changes. Method is no longer a series of divisions, cuts, and ruptures. It is a chain of relations which recall, adapt, and identify each other. At the time of Linnæus, naturalists searched for tranchant differences and grand intervals. It was because they knew only a small number of species. In proportion as the number of known species increased unceasingly, striking differences disappeared, great intervals were filled up, and the species blended into each other. The unity of the kingdom displayed itself. We are made to understand the profound saying of Buffon: "Blendings are the great works of Nature." *Les nuances sont le grand œuvre de la Nature.*'

The dominant idea of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire in zoology

is the unity of the kingdom. His constant effort in comparative anatomy is to prove the unity of the kingdom by the unity of composition. All his anatomical researches are searches for analogies. He commenced by the comparative study of members. From the members he passed to the skull. The skulls of the crocodile and of the fish are composed of five or six and twenty bones, and the skull of the bird or of the quadruped of eight or ten. How restore to unity a composition apparently so different? The sudden inspiration of a penetrating genius, induced him to examine the skulls of the foetus of the bird and the quadruped. There, all the primitive bones which unite themselves afterwards are still separated, and the problem is resolved; the number of bones is throughout found to be the same.

This beautiful induction, the first and happiest germ of a new science, was made in 1807, the year in which M. Geoffroy became a candidate for a vacant seat in the Academy. When he was retiring, after having left some of his publications with Lagrange, the celebrated mathematician, he was called back to say whether his opponent was a Réaumur or a Fabricius? Reluctantly compelled to admit that his competitor was a Fabricius, although a very able entomologist, Lagrange said, 'Know, young man, that I esteem much more a few pages such as you have read recently at the Academy than many volumes in the style of Fabricius.' Geoffroy was chosen. Cuvier, in congratulating him, said, 'I am all the more glad because I have reproached myself for occupying a seat which belonged to you.' 'He astonished me much,' remarked M. Geoffroy; 'for I never expected to arrive before him.'

At the request of the emperor Napoleon, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire went to Portugal in 1810, and effected an exchange of specimens with the Museum of Lisbon, which is rich in Brazilian curiosities. In 1818, he published his theory of analogies under the title *Théorie des Analogues ou de Philosophie Anatomique*. The idea of unity in variety, concealed resemblances under apparent differences, of one idea infinitely diversified, simplicity of design, and magnificence of execution, is an old one of the natural theologians, and inherited from them by the naturalists. But the merit of M. Geoffroy consists in having carried it into the comparison and study of the foetal state, which shews the primitive nucleus or simple fact. These simple facts have their fixed and determinate laws of development, complication, and relative position. The laws are throughout the same. The unity of the laws is the last and highest proof of the unity of plan, design, and idea. Profound science becomes here naturally high philosophy.

‘When,’ observes M. Flourens, very admirably, ‘Newton, arrived at the last page of his immortal work, had recognised that each globe, each world had not its separate and distinct law, but that all submitted on the contrary to the same law, one sole law,—he wrote that sentence so worthy of the admiration it has received from all who think: “It is certain that, as all bear the impress of the same design, all ought to be submitted to one sole and only Being.”’

On the subject of monstrosities, which was once the theme of keen controversy among the naturalists of Europe, M. Geoffroy, from his point of view, arrived at satisfactory conclusions. Properly speaking, there are no such things. Nature produces nothing monstrous. All the peculiarities of calves with two heads, or babes with three legs, are explained by two principles: the stoppage of development, and the attractions of similar parts. Monsters are only anomalies produced by these causes.

In 1820, M. Geoffroy extended the idea of unity of composition to articulated animals, and in 1830 to the molluscs. M. Cuvier could bear it no longer. His was a genius which excelled in seeing differences. His classification consists in grouping the animal kingdom according to certain marked distinctions. He had found all the unvertebrated animals confounded together, and he divided them into zoophytes, molluscs, and articulated animals, and made into one group the whole of the vertebrated animals. Of course, the progress of the views of M. Geoffroy, who declared there was only one type or plan, was dangerous for the systematic and distinctive classification which was the fruit of the labours of M. Cuvier.

The discussion broke out in the Academy of Sciences. Cold and clear reason in Cuvier encountered brilliant genius in Geoffroy. Both were full of resolution and resources. From the Academy, from France, the interest taken in the discussion spread to all the nations in which men care for such questions. The hardheaded *savants* took the side of Cuvier, and the hardy spirits the part of Geoffroy. Old Goethe, in Germany, applauded his arguments passionately. In the month of July 1830, approaching a friend, Goethe cried:—‘You know the last news from France? What do you think of this great event? the volcano has made an eruption, and it is all in flames.’ ‘It is a terrible history,’ replied the other; ‘and when they are thus engaged, we must expect the expulsion of the royal family.’ ‘That is a mere question of the throne and the dynasty; it is a mere affair of political revolution,’ replied Goethe; ‘I speak of the discussions of the Academy of Sciences at Paris; it is

there where lies the fact really important, and the true revolution is that of the human mind.'

This controversy, under an appearance of a dispute about the number and position of certain organs was really one of the many battles of the two philosophies, of Induction and Generalization, or Evidence and Insight, which had been at war since the days of Aristotle and of Plato. Of course, the controversy ended by leaving the disputants more obstinate than ever in their different opinions. M. Geoffroy published an account of his under the title of *Principes philosophique de l'unité de Composition*.

In the last years of his life, M. Geoffroy added to his general ideas other opinions respecting the mutability of species, the filiation of ages, and that species were not beings, but stoppages of one sole being.

In his lectures, whether developing his philosophical ideas, or explaining the relations of different animals, M. Geoffroy breathed constantly an ardent enthusiasm for the sciences. He would not admit that they had any limits. He followed their progress, demanding always new emotions. Scientific novelties were the excitements and the delights of his life. His imagination, which was rich and various, made his familiar conversations abundant, lively, and surprising. Sometimes his imagination deceived him, and his suspicions produced moments of storm. But even then an appeal to his heart sufficed to find again the good young man who would not doubt Cuvier. 'He was all his life,' says M. Flourens, 'that good young man; always dominated by some generous emotion: having especially the wish to oblige, and to multiply and exhaust himself; to render services to others, forgetting himself; and he was always as trustful and candid with his friends as he was in early youth.'

The last years of the life of M. Geoffroy were made happy by viewing in his son, the present Professor Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, one worthy to be the defender and depositary of his fame and his doctrines. 'Judge,' said he, one day to a friend, 'if I am not happy. Here are the dearest treasures of my son?' and he opened a cupboard in which the boy had religiously collected all that had been written upon the works of his father.

Proud of having climbed the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar, M. Geoffroy freely and frankly acknowledged the pleasure he derived from his celebrity. Foreigners came to Paris as pilgrims to see him. Germany especially, sent him every year youths eager to hear and know the chief

of the great school of philosophical anatomy, to which have appertained Oken, Carus, Spix, and Goethe.

The old philosopher, surrounded with disciples, ended his days in the little retired hermitage in the Museum of Natural History which Daubenton had obtained for the young student. Although quite deaf, his last days were cheered by the companion of his life, by a son and a daughter, and grandchildren. Around him were all the things which should attend old age. On the 19th of June, 1844, he died gently, after having said calmly to his daughter, 'Be assured, oh! my daughter, we shall see each other again.' (*Sois-en sûre, ô ma fille, nous nous reverrons.*)

The picture which M. Flourens has painted, is certainly a charming one. We may add, that the progress of scientific opinion of late years has tended to diminish the exaggerated estimates current respecting the services of Cuvier, and to increase the appreciation of the merits of M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Professor Richard Owen, by showing that the skull is another vertebra partially modified, has taken a great step in the path which M. Geoffroy trod. French, English, and German minds, are piercing deeper and deeper into the secrets of nature; contradictory hypotheses and rival theories have their battles and their victories; and day by day the lovers of truth enjoy more and more of the simple light of the great laws impressed by the Creator upon his creation.

ART. II.—*The Papacy; its History, Dogmas, Genius, and Prospects.*

Being the Evangelical Alliance First Prize Essay on Popery. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, &c. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: Hamilton and Co. 8vo. pp. 558.

2. *Popery, Calmly, Closely, and Comprehensively Considered, as to its Claims, its Character, its Causes, and its Cure.* With Interesting and Important Documents not generally known. By the Rev. R. Weaver, &c. London: Partridge and Oakey. 8vo. pp. 318.

THE Popish Controversy has been gradually rising into importance, and exciting public attention ever since the passing of the Roman-catholic Relief Bill; but it seems now to have become, even in spite of corn laws, militia bills, and educational schemes, *the question of the day*. Dr. Wiseman, both by his controversial writings, and by his ecclesiastical tactics, has no doubt been a conspicuous agent in reviving this most important and voluminous of all controversies.

When all restraints of a legal nature were withdrawn from Roman Catholics, and they were placed upon a perfect equality with their protestant-dissenting fellow subjects, it was predicted by sagacious persons that such a revival of the great controversy as we now witness, might be expected. Success makes men bold; and when the outworks have been carried one after another, it is not at all wonderful that the enemy should presume soon to be in possession of the citadel. In fact, Cardinal Wiseman has spoken and written as if the conflict were over and the victory won. The spiritual sword, however, is not yet placed above the temporal in these kingdoms, nor are our people yet reconciled to the ambitious project of the cardinal and his master. The boldness of his manner, and the presumption of his attempt, have, however, inspired confidence into his abettors, and excited fear among timid Protestants. But the heart of the nation is everywhere resolute against popish domination; and if the wily cardinal imagines that his work is done, in our opinion he will soon find himself only at its commencement. The victory for Rome is not to be won in Britain, either by priestcraft or statecraft. The arena of public controversy will be the battle-field, and not the cabinets of statesmen, or the consistories of ecclesiastics. Public opinion alone can rule the religious destinies of this empire, and as long as our press is free, and our heads unsophisticated by the puerile dogmas of patristic theology, there is little prospect of success for the arrogant cardinal and his silly dupe of a master. He may augment his ranks by many more conversions from among the aristocracy and the clergy, but these can never place at his feet the prize to which he aspires. The people of England and Scotland are too well acquainted with the history of Romanism, and the miseries and mischief it has wrought in their own country, as well as throughout Europe; their spirit is too proud of the liberty they now enjoy, and too impatient of the abject mental slavery which Romanism maintains over its vassals, to be induced to look even with forbearance, much less with complacency, upon the project of reconciling their country religiously and politically with that power which is the invariable synonym of all oppressions and all abominations.

Because we believe public opinion will control the present and future rulers of this empire, from the highest to the lowest, and because that public opinion is in the main right at the present moment,—that is, strongly averse to popery,—it is supremely desirable that it should be further informed, deepened, and strengthened. The earnest antipathies of our people to priestcraft, their hatred of imposture and hypocrisy, their attachment to the Bible and the rights of conscience, should all be refreshed

and revived in every possible way, and on every suitable occasion. Books and tracts upon every branch of the controversy with Rome should be poured forth in torrents, till our artisans and labourers understand what an enemy to their enlightenment, their liberty, and their prosperity exists, and ought to be resisted, in every quarter of the land.

Hitherto there has been no lack of controversial works of all sizes, and upon all the diversified subjects included in the controversy, from the bulky and learned octavo to the cheap tract. It is highly desirable that the supply should still be kept up, and that these works should be freely circulated in every neighbourhood where popery is lifting up its head, and pronouncing its incantations. Protestants every where should know that their deadliest enemy is not asleep, though he may seem so, but is stealthily pursuing his purpose with the subtlety of the serpent and the cooing of the dove. He will grow bolder by our forbearance, and confident if we are inactive. But he will shrink from manly conflict, and hide himself from the penetrating beams of truth and reason. He will assert and reassert his old and unalterable dogmas, but he will not answer your arguments nor reply to your objections. Every man that values his Bible, his religion, and his liberty; every man that loves his country, and desires its prosperity and the perpetuity of its glory, ought to equip himself in some tolerable degree to resist the secret and silent workings of popery, which are all directed against human rights. With this object in view, we heartily commend every competent author who throws in his contribution to the treasury of protestantism at the present moment. We cannot have too many works similar to those named at the head of this article. The Evangelical Alliance is to be commended for offering a handsome premium for the best work upon the papacy. The Rev. J. A. Wylie proved the successful competitor, to whom the adjudicators, Doctors Wardlaw, Cunningham, and Eadie, awarded the first prize, and recommended that the essay should be published under the sanction of the Alliance. This has now been accomplished, and the work has been extensively circulated. We regret that it has not been in our power to give it an earlier notice. The work, however, is one of permanent value, and may be regarded as a text-book to which preachers and lecturers may safely refer for years to come. The delay of our notice, therefore, is of the less consequence. The interest of such a volume passes not away in a few months. It is perennial, and may at any time be recommended to public attention.

Mr. Wylie commences with a brief but able history of the papacy, occupying nearly one-third of the volume. It is replete

with valuable information, and displays an admirable analysis of the subject. We could make large extracts from this portion of the work, with which our readers would be highly gratified. But there is one chapter of great excellence and importance, from which we must indulge them with rather a long citation, because it treats upon one part of the system but little known by Protestants, and because it is appropriate to the recent aggression. Cardinal Wiseman publicly announced that his great object was first to set up the canon law in England, and this as preparatory to the reconciliation of our country to Rome, and its restoration to its place in the spiritual heavens. Few Englishmen understood what was meant by this introduction of the canon law, and many have yet to learn. Mr. Wylie has devoted his sixth chapter, book i., to this subject, and has touched it with a master's hand:—

‘It would be bad enough that a system of the character we have described should exist in the world, and that there should be a numerous class of men all animated by its spirit, and sworn to carry into effect its principles. But this is not the worst of it. The system has been converted into a code. It exists, not as a body of maxims or principles, though in that shape its influence would have been great; it exists as a body of laws, by which every Romish ecclesiastic is bound to act, and which he is appointed to administer. This is termed CANON LAW. The canon law is the slow growth of a multitude of ages. It reminds us of those coral islands in the great Pacific, the terror of the mariner, which myriads and myriads of insects laboured to raise from the bottom to the surface of the ocean. One race of these little builders took up the work where another race had left it; and thus the mass grew unseen in the dark and sullen deep, whether calm or storm prevailed on the surface. In like fashion, monks and popes innumerable, working in the depths of the dark ages, with the ceaseless and noiseless diligence, though not quite so innocently as the little artificers to whom we have referred, produced at last the hideous formation known as the canon law. This code, then, is not the product of one large mind, like the Code Justinian or the Code Napoleon, but of innumerable minds all working intently and laboriously through successive ages on this one object. The canon law is made up of the constitutions, or canons of councils, the decrees of popes, and the traditions which have at any time received the pontifical sanction. As questions arose they were adjudicated upon; new emergencies produced new decisions; at last it came to pass that there was scarce a point of possible occurrence on which infallibility had not pronounced. The machinery of the canon law, then, as may be easily imagined, has reached its highest possible perfection and its widest possible application. The statute-book of Rome, combining amazing flexibility with enormous power, like the most wonderful of all modern inventions, can regulate with equal ease the affairs of a kingdom and of a family. Like the elephant's trunk, it can crush an empire in its folds, or conduct the course of a petty intrigue—fling a monarch from his throne, or plant the stake for the

heretic. Like a net of steel, forged by the Vulcan of the Vatican and his cunning artificers, the canon law encloses the whole of Catholic christendom. A short discussion of this subject may not be without its interest at present, seeing Dr. Wiseman had the candour to tell us, that it is his intention to enclose Great Britain in this net, provided he meets with no obstruction, which he scarce thinks we will be so unreasonable as to offer. Seeing, then, it will not be Dr. Wiseman's fault if we have not a nearer acquaintance with the canon law than we can boast at present, it may be worth while examining its structure, and endeavouring to ascertain our probable condition, once within this enclosure. Not that we intend to hold up to view all its monstrosities; the canon law is the entire papacy viewed as a system of government: we can refer but to the more prominent points which bear upon the subject we are now discussing—the supremacy; and these are precisely the points which have the closest connexion with our own condition, should the agent of the pontiff in London be able to carry his intent into effect, and introduce the canon law, 'the real and complete code of the church,' as he terms it. Here we shall do little more than quote the leading provisions of the code from the authorized books of Rome, leaving the canon law to commend itself to British notions of toleration and justice.

The false decretals of Isidore, already referred to, offered a worthy foundation for this fabric of unbearable tyranny. We pass, as not meriting particular notice, the earlier and minor compilations of Reginon of Prüm in the tenth century, Buchardus of Worms in the eleventh, and St. Ivo of Chartres in the twelfth. The first great collection of canons and decretals which the world was privileged to see, was made by Gratian, a monk of Bologna, who, about 1150, published his work entitled 'Decretum Gratiani.' Pope Eugenius III. approved his work, which immediately became the highest authority in the western church. The rapid growth of the papal tyranny soon superseded the 'Decretum Gratiani.' Succeeding popes flung their decretals upon the world with a prodigality with which the diligence of compilers who gathered them up, and formed them into new codes, toiled to keep pace. Innocent III. and Honorius III. issued numerous rescripts and decrees, which Gregory IX. commissioned Raymond of Pennafort to collect and publish. This the dominican did, in 1234; and Gregory, in order to perfect this collection of infallible decisions, supplemented it with a goodly addition of his own. This is the more essential part of the canon law, and contains a copious system of jurisprudence, as well as rules, for the government of the church. But infallibility had not exhausted itself with these labours. Boniface VIII. in 1298, added a sixth part which he named the *Sext.* A fresh batch of decretals was issued by Clement V., in 1313, under the title of *Clementines.* John XXII., in 1340, added the *Extravagantes*, so called because they extravagate, or straddle, outside the others. Succeeding pontiffs, down to Sixtus IV., added their extravagating articles, which came under the name of *Extravagantes Communes.* The government of the world was in some danger of being stopped by the very abundance of infallible law; and since the end of the fifteenth century, nothing has been formally added to this already enormous code. We cannot say that this fabric of commingled assumption and fraud is finished even yet: it stands

like the great dome of Cologne, with the crane a-top, ready to receive a new tier whenever infallibility shall begin again to build, or rather to arrange the materials it has been producing during the past four centuries. While Rome exists, the canon law must continue to grow. Infallibility will always be speaking; and every new deliverance of the oracle is another statute added to canon law. The growth of all other bodies is regulated by great natural laws. The tower of Babel itself, had its builders been permitted to go on with it, must have stopped at the point where the attractive forces of earth and of the other planets balance each other; but where is the canon law to end? "This general supremacy," says Hallam, "effected by the Roman church over mankind in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, derived material support from the promulgation of the canon law. The superiority of ecclesiastical to temporal power, or at least the absolute independence of the former, may be considered as a sort of key-note which regulates every passage in the canon law. It is expressly declared, that subjects owe no allegiance to an excommunicated lord, if after admonition he is not reconciled to the church. And the rubric prefixed to the declaration of Frederic II.'s deposition in the council of Lyons, asserts that the pope may dethrone the emperor for lawful causes." "Legislation quailed," says Gavazzi, "before the new-born code of clerical command, which, in the slang of the dark ages, was called canon law. The principle which pollutes every page of this nefarious imposture is, that every human right, claim, property, franchise, or feeling, at variance with the predominance of the popedom, was *ipso facto* inimical to Heaven and the God of eternal justice. In virtue of this preposterous prerogative, universal manhood became a priest's footstool; this planet a huge game-preserve for the pope's individual shooting." We repeat, it is this law which Dr. Wiseman avows to be one main object of the papal aggression to introduce. Its establishment in Britain implies the utter prostration of all other authority. We have seen how it came into being. The next question is, What is it? Let us first hear the canon law on the subject of the spiritual and civil jurisdictions, and let us take note how it places the world under the dominion of one all-absorbing power—a power which is not temporal, certainly, neither is it purely spiritual, but which, for want of a better phrase, we may term pontifical.'—pp. 128—132.

It would be very desirable to lay a complete analysis of this canon law before our readers, but this would be no easy task; and when done, would be too long for our space. We must content ourselves with a few brief specimens, which will convey some notion of this monstrous exhibition of priestly imposition, cruelty, and tyranny, this outrageous encroachment upon all rights, personal, social, and regal.

' The constitutions of princes are not superior to ecclesiastical constitutions, but subordinate to them.

' The tribunals of kings are subjected to the power of priests.

' The yoke which the holy chair imposes must be borne, although it may seem unbearable.

' The decretal epistles are to be ranked along with canonical scripture.

‘ The temporal power can neither loose nor bind the pope.

‘ The emperor ought to obey, not command, the pope.

‘ We ordain that kings, and bishops, and nobles, who shall permit the decrees of the bishop of Rome in anything to be violated, shall be accursed, and be for ever guilty before God as transgressors of the catholic faith.

‘ The bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assoil their subjects from their oath of obedience to them.

‘ The bishop of Rome may be judged of none but of God only.

‘ If the pope should become neglectful of his own salvation, and of that of other men, and so lost to all good that he draw down with himself innumerable people by heaps into hell, and plunge them with himself into eternal torments, yet no mortal man may presume to reprehend him, forasmuch as he is judge of all, and is judged of no one.

‘ An oath sworn against the good of the church does not bind; because that is not an oath, but a perjury rather, which is taken against the church’s interests.

‘ It is not lawful for a layman to sit in judgment upon a clergyman. Secular judges who dare, in the exercise of a damnable presumption, to compel priests to pay their debts, are to be restrained by spiritual censures.

‘ Temporal princes shall be reminded and exhorted, and, if need be, *compelled* by spiritual censures, to discharge every one of their functions; and that, as they would be accounted faithful, so, for the defence of the faith, they publicly make oath that they will endeavour, *bona fide*, with all their might, to extirpate from their territories all heretics marked by the church; so that, when any one is about to assume any authority, whether of a permanent kind, or only temporary, he shall be held bound to confirm his title by this oath. And if a temporal prince, being required and admonished by the church, shall neglect to purge his kingdom from this heretical pravity, the metropolitan and other provincial bishops shall bind him in the fetters of excommunication; and if he obstinately refuse to make satisfaction within the year, it shall be notified to the supreme pontiff, that then he may declare his subjects absolved from their allegiance, and bestow their lands upon good Catholics, who, the heretics being exterminated, may possess them unchallenged, and preserve them in the purity of the faith.” —pp. 132—138.

Mr. Wylie has given distinct references to the decretals for every extract, so that there can be no denial of his accuracy, and no valid palliation offered of the detestable and inhuman doctrines enforced by the authority of this church.

The Second Book, consisting of twenty chapters, treats of the dogmas of the papacy. Although this occupies the largest portion of the volume, yet on account of the number and complexity of the topics, the author is compelled to compress and abridge discussions of great interest and value. It was next to impossible, within the limits of a single volume, to treat of all

the subjects included in the popish theology. But we must say that Mr. Wylie has executed with much ability, with considerable force of reasoning, and with a very competent share of learning, this most difficult part of his undertaking. Many of the chapters contain the pith of controversies, upon each of which ponderous and innumerable volumes have been written. Those readers who wish to gain a bird's-eye view of the Romish theology, will read these chapters with great satisfaction.

Book the Third is devoted to the genius and influence of the papacy. It comprises five chapters. The first, On the Genius of the Papacy; the second, the Influence of Popery on the Individual Man; the third, On the Influence of Popery on Government; the fourth, On its Influence on the Moral and Religious Condition of Nations; and the fifth, On its Influence on the Intellectual and Political Condition of Nations. Some of these divisions seem rather to interfere with each other, and it might have contributed to the completeness and clearness of this portion of the work, if it had been restricted to two or three topics, such as the individual and social influence of the system. We are not, however, disposed to minute criticism, and briefly say that this part of the work will do as much good, and be read perhaps with as much interest, as any. One or two passages may be cited as a specimen of the whole.

The author gives us an interesting statement of his own observations among the continental nations, from which we can select only those which relate to Italy. We prefer that country, because it affords the most complete and incontrovertible sample of uncontrolled and dominant popery. If its fruits anywhere could be a fair test of its nature, and proof of its salutary influence upon mankind, Italy ought to be that spot.

' From Spain we pass into Italy. The nearer we come to the centre and seat of the papacy, we find the darkness the deeper, and the desolation and ruin, moral and physical, the more gigantic and appalling. Than Italy the world holds not a prouder or fairer realm; but, alas! we may say with the traveller, when he first surveyed its beauty from the passes of the Alps, "the devil has again entered paradise." How much has the papacy cost Italy? Her arts, her letters, her empire, her commerce, her domestic peace, the spirit and genius of her sons. Nay, not utterly extinct are the last, though sorely crushed and overborne; and now, after twelve centuries of oppression, giving promise to the world that they will yet revive, and flourish anew upon the ruins of the system which has so long enthralled them. There is Lombardy, "storyful and golden," its sunny plains stretching away in their fertility, with corn and wine eternally springing up from them: yet the Lombards, the merchants and artificers of Milan excepted, are for the most part slaves and beggars. Where now is the commerce of Venice? On the quays on which her merchants

trafficked with the world, mendicants whine for alms; and the sighing of four millions of slaves mingles with the wave of the imperial Adriatic.

‘Italy presents at every step the memorials of its past grandeur, and the proofs of its present ruin. In the former, we behold what the narrow measure of freedom, anciently accorded to it, enabled it to attain; in the latter, we see what the foul yoke of the papacy has reduced it to. Its literature is all but extinct, under the double thrall of the censorship and the national superstition. The Bible, that fountain of beauty and sublimity, as well as of morality, is an *unknown book* in Italy; and the popular literature of its people is mainly composed of tales, in prose and in verse, celebrating the exploits of robbers, or the miracles of saints. The trade of its cities is at an end, and its towns swarm with idlers and beggars, who can find neither employment nor food. These are wholly uncared for by government. Its agriculture is in a like wretched condition. In some parts of Italy the farms are mere crofts, and the farm-houses hovels. In other parts, as in the plain around Rome, the farms are enormously large, let out to a corporation; and the reaping, which takes place in the fiercest heats of summer, is performed by mountaineers, whom hunger drives down every year to brave the terrors of the malaria, and the harvest costs on an average the lives of one half the reapers. Some parts of this beauteous land are now altogether desert; and the salubrity of Italy has been so much affected thereby, that the average duration of human life is considerably shorter. The malaria was known to ancient Italy; but it is undoubted that it has immensely increased in modern times; and this is universally ascribed to the absence of cultivation and of human dwellings. The Pontine marshes, now a pestilential desert, were once covered with Volscian towns; the mouth of the Tiber, whither convicts are sent to die, was anciently lined by Roman villas; and Pæstum, whose hamlet is cursed with the deadliest of all the Italian fevers, was in other days a rich and populous city.

‘A perpetual round, extending from one end of the year to the other, of festivals and saints’ days, interrupts the labours of the people, and renders the formation of steady habits an impossibility. The Roman calendar exhibits a festival or fast on every day of the year. The most of these are voluntary holidays, but the obligatory ones amount to about seventy in the year, exclusive of sabbaths. A great part of the land is the property of the church. The number of sacerdotal persons is of most disproportionate amount, seriously affecting the trade and agriculture of the country from which they are withdrawn, as they also are from the jurisdiction of the secular courts. “In the city of Rome,” says Garazzi, ‘with a population of 170,000 (of which nearly 6000 resident Jews, and a fluctuating mass of strangers nearly of the same amount, form a part), there were, besides the 1400 nuns, a clerical militia of 3069 ecclesiastics, being one for every fifty inhabitants, or one for every twenty-five male adults; while in the provinces there were towns where the proportion was still greater, being one to every twenty. The church property formed a capital of four hundred millions of francs, giving twenty millions per annum; while the whole revenue of the state was but eight or nine millions of dollars, a sum disastrously absorbed in the payment of cardinal ostentation, in purveying to the pomps of a scandalous court, or in sup-

plying brandy to Austrian brutality." In popish countries, generally one third of the year is spent in worshipping dead men and dead women; the people are withdrawn from their labours, and taught to consume their substance and their health in riot and drunkenness. The clergy, exempt from war and other civic duties, have abundance of leisure to carry on intrigues and hatch plots. They oppress the poor, fleece the rich, and drive away trade. Vast quantities of gold and silver are locked up in the cathedrals, being employed to adorn images, which might otherwise circulate freely in trade; and in every parish there is an asylum or sanctuary where robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals are defended against the laws. To this, in no small degree, is owing the blood with which popish countries are defiled.—p. 486.

The Fourth Book is devoted to the present policy and prospects of the papacy. In the second chapter, Mr. Wylie treats of the *new Catholic league, and threatened crusade against Protestantism*. The topics noticed are the following:—‘the modern sphinx; simultaneous crusade against liberty; the catechism and the bayonet; the Jesuit and the gendarme; the prisons of Rome; the twenty thousand captives of Naples; Tuscan concordat; Jesuit tactics in France, in Austria, in Prussia; aggression on Britain; *L’Univers* preaches a crusade against protestantism; ghost of the middle ages.’ Upon all these subjects the author has brought together valuable and important information, well calculated to arouse in every protestant heart an enlightened and fervent zeal for those principles which constitute the only safeguard against those inroads of priestcraft and superstition, whose object is to sweep away every vestige of liberty, civil and religious, from the earth. We can cordially commend the whole of the Fourth Book to the earnest attention of our readers. Its views are profound and comprehensive. Nothing could be more seasonable at the present time than the exposure it presents of the plots and efforts of Jesuits and princes. It is abundantly manifest that a vast net is spread around Europe, the object of which is to entangle and restrain every power that would impede those machinations of the apostate church, which are directed against everything great and good in human nature, and which will never cease to be entertained till they issue either in the supremacy or the destruction of the sacerdotal power which originates them.

We cannot too emphatically commend Mr. Wylie’s volume to the attention of our readers. Its extensive circulation will prove a real benefit at the present time to all protestants who wish for information upon the most momentous controversy of this age.

The other volume, the title of which stands at the head of this article, though of a different character altogether, and of

much smaller bulk, contains many interesting articles, and cannot fail to be useful in its way. Most of the subjects are treated more concisely than by Mr. Wylie. It is a treatise which may suit many persons who have little leisure to devote to the subject. It contains copies of some Roman-catholic documents not generally known. We select two, which are suitable from their brevity, and which will afford our readers a specimen of the anti-christian spirit which pervades the papacy. The first is the anathema pronounced on the excommunicated:—

‘By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the Holy and Undeiled Virgin Mary, Mother of God: and of all the celestial virtues, angels, and angels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubims and seraphims, and of the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, who in the sight of the Lamb, are alone found worthy to sing the new song, and of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the saints, together with the elect of God:

‘We excommunicate and anathematize this N. N., and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we separate him, and he is delivered over to be tormented with everlasting punishment with *Isaiah* and *Abiram*, and with those who said unto the Lord God: Depart from us; we desire none of thy ways. And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out for evermore, unless he shall repent and make satisfaction. Amen.

‘May God the Father who created man, curse him. May the Son of God who suffered for man, curse him. May the Holy Ghost who was given to us in baptism, curse him. May the holy cross, which Christ for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him.

‘May the Holy and Eternal Virgin Mary, Mother of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly host, curse him.

‘May the praiseworthy number of patriarchs and prophets, curse him.

‘May St. John, the forerunner and baptizer of Christ, and of St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other Christ’s apostles, together, and may the rest of his disciples, and four evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, curse him.

‘May the wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their good works are found pleasing to God, curse him.

‘May the choir of the holy virgins, who for the honour of Christ have despised the vanities of the world, damn him. May all the saints, who from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages, are found to be beloved of God, damn him. May the heavens and the earth, and all holy things therein, damn him.

‘May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church.

'May he be cursed in living, in dying. May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in waking, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, and in blood-letting.

'May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body.

'May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly! May he be cursed in his hair! May he be cursed in his brains! May he be cursed in the crown of his head, in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in his eye-brows, in his eyes, in his cheeks, in his jawbones, in his nostrils, in his foreteeth and grinders, in his lips, in his throat, in his shoulders, in his wrists, in his arms, in his hands, in his fingers, in his breast, in his heart, and in all his internals down to the very stomach, in his veins, in his groin, in his thighs, in his hips, in his knees, in his legs, in his feet, and in his toe nails!

'May he be cursed in all the articulation of his limbs, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot! May there be no soundness in him!

'May Christ the Son of the living God, with all the power of his Majesty, curse him! And may heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him to damn him, unless he repent and make satisfaction!'—p. 109—111.

Here is cursing enough to glut the malignity of the infernal regions, from whence the spirit which dictated it no doubt came. Is it wonderful that when the parties who indulge such a spirit find a convenient season, they should proceed to carry their curses into practical effect?

In connexion with this display of Roman-catholic inhumanity and savageism, we cite the following oath of secrecy taken by the Jesuits:—

'I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael, the archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles St. Peter and Paul, and the saints and secret host of heaven, and to you ghostly father, do declare from my heart, *without mental reservation*, that his holiness, Pope Urban is Christ's vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the catholic or universal church throughout the earth, and that, by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed: therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness's rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the now *pretended* authority of the Church of England and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare that the doctrine of the Church of England, of the

Calvinists, Huguenots, and of other of the name of "protestants," to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, if they will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his holiness's agents in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical protestant's doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, that *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother Church's interests*; to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time as they entrust me; and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever; but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or any of this sacred convent. All which I, *A. B.*, do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably, and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal in the face of this holy convent.' &c., &c.—p. 112.

Mr. Weaver's volume proposes to cure the popish apostasy by a return to the primitive church order, and with this view he enters into an examination of what that order was. This encumbers the general subject of the papacy, without allowing the author scope for a full description of its corruptions and abominations. We are, however, not in a disposition to dwell upon minor faults. The work is well intended, and cannot fail to impart valuable information to its readers.

We regret to add, that since it was written, we have learned that the amiable and venerable author has finished his earthly career. For a long period, he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Mansfield, where he maintained an unblemished reputation to the last, and employed the leisure afforded by a comparatively retired situation in composing various works on important and interesting subjects, several of which have been noticed in the 'Eclectic Review.' All these works are marked by soundness of judgment, highly respectable knowledge, and especially by a thoroughly Christian spirit. We trust this his last labour with the pen in the cause of true religion, may prove the most useful of all his writings.

ART. III.—*An Expedition to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah.* Including a Description of its Geography, Natural History, and Minerals, and an Analysis of its Waters. With an Authentic Account of the Mormon Settlement. Also a Reconnoissance of a New Route through the Rocky Mountains. By Howard Stansbury, Capt. Corps Topographical Engineers, United States Army. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. 1852.

2. *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.* A History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition, and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation, during a Residence among them. By Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1852.

THE discoveries recorded in the volumes now before us, have nothing in them of that exciting influence, which renders every new fact regarding the world's treasures a matter of the most intense interest. In their bearing upon future history, however, and as unfolding at once the wonders of nature, and a territory as attractive as it is important, in connexion with the field of human effort in the West, they contain much that is calculated to engage attention.

The expedition to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the results of which are given in these books, may be said to have been one of the consequences of the emigration to California, while at the same time it had a direct reference to the application made by the Mormons, who have settled in that valley, to be admitted into the union of states constituting the American Republic. Desirous of ascertaining the extent and general character of the territory occupied by that strange community, the Government of the United States charged Captain Stansbury with the organization of an expedition, for the purpose of exploring a region, about which little, if anything, was known, and surveying that part of it in which the Mormons were laying out cities, and forming a state. The expedition set out from Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri, about the end of May, 1849, under circumstances which rendered such a duty as had been undertaken exceedingly arduous. Sufficient preparations had not been made, and considerable delay was occasioned by the trouble and expense of fitting out, the impossibility of obtaining guides and teamsters at the starting point, and the consequent necessity of sending to a great distance for these indispensable

auxiliaries. The party, headed by Captain Stansbury, set out at last, however, to cross the prairies and the immense deserts which lie between the Western States and the shores of the Pacific. At the very beginning of the journey difficulties beset them on every side. Lieut. Gunnison, the officer second in command, was seized with a sudden illness, and had to be carried some hundreds of miles over the desert, while the rugged and dangerous road was continually causing damage to the wagons, and of course occasioning very considerable delay. Nothing daunted, however, Captain Stansbury, with great energy and determination, proceeded on his journey slowly, but as steadily as circumstances would permit, until he reached the centre of the Indian territory.

When the expedition had proceeded about five hundred miles through the pathless prairies of the Far West, it was found that cholera had committed fearful ravages among the fast diminishing Indian tribes. Terror-stricken by the devastations of this fearful and mysterious scourge, the red men had fled from place to place in the vain hope of escaping its awful visitation. In one part of the lonely wilderness a large band of Sioux, who had encamped on the river side, was fast falling from the effects of the disease; and Captain Stansbury had the satisfaction of rescuing not a few of them from the very jaws of death by a timely administration of medicines and restoratives, for which the wild sons of the desert seemed particularly grateful. Many, however, had perished unheeded. Removed from all civilizing influences, and dreading even the approach of white men, whole tribes had fled panic struck, leaving their villages, and even, in some cases, their very cooking utensils, in their eagerness to avoid the death-dealing visitant. It is curious, however, to perceive that in no instance was the Indian's peculiar respect for the rites of sepulture neglected. At several stages of their progress, Captain Stansbury's party came upon the dead lodges of those simple children of the wilderness, each carefully constructed so as to defend the inanimate form within it from the wolf or the prairie dog; while, around the dust of the warrior, his spear, his pipe, his mocassins, and all the accoutrements considered to be necessary for him in the happy hunting-grounds, were duly placed. Fit tomb for such a tenant! There he lay amid the vast and trackless solitudes which had been his home, abandoned, it is true, by all who loved him, but not without the parting tokens of their affection, and the proofs of their faith in his soul's immortality. In one of these lodges the adventurous travellers found the body of a young and beautiful Indian girl of sixteen or eighteen years, who, from the richness of her dress—consisting of scarlet leggings elaborately ornamented, a new

pair of mocassins, beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills, and two large buffalo robes—had evidently been the child or squaw of some distinguished chief. The story of this young Indian beauty's death is inexpressibly touching. Smitten by cholera, she had been arrayed as our travellers found her, and left to die alone. Nor was this all—

'Her abandonment by her people,' says Captain Stansbury, in a tone of just indignation, 'may perhaps be excused from the extremity of their terror; but what will be thought of men under no such excess of fear, who, by their own confession, approached and looked into this lodge, while the forsaken being was yet alive, and able partially to raise herself up and look at them, but who, with a heartlessness which disgraces human nature, turned away without making an effort for her relief? Which company deserved the epithet of savages, the terrified and flying red man, or the strong-hearted whites, who thus consummated their cruel deed?'—pp. 43, 44.

There were other and perhaps more melancholy memorials of the common fate to which humanity is subject than even these solitary tombs amid the prairies. In their march across the ridges which divide the Missouri from the waters of the Kansas and the Big Blue River, the expedition came upon vast numbers of heart-sick pilgrims to the gold regions of California, and many graves which told that those who had probably been allured away from their homes amid the abodes of civilized men by the prospect of unbounded wealth beyond the deserts, had fallen beneath the hardships and privations of the journey, only to be consigned to a hastily prepared resting-place by the river side; in some cases not even defended from the attacks of the wolves. What had been the sufferings of those eager fortune hunters who had survived, was rendered abundantly evident by the road being in some places literally strewn with the carcasses of dead horses and oxen, with hundreds of pounds of bacon, cooking-utensils, harness, mechanics' tools and wagons, all abandoned by their owners in the extremity of their fatigue and hopelessness. For hundreds of miles these results of many a careful hoarding, the fruits doubtless of much sacrifice, were found in mournful abundance. In some cases, books and scientific instruments had been carried for nearly two thousand miles, only to be cast into the bed of a stream, or left to rot by the way-side. Other evidences of the disappointed hopes, and the sanguine short-sightedness of these disconsolate travellers to the land of gold, were to be found in the miserable broken-spirited troops whom Captain Stansbury met returning to their homes, destitute often of wearing apparel, and haggard from thirst and disease—returning, too, when half of their perilous journey had been accomplished,

and the bulk of their property cast away or stolen by marauders. But notwithstanding all these sad memories, ill-considered enterprise, thousands were following the same path, to fall under the same privations. The melancholy failures—if they may be so called—must be in great measure attributed to the indiscretion of the emigrants who, totally ignorant of the region they are about to traverse, burden themselves with all manner of baggage, and preclude everything but the difficulties before them. In many cases a journey is undertaken with a painful miscalculation of the distance between the outskirts of civilized life and the terms of their wanderings, as well as a total ignorance of the desolation of the wide wastes they are about to traverse. These mistakes are frequently found out in time; and the emigrant parties return before they are forced to disencumber themselves of their baggage, or manage to dispose of it to some account. Captain Stansbury's party frequently passed whole villages composed out of wagons and buffalo hides, underneath which families of gold-seekers had taken up their abode, intending to wait the arrival of a larger and better equipped train, in the event of which they could prosecute their perilous journey. Others, again, were bent upon making the most of their uncommon travels; and an amusing instance is recorded of a blacksmith, who was rapidly realizing a fortune by letting an improvised shop to his broken down fellow-countrymen at a modest price of seventy-five cents an hour; while another, more ingenious, having been compelled to leave several barrels of brandy in the prairie, buried his treasure in the ground, and over its head a particular account of the age and death of an individual supposed to have been interred there, and then passing it farther on to some traders who had no difficulty in exhuming the spirit. The want of water is much more acutely felt than the want of brandy however; and we can easily conceive of the hunters who acted as guides to the expedition, risking their lives now and then to obtain a fresh draught of buffalo beef and a draught of sweet water, during fatiguing rides in the heat of a day in June.

The great importance of the survey so perseveringly conducted by Captain Stansbury, is indicated by the fact that the city founded by the Mormons, near the banks of the Great Salt Lake, is the only point in the immense tract of country between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean at which communications can be obtained. Independent, therefore, of its importance as the beginning of what is destined to be one of the greatest states of the Union, and of its interest as the abode of a people separated from the rest of the world by their re-

belief and social manners, while emulating its most enterprising inhabitants in the main elements of civilization, it is of the greatest moment that this hitherto little known territory be considered in any scheme for a proper mode of communicating with the attractive regions of California. The tide of human energy, and chiefly of that indomitable enterprize for which our Transatlantic kinsmen are celebrated, is fast flowing towards the West. In proportion as the foot of civilized man advances into the regions which were but lately trackless forests, or the unbounded pastures of innumerable herds of buffalo, their original inhabitants disappear. The buffalo herds which were wont to darken the wide and beautiful gardens of the desert, far as the eye could reach, have dwindled down to a few broken and scattered bands, while the red man's race is disappearing with equal rapidity, whole tribes having been swept away by the ravages of disease, or scattered, and all but annihilated, by intestine feuds. A vast domain then lies open to the industry and the courage of the white man. That he will require both of these characteristics in no small measure ere he can enter upon the possession of the yet wild country which the redskins have well nigh surrendered, is abundantly evident from the works before us; but that much of it may in time not only be possessed, but become the scenes of busy life, and be more densely peopled, perhaps, than it has ever been, there is very little reason to doubt. Could some rude Indian hunter rise from his still resting-place in the forest, or could the bones which the ploughshare turns up on the rich prairies of Illinois assume once more the form of the fearless, free, and haughty child of nature, and return to the haunts of his tribe, how amazing would be the change! On the spot once occupied by the wigwams of his tribe, rise the thronged cities of the Western States; where the buffalo ranged amid his flowery pasture, will be found the factory, the workshop, and the well-stocked farm; while the scene of many a strange rite, many a mournful spectacle of self-torture, is now turned into the site of a Christian church, or a school thronged by those who are yet to be the invaders of that silent land into which their fathers have only penetrated as straggling pioneers. How gladly, we might suppose, would the red man shrink once more into his narrow resting-place, consoled with the hope of a speedy transit to the happy hunting-grounds hereafter!

A consideration, however brief, of what has already been done to extend the field of human effort in the Western territories of the great Republic, will serve to show the value of a work which has for its object the diffusion of information regarding a vast region rich in mineral resources, and affording

scope for colonization on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of its natural features. These remarks were applied exclusively to the first of the two books placed at the reader's disposal in this article, Lieutenant Gunnison's volume being inferior to that of Captain Stansbury, which is, strictly speaking, a more complete report drawn up for the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, and submitted by the author as chief of the expedition. The work of his assistant, Lieutenant Gunnison, though it furnishes a more detailed account of the Mormons, their peculiar manners and system of belief, is neither so complete in its style nor so interesting in its contents as the work of Captain Stansbury, the writer having taken a less prominent part in the survey. Captain Stansbury writes in a plain, clear, vigorous style, avoiding nothing that can be deemed important, and avoiding, where circumstances would allow, tedious minuteness of detail. The volume abounds with evidences of a most complete knowledge, and with a very admirable combination of what is necessary it should give—viz., a full account of the topography, geology, and natural history of the regions surveyed. It contains a great deal that cannot fail to interest the general reader. We shall adhere, then, to Captain Stansbury's account of the expedition, so far as the immediate object of it is concerned, which is, the exploration of the Salt Lake Valley, and the surrounding territory surveyed during the autumn and winter of 1849.

Taking up the adventurous party, then, where we left them, amid the sad scenes of the prairies, we proceed with them as far as Fort Bridger, an Indian trading station, and almost the last abode of white men for many hundred miles, where Captain Stansbury left the bulk of his company and set out with an advance party of two in order to reconnoitre the route, arriving at the city of the Great Salt Lake on the 28th of August.

The result of this rapid and toilsome journey on horseback through the *terra incognita* beyond the valley of Bear River, was the discovery of a route to the Mormon territory, which was a great detour made by what is called the old road on the west side, and one not much less by the Mormon road on the east. On reaching the city of the Great Salt Lake, Captain Stansbury found that reports of a very injurious character had been made of him, and his assistants, who had arrived a few days before, had ascertained, in their encampments without the city, the existence of the president and the singular community of which he is the prophet, high-priest, governor, and family adviser. There was great jealousy respecting the object of his visit. Stansbury, indeed, had the suspicion become of his being employed to survey the country, preparatory to its being seized

American government, that there were rumours of an intended resistance by force of arms to any attempts which might be made on his part to carry out the object of his journey. Such suppositions on the part of the Mormons were by no means unnatural, when it is borne in mind that they had been driven out from Missouri, and subsequently from Illinois, by the violence of the populace, and had, under circumstances of great hardship, traversed the desert in order to settle in peace amid its hitherto unknown solitudes. An interview with the chief of the community, Brigham Young, speedily dissipated all fears, and disabused his mind of all the prejudicial stories which had reached the city as to the object of the expedition. Captain Stansbury was informed that a survey had been contemplated by the Mormons themselves; and a council having been called, the exploration was fully approved of, and every assistance offered. To an accomplished member of the community, a Mr. Carrington, the writer acknowledges his obligations, and to the president himself he pays a high tribute of respect. After completing the necessary preparations then, and having erected stations on various points along the shore of the lake, the party were compelled to relinquish their operations, and to pass the winter months in the valley. The opening of the spring, however, enabled them to enter upon their arduous work; and embarking on the River Jordan to the west of the city, they at length reached the margin of the Great Salt Lake. Captain Stansbury, in the course of his preparatory *reconnaissance*, having visited and inspected the shores of this strange inland sea, we shall give his graphic description of it as it first impressed him, in preference to the more minute details of his operations amid its islands:—

‘At our feet,’ he says, ‘and on each side lay the waters of the Great Salt Lake, which we had so long and so ardently desired to see. They were clear and calm, and stretched far to the south and west. Directly before us, and distant only a few miles, one island rose from 800 to 1000 feet in height; while in the distance, other and larger ones shot up from the bosom of the waters, their summits appearing to reach the clouds. On the west appeared several dark spots resembling other islands, but the dreamy haze hovering over this still and solitary sea, threw its dim, uncertain veil over the more distant features of the landscape, preventing the eye from discerning any one object with distinctness, while it half revealed the whole, leaving ample scope for the imagination of the beholder. The stillness of the grave seemed to pervade both air and water, and, excepting here and there a solitary wild duck floating motionless on the bosom of the lake, not a living thing was to be seen. The night was perfectly serene, and a young moon shed its tremulous light upon a sea of profound, unbroken silence.’—pp. 101, 102.

Such is a very graphic description of this interesting feature

of a strange region, which has furnished a theme for speculation ever since its existence was first made known by La Hontan, in a somewhat singular, and by no means very accurate record of his travels in 1689, but which Captain Stansbury and his followers were the first among white men to explore. An investigation, conducted with great skill and energy, afterwards enabled our author not only to land upon and survey the large island referred to in the above extract, but to make himself intimately acquainted with the peculiar features of 'the dark spots' seen in the distance, all of which proved to be islands, varying from sixteen miles to about two miles in circumference. Several of these are little else than long rocky eminences, ranging from north to south, and rising abruptly to a great height. In the case of the largest, named Antelope Island, the rocks rise to a height of 3000 feet above the level of the Lake, while on others there is a considerable extent of pasturage ground, encircled by immense blocks of limestone rock. The results of the Captain's observations make the circumference of the Lake 291 miles. On the one side it is bounded by the long rocky ranges of the Wahsatch Mountains, while its immediate neighbourhood is on a most extended scale. Deserts, sixty and seventy miles long, stretch away from its muddy margin; many of them absolutely level throughout, and separated from each other by rocky ranges, which none but the miserable Indians have trodden. In many places along the shores of the Lake, the ground is so thickly covered with salt as to present the appearance of one unbroken sheet of ice, extending for many miles. 'The salt,' says Captain Stansbury, 'is very pure and solunte, averaging from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and is in every respect equal to our finest specimens for table use. The quantity that here lay upon the ground in one body, exclusive of that in a deliquescent state, must have amounted to over 4,500,000 of cubic yards, or about 100,000,000 of bushels.' The water of the Lake itself is of pure brine, containing, when analysed, twenty per cent. of simple chloride of sodium, with about two per cent. of other salts. Its buoyance equals that of the Dead Sea, as is shown by our author's bathing experiences:—

'No one,' he says, 'without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The brine is so strong, too, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain, and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue.'

In the course of his labours, Captain Stansbury made an experiment upon the properties of the water for preserving meat, and found that pickling might be carried on quite in a wholesale manner, and to the utmost satisfaction; a large piece of beef immersed in it for twelve hours being admirably corned, while a longer application of its briny qualities produced what was understood among the surveyors as 'real salt junk;' meat so salt, in short, that in order to preserve it in an edible condition, it was necessary to steep it in fresh water. Among the peculiarities of this strange region, the rarity of the atmosphere is not the least remarkable. It subjected the surveying parties, in fact, to very great inconvenience, by causing the wood-work of their instruments to shrink and crack in the course of a single night; while, in order to preserve the wheels of their wagons, it was found necessary to sink them in a stream when they were not in motion. The difficulties with which these gallant explorers had to contend in their transit from one island to another, and in their circuit of the Lake, were in some cases perfectly appalling. On the one hand, they were kept continually on the alert by straggling troops of Indians, who came upon their rear during a night march, seizing anything they could most easily make off with to their encampments amid the mountains; while, on the other, they were ever and anon subjected to a long day's journey over mud plains, and a bivouac under the open sky, exposed to all the rigours of the season and climate.

It is very evident from the peculiar construction both of the islands which stud the bosom of the Great Salt Lake and of its shores, as described by our author, that at some remote period a vast inland sea existed in this part of the world. One portion of the shore, for example, was found to be composed of rocks, on which no fewer than twenty distinct tide marks were visible, while the similarity between the eminences in the Lake and those along its margin leads at once to the conclusion that the latter must at some time or other have been completely surrounded by water, while the others had not as yet appeared above its surface. Huge blocks of limestone, many hundred feet in height, extinct craters on comparatively low portions of certain localities, the entire geological formations, in fact, indicate in a very interesting manner the changes which have taken place, and point directly to others which are still going on. Nor were these wonderful evidences of a Power whose laws are ever working out beneficent designs for the human race confined to that portion of the country upon which the operations of the surveying party took place. Over the vast and level plains, and far up amid the grand features of

the Wahsatch mountains they were equally apparent; here in the hardening of large deposits of mud, doubtless destined to become fertile plains; and again, in magnificent terraces, clothed in some places with bright green grass, overhung by gigantic rocks which towered to the clouds in solitary sublimity.

The descriptions which Captain Stansbury gives of this hitherto unknown land are suggestive of many interesting reflections. Here is a territory of which the extent cannot yet be ascertained, in which even the wild Indian is a stranger, and where the footsteps of the adventurous trapper have never penetrated; a portion of creation shut in by trackless deserts and mountain ranges, which stretch away for hundreds of miles, but in which the silent and mighty movements of Nature have been preparing a home for man. While yet the prairies that surround it were unbroken, and still the homes of a race which is fast hastening to utter extinction, ages, perhaps, ere that race first took possession of their forest domain, and while the Great Salt Lake was a wide dreary sea amid a desolate wilderness, the ever active agents of Him whose creative might is exercised perpetually were evolving new wonders, new proofs of His wisdom, and power, and goodness, to whom the sea is but a drop, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.

While Captain Stansbury was engaged in surveying the islands and shores of this singular Lake, Lieutenant Gunnison was employed in exploring its eastern side, and in making observations along the banks of the River Jordan, which flows into Lake Utah. Near this beautiful sheet of water, the Mormons commenced a settlement in the spring of 1849, and they have since laid out extensive cities on the banks of the Weber river, a bold clear stream, which breaks through the Wahsatch range, discharging its waters into the Great Salt Lake, about forty miles beyond, and upon Ogden Creek, an affluent of the Weber. The tract of country where these settlements or cities in embryo have been placed, was found by Lieutenant Gunnison to afford many facilities for cultivation. Near the site of Ogden city, he estimated about forty square miles of land susceptible of being sown with grain crops of any description; while along the Weber, a flanking spur of the mountains was found to afford the settlement in that quarter six successive terraces, each ten miles broad, for pasturage. The Utah valley is evidently much more fertile than that in which the Mormons first found a location; and it has facilities for agricultural purposes in the shape of water-courses for irrigation or mills, which the other possesses only to a very small extent. In a summary of his field notes, Lieutenant Gunnison

says:—‘A beautiful and wide bottom lies along the shore of Utah lake, and for many miles there is a rich alluvial soil, mixed with vegetable mould. On the Timpanogas bottom beyond, wheat crops, sown by the Utah settlers, grow most luxuriantly, and a continuous field might be made from thence back to the Utah valley, to sustain a population of a hundred thousand inhabitants. There is grazing land all along the west of the Lake.’ It will thus be seen that this wide district admits of being peopled to an extent which can scarcely be calculated. The minuteness of the survey made by the companies respectively commanded by the writers before us, leaves no room for doubt as to the existence of a territory here which may become one of the most important states of the American union. And it is gradually becoming more fertile. Evidences were found of salt springs having existed in many quarters which have now completely changed their character; while under the wide salt flats, fine rich soil was in several instances discovered both by Captain Stansbury and Lieutenant Gunnison. The prospects for the settlers and cultivators of a succeeding age are not, however, so bright everywhere.

In many places the hot springs, some of which are so impregnated with iron as to impart a bright red colour to the ground, while others deposit gypsum and other sulphates, were found to destroy the fertility of the soil completely. The rivers which flow from the mountain ranges are also so frequently flooded by the melting of the snow, that it is impossible to obtain a ford. Lieutenant Gunnison and his party had to cross them upon a rope suspended between two high and rocky banks, overhanging the foaming torrent. Making all due allowance for the difficulties with which the early settlers will have to contend; difficulties which are always to be met with to a greater or less degree in a country hitherto unexplored, it cannot, we think, be doubted, that the great territory of which we have endeavoured to give some idea, affords ample accommodation for a very numerous population. Its present occupants cannot, of course, be expected to retain exclusive possession of the vast tracts already fitted for the existence of civilized human beings. The close connexion which subsists between their peculiar belief and the civil affairs of the community, the inseparable union of the church with the state, which is exemplified in their case, will prove a sufficient check to anything like a prolongation of the present system of things among the denizens of the Great Salt Lake country. Although the Mormons have unquestionably a right to be considered the founders of the state as well as the discoverers of the terri-

tory to a certain extent, inasmuch as they had established a regular system of government, laid out ground for cities, and partially built them long before the American government had obtained an accurate knowledge of the country and its resources, it is impossible to conceive of the community becoming either so numerous or so powerful as to people the whole region, or to compel all who settle among them to adopt their doctrines and mode of life. Situated as the Mormon cities are, on a tract of country through which the ever increasing tide of emigration to the Far West must flow, they will very speedily become, not, as now, the temporary resting place, but the established abode of thousands, who, disgusted and dismayed by the difficulties and dangers of a journey to the El Dorado, light upon this oasis in the desert. We should be sorry to think that Mormonism could prove attractive enough to induce the men of this enlightened age to adopt its tenets, and the more than questionable social usages which are founded upon them. That it has already made great progress on the other side of the Atlantic, and is not without its adherents among ourselves, is well enough known. That it would, sooner or later, attract many converts from among our American cousins, we were quite prepared to expect. A glance at the list of religious associations which, by some means or other, have obtained a footing among them, will be sufficient to show that no originator of a new and peculiar system of belief need wait long for followers. In fact, there is no one so distinguished alike for sound and practical common sense and a credulous adherence to the most absurd theories as Brother Jonathan. However ludicrous and untenable these may be, whether they take the character of Spiritual Raps, Shakes, or Jumps, they are almost sure of acquiring some supporters. In the case of the Mormons, persecution, ever the most effective proselytizing influence, had no small share in drawing adherents to a sect which had so many strong inducements, alike for the lovers of the mysterious, and for those who desiderate some temporal advantages from their connexion with a professedly religious body. Ridiculous and shockingly profane as the vagaries of Joseph Smith, their founder, seem to us, they proceeded upon a respect for the marvellous, or a dread of it, common wherever ignorance prevails. The very association of his name with his assertion of prophetic power is apt to appear ludicrous to us; all our ideas on such subjects rising certainly a good deal beyond a designation so common in our own day. But while we find it difficult to conceive of a Smith among the prophets, it by no means follows that the doctrine he inculcated, and the system of belief and social morality he founded, are calculated to affect the risible susceptibilities only.

The result of his preaching has shown that these were not such as to attract and entrap the ignorant merely, but had in them not a little that could interest men of thought. Smith was no mere Katerfelto, and while his mock miracles, and his professed correspondence with the angel who commissioned him to found the church of the Latter Day as a refuge for Christ's saints, served to influence the uninformed mind, and to draw after him those who in all communities are ever ready to adopt a novelty, his writings and the doctrines contained in them are by no means the crude and preposterous things which they are generally supposed to be. Not a little of the 'Book of Mormon' has been taken from our own Bible. Very different from the Koran, which is also in many of its parts a paraphrase of the Scriptures, the volume upon which 'the saints' found their belief in an especial call to separate themselves from the rest of the world contains much that has a direct reference to Christianity as understood by us. They admit the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures used by Protestants, but they question the purity of the translation, and have adopted one prepared by their founder himself. They hold, of course, that the 'Book of Mormon' is equally authoritative with our Scriptures, as a rule of faith and practice. They have another volume, however, which is understood as supplementary—the 'Book of Doctrines and Covenants,' which is continually receiving additions as their president obtains revelations of the Divine will for their guidance. They are firm believers in the gift of miracles, too, although their prophet considered that a firm faith on that point rendered it quite unnecessary for him to display his power. Lieutenant Gunnison, nevertheless, met with more than one who asserted that they had not only seen miracles performed, but had themselves been the subjects of them; an assertion very easily accounted for in the circumstances.

It is in their habits, manners and customs, however, that the Mormons differ most from the rest of the world; at least, it was this peculiarity, and, as was generally understood, their gross immorality, that drew down upon them the persecutions, to escape which, they fled across the desert to their present location beyond the Rocky Mountains. Most readers are doubtless acquainted with the principal facts relating to the expulsion of the community, while in its infancy, first from Jackson County, in the State of Missouri, and subsequently from Illinois, where, in 1844, their founder and his brother Hiram were imprisoned for exciting a tumult, and killed in the gaol by an armed mob. For this catastrophe the Mormons and their assailants were alike blameable; but it is not our purpose to inquire how far all the charges brought

against the former are supported by facts. Suffice it to say, that the continuance of these persecutions, and the threats of greater outrages being perpetrated than they had yet suffered, led them to the conclusion that, as they could no longer dwell with safety within the boundaries of Illinois, their only resource was to seek a home amid the wilderness, where they could no longer be molested, and would be free to practise the morality inculcated by the founder of their system. After suffering terrible privations, they left the States, and, encamping on the banks of the Missouri, where many of them died, they ultimately set out to explore the deserts which had hitherto been the abode of wild beasts, and had never even been occupied to any extent by the Indian tribes. Reaching the banks of the Great Salt Lake, a piece of ground was there selected, broken up, and consecrated by prayer, and about the end of 1847, the land was surveyed, and laid out into streets and squares for a large city.

Captain Stansbury and Lieutenant Gunnison are of the same opinion, in regard to the wisdom displayed in the selection of a site for what must now be considered the chief town of an important and rapidly extending state. Had the weary fugitives acted upon anything else than a desire to found a settlement which would at once enable them to proceed upon their own principles, and become a very important locality in the route to the Pacific, they might have located themselves in a territory not so far removed from the abodes of civilized human beings. They obviously saw that there were many facilities in the Salt Lake Valley for making their city of consequence to the Government, and for extending the community, and they accordingly chose the most favourable part of the district. The writers before us had every opportunity of making themselves acquainted both with the situation of the city, and with the manner in which the 'saints' conduct their affairs. The account which Captain Stansbury gives is by far the most distinct, and we prefer it greatly to the more ambitious but less graphic descriptions of his assistant.

The zeal which this strange people display in diffusing a knowledge of their doctrines, and their temporal prosperity, is quite astonishing. Missionaries are sent out to almost every quarter of the world; correspondence is carried on to a most extraordinary extent; and a large and constantly increasing fund has been created among them, called 'The Perpetual Emigration Fund,' from which needy converts are supplied with the means of transporting themselves to the settlements. They invariably leave the place of their previous sojourn in companies, and instances have occurred of no fewer than two hundred leaving our own shores at one time. Measures have

been taken to open a route by which the converts from abroad may, by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and landing at San Diego, reach the banks of the Jordan by a comparatively easy transit, and without the hardships attending a journey over the desert. In the community at the Salt Lake city every effort is made to preserve comfort and prevent the spread of any influence which might tend to disturb it. Captain Stansbury says:—

‘All goods brought into the city pay, as the price of a licence, a duty of one per cent., except spirituous liquors, for which one-half of the price at which they are sold is demanded; the object of this last import being avowedly to discourage the introduction of that article among them. It has, indeed, operated to a great extent as a prohibition; the importer, to save himself from loss, having to double the price at which he could otherwise have afforded to sell. The result of this policy was, when we were there, to bring up the price of brandy to twelve dollars per gallon, of which the authorities took six: and of whiskey to eight dollars, of which they collected four dollars. The circulating medium is principally gold of their own coinage, and such foreign gold as is brought in by converts from Europe. Notwithstanding this heavy, and as it would be to us, insupportable burden upon industry and enterprise, nothing can exceed the appearance of prosperity, peaceful harmony, and cheerful contentment, that pervaded the whole community. Ever since the first year of privations, provisions have been abundant, and want of the necessaries, and even comforts of life, is a thing unknown. A design was at one time entertained (more, I believe, as a prospective measure than any thing else) to set apart a fund for the purpose of erecting a poorhouse; but after strict inquiry, it was found that there were, in the whole population, but two persons who could be considered as objects of public charity; and the plan was consequently abandoned.’—p. 133.

So much for the political aspect of Mormonism; its morality is quite another matter. Hitherto, we believe, it has very generally been supposed that the communities of the ‘saints’ were little better than so many Harmony Halls, or Agapæmones, in which the social ties that bind mankind together, and are indispensable to the prosperity of any established association of intelligent beings, were totally disregarded. A charge of this nature was brought against the Mormons by their opponents in the United States, and not without reason. Although they have not adopted the principle of having all things in common, and are not repudiators of the marriage tie, as has been alleged, the prevalence of polygamy among them is at once in singular contrast with their apparently judicious mode of dealing with political concerns, repugnant to the best feelings of our nature, and a disgusting outrage on morality. This is the distinguishing feature of the community, and as such it separates, and must ever separate, them from the rest of the civilized world. Neither of the writers, whom we are now considering, seem dis-

posed to say much on this point, but what they have given us, though expressed with a degree of mildness which no desire to speak favourably of the community can excuse, leaves not the slightest doubt on the subject.

It is certain, we think, from statements made by one who is evidently very favourably disposed towards the Mormons, that polygamy exists among them to a very considerable extent. But the assertion, as to its being denied by them, not only tallies with all the protestations put forth during the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois, but is borne out by the commandments and 'revelations' left by Joseph Smith for the government of the 'saints.' In these the charge brought against them in this matter is met by a positive declaration, that 'one man shall have but one wife, and the wife only one husband.' All the leaders of the sect throughout the world have denied in language as strong as could be used, that any such practice exists among them. Nay, they have even laid claim to a higher tone of morality than obtains among other communities. During their sojourn at Nauvoo, several persons charged with licentiousness were expelled from the church; and it is worthy of remark that, in more than one instance, these parties retaliated by propagating reports of a similar kind respecting Smith and his chief elder and co-prophet, Sydney Rigdon, the individual who is generally supposed to have had the largest share in the composition of the 'Book of Mormon.' Such testimony as theirs, is, of course, wholly valueless; and had we no other evidence wherewith to meet the very strong asseverations made in the 'Book of Doctrines and Covenants,' we should feel inclined to treat the charge as altogether unfounded, however difficult it might be to persuade ourselves that their opponents had in every case been misled, or had wilfully persisted in persecuting them to the death on account of a crime which could not be proved against them. Captain Stansbury's own statement, however, and the observation of other travellers who have visited the Mormons, both in the States and in their city of the Salt Lake, puts it beyond a doubt that the 'spiritual wife' system is only a shameless excuse for a shameful outrage on morality. Lieutenant Gunnison tells us of an individual member of the community having been tried on a charge of shooting another who had seduced his wife, and acquitted on the plea that the crime only amounted to culpable homicide. But when we remember the tremendous power exercised by the president, there is every reason to believe that, in this case, the summary punishment by private revenge was justified only because the crime which led to it had not been formally sanctioned.

As our space will only admit of a very brief reference to some of the peculiar religious opinions of the Mormons, we refrain from further allusion to those which immediately concern the establishment of their sect, and shall merely select a few of the doctrines inculcated in their authorized books. The 'Book of Mormon' itself, though many parts of it are *verbatim* quotations from the Holy Scriptures, bears ample evidence of having been got up—for that is the only term which properly applies to its composition—by a person or persons very indifferently educated. The 'saints' themselves freely admit that it abounds with grammatical inaccuracies, but these, they allege, do not affect its authority; and we are thus left to abide by the conclusion, that either the prophet or his spiritual guide must have had but a slight acquaintance with the English language. The witnesses of its authenticity, too, those who were privileged to see the gold plates and the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics inscribed upon them, from which Joseph Smith was commissioned to take the laws of the church, were unfortunately so little to be trusted, that the prophet, at a convenient season, obtained a 'revelation' to the effect that they could not be trusted with money which was not their own—a thing by no means astonishing when we recollect the characters of his first coadjutors. It has been asserted that a large portion of the 'Book of Mormon' was at first written by an American student as a hoax, and that either Smith or Rigdon surreptitiously obtained possession of a copy, but it is not at all difficult to suppose that one or both of them produced it originally. The doctrines expressed in it and the other canonical books of the sect may be summed up in a very few words, although they are continually receiving additions, any felt want being at once conveniently supplied by a 'revelation' made to the president. Thus, then, the 'Saints of the Latter Day' are required to believe in a material Deity in the form of man, and not omnipresent; in Christ as the Son, and his atonement as sufficient for the salvation of all who obey the ordinances of the Gospel, and its sequel the 'Book of Mormon;' and in the Holy Spirit, as given through the laying on of hands. They are required to believe in a future state, and future punishment for actual, but not original, sin. They must farther express a belief in the ordinances of faith as a practical impulse, in short, as little else than an operation of the will; in repentance, baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins, and the Lord's Supper. They must also believe that God calls all the preachers of the gospel by immediate inspiration, and that He is continually revealing His will to men of sufficient purity and faith; that the personal reign of Christ will be for a thousand years; and that the earth will then be renewed

and receive all its original beauty. These are parts of their creed; but there are many other points in the organization of the church to which we cannot allude. The outline we have given will suffice to show that, in not less than in its moral aspect, Mormonism is a system of enormous magnitude. Here is a sect, number by lowest computation 400,000 members—though represented by some as nearly four times that number—increasing in strength, which has risen up from a point insignificant, and holds opinions so antagonistic to the progress of our times, that its progress cannot but be altogether astonishing. Resembling Mohammedanism in some of its features, the increase of its adherents is remarkable—who shall say that its influence may not be baneful. Nor can we contemplate it as merely a local thing—a fanaticism affecting only a certain portion of a family. It has come among ourselves, has made many converts from the ignorant masses around us, and is increasing to their numbers. During the fourteen years ending in 1850, no fewer than 50,000 persons had been adopted into the Mormon church in Great Britain, while about 17,000 were in the community in the Far West. At present, the community in this country number nearly 35,000; and we have it in our power to show that, while large parties emigrate every year, the number of new converts is greater than the number of those who depart. They have a high-priest, and councillors, to whom he delegates his power; and churches have been formed in America, the Sandwich Islands, India, Australia, Russia, and France. The desire and ultimate aim of those who compose these churches, is, of course, emigration to the New Jerusalem in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The importance of the community has now been recognized by the United States administration; a territorial government has been accorded to Brigham Young at its head has been accorded: the name of State of Utah—the Mormon name of Deseret, or the Land of the Honey Bee, having been repudiated—the community is no longer liable to be persecuted and driven from their homes. Their fanaticism not less reprehensible than their own, President and Governor Young thus shares with them a combined spiritual and temporal sovereignty, his power is more secure than that of St. Peter's latest successors. The systems founded upon a perversion of the Word of God, and the device of the evil one, Mormonism must ultimately fall before the advancing wave of civilization and enlightenment. The causes which are already at work in breaking down its power—its union of church with state—are parts of its

stitution. The introduction of polygamy must be regarded as among the chief of these; and Lieutenant Gunnison points to what it has already done to debase the condition of woman—a certain sign either of decadence or barbarism. Among the young, too, this immoral custom is working a fearful work. Our author says—‘Of all the children that have come under our observation the Mormon children are the most lawless and profane.’ Thus the tree is known by its fruit. No accessions from without can build up the ruin within, and however much the community may be strengthened for a time by adult emigrants, these will not all remain faithful; and even should they do so, after them must come a deluge of immorality. The arm of the American government may be interposed, however, in order to preserve the rights of those who are connected with the State of Utah as citizens, though not as saints; and in time the impracticable union of civil with ecclesiastical government will be at an end.

We have entered thus far into the account, given us in the works of Captain Stansbury and his brother officer, of this strange people and the country of which they have taken possession, persuaded that the one is much less known than it ought to be, and that, through its geographical position, the other is destined to occupy a most important place in the history of the world.

We cannot follow our adventurous travellers in their journey homewards, which was rendered remarkable by the discovery of a route to the Great Basin, or Salt Lake Valley, through a pass of the Rocky Mountains hitherto unknown. The saving of distance, and the inexhaustible mineral resources of some portions of it, cannot but be considered matters of great moment in connexion with a route which unites the American States in the east of the prairies with the shores of the Pacific; and they point at least to the establishment of a much more direct post road than now exists, if not to the construction of a railway line across the continent. Had our space permitted, we might also have referred to some of Captain Stansbury’s interesting descriptions of the natural products of the region through which he passed, and the carefully written account of its natural history which forms an appendix to his volume. Commending these and his book as a whole to the attention of the reader, we cannot close without again expressing our admiration of the manner in which his difficult duties were performed, and the interest which he has given to the result of his patient labours and severe experiences.

ART. IV.—*Life and Letters of Joseph Story Supreme Court of the United States, and Harvard University.* Edited by his Son volumes, 8vo. London: John Chapman.

It is unquestionable that the settlement and progress of the United States, constitute a new chapter in the modern history of the world. Within a few years of the southern seas will become with it a new world of population, its soil of gold, and its climate of fire, when all of this generation are mute, and forgotten. But in the United States of America we have a type of the merely ethnical capabilities of which constitutes the British people.

We have also the first example in the world of what may be effected by an emigrant with it from the parent hive the Christian religion, freedom, law, and equity, kindled and corrupted by a political system that violates the principles of a republican system of government based on equal conditions.

One or two cardinal exceptions must be made. One excited an influence on the success of the enterprise over which religion and humanity mourn. Another has been implanted on the western shores where they were trodden by the Pilgrim Fathers. After that event has received a sort of sanction from those whom we are still compelled to respect, and the good. This has ever been that which an ocean could not wash out, and has produced wrongs which no national greatness, philosophy, or religion can ever redeem. In addition to this, the loss of religious freedom, combining with the selfishness of humanity, has deteriorated civilization. The result has been a swarm of popular delusions more than absurd. Of these the Mormonism is as the most striking example.

Again, the natural and social necessities of occupying vast tracks, whose resources afford a stimulus to individual enterprise, naturally turn the popular mind to material interests. There is no inclination for the culture of the fine arts, nor the unmeasured prairies, of intellect, literature

For a long time they were too busy in building their houses to think of the arts by which civilization and opulence would adorn them; too absorbed by the necessity of elementary education even to plan their arduous way to the heights of literary and scientific attainment; too earnest for the preservation of a pure religion to penetrate the mazes of polemical theology. Hence resulted two grand consequences. The first was a material substratum, whereon might rest the fabric of national opulence, and from which, as from a fulcrum, they might heave and influence the commerce of the world. The second was, in a political sense, a lawless freedom of opinion, which left the Bible, the experience of nations and the history of the world, an unentailed possession and an unencumbered legacy.

Untrammelled by the fetters of prescription and prestige, with a social soil that was not underlaid with those roots, the growth of ages, which upheave the surface, and split and scatter the foundations of those edifices which have been reared upon it, planned by the wisdom of the latest and the most mature experience, they enjoyed to a great extent those advantages, under which, in the glowing language of Burke, 'a generous nature finds its own way to perfection.'

There is no department to which these observations more directly apply, than to the American system of law, as to its theory, its practice, and its execution. Based upon the essential principles of English jurisprudence, the fabric of law, so wisely framed in America, is free from those deformities, superfluities, and complexities, which too often render it in our own country (to use the words of one of its wisest administrators), 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.' Thus they have secured by prevention what we are slowly toiling to effect by a process of cure; and with the consolidation of the national law of America the name of the subject of this memoir will be lastingly identified.

Judge Story was the son of an army surgeon, and was born in the county of Essex, United States, in the year 1779, and, consequently, in the middle of that conflict which issued in the political independence of the British colonies in America. His father was a determined republican, and was one of the party, who, in the disguise of Indians, struck the first blow in the revolutionary war, by boarding the British vessels in the harbour of Boston, and throwing overboard their entire cargoes of tea, on which the home government had imposed a duty. The father was a man of evangelical principles and religious habits; but the son, at mature age, embraced Unitarian opinions. The precocity of his talents, and his ardent thirst for knowledge,

seem to have stimulated the ambition of his mother to say to him when a schoolboy: 'Now, Joe, I've attended you many a night when you were a child, and dare not to be a great man.'

But the ambition of the mother probably contributed to the eminence of Mr. Story than the far-sighted kind father—

'Even in youth,' says his biographer, 'his father secured him with confidence, and not to have claimed that parity of which proud and weak men so frequently exact, and which ismony with the customs of the time. The proverb that looks contempt, is true only of the vulgar and mean; it is not true of the generous and noble. A father's influence is never great over whom he has no confidences; and there is not a readier means to heart and improve the mind of children than by affectionate intercourse. Familiarity will create disrespect for no quality of esteem; but formality is the hot-bed of hypocrisy.'—*Am. Biog.*

Local and social circumstances, however, combined distinctly with parental and educational influences, in giving to the mind of the future lawyer its characteristic tendencies. Marblhead, where he was born and educated, is a rocky, precipitous peninsula, then secluded from the great highway of the New World, and inhabited and frequented chiefly by adventurous fishermen, the children of almost all countries brought into this wild spot all the varied superstitions of all countries throughout the world, possess this most credulous and credulous human family. Here the opening imagination of the youth at once fed and stimulated by those relations of parent and child, by those mysterious adventure for the reception of which the soil was prepared by the habitual contemplation of the impressive and sombre phenomena of nature. So strong was the passion thus excited for those fascinating but evanescent subjects which haunt the further side of the boundary of ordinary and sensible experience, that it continued to grow by the pursuits of a toilsome professional life. In the winter of the work which preceded his decease, he listened with the greatest delight to the scene in 'Barnaby Rudge,' in which Dickens represents the sexton relating the ghost stories to a listening group, and exclaimed: 'Dickens is a marvellous genius. That representation is to the life. I have been a hundred times in Marblhead.' His natural tastes were more to the sublime than the beautiful; and to devote his life to the sublime, a gloomy Calvinism in the sanctuary probably combined with the influences of nature, the thundering sea in the wild craft, the screaming sea-bird, and the horrors of Marblhead. 'It was,' we find, 'at this time, and was

influences, that the enthusiasm of the boy begat a love of poetry, and a desire to be a poet; and as he mused upon the rocks, or traversed the beaches, he committed to verse the thoughts and images which took shape in his imagination. Thus early he devoted himself to those ideal pursuits which are the best defence against temptation, and which tend to keep unsullied the inward spring of our affections.' He says, in his Autobiography: 'From my early years I had an inclination for poetry. I wrote verses when I was not more than twelve years old, though I cannot say with Pope: "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." On the contrary, it was an exercise of skill with me, not, as I imagine, very successful or very attractive.'

In 1795, the young enthusiast entered on the new world of college life. At first he was utterly unknown, and won his way to popularity and eminence by the unaided force of his talents and energy. The celebrated Dr. Channing was one of his class-mates, and has left an extended and very interesting sketch, not only of his friend's literary progress, but also of the conclusive establishment of his mind in a system of the broadest political freedom, by the successive phases of the dispute between France and the United States. About the same time, too, occurred the only change which ever passed upon his religious opinions. This his son and biographer attributes chiefly, if not solely, to mere change of scenery:—

'The sterile rocks and moaning sea of Marblehead had overawed his imagination. The rocks seemed, like Fate, baffling the blind longings of the sea. But in the teeming luxuriant country, with its flower-strewn fields, his heart assumed its natural hue of cheerfulness, and he no longer believed in the total depravity of man. As he wandered under the sweeping elms, and saw the sinuous Charles lapsing quietly to the sea through its level basin, or listened to the "wandering voice" of birds while he trod the piny carpet of "Sweet Auburn" (then a favourite haunt of the students), he could not but feel that God's blessing was on the world and his creatures. The beauty of nature proved the beneficence of the Creator. A weight was now lifted from his heart. He saw the shining thread of love lead through all the dark labyrinths of life. And from being a Calvinist, he became a Unitarian.'—Ib. p. 56.

On the history of this cardinal point in Story's life, a few observations seem to be naturally suggested. The first is, that the greatest truths of revelation were, according to this account, totally ignored by the American jurist in his change from Calvinism to Unitarianism, the advocates of both which systems profess themselves Christians, and therefore admit the Bible to be the ultimate tribunal of appeal. It is further remarkable that his biographer narrates this without the slightest intimation

of dissatisfaction, much less of disapproval. It seems to him quite natural that a profound thinker should be a Calvinist amidst the crags of the Marblehead, and a Unitarian on the verdant banks of 'the sinuous Charles.' Now, we confess this appears to us utterly incredible. It is inconceivable that such a mind as Story's should have left out of its calculations the weightiest evidence on the greatest of subjects. Accustomed from childhood to the reading and explanation of the gospel, it is not likely that such a mind should be changed in its views of the Divine nature and government by the clear waters and sandy bottom of a stream, or by the luxuriant verdure of an inland scene, as contrasted with the salted and storm-blasted foliage of an ocean coast. Indeed, natural theology itself would exhaust its evidence, and complete its triumphs, before descending to a stratum where the ore is so thinly scattered as it is in this to which Story, according to this account, confined himself, whether to mine, to smelt, or to assay. One would think that the evidence of the Divine goodness in the structure and function of physical and mental man might have been contemplated with the same results in a cavern at Marblehead as on the 'piny carpet of sweet Auburn,'—at least, we sincerely pity the mind that would be affected by the difference. The exquisite adaptation of the organs of sensation, the stupendous plan by which all nature is made one healthful filter, and the human frame in this respect its beautiful epitome; which, by an anti-septic element, saves the ocean from putrefaction, and causes the decay of universal vegetation to be the nutrient food of the soil; which makes disease itself abnormal, and plants in all organic nature a vital self-acting power of remedy; which covers the surface of the globe with beauty, and underlays it with the material of utility and wealth;—these, and a thousand other outward evidences of benevolent design, were as obvious to the youthful student, as he listened to the roar of the unbroken wave from the far Norwegian coast, as to the more sentimental collegian of Harvard. A contemplation, too, of that inner structure to which the external corresponded would surely have led to similar conclusions. The adaptation of the youthful mind to receive pleasure from the sublimer phenomena of mist and storm, of the everlasting crag against which the ceaseless billow booms its liquid artillery in vain, of wild echoes, and unscaled peaks, must surely have been to his consciousness the same which infused a softer poetry into his soul amidst the shades of summer forests, the exuberant efflorescence and odour of flowers, and the joy and beauty of the winged things that revelled their little day among them. The consciousness of the power of enjoying the infinitely varied charm of nature,

and of the Divine benevolence which planted and sustained it would surely be enhanced by this diversified experience; and it is hardly likely that the enjoyment of inland richness and rural tranquillity should destroy the conclusions of merely natural religion, enforced by the earlier and more impressive contemplation of the grandest phenomena of the natural world; while the inferences derived from both, of the goodness of God in the constitution of man, would, one should suppose, be the same.

But all these suppositions leave revealed religion out of the question. Is it possible to imagine that a thoughtful and a logical mind, well acquainted with revelation, should postpone the evidences it supplies of the love of God to his creatures to vague conclusions drawn from flowery banks, and sunny skies, and murmuring brooks? Would such a mind as Story's forget the benign administration of Providence, the grand preparations for the blessings of Christianity in antecedent dispensations, and the 'unspeakable gift' with 'the glory that should follow,' in the contemplation of phenomena which depended solely on differences of latitude and locality? This, we say, is incredible: the son has for once misunderstood the father. It may, indeed, have been a change of companions, but it could not possibly have been a change of place which drew the future jurist of America from evangelical to Unitarian opinions. Besides, it seems natural to suppose, that if this alteration of opinion was effected by change of scenery, an opposite change would again produce the original tone of sentiment. Thus, if he had returned to Marblehead on a visit, he would have backslidden towards Calvinism; but if for a permanent residence, the result would have been a final apostasy. Similarly, if a smiling harvest landscape inclined him to Unitarian opinions, a succession of rainy days at that season might have made him an Arian; a good apple year would have materially aided him on the five points, and his barometer might have added Rome and Geneva to the 'set fair,' 'rainy,' and 'stormy,' which divide the ordinary graduated scale.

Is it not fairly conjecturable that the ardent independence, which at this time political circumstances stimulated in the American mind, acted on the congenial temperament of Story to produce a result which could not have been effected by those external conditions to which his biographer has ascribed it? Great Britain was at this time a beacon of warning to the rising youth of America. Animated by a successful resistance to the once-respected rule of the mother country, they hated the entire offspring, political, social, and moral, which bore even the

family likeness of British prescription; and while, in their suspicious politics, to use the language of Edmund Burke, 'they augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze,' so, with an equally shrinking repugnance of religious sentiment, they embraced 'the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the protestant religion.'

Under the influence of a similar principle of independence, tending far towards lawlessness, the popular mind would naturally be impatient even of those restraints which are purely abstract, and would chafe impatiently against those more than adamant bars which bound the excursions of the human mind into that shady region of speculation, where the ultimate secrets of its nature and the unrevealed counsels of its Creator are alike concealed. In the wantonness of a sudden emancipation and an illimitable national destiny, many minds would be so elated with the consciousness of power as to acknowledge no limits to the progress of their investigations into any subject whatever; and would summon to the tribunal of their self-sufficient logic even the ultimate conditions of their own existence, and the mysterious possibilities of an extensive and sovereign influence over that inmost essence which constitutes the self of man. Such a spirit would not brook even an intellectual compromise, and the Gordian knot, in which are entwined the free and responsible will of man and the eternal counsels of God, would be slashed asunder by the sword of a reason which crudely vindicates a sovereignty to itself. A mind so influenced would forget to consider that the ultimate and vital conditions even of the physical constitution of man must be independent of his own volition;—else existence itself might cease through thoughtlessness or mistake; that if the world itself is to be moved, the daring mechanic must plant his fulcrum outside it; and that the attempt to fathom those principles, anterior to consciousness itself, by which the soul may be controlled in its action and its destiny, is as futile as would be the attempt of a child to lift itself from the ground by exerting the strength of its hands upon some part of its own body. The change, however, in the opinions of Story, for which his biographer thus unsatisfactorily accounts, receives some elucidation from what follows:—

'He admitted within the pale of salvation Mahomedan and Christian, Catholic and Infidel. He believed that whatever is sincere and honest is recognised of God; that, as the views of any sect are but human opinions, susceptible of lure on every side, it behoves all men to be on their guard against arrogance of belief; and that in the sight of God, it is not the truth or falsity of our views, but the spirit in which we believe, which

alone is of vital consequence. He was very fond of quoting the well-known lines :—

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,” &c.—*Ib.* p. 58.

In so far as religion is a matter between man and God, and not solely between man and his neighbour, this statement would seem to give up the whole question, as far as Story is concerned. If it is true, it is clear he cannot be regarded as a religionist at all, unless a general good will to his fellow-creatures is regarded as a religion of itself. The category which includes infidels within the pale of salvation on the score of their earnestness, should, surely, for the sake of consistency, have been expanded, so as to include the devotees of Fetichism, the worshippers of Moloch, and the devil himself, of whose earnestness, as far as we are aware, no suspicion has ever been entertained. At all events, the notion that an earnest denial of the revelation, and hatred of the administration of God, is a passport to his favour and a preparation for his presence, is certainly as deserving of attention as the attractiveness of novelty and paradox can make it. The foolish couplet of Pope which we have often heard repeated with great unction by men who hold similar opinions, demands only a cursory notice. If the allusion in the second line, ‘He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right,’ is to a life towards God as well as towards man, the affirmation is not only a truth but a truism. But, if an absolute indifference is affirmed, as to the highest life of man, between the recognition of Deity and of chance, of Jehovah or Jove, of a monkey, a log, or a deified onion, as an object of worship, the doctrine is too monstrously absurd to deserve one moment’s consideration.

During his college life Story devoted himself very much to the reading and the writing of poetry; Pope and Goldsmith being the chief objects of his admiration. Indeed, his feelings at this time seem to have been in their full efflorescence. His attachments were numerous and fervid, and those to the other sex, were marked by that intensity which generally characterizes the love of men of genius. He had the keenest enjoyment of social festivity; yet his habits were so temperate, or rather abstemious, that, in conjunction with his labours in the pursuit of knowledge, they seemed to have laid the foundation of a dyspeptic tendency, which, through life, he never surmounted. His college rivalry, especially with Channing, was ennobled by generosity and unenvying admiration. In a letter, written after the death of Dr. Channing, he thus speaks of the early life of his friend:—

‘I do not believe he had a single personal enemy during the whole

period, and I am sure he never deserved to have any. His early reputation, as it budded, blossomed, and bore its fruits, was cherished by all his class as common property. We were proud of his distinction, and gratified when he was praised. We all then prophesied his future eminence, in whatever profession he should make his choice. . . . Perhaps in no single study was he superior to all his classmates. In the classical studies of that day, he was among the first, if not the first. In Latin more accomplished than in Greek. For mathematics and metaphysics he had little or no relish. . . . His principal love was for historical and literary studies,—for English literature in its widest extent, and for those comprehensive generalizations upon human life, institutions, and interests, which his enthusiasm for the advancement of his race, and his purity of heart led him to cherish and cultivate with profound attachment.—*Ib.* pp. 62, 63.

This part of Story's life seems to have been a season of unalloyed happiness. He quitted college at the age of nineteen, 'with many bitter tears,' and says, in the brief autobiography, addressed, late in life, to his son,—'I have never since read Gray's beautiful 'Ode on a Distant View of Eton College,' without having my thoughts called back to the association of those days with a deep and saddening feeling.'

He quitted the pursuits of literature and entered on the study of the law with a degree of reluctance which would have augured ill for the success of any one whose will was less energetic, and whose ambition was less insatiable than Story's. In his letters at this time, he says:—'Ambition is truly the food of my existence, and for that alone life is desirable;' and again: 'I candidly confess that the hope of "immortality" alone buoys me up, and if this hope should be destroyed, even should I remain unaffected by the meanness of mankind, all pleasure will have flown, and this world will appear a dreary waste—a wild without a flower.' He got through Blackstone's 'Commentaries' with comparative pleasure; but 'Coke upon Lyttleton' threw the young student into a state of momentary irresolution, which marked the crisis of his professional life. 'I sat myself down,' he says, and 'wept bitterly: my tears dropt upon the book and stained its pages.' But the crisis past, he steered his course unharmed between the Scylla and Charbydis of love and literature, and ploughed his course to fame on the principle which Eldon laid down to Wilberforce, who sought from him advice for the young Grants, then entering on the law: 'I know of no rule to give them,' says the Chancellor, 'but that they must make up their minds to live like hermits, and work like horses.'

But in his studious solitude were sown the seeds of his social excellence. He panted for objects on which to bestow his affection. 'Life,' he writes, 'has no independent charms; in reciprocity consists all enjoyment.' His letters at this time

are rich in the noblest feelings of a sensitive and aspiring nature. On the death of General Washington, in 1800, Congress issued a recommendation that eulogies should be delivered in all the towns, and, though so young, Story was selected to deliver it in the town of Marblehead. In 1801, he was admitted to the bar, at which his success was not a little imperilled by his principles as a democrat amidst a society of federalists. His talents, however, overbore all opposition; and his prospects being at this time the subject of conversation at an evening party, Chief Justice Parsons said,—‘It is in vain to attempt to put down young Story; he will rise, and I defy the whole bench and bar to prevent it.’

After a multitude of ardent but fleeting attachments, his affections became permanently fixed on a Miss Oliver, to whom he was united in December, 1804; but the happiness of his married life was of short duration. The health of his wife began to droop shortly after their union, and in six months she was snatched from him by death. Happily for the equipoise of so sensitive a mind, his increasing practice at the bar supplied a constant relief to his wounded heart. Shortly before this, Story published an extended poem, entitled, ‘The Power of Solitude,’ with some minor pieces. Of this work, he subsequently bought up every copy he could obtain, and destroyed it, so that the work is now exceedingly scarce. A single passage will indicate the direction of the author’s poetical taste and reading:—

‘Grandeur may dazzle with its transient glare
The herd of folly, and the tribe of care,
Who sport and flutter thro’ their listless days,
Like motes, that bask in summer’s noontide blaze,
With anxious steps round vacant splendour while,
Live on a look, and banquet on a smile;
But the firm race, whose high endowments claim
The laurel wreath, that decks the brow of fame;
Who born, when passion kindled wild desire,
Conceive with frenzy, and express with fire,
Or, warmed by sympathy’s electric glow,
In rapture tremble, and dissolve in woe,
Blest in *retirement* scorn the frowns of fate,
And feel a transport power can ne’er create.’

—Ib. pp. 111, 112.

But while he could not cease ‘to wander where the Muses haunt,’ his love of legal researches became an absorbing passion. In investigating the law of real property, he roamed amidst the twilight of the feudal, and the primeval forests of the Roman and Saxon laws, and became what is called a

thorough black-letter lawyer. At the the prodigious task of making a digest laid down by the courts and the imprudence in England and America. bade the completion of this design; but the library of the Dane Law School volumes. The most finished portions Insurance, Admiralty, and Prize, on which perhaps, the highest living authority.

In 1805, Story was elected a member of the Massachusetts. From the commencement of his career, he was a leading and powerful partizan, maintained an unwavering course as a republican on the principles of General Washington.

In the autumn of 1808, he was elected to the Supreme Court, and his letters for some time after this period contain personal sketches on the notabilities of the bench and the bar of the Supreme Court. In 1810, he married a second wife. He remained in the session, at the close of which he declined to retire from Washington to Massachusetts, on account of the chicanery and meanness of parties. He was re-elected a member of the House of Representatives, to the speakership of which he was elected in 1811; but relinquished the post in the same year on being appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, when only thirty-three years of age. At this time he abandoned politics for ever. The Prize Laws were at this period in a state of great confusion, and inefficiency both in England and America. Reforms effected in these departments were owing to the sagacity of Sir William Scott, after his return from England, and of Judge Story, in the United States, at the same period. The department of the Admiralty, another to which Story devoted the last years of his life, with distinguished success. Until now it had not been merged in the general functions of the Navy Office; there, it was scarcely felt in the administration. The united efforts of Chancellor Kent and Judge Story, in the American system of equity jurisprudence, is complete, is mainly attributable. Though many of the useless forms and complexities of the law is still embarrassed in this country, and in the want of despatch, the absence of which is a great defect of the system.

Story was also, in a great measure, the author of the

law in America. Till his time, it was wholly immatured and undeveloped. Not only were the acts of Congress imperfect, but they had received no construction from the courts, and a general ignorance and uncertainty consequently prevailed upon a subject, which, in an ingenious, constructive, and rapidly-progressing nation like the American, is one of prime importance.

Story's first great constitutional judgment was delivered in 1816:—

‘It discusses,’ says his biographer, ‘in the most ample manner, the extent of the appellate jurisdiction conferred on the Supreme Court of the United States by the Constitution, and affirms its power to overrule the decisions of the state tribunals, as well as of the tribunals of the United States on questions of constitutional law. Its clearness and solidity of argumentation as well as the wide and comprehensive views of government it contains, render it one of the most prominent constitutional opinions ever delivered by the court, and would fairly entitle my father, even if it stood alone, to high consideration as a constitutional lawyer.’—*Ib.* p. 275.

It was in 1819 that his attention was first seriously directed to the slave trade; and if we have admired in his previous career the indications of genius, literary eminence, and legal profundity, that feeling rises to veneration as we view his conduct in relation to this horrible system of wrong. His first charge upon the subject was delivered to the grand jury in Boston; and we greatly regret that our limits forbid us to present this charge *in extenso*, and so to sustain by the arguments of a consummate jurist the flame of philanthropy, which has recently been kindled throughout the population of Great Britain by that masterpiece of Christian fiction, which has embalmed in the purest affections of the British people the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The charge of Judge Story, considering especially the time and place at which it was delivered, redounds to his lasting honour. In allusion to the abolition of the slave-trade by the British parliament, he says:—

‘This act was indeed the triumph of virtue, of reason, and of humanity over the hardheartedness of avarice; and while it was adorned by the brilliant talents of Pitt, Fox, Romilly, and Wilberforce, let us never forget that its success was principally owing to the modest but persevering labours of the Quakers, and above all to the resolute patience and the noble philanthropy of a man immortalized by his virtues, the intrepid Thomas Clarkson.

‘It is a most cheering circumstance, that the examples of the United States and Great Britain in thus abolishing the slave trade, have, through the strenuous exertions of the latter, been generally approved throughout the continent of Europe. The government of Great Britain has indeed employed the most indefatigable and persevering diligence to accomplish

this desirable object; and treaties have been made by her with all the principal foreign powers, providing for a total abolition of the trade within a very short period. May America not be behind her in this glorious work; but by a generous competition in virtuous deeds restore the degraded African to his natural rights, and strike his manacles from the bloody hands of his oppressors.'—*Ib.* pp. 338, 339.

Having shown reasons why it might have been supposed that this example would be followed by other nations, he adds:—

'But, unfortunately, the case is far otherwise. We have but too many melancholy proofs from unquestionable sources, that it is still carried on with all the implacable ferocity and insatiable rapacity of former times. Avarice has grown more subtle in its evasions; it watches and seizes its prey with an appetite quickened rather than suppressed by its guilty vigils. American citizens are steeped up to their very mouths (I scarcely use too bold a figure) in this stream of iniquity. They throng to the coasts of Africa under the stained flags of Spain and Portugal, sometimes selling abroad "their cargoes of despair," and sometimes bringing them into some of our southern ports, and there, under the forms of the law, defeating the purposes of the law itself, and legalizing their inhuman but profitable adventures. I wish I could say that New England and New England men were free from this deep pollution. But there is some reason to believe, that they who drive a loathsome traffic, "and buy the muscles and the bones of men," are to be found here also. It is to be hoped the number is small; but our cheeks may well burn with shame while a solitary case is permitted to go unpunished.

'We boast of our noble struggle against the encroachments of tyranny, but do we forget that it assumed the mildest form in which authority ever assailed the rights of its subjects; and yet that there are men among us who think it no wrong to condemn the shivering negro to perpetual slavery?

'We believe in the Christian religion. It commands us to have good will to all men; to love our neighbours as ourselves, and to do unto all men as we would they should do unto us. It declares our accountability to the Supreme God for all our actions, and holds out to us a state of future rewards and punishments as the sanction by which our conduct is to be regulated. And yet there are men calling themselves Christians, who degrade the negro by ignorance to a level with the brutes, and deprive him of all the consolations of religion. He alone of all the rational creation, they seem to think, is to be at once accountable for his actions, and yet his actions are not to be at his own disposal; but his mind, his body, and his feelings are to be sold to perpetual bondage. To me it appears perfectly clear, that the slave trade is equally repugnant to the dictates of reason and religion, and is an offence equally against the laws of God and man. Yet, strange to tell, one of the pretences upon which the modern slavery of the Africans was justified, was the "duty of converting the heathen." '—*Ib.* pp. 340, 341.

He next enters at length into a detail of the horrors connected with the kidnapping of the African, the loathsome

tragedy of the middle passage, and of the cruelties of slavery in America, which reminds us of some passages in Burke's speeches on the trial of Warren Hastings, and is one of the most unsparing exposures of guilt and misery alike infernal that ever was made and published on either side of the Atlantic. He concludes with the following beautiful sentiments:—

‘ May we not justly dread the displeasure of that Almighty Being who is the common Father of us all, if we do not by all means within our power endeavour to suppress such infamous cruelties? If we cannot, like the good Samaritan, bind up the wounds and soothe the miseries of the friendless Africans, let us not, like the Levite, pass with sullen indifference on the other side. What sight can be more acceptable in the eyes of Heaven than that of good men struggling in the cause of oppressed humanity? What consolation can be more sweet in a dying hour than the recollection, that at least one human being may have been saved from sacrifice by our vigilance in enforcing the laws? ’

‘ I make no apology, gentlemen, for having detained you so long upon this interesting subject. In vain shall we expend our wealth in missions abroad for the promotion of Christianity; in vain shall we rear at home magnificent temples to the service of the Most High; if we tolerate this traffic, our charity is but a name, and our religion little more than a faint and delusive shadow.’—*Ib.* p. 347.

This charge produced great sensation; it aroused at once, the fear and the fury of those who were engaged in the traffic; while so novel and so bold was it considered, even by those who favoured the claims of the slave, that it was universally condemned as unbecoming the seat from which it was delivered. Story was publicly denounced by the newspapers even of Boston, one of which declared, that any judge who should deliver such a charge, ought to be ‘hurled from the bench.’ All this he viewed with the most dignified composure; indeed, so far was he from being influenced by it, that he delivered the same charge a month afterwards at Providence, and then printed it for general circulation. Three years after this, he took occasion to confirm the same views by the sanction of a judicial decision. This was in the case of a capture of a vessel, sailing under a French flag, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave-trade; and the question arose whether that trade was contrary to the law of nations. In his decision on this point, he held the affirmative, on the ground that it carried with it ‘a breach of all the moral duties, of all the maxims of justice, mercy, and humanity, and of the admitted rights which Christian nations now hold sacred in their intercourse with each other.’

We must refrain from any citations from this most masterly judgment; it appears to us absolutely infrangible, though opposed to the decision of Lord Stowell in the case of the

'Louis,' and of the Court of King's Bench. In a letter to Lord Stowell, he thus suggests a practical remedy. 'It has always appeared to me that nothing effectual can be done, except by a general co-operation of nations declaring it piracy, punishable by all, and giving a limited right of search to all lawful cruisers to examine and capture all vessels found in places or latitudes where the trade is carried on. If the governments of Europe were to adopt this as a general policy in good faith, I should have better hopes that the traffic might at no distant time be greatly diminished.'

Judge Story's commercial views were equally liberal and enlightened. In 1820, he drew up a memorial to Congress in favour of free trade, which contains expositions of political economy, as enlightened as those with which Colonel Thompson, about the same time, first familiarized the British public in his *'Catechism of the Corn Laws.'*

In 1825, he brought to a practical bearing his reflections on the criminal law of America by his *'Crimes Act,'* which achieved for the reform and consolidation of the American code all that was effected by Sir Samuel Romilly and the late Sir Robert Peel in reference to the criminal law of Great Britain. Shortly after this, we find him treating, in a letter to Mr. Denison, M.P., a subject then, as now, of intense interest, the claims of the Roman Catholics. Speaking of Mr. Canning, he says:—

'Upon the Catholic question my whole mind and heart are with him. I cannot feel the argument on the other side but as one of prejudice, undue fears, or sad bigotry, nurtured by the history of past times, but which should be forgotten in ours. In America we have universal freedom of religious opinion in theory, and in a very large sense in practice. We deal with Catholic as with Protestant faith, and we find no inconvenience from it. My own opinion is, that Catholicism, as a political engine, is annihilated the moment you destroy those combinations which persecution and inequality of condition nourish and stimulate. The religion, as such, may continue to subsist, but it will acquire the mildness of Protestantism, and the spirit of inquiry and the influence of learning and of public opinion, will then be more formidable destroyers of papal influence than all the penal statutes in the world. The very remnant of your penal enactments against Catholics is a rallying point of faction.'—*Ib.* i. p. 459.

Shortly after this, we find him enunciating corresponding sentiments in an address, which he was appointed to deliver at Salem, on the anniversary of the settlement of the Pilgrim Fathers in that town. The enlightened and noble views on religious freedom which this address exhibits, no less than its singular beauty and eloquence as a composition, place it in the very first rank of Judge Story's performances.

In the latter part of the year 1829, the Hon. Nathan Dane

founded and endowed a professorship of law at Harvard University, requesting that Judge Story should be appointed the first professor. This appointment he at once accepted, and his inaugural discourse on this occasion is one of his most finished literary productions. Henceforth, his judicial career is blended with his professional life ; and it is difficult to say in which he was more eminent. As a lecturer, he seems to have been singularly successful, both in matter, manner, and effect, while his popularity with his pupils was unbounded. In 1833, he published his celebrated ‘Commentaries on the Constitution ;’ and after an incredibly short interval, a second work, on which his fame as a jurist no less securely rests, entitled ‘The Conflict of Laws,’ a work which has been classed with the writings of Grotius, and of which it was said, in the ‘London Law Review,’ ‘no work on national jurisprudence ever merited or received greater praise from the jurists of Europe.’

In such varied and continued labours as those which we have noticed, and which space would fail us to particularize, Story spent the closing portion of his valuable life, which terminated on the 10th of September, 1845, at the age of sixty-six. His was one of those beautifully balanced and complete characters, which, from its very symmetry, is difficult of description. Whether we regard his vigour of intellect, his profound legal sagacity and learning, his literary accomplishment, or his pure and genial social nature ; he was in all respects a great and exemplary man, while his legal decisions vastly enhance the estimate we had previously entertained of American jurisprudence.

The biography before us, written by his son, is admirably digested, and written in a style which sustains the attention to the last, and occasionally rises to true and striking eloquence. Veneration and affection for the memory of the subject are of course shed over the pages ; but these are exhibited only in a pleasing and a graceful form ; and we rejoice to miss, what is too frequently found in family biographies, a prurient and importunate fulsomeness of panegyric, which, if we may be allowed the solecism, is only egotism in the third person.

ART. V.—*The History of the Council of T.*
L. F. Bungener. Translated by D. D.
Constable and Co.

It is not often that occasion fairly suggests reviewing in detail the groundwork of and it is far more unusual to meet adapted to the successful management an occasion is now furnished in the papacy; and we rejoice that, in the the means of organizing an advanced aggression. Higher praise we will not the author, than the expression of published in England within the limit is so full of the polished weapons which to employ. Many thanks are also due only because he has executed his but because he has subdued the desire to and thus, instead of a book which would have bitten fewer defects and a nobler diction all may read, which will sufficiently educate the educated classes without discouraging the majority. The few faults by which the work is chiefly such as are common to all the produced in France.

The love of effect is sometimes disposed to excite momentary suspicion, and is diverted to divert the reader from the momentary skill bestowed on the shape of the expression are amply compensated by the prudent candour which should ever attend the candour which should ever attend and unravelled themes. We are alternately in pursuit *ad absurdum* of fallacious reasoning and his dignified abstinence from insult to and fairly defeated. He does not take protest when encountered by an argument does he indulge in reckless application cases beyond its original range. With of judicial inquiry he balances confidence while evincing a disposition to accept of to his cause, he is guiltless of that silly *all* to secure the fame of impartiality. confidently expect a rare supply of which is angrily arising on every side.

We require no renewed and special admission from the priesthood to warrant our assertion that both the doctrine and the discipline of Rome ultimately rest on the decrees of the Council of Trent. The skilful management of the Council by the popes, under whose virtual presidency its several convocations took place, together with the influence of the Jesuits, has served to place the seal of finality on the Tridentine code; and this finality is doubly ensured on the one hand by the absolute supremacy of the popedom, and on the other, by the unchangeable character of his general administration. Three hundred years have served to frost it with age, and enshrine it in sanctity; and so long as the restless *Propaganda* reserved its energy for the conservation of papal influence, or its extension among barbarian tribes and half-civilized colonists, it might confidently repose on the foundation of an œcumenical council. When, however, they are induced by misguided zeal to unfurl their standard in the high places of evangelical kingdoms, they must abide, if they did not expect, the exposure of their false pretensions; and just as political revolution, maddened by tyranny, threw open the dungeons of the Inquisition, so spiritual offence, awakening freemen from their indifference, demands the unearthing of those foundations from which this monument of impudence lifts its tall head and lies.

The Council of Trent was the last of a long line; each of which had deposited some fresh corruption and some new accession to the power of Rome. But we cannot speak of its connexion with others—it stands aloof by the unparalleled nature of its determining causes, as well as by the solemnity of its results. It is true, indeed, that there is a general connexion between all the Councils. No sooner had one reached its close than men were led by the usurpations of the popedom, the disorders of the clergy, or doubts on matters of faith, to desire and expect another. But *this* council was desired with an earnestness not only deep, but nearly universal; and throughout the protracted preliminary movements, the expectation of Europe passed through all stages from frenzy to sullen indifference. Foremost, among the exciting causes of this demand, we must assign a place to the eruption into the dark domains of superstition of the life-giving doctrines of grace. Nations, until then stupidly devout in the pattering of prayers and payment of tithes, arose, shook their fetters, and threatened to be free. Neighbouring kingdoms listened to the echoes until the seven hills themselves gave back the sound. The very children at her feet began to question, in strange fashion, the mother of the churches as to how shall a sinner become just with God. The well-mannered infidelity which reigned as the fashion in the court of Leo X., incited a few of the more earnest believers

to the establishment of the 'Oratory' rance, indeed, scattered the seeds of happier elements of the new institution posed grave of St. Peter, a flame of cherished, which relieves by a celestial the night of ages. From the number name may be selected, which should be the evening star beside the moon. Gaspar of Venice—high in position, and honored by the state—gave the hand of sympathy to the exiles for Christ's sake, and land, who had sought asylum in the desert, or with them, he was led to learn the truth and attain the Christian life.

In the midst of his honorable life as a citizen, he was raised to the cardinalate by the pious and magnificent Paul III.; and as before his exile, he cherished those principles which Cardinal Pole the high encomium—'nothing which the human mind could search, or that Divine Grace had revealed all knowledge with virtue.' Pole himself bore witness to the faith which not only bears comparison with the early reformers, but would make many of them blush with anger or shame.

We do not wish to attach undue importance to the fact that devoted papists were at one time professedly in favor of the principles which our whole religion is based; but that the sanction of illustrious names was not sufficient to sustain that purer faith of which many glimpses are seen in the weary history of Italian superstition; and that the element in the embarrassment of that age should long ago have destroyed a noteworthy fact, that an attempt was made to establish the papacy on the principles which Luther rejected, and the word of God. But if this spirit was not to be, and without the pale of the church, away with the causes of a different nature, there were more to the authoritative demand for a reformation, which Rome had sustained for ages with the acquiescence of those who accepted her doctrine, but dislike of her claims had now become more complicated and more difficult to bear. The old insults which Rome heaped on the days of her triumph, were now to be heaped on her of her insignificance and peril. Not that she was based on any such pretence, or even

the heir of that insulted empire chose to see that, though Luther might be 'a demon, he was an avenging demon.' And this he did perceive, so far at least, that, while anxious to maintain the reputation of a Catholic monarch, and even envious of the ill-merited title of France,—'the eldest son of the church,'—he accepted the Lutheran convulsion as a reserve card in his game with the church; while the rumour of a council was useful in restraining the excesses of his Lutheranzed subjects. If we ask how these same Lutherans regarded the council, we are obliged to say, that, in the days of their infancy and weakness, they hoped for sanction, and fain would have leaned for support on the imposing decisions of a council; but they were gradually taught, by that commentary which Providence read out on the word of the master they had vowed to obey, that they must draw back from all proposals of temporal succour, and renounce all idea of a compromise. So that long before the way for a council had been smoothed, the champions of Augsburg had relinquished all confidence in the wisdom or charity of its decisions.

When we revert to the early trials of the Lutheran church, we deeply regret that the lessons of their victory have so soon been forgotten, and mourn to think how the unfaithfulness and consequent weakness of the German Zion is tempting, to its own destruction, a fresh and mightier Romish aggression. But the most substantial preliminary fact in the history of the council is, that Rome had been educated for ages in the belief that all sublunary kingdoms were fiefs of the papal see, whose power was always determinable by the changes in national boundaries, and shared largely in the political vicissitudes of Europe. Many a time did the hierarch of Christendom invoke the manes and quote the sanctions of Constantine, Justinian, and Theodosius, in support of claims, which, in her dreamy confusion, she thought the safeguards of her supremacy, but which, in reality, were the sores of her weakness. Dante, as rendered by Carey into English, commiserates the bondage of his church under these false pretensions and fatal gifts—

'Oh, Constantine! what evil do we see,
Not from thy faith—but from that dowry spring
Which the first wealthy pontiff had from thee.'

And the seer was right; for the gifts of dominion to a spiritual power have proved nearly as fatal to the Latin church as the gift of forbidden fruit to the race of man. It may have sharpened their inventive faculty, and extended the range of their ambition; but it has, like the first fall, brought in its train, moral perversity, and spiritual death. And not only so,

the presence of a power whose natural right could not even reach to plausibility amid the scenes of political rivalry, was an element of perplexity in every dispute, and either became the victim of revenge, or the idol of victory, according to the fortunes of friend and foe. The world had still its Cæsar—not an empty and vain-glorious name, but a might resident in a man—who combined, in an unusual degree, all the several features which had served to perpetuate the name of him who made Rome his slave. Charles V. was great by a multiplication of little glories, rather than by the blaze of startling genius. He had ambition more than enough—cunning, a match for popes' prudence, that would have set a protestant canton on its feet, and, for a long time, a resolute bravery that would have adorned a Luther or helped a Jesuit. If we would estimate aright his historical glory, we must take into account the vastness and variety of the dominions he ruled, as well as the extraordinary movements of the age in which he lived. In the noon of his prosperity, but in a definite apprehension of coming disasters, he demanded a conference of the church for the removal of abuses and the settlement of matters of faith. He very soon perceived, however, that this demand, so unpleasant to the pope, and promising so little actual advantage to himself, was chiefly to be used as a threat to enforce his temporal sovereignty so far as it was in collision with the pope; and accordingly, the project of a general council was retained for many years to play the main part in imperial diplomacy. Sometimes the emperor winced under the turbulent activity of the power which Charlemagne had been powerful enough to foster and extend. At other times, seizing the tide of fortune at its flood, he dared to insult the Chair which he professed to venerate. At all times he chose to treat the popedom as he would treat any dukedom in his empire, or every monarch who sued to him for peace.

But another aspect of the times demands our instant consideration. The rapid extension of polite learning contributed, in no slight degree, to the seriousness and dignity of the universal demand for a council. Men paused in their pursuits to inquire and judge 'the reason of the faith that was in them'; and at the time when the council was assembled and actually deliberating on the more abstruse questions of faith, or the more unmanageable matters of ecclesiastical discipline, the breathless expectation which pervaded alike cloister and hall shows how deeply men yearned for a certainty which had hitherto eluded their search. And what shall we say of the prelates and the pope, in reference to the contemplated event? The former, together with mitred abbots, were exclusively eligible to full membership in the council—and this, of itself.

would seem to promise an increase of the episcopal authority. Deeply anxious to recover the dignity so seriously endangered by scriptural protest and wide-spread secession, they very generally favoured the scheme, and, indeed, the very appeal to a Council they persisted in regarding as itself a positive gain to their order, so far as it recognised in that order the source of infallible and final decisions. How far this last opinion was justified by the result will presently appear.

With regard to the feeling of the popes, we can only say that they seem to have inherited in succession the general alarm; but they speedily recovered their self-possession, and proceeded to conceal such feelings under an appearance of candour and of favour to the project. For a time it served their turn as a blind, and as a means of crossing and confusing the movements of rival states. And when at last they could no longer use it as a plaything, they bent all energy, talent, perseverance, and toil, as to a crisis in which the fate of the popedom was involved. As of old, when it was no longer feasible to maintain an open refusal, she stooped, but she stooped to conquer. The necessities and demands of the age were too imperious to be superciliously ignored; but as she accepted the unwelcome challenge, the papacy resolved to win by fair means or foul, and at every hazard.

So early as 1521, Leo X. formally recognised not the demand of the reformers, but the endorsement of that demand by the princes of the empire. But death interrupted his preparations, and interposed a delay of twenty-four years. Under his two immediate successors, public fear, trouble, and discord, threw back, from its early prominence, the cry for a council. Adrian VI. was good enough to lament, and sufficiently honest to avow, the 'many abominations which existed near the Holy See;' and though he had been preceptor to the emperor, he was sufficiently impartial to be worthy of the confidence of every party in Europe; but he soon found himself in a position for which his simple and straightforward character was ill-adapted, and surrounded by conflicting interests which bound him hand and foot. Giulio de Medici, the cousin of Leo X., and the most active and skilful servant of Leo's court, gave every promise of ability to cope with the growing perplexities of the office to which he was promoted by the name of Clement VII. But his political relations with the emperor, whom he had long and greatly served, became complicated when the family pride of the great house from which he sprang first led him to sue for imperial help, and then to the magnanimous but futile defiance of imperial power. While he plunged into open war with the emperor, by invading Upper Italy, it was hardly to be expected

that Ferdinand, who administered for his brother in Germany, should continue very solicitous to enforce the papal wishes on the Protestants of Germany. The only permanent effects of the rupture between Clement and Charles were the establishment of the emperor's supremacy 'from the Alps to the Mediterranean,' and the legalized existence of the German church. 'Clement was, indeed, the most ill-starred pope that ever sat on the throne.'

Under his successor, Paul III., the demand for a council was renewed, and this time with success; an issue mainly owing to the determined attitude of the emperor, who secretly wished his name to be associated with what he fondly imagined would prove the settlement of religious discussion in Europe. 'A council,' said he; 'a council we must have, and I charge myself with the execution of its decrees.' It met at last: the hope of years; it laboured artfully and long, and when it ceased, it proved the curse of ages. The circumstances in which it met were such as to disparage the meanest of its results. Then how much more to silence for ever the pretensions of infallible authority!

To quote the words of our author:

'Mutual distrust, intrigues, misapprehensions, and quarrels of all sorts; acts of violence, and acts of baseness, together with the most inextricable mingling of interests, views, and passions, all manifestly and grossly human; such was the chaos from which the council was to emerge; such was the basis on which the seat was to be constructed from which God himself was to be considered as about to speak.

. . . . It had lost its charm before it met. 'Twenty-five years of delays had proved superabundantly to some, that Rome did not wish for the council, never had seriously wished for it, and could not have any wish for it; to others, that the princes who had most called for it, really cared very little about it; to the Protestants, that no concession whatever would be made to them; to the Roman Catholics, that small abuses would be amended, and the great ones preserved; to all, in fine, that it would not be the church's council, but the pope's council.'

The Council assembled on the 13th of March, 1545. Two legates (both of whom became popes) arrived at the city in the mountains, and initiated, by an indulgence for which they had no papal sanction, the confederation that was to determine the enslavement of Europe. If we were disposed to cavil at the title 'œcumenical' which thenceforth was assigned to the council, we might ask, how stood the representation of the Catholic world at Trent? The answer without comment is, that at the first session there were twenty-five bishops; at the close, about two hundred and fifty, but in the average, not more than fifty. Well might Paul IV. exclaim, 'What madness to have sent three score bishops from among the least capable

to a small city amongst the mountains, there to decide so many things.' He, it is true, contrasts with complacency this assembly of incapables with the astute courtiers of Rome; but, with our author, we feel a preference for the sham council in the Tyrol over the sacred college, which ever and anon resuscitates the popedom in the person of some political adept, or some manageable puppet. Amidst incredible difficulties, the council pursued its chequered way; but when many of the prelates, emboldened by practice in the liberty of discussion, directed their harangues to the corruptions in discipline and administration, the pope was weary and afraid. Characteristically enough, the council had been summoned under the sanction of two bulls, one secret, the other for the purposes of inauguration. The unopened bull was a reserve for any emergency that might arise, and furnished the legates with authority to translate the council to some more suitable locality; such a transfer being undoubtedly equivalent to suspension.

With his usual caution, the pope desired the legates to await, but as soon as possible to seize, a pretext for the publication and enforcement of this unopened bull. Such pretext was found or fabricated, in the appearance of a pestilence in the city, and with exultation the ministers of Paul broke the seals of the document, which relieved them for a while from the pressure of unexampled, though it would seem not unexpected, perplexity. The special occasion of embarrassment was the presentation to the council (and unfair transmission to the pope) of a memorial which aspired to the settlement of questions deeply affecting the rights, and even the very existence of the popedom. Two questions of unequal importance, though nearly related, served to complicate and madden every debate, and at last to arrest the council in its course. The more embarrassing one respected the right of the legates to the exclusive initiation of matters for discussion; the other pertained to the divine right of episcopacy! As this question was generally connected with another, on the residence of diocesans, it acquired pre-eminent importance, as a point of *union* between dogma and discipline. Residence was the disciplinary subject of debate; and, granting the obligation of residence, did that obligation arise from the direct command of God, or from the authority of the papal archiepiscopate? Do the bishops date their authority as co-ordinate (though subordinate) with the pope's? or are their functions merely a matter of papal regulation? If the latter, what could be the use of a council? and if the former, what meant the virtual presidency and veto of the pope? This was, indeed, a vital question; by the major part of the council it was wisely held paramount to every

doctrine, and indispensable to the arrangement of a disciplinary code. At the present juncture, it broke the axle-tree of the council's progress, and throughout it must be regarded as a sphinx proposing its insoluble riddle; the pope and the bishop being alike not only incompetent, but hardly impudent enough, to attempt an approximate answer; and though it was so fundamentally important in the constructive measures of the council, its intricacy held good as an apology for its non-solution, and it passed, with other lumber, from that turbulent sea, as a waif and stray to the custody and disposal of the pope. The translation was voted, but far from unanimously, and thus there happened not merely a suspension, but an open division. Fourteen men, who in their own sphere lauded the duty of passive obedience to the church, defied the majority of the council, and the anathemas of the pope. The majority passed with Del Monte (afterwards Julius III.) to Bologna. The minority remained at Trent, and the minority won the day. We must pass by the mazy interval between the secession of the majority under Del Monte, and the resumption of the council under the same individual as pope, in the city of Trent. Paul was dead. The idol of the Romans, and the difficulty of the world, Julius III., who had headed the translated majority, found himself obliged by the circumstances of his election to yield a reluctant consent to the re-assembling of the council at Trent. He was no novice, however, in the task which now devolved upon his administration. His legateship had put into his hands, so far as mortal could have, all the threads of the affair; and his subtlety and discernment were making amends for his first humiliation, when the disasters that befel the emperor gave an excuse for that relief which he naturally needed, and, with a better apology, he contrived a more graceful suspension. During the continuance of that suspension, there is one fact which merits more than a bare statement from us.

The nest of the Reformation, Geneva, was the object, not only of the hatred and fear, but also of the direct conspiracy of the pope. In the conduct of that conspiracy this pope sought to harmonize other conflicting interests that their joint power might be available for a brief crusade against the republic of the faith. But his efforts directly tended in their result to protect the home of Calvin, and to postpone the much desired overthrow of the temple which Jehovah had built on the shores of the Genevese lake.

At length, after the death of two succeeding popes, after the celebrated colloquy of Poissy, after many envenomed disputes as to whether the council was to be regarded as *de jure*, or

simply resumptive, it met once more at Trent. An accession of numbers tallied happily with the pompous farce of re-inauguration. And the doctrine of the preacher fell with pleasing suavity on the hearts of the complacent prelates; for, like the first preacher of the council, he said 'that the Holy Ghost was about to speak by their mouths.' Indeed, in their evil sense, it seemed as if the last edition of this fulsome flattery were destined to come nearer the truth than the first; for even the Spanish bishops, who generally revived the question of their divine right, were induced by no very mighty persuasion to subscribe to those dogmas which meaner men had time to doubt, and that tyranny which consigned such meaner disputants to the stake. 'The heart shudders,' says our author, 'at the thought of the frightful militia to which, among the millions of Christians, the execution of the decrees of Trent was committed. They were not yet written at Trent when they were engraved with burning pincers in the heart of Spain, on bodies already devoted to the flames. And Rome applauded, and the pope repeated, that Philip was, in fact, the most Catholic king, the most pious and orthodox of monarchs. The only one who remained what all ought to have been.'

With regard to the actual progress of matters at the council, the severe buffetings, for instance, through which articles hitherto much and openly doubted were dragged to the ill-suited dignity of an unchangeable creed, we must refer to the able narrative of our author. In his hands, also, we may safely leave the task of exposing the absurdities and sophistry by which the religion of antichrist has been elaborated, and by which its adherents still seek to defend it.

The majority of the decrees of Trent were obtained and conceded by fraud, against reason, against scripture, against tradition, and even against personal and strong conviction. Further than this, the reform in discipline was, with few, and those not saving exceptions, a sheer mockery—an insult to heaven and earth.

The night, which till then had never been starless, and had once been well-nigh dispersed, now settled down in horrible pitchy darkness, and few streaks of dawn have since been seen.

We must, though briefly, indicate the more notorious results of this great and conclusive council of Rome; and, before doing so, shall offer an observation which will apply to nearly all the details of the Tridentine religion. It is easy to point out a logical necessity for this or the other article in relation to the rest of the creed; one error being admitted, a second must have

its form determined by the nature of the things they interchange kind offices, helping rate appeals to the credulity of man. In the instance, to assume the priestly character, then, defining a priest to be one who, in the act of sacrifice, to insist on the necessity of sacrifice, and where so likely as in the supper to assume the sacrificial character of the demand priestly honours for the man of mysterious and holy things. But its weakness of popery lies exactly in its strength. In the administration of the sacrament as an instrument of tremendous power, but with a very multiplication and individual improvements we discern the elements of certainty which she condescends to describe, with the view of enforcing a sacramental observance, least of her seven do not come under this definition and it is soon felt that no definition framed so as to include, even for form's sake, which she has dignified with the name of sacrament, each other, but it is far otherwise with the sacrament loses meaning and virtue the more it is repeated with another. Baptism to wit, is dead to the fallen man either needs or desires; but for those who require new means of grace, they are required. However this may seem to disparage the force of a specialty about the eucharist, which demands an utter disbelief of the former, until extreme unction with absolution, the forgiven soul to the fire of purgatory, and of the world to come.

It is usual to divide the sacraments into four variable; but we venture to submit that baptism might easily, even on their own view, be reduced to one, baptism administered with decent frequency at the last hour of life, would of itself answer the whole three; and we should prefer to have four as really essential, for by the integrity and power mainly consists the character of the sacraments,—and, with the question of their hostility to scriptural authority, we ask in astonishment, how can they be so sure to ensure for their ministers the authority which they only reply that this success has been the result of a judicious and skilful adaptation of these ceremonies to the human mind.

experiences of life—the fears and desires, so vague, yet strong, of those who have been barred (by no angel's sword) from the tree of heavenly knowledge.

But there can be no doubt that the basis of all priest-rule is the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, and in every contest between sacerdotal pretensions and popular demands, this has been really the point to which both combatants were making, either for attack or defence. Minor points, indeed, do occasionally start forth invested with gigantic proportions, and absorbing within their immediate range all the interest and severity of the battle. But this is generally in consequence of some manœuvre on the one part, by which it is hoped that the strength of the enemy will be wasted and their plans foiled. Every now and then we see the combatants pause amidst the devious fray, to note the mistakes of their blinded fury, and then to betake themselves afresh to the settlement of the main dispute.

Sometimes the priest, by timely and plausible concessions, may delude the people and quiet the rebellion of reason and sense; but, in reality, there is no freedom for men who still look upon the priest as a dispenser of heavenly favours. When such a belief is at all general, it is folly to speak of constitutional or other restraints; there is no true liberty, no true manhood possible, to one who thinks that his ghostly adviser, by mere virtue of his office, and he alone, has the treasury of heaven at his disposal, and a power to exempt from the pains of hell. The crafty oppressor may succeed for awhile in awakening a consciousness of freedom in his victim, but only by setting his imagination free, as the criminal in chains may dream of some mountain home; for so long as the fancy runs riot, the priest will be pursuing with the utmost advantage those deep-laying schemes by which he welds link to link of the chain which the Father of spirits alone can break.

Thus armed, by the impious or insane credulity of his equals, the feeble mortal becomes, as priest, a veritable king among men. He does not make earth shake with his tread, it is true, but he crushes the creeping things beneath his feet. He whispers softly, it may be; but his whispers in the cavernous depths of the soul resound like the 'voice of fire.' He knows how to mask his evil projects beneath the affectation of suavity and the profession of peace; but we know him and his movements, and his aim, and say to the gaping spectator: 'There goes a fire-ship; it drifts with the tide. How silently she sails; but wait, there is death beneath her stillness.'

With an appearance of more than maternal solicitude, the

priest receives to his arms the infant heir of the curse, and declares that the ritual which confers and consecrates the earthly name, will likewise secure a name and a place in the family of God. By the laver of baptism a secret and long dormant grace is imparted to the soul bound up in foolishness and sin. But that grace is a germ in its appropriate soil ; so that by vigilance and manipulation, the dim original probability may be expanded into absolute certainty, until the power which ushered him into a spiritual world, which watched and corrected his earthly life, and hallowed the ties of that yoke which made him a novice in love, draws nigh once more, in the article of death, to pronounce in the same breath all past sacraments valueless, and all future intercourse superfluous in the presence of a final administration of grace ; and then to disprove the doctrine sighed into the ears of death, he ventures to officiate for his victim in the region of the grave, so that when the spirit passes to its fiery trial woe may lose its wofulness, regret its sting ; and sins which on earth had but cankered the bud, will there, through priestly intercession, shed mellowing influence, and work out lasting purity.

It is altogether impossible to write thus honestly on subjects of vital interest, without having suggested to our minds over and over again the question of religious and political toleration ; and we feel disposed to conclude with some notice of the question which has often disturbed our tranquil review of the early history of popery in its Council of Trent.

To suppress and eradicate this dangerous system is the aim, if not the duty, of any scribe in history, and every earnest soul in practical life. So much is this felt, that some good but simple creatures would fain take a short road to triumph, and institute a sort of persecution which would have the usual recommendation of being for the good of the misguided poor. But as soon as we invoke the temporal power in our cause, we begin to be papists ; and while it is perfectly fair to refuse to the Romans that which we repudiate for Englishmen, we must be careful not to be led in mere haste (miscalled zeal) to adopt the fundamental principles of our great adversary. The clamour of Romans for religious liberty, is either an unprecedented instance of monomania, or it is a monstrous hypocrisy, that we cannot conceal any more than they can openly deny. But we would not for a moment entertain the idea of abridging their social liberties, or of refusing them perfect equality in the state. The principle which we advocate is too sacred (by the word of confessors and the sanction of God) to be abandoned merely because its sanctity might sometimes prove a shelter to the hypocrite.

A learned moralist has insisted on the duty of alms-giving,

notwithstanding the perplexing recurrence of imposture, by observing that the good of the giver is to be consulted, as well as the relief of the beggar; that there are emotions in every breast of high consequence to individual character, which might wither and die but for the constant contemplation of misery, and frequent efforts for its relief. Even so, while admitting that the Roman party not only may, but must, by the tenour of their bond, abuse the liberty for the attainment of which they pretend to help us; we are content at all risks to make the application of the principle uniform, in fear of the greater risk that we, for whose freedom such cost has been sustained, should nurse in our hearts the uncharitableness which always and deservedly ends in slavery.

- ART. VI.—*Uncle Tom's Cabin ; or, Life amongst the Lowly.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Two Volumes. Boston : John P. Jewett and Co.
2. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With a Preface, by the Author, written expressly for this Edition. London : Thomas Bosworth.
3. *The Same.* With a Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. London : Routledge and Co.
4. *The Same.* With Introductory Remarks by the Rev. James Sherman. London : H. G. Bohn.
5. *Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is ; or, Life at the South.* Being Narratives, Scenes, and Incidents in the Real 'Life of the Lowly.' By W. L. G. Smith. London : W. Tegg and Co.
6. *Aunt Phillis's Cabin ; or, Southern Life as it is.* By Mrs. Mary H. Eastman. Philadelphia : Lippicott, Grambo, and Co.
7. *Frazer's Magazine for Town and Country.* August, October, and November, 1852. London : J. W. Parker and Son.
8. *The White Slave ; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive.* A Story of Slave Life in Virginia, &c. Edited by R. Hildreth, Esq. First English Illustrated Edition, with Eight Engravings. London : Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

WE never recur to the subject of American slavery without pain. It has no attractions for us. Instead of finding pleasure in it we are mortified and abased. As the friends of humanity we grieve over the wrong done to many of our species; as Englishmen, we are humbled at the part our country has acted in locating slavery in some of the States; and, as Christians, we sorrow in very bitterness of heart at the dishonor done

to our holy faith by men who profess its doctrines and its hopes. The brief history of the American republic has many exhilarating lessons. The years which have elapsed since the *Declaration of Independence* was published, sufficed to allay the irritation and bitterness which engendered. We are no longer what our fathers chagrined and mortified at the loss of colonies which misgovernment drove into rebellion. We rejoice that the Anglo-Saxon spirit was sufficiently ripe on the coast of the Atlantic to wrest from the feeble hands of statesmen a supremacy of which they were unworthy, which they so little understood. Our feeling toward the American States is that of brotherhood. Attached to a monarchical government, we cheerfully recognize many noble features of their republican constitution; we admire their energy, their intelligence, their self-reliance; we sympathize somewhat with the proud, defiant air with which they stand before the older communities of Europe; when, in addition to all this, we see how religion is enthralled itself amongst them, and claimed as its birthright freedom of speech and action; when we see how it has advanced its pretensions by the rapidity of its march, and the magnitude of its deeds, covering a vast area with temples, and amongst its many-peopled community a large measure of religious influence; our sympathy is deepened, and we are rendered jealous for the good name of America.

There are times when we look to the American republic with exultant hopes; when it appears to us as a practical solution of many of the problems which have perplexed our fathers,—a new sanctuary, provided in the providence of God for the freedom which emperors and kings are constrained to banish from Europe. At such seasons it is painful to mind the one foul blot which rests on the escutcheon of America. Call it what they may; palliate its enormity as they please; discourse however fluently on the limits of federalism, or fling back passionately on our people, as we are accustomed to do, the charge of originating the system, nothing itself remains—a hideous, misshaped monster, threatening their social peace, corrupting millions of their citizens, proclaiming, in a voice which all can understand, infidelity to their political creed, and open war to that religion on which their greatness has been reared. We confess to a deep mortification when taunted by the advocates of infidelity and priestcraft with the fact of American slavery. We have no reply to the taunt as we wish. Would that we could silence it! Then, indeed, our task would be comparatively easy.

moral influence of America would be productive of unmixed good upon the nations of Europe. It may suit the purpose of unprincipled journalists, whether at New Orleans or at New York, to represent the British press as engaged in a crusade against the *Union*. The charge is ridiculous, and so far, at least, as we are concerned, is wholly destitute of truth. No American would regret more bitterly than ourselves any disruption amongst the States. But there are evils even greater than this; and if the *Union* can be maintained only by keeping three millions and a half of human beings in their present state of slavery, then we say, unhesitatingly, let it be dissolved to-morrow; better that this political confederacy, with its memories and its hopes, should become matter of history, than that millions of intelligent beings should be degraded to the level of brutes, and their souls perish for ever. But we do not believe in any such necessity. Slavery is the weakness, as well as the opprobrium of America; and as surely as there is a moral governor in the universe, unless repented of and abandoned, it will bring with it terrible retribution.

It is, therefore, with no unfriendly design that we recur once more to this great abomination. The immediate occasion of our doing so, is the appearance of a *marvellous* work—we use the term advisedly—which has called almost universal attention to the subject, and has produced, wherever the English language is spoken, a deep and ineffaceable impression. In our journal for July last, we briefly introduced this work to our readers, remarking that ‘we should be glad to know that it was read and pondered over by every man, woman, and child in the empire.’ Since then, we have been much inclined to a more extended notice of it; but the fact of its immense circulation in a very cheap form, and of our having, though briefly, commended it on its first appearance, has prevented our doing so. The publication, however, of ‘Aunt Phillis’s Cabin’ and of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin as it is’ has determined us to forego our scruples, nay has laid us, as we conceive, under obligation, to compare the views of slavery broached by Mrs. Stowe and her opponents—for such they really are—in order to see what the system is, and to be prepared, as intelligent and Christian men, to discharge our duty in relation to it.

As a literary phenomenon, the circulation of Mrs. Stowe’s work is unprecedented. We have had nothing like it in the previous history of books. The works of Sir Walter Scott and of Mr. Dickens, our two most popular writers of fiction, widely as they have circulated, were unknown for many years, compared with ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ Wherever we go, we see it. With whomsoever we converse, we hear of it. Talk of what we may,

the conversation reverts to it. It is everywhere, and on every person's lips,—on the steamboat, and in the railway carriage, in the drawing-room, the nursery, and the kitchen; the library of the studious, and the waiting room of the physician. It has found its way to the extremes of society, and its effect is everywhere the same. In the palace, the mansion, and the cottage, it has rivetted attention. The sons of toil as well as the children of opulence have wept over its pages. It has invaded the hours of rest, has chained thousands to its perusal, regardless of fatigue and health—has broken up the monotony of human feeling, and given birth to emotions more deep and powerful than the heart of man often encounters. 'Few are the societies,' says Earl Carlisle, 'in which it has not for some time past formed the staple topic of conversation; and I have had the opportunity of knowing, in startling contrast, of the violent outburst of tears which it has excited in some of the loftiest regions of our social life, and in the obscure cottages of hard-working and unpolished labourers and miners.' We have ourselves known many instances of its power, and that too amongst persons of vastly different temperament and vocation. The want of space precludes our entering into details, but the fact is notorious that men of all classes, persons of every conceivable grade, the mechanic and the manufacturer, peers and rustics, literary men and children, lawyers, physicians, and divines, members of both sexes, of every age, and of all conceivable varieties of disposition, have perused its touching narrative with moistened eye and with agonized hearts. It has acted like a charm on the old and the young, and its impression remains in a thousand cases with the permanence and force of a master passion.

We have taken some pains to ascertain the extent of its circulation, and though the nature of the case prevents exact knowledge, we have learnt enough to assure us that its sale has vastly exceeded that of any other work in any age or country. There has never been anything like it within the same time. It was first published at Cincinnati in weekly numbers, and rapidly passed through various editions in the States, awakening the intensest hostility of the pro-slavery party, and reviving the hopes of the friends of abolition. It did not make its appearance in this country till the latter part of the spring of this year and from the inquiries we have instituted we learn that thirty editions have already been published in England, and that the number of copies circulated exceeds one million. The demand for it yet continues. New editions are constantly announced, and the impressions are, in many cases, of unprecedented magnitude. Other facts also testify its marvellous

popularity. Various artists have been employed to exhibit to the eye its most striking scenes; the harmonies of song have been used to convey its sentiments to the heart; and our theatres are now rivalling each other in their efforts to invest it with dramatic interest. Such an effect, so universal and so deep, is a most significant fact. It is sheer folly to treat it lightly. The pretence of doing so is a mere bravado, the hollowness of which is instantly detected. No one is deceived by it, for not a man can be found in America or in Britain who believes in its truth. That the planters and their advocates should writhe under its exposure is natural. The horrible secrets of their prison house were never before exhibited to so large a multitude, and that too, in a mode so calculated to conciliate attention, and so worthy of inspiring confidence. Outraged humanity cries shame on the abettors of such a system, and leaves them no alternative but to abandon its atrocities, or to write themselves outcasts from the virtuous and true-hearted of their race.

The writer of such a work is an object of interest. We want to know something respecting her. What has been her history? What are her connexions? What circumstances have contributed to the growth of her views? Is this her maiden production, or has she previously exhibited the same type of high-mindedness and Christian zeal? Is she a wife and mother? Has she *seen* slavery, or only heard of it? Does she know the institution from near neighborhood and personal inspection, or has she drawn a fancy picture, horrible but not true? Well, we have made these inquiries, and must say a few words in reply to them, before proceeding to the examination of the work itself. In doing this, we are greatly aided by the contribution of 'An Alabama Man' in 'Fraser's Magazine,' for last month. The paper is a noble-hearted one, alike honorable to the writer and to our contemporary.

Mrs. Stowe is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, many years president of 'The Lane Theological and Literary Seminary,' at Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Beecher is well known in this country, and was in London a few years since, at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, when he was amongst the most strenuous supporters of a resolution, designed to exclude slaveholders from the Association. He removed to Cincinnati in 1832, and remained there till 1850, when the seminary was abandoned. The immediate cause of this, was the hostility of the pro-slavery population, awakened by the earnest and active abolitionism of the students. The history of the Lane Seminary is a deeply interesting episode, beside our present purpose, but eminently worthy of careful preparation. We shall not attempt it now, but at some future period we may probably

do so. When the institution was first opened, it was the most cheering. Its professorial staff was of high repute, and the number of its students was large. As Ohio bordered on slave states, so Cincinnati was the sons of slave owners. Many of these, while travelling, or in scholastic occupation, had been personally inspecting 'the domestic institution,' and had become deeply interested in the subject. The cause, rising into importance through the Union, was discussed its merits, each contributed their views, and in the end many slaves were manumitted. An amount of earnest zeal was engaged on the subject. 'The fanaticism,' says the *Albany Register*; every student felt himself a Peter Dinkens, as if the abolition of slavery depended on his exertions.' Cincinnati was greatly dependent on the slave trade; and its manufacturers, shop-keepers, and merchants, alarmed at the hard selfishness of the world arrayed itself against the cause, and truth of God. The mob was excited, and holders from the neighboring state of Ohio, who thought foreboded a fearful crisis. The trustees sought to restrain the zeal of their students, but in 1833, the trustees interposed to all further discussion. Their power was of course absolute, and the students imposed on their *dictum* by leaving the college and pursuing their course of study elsewhere. Their procedure was not only and genuine nobility more than courage and intemperance. Their absorption in the subject was obviously incompatible with the study of the Bible, and was consequently authority interposed with a peremptory command. They were commanded to be silent on the very subject which they felt most deeply, and concerning which, they were most bound to speak with authority. Then, as honest men, they had no alternative but to resign. Their moral heroism in facing all the consequences on so unpopular a ground, from their A. B. C. to the prosperity of Lane Seminary, but in 1850 it was relinquished.

Mrs. Stowe was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, the pastor of a presbyterian church. This was in 1802. In Litchfield the family removed to Boston, where they enjoyed the highest educational advantages.

sister, Catherine, in the conduct of a school. On the settlement of Dr. Beecher in Cincinnati, his daughters opened a similar establishment in that busy and flourishing town. We are ignorant of the date of Harriet Beecher's marriage to the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, professor of Biblical Literature in the institution over which her father presided. Of Professor Stowe it is needless to write. His name is familiar in this country, and is held in high repute. Mrs. Stowe has known the sorrows as well as the blessedness, of a mother. Five of her children, we are informed, yet survive, between the education of whom and contributions to periodical literature her time has been divided. Such, in brief, is the history, such are the present circumstances, of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' As to her views on the slave question, it is not difficult to trace their formation. What she had seen at Cincinnati was enough to fix in her sensitive and noble breast, the sentiments avowed throughout her work. Those sentiments were suppressed for many years, during which, according to her own statement, she 'avoided all reading upon or allusion to the subject of slavery, considering it as too painful to be inquired into, and one which advancing light and civilization would live down.' This suppression, however, could not be continued. The inward fire burned more and more brightly, and has at length forced for itself a vent. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as 'Fraser' truly says, 'is the agonizing cry of feelings pent up for years in the heart of a true woman.' Terrible scenes occurred at Cincinnati between 1835 and 1847, and to the fact of her having witnessed them, we attribute much of the vivid coloring of Mrs. Stowe's volume.

'That city was the chief battle ground of freedom and slavery. Every month there was some event to attract attention to the strife: either a press destroyed, or a house mobbed, or a free negro kidnapped, or a trial for freedom before the courts, or the confectiory of an English abolitionist riddled, or a public discussion, or an escape of slaves, or an armed attack on the negro quarter, or a negro school-house razed to the ground, or a slave in prison and killing his wife and children to prevent their being sold to the south. The abolition press, established there in 1835, by James G. Birney, whom, on account of his mildness and firmness, Miss Martineau called 'the gentleman of the abolition cause,' and continued by Dr. Bailey, the moderate and able editor of the 'National Era,' of Washington city, in which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' first appeared in weekly numbers, was destroyed five times. On one occasion, the mayor dismissed, at midnight, the rioters, who had also pulled down the houses of some coloured people, with the following pithy speech: "Well, boys, let's go home; we've done enough." One of these mobs deserves particular notice, as its victims enlisted deeply the sympathies of Mrs. Stowe. In 1840, the slave-catchers, backed by the riff-raff of the population, and

urged on by certain politicians and merchants, attacked the quarters in which the negroes reside. Some of the houses were battered down by cannon. For several days, the city was abandoned to violence and crime. The negro quarters were pillaged and sacked; negroes who attempted to defend their property were killed, and their mutilated bodies cast into the streets; women were violated by ruffians, and some of them afterwards died of the injuries received; houses were burnt; and men, women, and children were abducted in the confusion, and hurried into slavery. From the brow of the hill on which she lived, Mrs. Stowe could hear the cries of the victims, the shouts of the mob, and the reports of the guns and cannon; and could see the flames of the conflagration. To more than one of the trembling fugitives she gave shelter, and wept bitter tears with them. After the fury of the mob was spent, many of the coloured people gathered together the little left them of worldly goods, and started for Canada. Hundreds passed in front of Mrs. Stowe's house. Some of them were in little wagons; some were trudging along on foot after their household stuff; some led their children by the hand; and there were even mothers who walked on, suckling their infants, and weeping for the dead or kidnapped husbands they had left behind. This road, which ran through Walnut Hills, and within a few feet of Mrs. Stowe's door, was one of the favourite routes of the "underground railroad," so often alluded to in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.—*Fraser*, November, pp. 523, 524.

It is not necessary that we should detail the course of the fiction. Its wide circulation renders this inexpedient. We need not trace its narrative, unravel its plot, or furnish illustrations of its style. These things are already familiar to our readers, and will therefore engage only a subordinate measure of our attention. The all but universal applause with which the work has been greeted supersedes the ordinary functions of criticism.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the work consists, in fact, of two tales, between which only a momentary and very partial connexion exists. The one presents us with the fortunes of George Harris and his wife Eliza, and the other with those of Uncle Tom. Eliza and Uncle Tom are slaves of Mr. Shelby, a Kentuckian proprietor, while George Harris belongs to a neighboring estate. So slight is the link between these parties that, from the moment of their separation, which occurs early in the narrative, they never cross each other's path, or exercise the slightest influence on one another's destiny. So far an artistic objection may be advanced against the work, but it is more than counterbalanced by the additional illustration of the slave system thus obtained; while the skill with which both narratives are maintained, heightens our estimate of the writer's power, and gives an insight into facts which could scarcely have been worked into one story. George Harris, 'a bright and talented young mulatto man,' scarcely distinguishable in color

from a white, and vastly superior in mental and moral qualities to most of the dominant race about him, is driven by hard usage to attempt an escape to Canada, while his wife, Eliza, having overheard her master reluctantly consent to the sale of her child, looks distractedly on the slumbering boy, exclaiming, with an agony which only a mother can know:—‘Poor boy! poor fellow! they have sold you! but your mother will save you yet!’ And she does so. Addressing herself to the task with desperate energy, she acted with promptitude and decision. Her strong maternal love, the hardships endured, her arrival at the Ohio river, her discovery by Haley who had tracked her flight, and her desperate passage across the floating ice, are sketched with masterly power, combined with exquisite tenderness, and profound knowledge of a mother’s heart. On recovering her self-possession, she found a man helping her up the bank on the Ohio side.

‘Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!’ said the man, with an oath.

‘Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

‘Oh, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!’ said Eliza.

‘Why, what’s this?’ said the man. ‘Why, if ’tant Shelby’s gal!’

‘My child!—this boy—he’d sold him! There is his mas’r,’ said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. ‘O Mr. Symmes, you’ve got a little boy.’

‘So I have,’ said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. ‘Besides, you are a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it.’

‘When they had gained the top of the bank the man paused.

‘I’d be glad to do something for ye,’ said he, ‘but then there’s nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*,’ said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. ‘Go *thar*; they’re kind folks. *Thar*’s no kind o’ danger, but they’ll help you—they’re up to all that sort o’thing.’

‘The Lord bless you,’ said Eliza, earnestly.

‘No ’casion, no casion in the world,’ said the man. ‘What I’ve done’s of no account.’

‘And oh, surely, sir, you wont tell any one!’

‘Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not,’ said the man. ‘Come, now, go along like a likely sensible gal as you are. You’ve arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me.’

‘The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

‘Shelby, now, mebbe wont think this yer the most neighbourly thing in the world; but what’s a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he’s welcome to pay back. Somehow I never

could see no kind o' critter a starvin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither.'

'So spake this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and, consequently, was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.'—Vol. i. p. 94.

Uncle Tom, the real hero of the tale, is sold by Mr. Shelby to Haley. The sale was a reluctant one; for the character of Tom was unexceptionable, and he was a great favorite both with his master and mistress, and with the other negroes on the plantation. He was 'a noble-hearted, faithful fellow,' whom nothing would have induced Mr. Shelby to part with, but great pecuniary difficulties. We shall presently advert to his character, and to the charge of exaggeration advanced against it. Our present object is to note the illustration which his sale affords of the working of the slave system. Viewed in this light, it furnishes a favorable specimen of the skill with which Mrs. Stowe has combined her materials, so as to accomplish her avowed purpose. Had the character of the negro been other than she has represented, had he been less docile or trustworthy, had his master been other than humane, or his mistress less solicitous for the welfare of all about her, his sale would not have taught the moral it now enforces. As it is, however, we see the tendency of slavery to subvert the order of the moral world, to dis sever between good conduct and happiness, and to subject its victims to the disruption of social ties, and the endurance of unutterable miseries, not as the penalty of their own misconduct, but as the consequence of pecuniary embarrassment on the part of their proprietors. The statement of Mr. Shelby to his wife is a withering condemnation of the system. Let men prate as they may of the good intentions of the planters, their kind-heartedness, and generous consideration for their dependents. Admitting all this for a moment, what does it avail? The system is inexorable, whatever individual slave-holders may be; and its iron rule frequently converts the very virtues of its administrators into instruments of torture. The petted slave of to-day may be seized to-morrow in payment of his master's debts, or be sold by that master under a pressure from which he would gladly escape, were it in his power. 'There is no choice,' said Mr. Shelby to his wife, in reference to the sale of Uncle Tom and Eliza's boy, 'between selling these two and selling everything. Either they must go or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mort-

gage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged, and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and *had* to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have *all* sold?"

And yet this is the system for which Scripture warrant is pleaded, and in support of which, the example of the first preachers of our faith is appealed to. Shame on the men who prostitute their sacred functions to so detestable a purpose! We need not wonder at the charges advanced against them, or at the suspicions with which their faith is viewed, by those whose hearts are alive to the horrors of slavery. We have mourned over many things said and done by William Lloyd Garrison; but when we think of the horrid things he has heard from ministerial lips; when we call to mind the truculency, the unfaithfulness, the mean cowardice, the desperate perversions of holy writ, and the impious sanctions—expressed or implied—awarded to gross violations of the law of God, by the official expounders of Christian truth, our censures are arrested, and we stand mute and sorrowful. Oh, there must be something marvellously vital in Christianity for it to have survived such wrongs! Were it other than divine, it could scarcely fail, in many parts of the earth, to be entombed amidst the reproaches and contempt of mankind. Its worst enemies are emphatically those of its own household. 'I tell ye what, stranger,' said honest John Van Trompe, and his case is that of thousands, 'it was years and years before I'd jine the church, 'cause the ministers round in our parts used to preach that the Bible went in for these ere cuttings up; and I couldn't be up to 'em with their Greek and Hebrew, and so I took up agin 'em, Bible and all. I never jined the church till I found a minister that was up to 'em all in Greek and all that, and he said right the contrary; and then I took right hold, and jined the church.'

Great skill is displayed by Mrs. Stowe in her delineations of character. They are strikingly discriminative. Her portraits are individualized, doing justice to the subordinate, as well as to the more prominent features. The light and the shade are so disposed as to bring out distinctly the one figure she designs to represent. It is not a class merely that she delineates. We see, it is true, class features—it could not be otherwise with a true likeness. But in addition we trace the peculiarities of the individual, see not the abstract but the concrete man live and move before us, and are in consequence pervaded by a deeper, more thrilling sympathy than would

otherwise be the case. A writer of inferior powers, or of less acute observation, could not have done this. It is common with such to deal only in generalities. A few broad lines mark the more prominent features of the party described, and any name belonging to the class might in consequence be written beneath the portrait. Nothing of the kind, however, is visible in Mrs. Stowe's delineations. It is evident that she paints from nature, and that her mastery, both of pencil and of paint, is perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Shelby are specimens in point; so are Haley, Tom Loker, and Marks. These three worthies, though alike in their occupation, are strongly discriminated; and the qualities of each are made to bring out yet more clearly the practical working and demon character of the slave system. Then again, how similar in genuine benevolence, yet how different in individual characteristics are Senator Bird, 'drawing off his boots,' and expounding to his wife the recently enacted law against fugitive slaves; and that wife herself, 'a timid, blushing, little woman,' throwing off her usual reserve, and with more than her usual spirit appealing from the tortuous logic of the senate to the clear dictates of holy writ. 'Now, John,' said the noble hearted little woman, 'I don't know anything about politics, but I can read my Bible, and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate; and that Bible I mean to follow. . . . I tell you, folks don't run away when they are happy; and when they do run, poor creatures! they suffer enough with cold and hunger, and fear, without everybody turning against them; and, law or no law, I never will, so help me, God!'

There is something inimitably touching; a pathos and sentiment which a parent only can appreciate, in the few words of Mr. Bird, when, yielding to the dictates of his heart, he resolved to convey Eliza and her boy to a place of safety. He had recently lost a child, and remembering the condition of Eliza's boy, he said, with some hesitation, to his wife: 'Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about it, but there's that drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry's?' This was enough. His wife had triumphed. These words spoke a volume. There was a sentiment in them of deep true-hearted benignity which eloquence could not adorn, and which elaborate description would only weaken. It is the province of genius, and of genius only, by a few light touches thus to unveil a hidden world, on which the vulgar eye never rests. These simple words, uttered almost unconsciously, enshrine the speaker in the best affections of the heart. 'Are you the man,' said Senator Bird, when the secluded dwelling of John Van Trompe was at length reached, 'that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-

catchers?' 'I rather think I am,' said honest John, with some considerable emphasis. 'I thought so,' said the Senator. 'If there's any body comes,' said the good man, stretching his tall muscular form upward, 'why, here I'm ready for him; and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em. Give our respects to 'em; tell 'em it's no matter how soon they call,—make no kinder difference to us.' And then, looking on the wearied mother, and noting her beauty, he threw a flood of light on the infamies of the slave system by remarking, as he closed the door: 'Why, this is an uncommon handsome un! Ah, well! handsome uns has the greatest cause to run, sometimes, if they has any kind o' feeling, such as decent women should. I know all about that.* And yet, however incredible the fact, even women are found affecting the virtues of their sex, and talking the language of devotion, while they venture to palliate and defend this most diabolical of all institutions. It is enough to meet with men who do so. Our patience is sorely taxed even then, but we know no words in which to express our loathing of a female advocate of slavery. Why here, if anywhere, the voice of woman should be raised, clear, earnest, and imploring; giving utterance, in tones of impassioned tenderness, to the wrongs and to the claims of their helpless sisterhood. The multiplication of such instances as those of Mrs. Eastman, would throw a shade over the social prospects of America which no external splendor would brighten. We blush for our species when one woman can be found to plead the cause of a system

* We are deeply grieved to learn from our contemporary that this noble-minded man, who had manumitted all his own slaves, and was ever ready to assist the fugitive wanderers in their passage to Canada, was reduced to poverty, and sunk prematurely into the grave, as the result of his generous labors:—'The first station north of Cincinnati, was a few miles up Mill-creek, at the house of the pious and lion-hearted John Vanzandt, who figures in chapter nine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as John Van Trompe. Mrs. Stowe must have often been roused from her sleep by the quick rattle of the covered wagons, and the confused galloping of constables and slave-catchers in hot pursuit. "Honest John" was always ready to turn out with his team, and the hunters of men were not often adroit enough to come up with him. He sleeps now in the obscure grave of a martyr. The "gigantic frame," of which the novelist speaks, was worn down at last by want of sleep, exposure, and anxiety; and his spirits were depressed by the persecutions which were accumulated on him. Several slave-owners who had lost their property by his means, sued him, in the United States courts, for damages; and judgment after judgment stripped him of his farm and all his property.'—*Frazer*, p. 524.

Well, it will not be always so. As sure as there is a righteous God, who judgeth in the earth, the cry of the oppressed will yet be heard, and those who have labored in their service will be had in remembrance. The memory of such a man as John Van Trompe, is infinitely more worthy to be cherished than the most illustrious of those whom the world delights to honor.

under which licentiousness revels, and female modesty is laughed to scorn. 'Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon!'

The Quaker settlement is another masterpiece. It was a quiet scene, and we love to look on its inmates; 'it seemed so pleasant to everyone to do just what they were doing; there was such an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good fellowship everywhere.' Simeon and Rachel Halliday, with Ruth Stedman and Phineas Fletcher, are studies on which we could gaze for hours. Each has a character of his own, yet all partake largely of the mildness, active benevolence, and fearlessness in the discharge of duty, so distinctive of the Society of Friends. All honor to the disciples of George Fox! While dissenting from some of their dogmas, we hold them in veneration and love. They fill a large space in the history of philanthropy, and their labors on behalf of the Negro have been unremitting and severe. Phineas Fletcher 'had been a hearty, two-fisted backwoodsman, a vigorous hunter, and a dead shot at a buck,' but, won over by the love of a young Quakeress, he had joined the society, though he could never root out from his heart some of the instincts on which he had been accustomed to act. 'It is quite plain,' said Simeon Halliday to him, 'thee wasn't born a Friend. The old nature hath its way in thee pretty strong as yet.' It was well—so in our heresy we imagine—that it was so. The flight of the fugitives was tracked, and Phineas, who had undertaken to convey them to the next station, finding that their pursuers rapidly gained upon them, led them up a footpath to an old hunting den amongst the rocks. They leapt a chasm, and were sheltered behind some stones, which served as a breastwork. George Harris, and a negro lad, Jim, were armed with pistols, and gave indubitable signs of their determination to use them. The Quaker and the man struggled violently in the breast of Phineas, and the result was a sort of compromise, which contributed effectually to the safety of the fugitives. Marks took advantage of the generous indiscretion of George Harris to fire at him, though happily without effect.

'George sprang backward—Eliza uttered a shriek—the ball had passed close to his hair, had nearly grazed the cheek of his wife, and stuck in the tree above.

'It's nothing, Eliza,' said George, quickly.

'Thee'd better keep out of sight, with thy speechifying,' said Phineas; 'they're mean scamps.'

'Now, Jim,' said George, 'look that your pistols are all right, and watch that pass with me. The first man that shows himself I fire at: you take the second, and so on. It wont do, you know, to waste two shots on one.'

'But what if you don't hit?'

'I *shall* hit,' said George, coolly.

'Good! Now, there's stuff in that fellow,' muttered Phineas, between his teeth.

'The party below, after Marks had fired, stood, for a moment, rather undecided.

'I think you must have hit some on 'em,' said one of the men. 'I heard a squeal!'

'I'm going right up, for one,' said Tom. 'I never was afraid of niggers, and I ain't going to be now. Who goes after?' he said, springing up the rocks.

'George heard the words distinctly. He drew up his pistol, examined it, pointed it towards that point in the defile where the first man would appear.

'One of the most courageous of the party followed Tom, and, the way being thus made, the whole party began pushing up the rock—the hindermost pushing the front ones faster than they would have gone of themselves. On they came, and in a moment the burly form of Tom appeared in sight, almost at the verge of the chasm.

'George fired—the shot entered his side; but though wounded he would not retreat, but, with a yell like that of a mad bull, he was leaping right across the chasm into the party.

'Friend,' said Phineas, suddenly stepping to the front, and meeting him with a push from his long arms, 'thee isn't wanted here.'

'Down he fell into the chasm, crackling down among the trees, bushes, logs, loose stones, till he lay, bruised and groaning, thirty feet below. The fall might have killed him, had it not been broken and moderated by his clothes catching in the branches of a large tree; but he came down with some force, however—more than was at all agreeable or convenient.'—*Ib.* p. 285.

Of the character and brief history of Eva we shall say but little. We despair of doing justice to the delicate touches, refined sentiments, angelic loveliness, and spiritual yearnings of the child, which contrast touchingly with the generous, high-souled, but indolent St. Clare, the selfishness of Marie, or the dry conscientiousness and matter-of-fact habits of Miss Ophelia. Eva is one of the most beautiful creations of the human intellect, clothed in 'an undulating and ærial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being.' We commend this sketch to the special attention of our readers. The picture itself is before them, and it would be sheer folly to attempt to analyze its charms. The closing scene of Eva's life is unsurpassed in the whole range of fiction. We have read it frequently, and yet, hard as critics are reputed to be, it moves us deeply. The scene lives before us,—the un agony of St. Clare, whose withered heart found solace in his child; the mingled anxiety and love of Miss Ophelia; sobs and groans of the surrounding negroes; the deep,

sympathy of Tom and Mammy; the loving disposition of the sufferer, now showing itself in grateful acknowledgment of kindness, and then in the counsels of earnest affection,—at one time rising into confidence in the anticipation of heavenly fellowship, and anon beseeching, as such a child only could beseech, her distracted father to be submissive; and last, though not the least interesting figure in the group, poor Topsy, 'wiping the tears from her eyes,' and exclaiming,—'Oh, Miss Eva! I *is* trying; but Lor', it's so hard to be good! 'Pears like I an't used to it, no ways!' We turn from the scene. Other matters are before us, and we find relief in yielding to their claims.

If space permitted, we would endeavor to show, as might easily be done, that the author's skill is visible in her dialogues as well as in her sketches of character. This is remarkably the case. Each of her *dramatis personæ* speaks a language appropriate to himself. There is no confusion of tongues, no mere babbling, no substitution of an unintelligible jargon for the *patois* of the Negroes.

Our notice of Mrs. Stowe's work would be confessedly incomplete, did we not advert to the charge of exaggeration preferred against it. This is the standing rejoinder of the slave advocate. Its vagueness and generality fit it eminently for his purpose, and he is by no means indisposed to its use. It is just such a reply as the nature of the case would lead us to anticipate, for it is in fact an appeal *ad ignorantiam*, and seeks, without disproving an opponent's case, to weaken its impression, and to take off the edge of its reproof. All men know the effect of statements of this sort. They are adapted to shake confidence, and though not perhaps inducing absolute incredulity, yet, as an opiate, they lull the conscience and beget inertness. We are not surprised, therefore, to meet with the charge in every variety of form. It is what we looked for; what Mrs. Stowe must have calculated on; and what the friends of humanity should thoroughly sift and expose. The author of 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin,' in her own elegant and temperate style, speaks of 'the raw-head and bloody-bones stories with which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has seen fit to embellish that interesting romance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin;"' while the Carolinian, in his pamphlet, entitled 'What do you think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the South?' affirms that she 'has drawn a most wild and unreal picture of slavery.' 'In dwelling,' he says, 'with great skill and dramatic power upon the abuses of the system, and upon nothing beyond, she has given a *most false and wrong impression of what slavery is.*' She has 'dipped her pen,' a New Orleans journal of the 30th of August tells us, 'in the bitterest gall of malevolence, and has

written one of the most abominable libels which the age has produced, full of all manner of calumnies and uncharitableness.'

The same charge is, in substance, preferred by some English journalists, though happily for the honor of our country their number is extremely small. It matters little, however, whether they are few or many. The grave question respects the charge itself, and concerning this, we have no misgiving. It has been our lot to deal much with the evidence of this case. We have examined it through the medium of the least questionable form of evidence, and as the result of our inquiries, are prepared to affirm, whether regard be had to the laws of slave states, to the *feeling* of Southern planters, to the decisions of legal courts, or to the more summary proceedings of Lynch law, whether we look to the violence of white mobs, or to the revelations of plantation discipline occasionally afforded; whether, in a word, reference be made to the spirit of the American Congress, to the enactments of state legislatures, to the theories of many divines, to the advertisements of the American press, to the licentiousness which it feeds, the ten thousand social wrongs it perpetrates, or the imbruting influence it extends over all its victims, it is impossible to exaggerate its enormity, or to overcharge the sad picture of its wretchedness and guilt.

It is with the strictest accuracy Mrs. Stowe affirms, 'nothing of tragedy can be written, can be spoken, can be conceived, that equals the frightful reality of scenes daily and hourly acting on our shores, beneath the shadow of American law, and the shadow of the Cross of Christ.' Such is her assertion, and by every word of it we abide. Mere denial, however passionate or repeated, avails nothing. We ask for evidence, but instead of this are supplied with what insults our common sense, or grossly libels the religion we profess. That Mrs. Stowe is not fairly open to the charge of exaggeration is susceptible of the clearest proof. A few words will suffice on this point.

What is it she undertakes? Let her own words explain this? 'The separate incidents,' she tells us, in her concluding chapter, 'that compose the narrative are, to a very great extent, authentic, occurring, many of them, either under her own observation, or that of her personal friends. She or her friends have observed characters, the counterpart of almost all that are here introduced; and many of the sayings are word for word as heard herself, or reported to her.' From these words, then, it is clear beyond the possibility of question, that she claims the discretion proper to the writer of fiction, and is consequently answer-

able, not for the authenticity of the narrative, but for the truthfulness only of the illustration it supplies of the slave system. This was her aim. To this everything is subordinated, and by this must her success or failure be judged. She does not write as a biographer, but as a novelist. Her design is to show what may, and frequently does, occur under the American slave system, and we defy her opponents—though their name be legion—to prove that she has overcharged the picture. Her strict fidelity is susceptible of many illustrations. We shall confine ourselves to two.

She has neither represented the Negroes as immaculate, nor slave-holders as indiscriminately selfish and cruel. In these respects, she is as true to nature as in the delineation of character or in the conduct of her dialogues. A strong presumption in favor of her rectitude arises hence. Had she been the mere partizan, there would have been no such blending of colors in her portraits, no such truthfulness of delineation, no such harmony with nature in her broader views of society and morals. To descend to particulars. By the side of Uncle Tom, George Harris, and Eliza, she has set Black Sam, a compound of selfishness and cunning, who regarded with complacency the sale of Uncle Tom as making way for his own advancement. 'Yes,' soliloquized Black Sam, 'it's an ill wind dat blows nowhar. Now, dar, Tom's down—wal, course der's room for some nigger to be up—and why not dis nigger?' Andy, also, another of Mr. Shelby's negroes, evinces the same cunning, with more acuteness, however, than Black Sam. 'You do better think twice,' he remarked, when Sam avowed his eagerness to proceed in pursuit of Eliza, 'for missis don't want her cotched, and she'll be in yer wool. It's allas best to stand missis' side the fence, now I tell yer.' There was shrewdness in this, but no generosity. Both Sam and Andy would have been ready to aid the pursuit, had they supposed it to consist with their own interest to do so. As it is, the scene in front of Mr. Shelby's house is full of broad humor, which cannot be fully enjoyed on a first perusal, so deep is the anxiety to know the fate of Eliza. But there is nothing in it to raise our estimate of the *morale* of the negro mind, however it may exhibit the cunning of weakness overmatching the strength of the oppressor.

Again, the household of St. Clare at New Orleans, from Adolph to Topsy, presents several varieties of negro character, which would have been kept out of sight, had the design of the author been what her assailants allege. Vanity, idleness, dishonesty, love of self, and contemptuous disregard of inferiors, are represented as rife in this establishment, while Prue, the

old rusk woman, in her moral debasement, lowers our estimate of her class, as much as her tragical death deepens our abhorrence of the slave system. But it is on the plantation of Legree that the negro character is drawn in the darkest colors. Sambo and Quimbo, the two negro drivers, would never have been sketched by a partizan. They are almost enough to make us loathe their race, and if their moral debasement is the condemnation of slavery, their brutality, hard selfishness, and low vice, steel our heart against the dictates of justice. And what can be less attractive, what more opposed to the ordinary style of the novelist than the sketch given of the 'sullen, scowling, imbruted men,' or of the 'women that were not women,' whom Tom found at the negro quarter? We cannot conceive it possible for a candid mind to look on this picture, and to arrive at any other conclusion than that Mrs. Stowe designed, at least, to exhibit facts. She may have been successful or not—that is another question—but *honest* she undoubtedly was in the scene she drew. A writer of ordinary powers, or of questionable motives, would have done far otherwise than exhibit the beings whose cause she advocated, as sunk to the lowest possible grade of human life,—an approximation as near as their nature permitted to the beasts around them. This, however, our author has done, and from such materials grouped together in such strict fidelity to fact, she has deduced lessons from which the most unreflecting must find it difficult to escape. But we have said that her impartiality is shown in the delineation of slaveholders as well as in her description of negro character, and in proof, we need only refer to Mrs. Shelby and her son, Master George, to Symmes, who helped Eliza up the Ohio bank, and directed her to Mr. Bird's, to St. Clare and his daughter, to the manufacturer Wilson, to the benevolent purchaser at the New Orleans slave-mart, to the 'amiable and pious lady' who had 'carefully and piously instructed and trained' Susan and Emmeline, and to the 'good and generous man' who manumitted, and then married, Emily, the sister of George Harris. These instances more than suffice to vindicate our author from the charge of libelling a class, and we may well be content to rest our defence upon them. Let Mrs. Stowe's assailants point out another case in which such ready justice is done to individuals, combined with so thorough an exposure of the system they administer, and we may be compelled to look out for other proof of her impartiality. One thing at least is apparent. No such virtue has been practised by themselves; for from the beginning to the end of their lucubrations, no one redeeming feature is admitted in the case of a single abolitionist.

But exception is specially taken to the case of Legree, and

to the scenes enacted on his plantation. 'With the exception of Professor Webster,' says Mrs. Eastman, 'such a wretch never darkened humanity'; and she then attempts, in a strain of pitiful irony, as bad in taste as it is feeble in execution, to hold up the heroism and martyr spirit of Uncle Tom to ridicule. Now, we are quite prepared to meet the author of 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin' on her own ground. We have been at some pains to ascertain the probability of the scenes described, and the result is, a strong confirmation of the truthfulness of the narrative. Mrs. Stowe's sketch of Legree is founded on the report of her brother, who, after visiting his 'plantation as the representative of a mercantile house in New Orleans, wrote,—'He actually made me feel of his fist, which was like a blacksmith's hammer, or a nodule of iron, telling me that it was "calloused with knocking down niggers." When I left the plantation I drew a long breath, and felt as if I had escaped from an ogre's den.' Against this direct testimony nothing in the shape of evidence is adduced, nor, indeed, is positive denial attempted. The tale of Irishmen employed on a northern railroad, which Mrs. Eastman mentions, is clearly beside the mark. There is no parallel between a wrong admitting of legal proof and one for which the laws themselves secure impunity. Until the evidence of slaves is admitted, it is worse than idle to institute comparisons between the injuries they sustain and those inflicted on the whites.

But regard must be had to the locality of Legree's plantation, in order that we may rightly estimate the probability of the occurrences recorded. If the description had pertained to a plantation in Virginia, Kentucky, or any neighboring state, it would have savored much of exaggeration. Bad as we know the system to be, we are not prepared to admit that such scenes are enacted in the older and more settled states. There are degrees of atrocity even in slavery, and the milder form it assumes in some cases veils its enormities in others. What, then, is the fact in the present instance? Why, it is just such as confirms our faith in the author's integrity, and supplies an incidental, yet most potent confirmation of her narrative. Legree's plantation is said to be on the *Red River*, and, on looking to the map, we find that this river is situated on the western border of the State of Arkansas. The scene of the narrative, therefore, is laid on the very outskirts of civilization, where law—even in the case of the white man—is confessedly feeble, and where public opinion is demoralized and sanguinary. The region of the bowie-knife and the revolver is just that in which the atrocities of Legree's plantation are likely to occur. What, then, shall we say of the truthfulness of a writer who

conceals this important fact in her attempt to discredit the representation of an opponent?

The character of Uncle Tom has given special offence. We are not surprised at this. It must be gall and wormwood to the slave-holder, for a severer condemnation than that which it passes on his theory and practice cannot well be imagined. As a parallel, however, to her conception, the author, in her *preface* to Mr. Bosworth's edition, quotes from the will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State, a description of David Rice, whom he directed to be manumitted, with a present of one hundred dollars. After stating that he had 'been trusted to every extent, and in every respect,' and that he had 'never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station,' the Judge adds, 'in the uninterrupted confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given, nor had occasion to give him, one unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he.' Such an instance is sufficient to clear Mrs. Stowe from the charge of having sketched a mere fancy picture. The outline was before her, and she has here, as in other cases, only shown what the negro character was capable of. She has not availed herself to any unwonted degree of the licence of fiction, but has simply combined, and given coloring to, qualities which are met with in actual life. A more beautiful, complete, or finished portraiture of a Christian, was never drawn. From the days of the Apostle Paul to our own, it has not been exceeded in the accurate delineation of all *essential* features. We could readily suggest additions, but they would consist of secondary qualities only,—of such as constitute the ornament, not the stamina of the Christian mind. Moreover the weaknesses incident to his degraded state mingle with, and even add a charm to, the expressions of his piety. However wrapt his devotion, or unselfish his thoughts, it is the slave still who moves before us, deeply imbued, it is true, with the spirit of his Lord, but still destitute of varied knowledge, contracted in many of his ideas, and prone to superstition. The portrait is that of a slave, refined and elevated, but still a slave. How perfectly appropriate this is, we need not say. As an example, we may refer to the explanation given to Miss Ophelia of his lying on the verandah, outside the sick chamber of Eva. 'You know,' said the sainted bondsman, 'there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom. . . . When that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely.' But we refrain from further comment. Such passages afford incidental, yet weighty proof of the truthfulness of the picture.

The artist was drawing from life, or such a characteristic would never have been seen on her canvas.

Some of the scenes in the closing life of Tom, remind us of the graphic power, and full-toned expressiveness, of Bunyan. We know nothing which exceeds them. They are full of purity and moral elevation—the spirit of heaven amidst the sufferings and cruelties of earth. Take, for example, his rejoinder, when asked by Legree, ‘An’t yer mine, now, body and soul?’ In the very depth of his sufferings this question touched his heart. Raising himself up, ‘and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed; ‘No! no! no! my soul an’t yours. mas’r! You haven’t bought it,—ye can’t buy it! It’s been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it.’ If this be not sublime, we know not wherein sublimity consists. Let critics sneer, and pretended religionists caricature, we would rather be the possessor of such a feeling than the wearer of a crown.

We pass over as utterly worthless, the pitiful attempt of Mrs. Eastman to render the sketch of Uncle Tom ridiculous. Her wit is on a par with her logic, and fails to amuse, as the latter is powerless to convince. A more formidable opponent has appeared among ourselves. The transcendent ability of the ‘Times’ is admitted. On this point there is no question. Unhappily, however, the ‘Times’ is always infelicitous when venturing to deal with personal religion. This is not its vocation. The subject is not understood by its conductors, and the grossness of its blunders would amuse, were not the theme too weighty for mirth. We will not characterize the critique of the ‘Times’ on Mrs. Stowe’s work, further than to say with Earl Carlisle, it was ‘instinct with all the susceptibility, the sourness, and the jealousy, of the slave-holding and slave-fostering system itself.’ The fact is, the writer was out of his depth. He knew nothing of the subject about which he dogmatically pronounced. ‘What do you think of the critique of the ‘Times’ on “Uncle Tom’s Cabin?”’ said a friend of ours the other day, to a literary man of eminence: ‘It reminds me,’ was the reply, ‘of the words of the Samaritan woman—“Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.”’

The want of space compels us to refrain from further comment on Mrs. Stowe’s work, and at the same time to relinquish the intention of adverting to some other topics. It was our purpose, when commencing this article, to refer specifically to the countenance given to the slave system by the churches and Christian people of America, but we must defer this for the present. Our remarks have extended so far beyond our

design, that were we to prosecute our original intention, we should necessarily fail to do justice to a theme which is amongst the gravest and most delicate that can be handled.

There is, however, one topic in Mrs. Stowe's work to which we must briefly allude. Comparisons are frequently instituted between the American slave and the English laborer, and the conclusion, though not absolutely in favor of the former, is obviously adapted to diminish abhorrence of slavery, and to attach to our philanthropy a somewhat questionable and ridiculous character. It is true, as Mrs. Stowe alleges in her defence, 'that these ideas occur in the dramatic part of the book, and are placed in the mouth of an honorable and high-minded slave-holder;' and further, that 'it was impossible to give a dramatic representation of such a character without the introduction of this parallel.' We readily admit all this, but such pleas do not touch our exception. We object, not to the introduction of the views in question, but to the impression conveyed—such, at least, we have found to be the case—that the author concurs in them. Now it is of importance that the American slave-holder should not be aided in maintaining his position by a false view of the condition of our laboring people; and therefore, we regret that Mrs. Stowe has given even the appearance of countenance to the delusion. It would have been easy to avoid this, and we yet hope to see it done. We are as sensible as any 'Southerner' can be, of the discomforts and many wrongs of our poorer countrymen, but to represent these as analogous to those of slavery is to outrage common sense, and to give the lie to a thousand facts. That Mrs. Stowe should have fallen into such an error is not strange, considering the authorities she refers to; but error it nevertheless is, and we trust the purveyors of our popular literature, and the compilers of parliamentary reports, will be warned by her example, not to give a false coloring to the facts of our social life. It would be easy to refute the view broached by St. Clare, and apparently acquiesced in by Mrs. Stowe; but as our space is already exceeded, we prefer giving the testimony of an American slave, who has had an opportunity of personally comparing the condition of the two classes. 'The people of the United States,' says W. Wells Brown, when giving an account of his visit to Dr. Lee, at Hartwell House, 'know nothing of the laboring classes in England. The peasants of Great Britain are always spoken of as belonging to the soil. I was taught in America that the English labourer was no better off than the slaves upon a Carolina rice-field. I had seen the slaves in Missouri huddled together, three, four, and even five families in a single room not more than twelve by twenty-

five feet square, and I expected to see the same in England. But in this I was disappointed. . . As I looked upon the home of the laborer, my thoughts were with my enslaved countrymen. What a difference, thought I, there is between the tillers of the soil in England and America. There could not be a more complete refutation of the assertion that the English laborer is no better off than the American slave, than the scenes that were then before me.' *

Respecting the various editions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' we have little to say. The most notable of them are placed at the head of this article, and of these we cannot hesitate for one moment to assign to Mr. Bosworth's the post of honor. Mrs. Stowe has a direct interest in its sale, and we unite with the publisher in hoping 'that this fact, together with the superior typography of the volume, and the lowness of the price, will be considered as giving it a higher claim to general patronage than is possessed by any other edition.'

'Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is' is one of the poorest and dullest tales we ever read. We have gone through it with every disposition to do justice to its literary merits, whatever we might think of the views advocated; and we say deliberately that it has no one redeeming feature to save it from total and contemptuous neglect. Even as a defence of the slave system—and this is its only chance of life—it is below notice. We have heard that the planters speak of it in high terms, and that the New York literary press commends it highly. If it is so, then, alas, poor slavery! Its bitterest foe would scarcely wish it to be reduced to a more pitiable condition. Its plight is bad indeed if the 'Southerners' appeal with pride to this rejoinder to Mrs. Stowe. Better say nothing than talk like Mr. W. L. G. Smith. If the aid he supplies is all which the case admits of, then, instead of replying to an assailant, the slave-holder would do well to close his lips, and trust to the short memory of mankind. We have gone on from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, in the hope of meeting with some fresh and vigorous, if not eloquent, passages,—something to break the dead level, to give us a glimpse of the country beyond, and to bring to our wearied and heated frame the cool, invigorating, breeze of a higher region. We have been disappointed; not a mole-hill has been visible, and we now write—not in sorrow certainly, but with simple truthfulness—that had Mrs. Stowe done nothing more than call forth such a champion, she would have established her case beyond the possibility of candid doubt. The object of the story, we are told, is 'to represent the rela-

* Three Years in Europe, p. 91.

tions between master and slave.' 'To do this,' the author adds, 'it was necessary to depict the passions and sentiments as the same are usually found to exist in the every-day scenes of life.' This is well, and had the rule been observed, we should have had much more than Mr. Smith has supplied. Mr. Erskine the planter, and Mr. Gravity, his overseer, might have been retained, though with some modifications, obviously needful to the verisimilitude of their characters; but other personages would, occasionally, at least, have been introduced, as examples of another class whom American laws entrust with the happiness and life of their fellows. Further than this, the poor attempt would not have been made to represent the miscreant Bates, the Browns, the Allgoods, and the Smiths, as types of Abolitionists. But nothing was further from the author's design than a representation of the *whole* system. His object was to counteract the impression of Mrs. Stowe's work, and he has sought to compass this by giving us a totally different view of Negro character and occupation. Mr. Erskine, the Virginian planter, is represented as a mild, amiable, and benevolent man, who lived amongst his slaves like a patriarch of the olden time, and found his happiness in their enjoyments.

That such cases may occur we do not deny. Despotism is occasionally mild, but, as well reason in favor of tyranny from the good acts of individual tyrants, as on behalf of the slave system from such instances as this. They are the exceptions, not the rule; the acts of individual kindness, not the genuine working of the system. To hold up such as examples of slavery, is to prostitute truth to the worst purpose of falsehood. Mrs. Stowe has done nothing of the kind. Her pictures are illustrative of the *system*, and she has rendered justice—which Mr. Smith has not even attempted—to the better class of her opponents. In the same spirit as sketched the planter, Mr. Smith represents the overseer, Mr. Gravity, as having 'a kind heart, and a scrupulously honest disposition. If he ever plied the lash to the stubbornly disobedient slave, he used it, as nearly as we can recollect, precisely as a father does in the wholesome correction of his children. He did not punish with wantonness.' The negroes were of course happy. All their wants were anticipated. Many little luxuries were supplied, and if they had not the freedom of European laborers, they were exempted from their anxieties, and knew nothing of their vicissitudes. 'As for their present state,' we are assured by Mr. Erskine himself, 'they could not be happier.' Their cabins, though not remarkable for cleanliness, wore 'an air of tidiness and gentility.' In a word, they were pleased with their lot, 'took no thought for the morrow, and were contented and

happy.' Only one thing was needed to complete the picture, and this Mr. Smith hastens to supply. Let who will believe it. If we did, we should abhor slavery yet more intensely. How a republican can imagine he is doing service to the 'domestic institution' of his country, by representing it as having extinguished the love of freedom, we leave our author to say.

After the refusal of *Hector* to accept freedom at the hands of his master, we are not surprised at the subsequent parts of the fiction. 'Uncle Tom,' who has nothing in common with Mrs. Stowe's hero but a name, escapes to Canada, is found there in filth and rags—the *servant, of course, of an abolitionist*—seeks out his old master at the Falls of Niagara, who extends to him his hand, and 'with a pleasant smile upon his countenance, inquired after his health,' entreats to be taken back to Virginia, and on promise of good behavior, is allowed to re-visit the scene of his youth. His return was, of course, hailed by his fellow slaves. He 'enjoyed the sweet repose of a quiet conscience; and arose in the morning, refreshed by sleep, vigorous and joyful.'

We could add much, but prefer leaving the fiction—for such it is, and a poor one too—to the unbiassed judgment of our readers. A grosser insult to the common sense of mankind was never offered. No one will be deceived by the picture, and the attempt to impose it on the ignorant and credulous, betokens the desperate plight to which the 'Southerners' are reduced.

Of 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin' we need say little. Our opinion of it has already been indicated. As a defence of the slave-system it is a miserable failure; but as an exponent of the views of the 'Southerners' it has value, and may be read with advantage. It takes ground very different from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is,' and displays with less reserve the bitterness and wholesale defamation directed against the abolitionists. Mrs. Eastman has less moderation and self-control than Mr. Smith, and writes with more animation and descriptive power. Cousin Janet's account of Walter's mother, in the early part of the work, has considerable merit; but it stands alone, and is so superior to what follows, as to awaken doubts respecting its authorship. Altogether, the tale has great improbabilities; its characters are devoid of strong interest; and the tone which pervades it is of the worst possible kind. Slavery is treated of as God's 'own institution,' and a writer on it is said to have 'the advantage of finding it, with its continued history, and the laws given by God to govern' it, 'in the holy Bible.' This is Mrs. Eastman's starting-point, and if she is sincere, we can only pity her ignorance of the religion she professes to revere,

and wonder what evil there is under the sun for which she might not plead a similar justification. Christianity has suffered many wrongs at the hands of its disciples, but never was it so maligned as when its authority is pleaded on behalf of slavery. Who could have imagined, apart from experience, that the religion of love would be adduced in support of cruelty,—the pure, benignant, self-sacrificing temper of the Gospel be perverted to the sanction of a system under which licentiousness, robbery, lawless despotism, and concentrated selfishness, are openly cherished? We confess that we sicken and turn away disgusted when such enormities are glossed over by the commonplaces of religion. Our feeling is similar in some respects to that of Tom Loker, who nauseated the cant of Haley, telling him: ‘I can stand most any talk o’ yourn, but your pious talk,—that kills me right up.’

The tone of Mrs. Eastman’s volume may be judged of by the following delectable specimen. Susan, a negro servant, had been brought by her mistress from Georgia to Boston, where she was found by some abolitionists, who persuaded her to escape from bondage. She determined to do so, and was lodged for the night, so says our author, ‘under the charge of some people who made their living by receiving the newly ransomed.’ In justice to Mrs. Eastman, we will give what follows in her own words. Were we to abridge her narrative, we should be suspected of misrepresentation.

‘The next morning she was to go off, but she found she had reckoned without her host, for when she thanked the good people for her night’s lodging and the hashed cod-fish on which she tried to breakfast, she had a bill to pay, and where was the money? Poor Susan! she had only a quarter of a dollar, and that she had asked her mistress for a week before, to buy a pair of side-combs.

‘Why, what a fool you be,’ said one of the men; ‘didn’t I tell you to bring your mistress’ purse along?’

‘And did you think I was going to steal besides running off from her and the poor baby?’ answered Susan.

‘It’s not stealing,’ said the Abolitionist. ‘Haven’t you been a slaving of yourself all your life for her, and I guess you’ve a right to be paid for it. I guess you think the rags on your back good wages enough?’

‘Susan looked at her neat dress, and thought they were very nice rags, compared to the clothes her landlady had on; but the Abolitionist was in a hurry.

‘Come,’ said he, ‘I’m not going to spend all my time on you; if you want to be free, come along; pay what you owe, and start.’

‘But I have only this quarter,’ said Susan, despairingly.

‘I don’t calculate to give runaway niggers their supper, and night’s lodging and breakfast for twenty-five cents,’ said the woman. ‘I aint

so green as that, I can tell you. If you've got no money, open your bundle, and we can make a trade, like as not.'—p. 58.

What will our readers think after this, when they find Mrs. Eastman gravely stating, 'I am determined to be charitable.' We confess that we wondered greatly at the impudence of the assertion, or, rather, we ceased to wonder at the palpable falsehoods, the gross misdescriptions, with which the volume abounds. We might multiply instances in proof, but our space is too valuable to be filled with such trash. We dismiss 'Aunt Phillis's Cabin' to the neglect which awaits it. It establishes beyond doubt the weakness of slavery, and will greatly aid the impression of Mrs. Stowe's volume.

'The White Slave,' is a work of considerable merit, taking the same general view of slavery as Mrs. Stowe's. It has not the dramatic power of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and is wholly destitute of that vital heat which penetrates and melts the hardest heart. It can never vie with it, therefore, in popularity; and wears, moreover, in some parts of its narrative, an air of romance which greatly detracts from its moral force. It is, however, a fearful exposure of the horrid system of the south, and deepens our sympathy with its degraded and miserable victims. It is issued as an original work, and we have no reason to suppose that it was not so regarded by its English publishers. From the 'Westminster Review,' however, of last July (page 315) we learn that it was published at Boston, U.S., in 1836, under a different title, and was reprinted in a London periodical, entitled, 'Truth Seeker' in 1846 or 1847. It was forwarded to this country a few months since, we are informed, by Messrs. Tappan and Whittemore, highly respectable booksellers of Boston, as a 'new work,' and their agent was instructed to sell the copyright to a London publisher. If this statement is correct—and so far as we are aware it has not been contradicted—there is much blame somewhere, and the American publishers owe it to their own reputation to search out the matter thoroughly. Either they have been imposed on by some literary pirate, or—which we do not credit—they have lent themselves to a most disreputable fraud.

ART. VII.—*Pastoral Theology : the Theory of a Gospel Ministry.* By A. Vinet, Professor of Theology at Lausanne. Translated from the French. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. London : Hamilton and Co.; Simpkin and Co. 1852.

WE learn from the editor that this volume was not prepared for the press by M. Vinet, but is taken from the note-books of students, who heard them delivered. Notwithstanding the unavoidable imperfections of a volume so produced, the name of one so much honoured by evangelical Christians in England, especially by non-conformists, will draw to it the attention of pastors, of candidates for the pastoral office, and of many others to whom every elucidation of so important a calling, and every help towards its increased efficiency, must ever prove acceptable. In many respects, such readers will be benefited by these lectures. The *theory* of the Christian ministry is ably exhibited, though to our practical English understandings, it seems to be wanting in distinctness. The ‘interior life ;’ the ‘relative or social life ;’ the ‘pastoral life ;’ the ‘administrative or official life’ of the pastor, are delineated with much fulness, minutely, wisely, and with a comprehensive survey of the varied work and manifold requirements of the localized minister of the gospel. The suggestions, whether didactic or practical, bear the impress of much thought, the traces of extensive reading, the sagacity acquired by experience, and the refined earnestness of a highly cultivated and thoroughly spiritual mind. Had the lamented author lived among the free churches of this land, and the spirit-stirring activity which, to so large an extent, supersedes the labour devolving on pastors in other countries, there would, probably, have been less scholastic formality in his instructions to theological students, and more breadth and energy in the inculcation of the piety which, as he shows, is not to be peculiar to the minister but common in the church. We observe, that in his remarks on the *titles* applied to the ministers in the New Testament, he omits *evangelist*. We consider it as a defect, that he has not discriminated the temporary from the permanent, the local from the general, the extraordinary from the ordinary. His enumeration is too large, in one view of it ; and in another, it is not large enough. He has stated, very clearly, that the Christian ministry is *not* a priesthood, not a *caste*, not a transmitted order, a separated set of functionaries ; and the statement of this truth is an indication

of the advance made by the professor on the notion that pervades all national churches, and not a few others. It is refreshing to meet in such a book with passages like the following :—

‘ It may perhaps be convenient for a society, as such, to make use of particular men or orders of men ; but apart from this, the functions of the ministry may be performed by any of the faithful. An ecclesiastical ministry is formed by the consecration, under certain conditions, of certain members of the Christian society to occupy themselves specially, but not to the exclusion of all others, in the administration of religious worship, and the guidance of human souls. A religious society can, moreover, decide that the solemn observances which are performed at its meeting, shall be exclusively presided over by those particular persons who are denominated ministers or pastors. It seems easy to keep within the two prescribed limits; if we are absorbed in either, to the exclusion of the other, it will be at the loss of some evangelical truth. But it is certain that we cannot lose one of these without losing the other also; a choice between the two will never have to be made; we shall preserve, or we shall lose, both at once. This discussion is not an easy one. The attack and defence pass from one side to another without meeting one another—each party advancing that which the other does not reject, and repudiating that which the other does not care to defend. But this discussion, which could not have arisen at any other period, marks a kind of mental action, which it is incumbent upon us to observe, and may help us to determine with more accuracy our position in the church and in society. This mental action is of a very singular character; it indicates the co-existence of two contradictory elements. Everything that can be done to make us a caste is done, and yet incessant fears are expressed lest we should become one. It is not remembered that it is in the very nature of a body in exile to form itself into an empire, and that it will shortly not be able to see even its equals, where it is not allowed to see those who are similar in position and action to itself. We create, or at least we strengthen, the *esprit de corps* by this constant fear of it. The clergy itself is undecided between the recollection of its ancient authority and the feeling of its actual position. That interest in religious questions, which is revived no longer among the masses, but among a certain number of individuals, tends to confer importance upon the clergy; that same interest also invests the laity with some of the functions of the clergy, and more or less effaces the limits which divide them. This position of things ought certainly to teach us one thing—to remain or to enter only on those terms which are required by the Gospel, and which we have already described. In every church, therefore, which is organized according to the word and according to the spirit of Jesus Christ, there will be ministers; whether or not they form a distinct body, they will never,—let me urge this upon you,—they will never form a *caste*. They will belong, in everything, that does not exclusively affect their distinctive official duties, to the general company of other Christians and other citizens, and their only inalienable attri-

butes will be such as are defined and limited by the interests of the order.'

These observations may seem to have no place in congregational churches, and they are to be received, of course, in connexion with the presbyterian constitution of the 'church' of which M. Vinet was a member. But where churches, such as the Independents and Baptists, are associated for purposes beyond the range of their separate self-government, it will be seen that, in the proceedings of such 'unions,' the principles which regulate the relation of ministers to aggregate bodies denominated 'churches,' do come, of necessity, into operation, and in proportion to the activity and spiritual harmony with which '*independent churches*' carry out their evangelical designs, will be their approach to the solution of the problem which requires the largest amount of unity that does not involve the sacrifice of freedom.

The section on 'Difficulties and Advantages of an Evangelical Ministry' is one of which we think it would be difficult to speak too highly. The IDEA OF THE MINISTRY has seldom been expressed so truly, so grandly, so impressively. On one side, there is a stern looking at possible as well as familiar and probable difficulties, which reminds us of the struggles which are still required, and with which experience had made the writer well acquainted, to maintain a true evangelical standing in this world, and from which we are far from being sure that our own evangelical ministers in any church will always be exempt. We wish we had room for large extracts. The following, which are mere specimens, will commend themselves to the hearts of those more immediately concerned:—

'Ordinary or extraordinary times are not so because of that which meets the eye; in reality, all times are what we ourselves make them. All may be sublime; and the most extraordinary we may make prosaic. The ministry is extraordinary at all times. There is a heroic way of conceiving of it, and that is the only true way. The ministry is an office of devotedness; and, in order that we may not take one thing for another, we must elevate the ministry to the full height of its grandeur, and see it in the most arduous periods of its existence. For ourselves, we are perpetually descending below our truest height; what, then, can be more fatal than to seek an ideal of the ministry in some middle point, instead of ascending to the summit of its activity and danger. In order, therefore, that we may not remain content with too low an estimate, we ought to seek our ideal in the most exceptional cases, and ask ourselves whether we should be ready to accept such a ministry as missionaries undertake among barbarian peoples—such as the martyrs passed through. We ought at the outset to place before us that which is only not impossible, or we do not attain to an adequate idea of the

ministry. In whatever position it may be exercised, the ministry retains its identity; nothing can make it change—neither times of difficulty nor times of repose. For a time God may allow us to enjoy a quiet position; but the ministry selects the most perilous situations—it is always a complete sacrifice of body and spirit in the service of the church. We should, therefore, place before our minds the greatest difficulties, not only that we may bring an extraordinary spirit to ordinary occasions, but because that which might appear to us impossible will be found not to be so. All crises, moreover, are not of an exterior character; there are times as difficult as times of persecution—times of heresy or error, when the greater number of those associated with us in the ministry do not preach the Gospel. These also are times in which to struggle for truth, and to shrink from no sacrifices. Even now do we see error and heresy erecting themselves; we have to fight those who are weakening the Gospel, and we ought, consequently, to expect calumny and hatred from many quarters.

‘We must not fear to present before our minds these more gloomy views of the ministry. We must recognise the fact that the career of heroism is also one of hardship. All pastors ought to be heroes, for Christianity in every class is still heroism; the Christian is an undeveloped hero, a hero in spirit. The right possessed by Protestant ministers of having families does not at all change their position; it only renders their devotedness the more difficult. The priest is a solitary individual. The Protestant minister is not exempted from any sacrifice; he must give his life, if that be required of him; and every sacrifice will be so much the more painful, inasmuch as his family will also share in the suffering which it may occasion. His business is to devote himself, and why should his devotedness be more painful to him than it is to a physician, for example, concerning whom the question is never asked whether he is or is not married?’

Among the ‘*difficulties* of the evangelical ministry,’ M. Vinet enlarges on that of governing by moral means a multitude of minds and spirits very variously constituted;—the great labour of a ministerial life;—uniformity of the labour required;—labour ill appreciated;—the many painful and cheerless duties;—the sacrifice of many, even innocent, pleasures;—talent lost and decaying in obscurity;—painful isolation for one who has known the charms of social life, and of intercourse between different minds;—that species of fear and distrust which the pastor inspires;—the double danger of pleasing, and of displeasing the world;—‘self-love is very active in a profession which exposes men to observation, which is moreover intellectual in its character, and is closely allied to art and literature;—internal conflicts between faith and doubt;’—humiliating consciousness of the vast difference between the *man* and the *preacher*;—the agonizing thought that he carries in his hands the destinies of so many spirits, and that he exercises a

ministry which, if it does not quicken, destroys;—‘the most deplorable case is when these evils, which ought only to be healed by consolations from on high, are healed by *habit*, and by a fatal resignation to them, which is only too often the case;’—of all these evils he says, they ‘are formidable to the spirit, but of many of them we must say that it is *more formidable to evade* them, than *grievous to submit* to them, and all ought to be anticipated, and as it were, experienced beforehand.’

M. Vinet speaks of this enumeration of difficulties as ‘perhaps incomplete.’ It may be so. Most experienced ministers could probably add to their number. They are often aggravated by circumstances peculiar to the several varieties of church relation, and sources of ministerial appointment, by the diversities of individual temperament, by the peculiarities of local influences, and by the *antagonistic* position of ministers in several denominations, especially where those of one denomination are invested with political authority, and supported by the wealth of the State. Yet *some* of these difficulties are by no means peculiar to the office of the minister. Labours at least as great are performed by men in other professions without the sustaining thoughts and Christian sympathies which accompany those of the pastor; and these labours are as tediously uniform, as ill appreciated, as painful and cheerless, demanding as many sacrifices, equally obscure sometimes, and isolated, and involving a pressing sense of conflict and of responsibility. We are not questioning the *reality* of the difficulties, nor their trying effect on the spirits of ministers; but it is due both to other callings and to the sacred pastorate itself, that no person should imagine that these disadvantages are *confined* to the ministerial life. It is only fair that when a young man is contemplating the ministry, and comparing it with other modes of honourable employment, he should set down such gloomy prospects as these to the account of them *all*, and not exclusively to this.

In expatiating, however, on some of these discouraging aspects of the ministry, the judicious professor makes many practical observations which are worthy of special note. To ministers, whether young or old, who sigh for what we believe is technically understood by a ‘*larger sphere*,’ it may be well to suggest that—

‘The smallest parish ought to become, by the zeal of him who ministers to it, as onerous as the largest; the work has only one limit, and that is lack of materials, and occasions of usefulness must be sought at a distance, when those nearer at hand are wanting. He is not a true imitator of the first ministers who is not “eaten up” by

the zeal of God's house. To give an idea of the extent of pastoral labour, we may say, that all the extent which in any other profession the most exalted enthusiasm, or the most unbounded ambition could suggest to the man who exercises it, is only the exact measure of that which is opened to the minister by the simple idea of his office.'

It can scarcely be concealed from even the most superficial, that no class of men are so amenable as conscientious and thoughtful ministers to those 'internal conflicts between faith and doubt,' (in German, *anfechtungen*,) of which M. Vinet treats, among the difficulties of the ministry. The strongest believers of the characteristic truths of the gospel, and those most competent to deal, whether privately or publicly, with sceptics and unbelievers in a wise, kind, and useful manner, are those who have doubted for themselves. *They* know the intellectual and the moral sources of such perplexities. They can sympathize with the honest heart that struggles for satisfaction on sufficient grounds. They have felt how repulsive are not a few of the modes in which some good people refer to these distressing instances of mental history. They have experienced—still experience, not unfrequently—the utter impotence of the *sort* of reasoning which is so often pressed on the doubter, as leaving him no alternative but either to believe off hand what others believe, or to perish as an obstinate rejecter of the truth. They have become familiar with the subtleties, the disguises, the caprices, the recoils, the conscious inconsistencies, the baffled hopes, the self-reproaches, and the despondency, which consume the spirit. They can 'minister to a *mind* diseased.' It was not to be expected that M. Vinet should entirely unravel the mystic webs which a mind so harassed weaves for its own entanglement; but there is much wisdom—suggestiveness—in what he says :—

'Doubt, *as a psychological fact*, has been but little studied; there is a philosophical doubt, and there is a doubt which results from ignorance; we do not now attend to these. (It is to be regretted that he did not.) But is there no other kind of doubting besides? Is there not a state in which *the best proof cannot dispel doubt*? The intellectual proofs are there, and yet the soul hesitates. Christian certitude is another thing than the certitude of intelligence. Doubt is a void, a kind of temptation, through which every man passes. When the life is enfeebled, faith is weak. Faith creates life, but life must sustain faith. Faith is a vision; when it is not, it descends to the rank of mere belief. Faith is one in its nature, but it has degrees of intensity. And if, while faith languishes, we could retire, collect our thoughts, interrupt all those works which faith supposes, we should not be so unhappy; but we cannot, *we must always preach*. Every one may find himself in the condition into which Richard Baxter fell.

and feel himself all at once plunged into an absolute void, in which all things have escaped, even the most fundamental beliefs. This is a fearful state, and must be banished. The believer' (but here is one *doubting*, not believing) 'so troubled must resolutely strain all the forces of his spirit in order to breathe out a fervent prayer.'

This is good advice, but it is incomplete. All who have endured this sore affliction will join with us in wishing that the professor had gone further, if he could. *If he could*: it is probable that he either could not, from the lack of personal experience, or he was restrained from saying more from reluctance to reveal those secrets of the bosom which prudent men conceal from others, especially professional teachers from their pupils. We will venture to suggest something which we believe will not be unacceptable to an interesting, though it may be small, class of readers. So far as doubt arises from ignorance, which is *nearly always*, the remedy is—KNOWLEDGE. So far as it is what M. Vinet calls '*philosophical*,' the remedy lies in remembering that we were not born for speculation—that the foundations of our assumed philosophy *may be* unsound,—that we may be attempting to solve by means of our philosophy questions which are beyond its range—and that the very agitation and self-dissatisfaction created by a state of doubting indicate a disturbance of the *equipoise of our concrete nature*, which can be restored only by abandoning the unsuccessful pursuit of speculative truth, and bracing the energy of our whole being by healthy exercise in departments of life to which doubting does not, and, indeed, cannot extend.—We were present, some years ago, at a gathering of ministers, large in number, varied in talent and position, at which the question was seriously and honestly discussed, '*What are the temptations peculiar to the ministry?*' One of the brethren, known to be a bold defender of the truth, ingenuously avowed, for his part, that *his* sorest temptation was a doubt, at times, of the truth of what he was ever earnestly preaching; and he was followed by another, whose enlightened orthodoxy no human being would ever think of questioning, who made a similar avowal. Some were surprised. The more discriminating perceived, of course, that it was but natural that minds like those from whom the avowals came should have to grapple with difficulties which lay not in the path of those whose studies were less severe. But when a young minister respectfully asked the first speaker—'How do you get rid of your doubts?' probably expecting some profoundly intellectual solution, he received for answer: 'I leave my books, set about some practical work of pastoral duty, which gives exercise to my body, to my conscience, and to my Christian sympathies, and I come back to my studies

all right. Nor is the philosophic theory both of the doubting, and of the release from it, far to seek. We seriously recommend the experiment to any minister who may be interested in it.

M. Vinet has not dwelt so fully on the *brighter* as on the *darker* side of ministerial life. Probably, in addressing young men, he thought it not so necessary: youth is sanguine: youthful piety is attracted to the ministry by what it has seen, heard, read, imagined, hoped, of its delights and its triumphs. It is from no wish to criticise M. Vinet's fragmentary work,—which may have been supplemented in many parts by extemporaneous utterances,—that we yield to the desire of dwelling for awhile on those aspects of the Christian ministry, which, if *well pondered*, would induce large numbers of our best young men—in every sense—to prefer this life to any other:—for we are well persuaded that its advantages to a truly conscientious and hard-working man are beyond all description; and we cannot look on the prospects of the ministry *anywhere* without a deep solicitude. We do not know, at present, of any book in any language, written with the special view of *calling the attention of young men to the ministry*. It is a noble theme: would that it were handled by some of our many able writers. We shall transfer to our pages the whole of what M. Vinet has said—

‘Religion, which is the most excellent and comprehensive thing in man, is, for the minister, the business and duty of every day and hour: that which is only one among many elements in the life of other men is the atmosphere in which he breathes. He lives surrounded by the loftiest and grandest ideas, and his employments are of the most absolute and lasting utility.

‘He is not called upon to do anything but what is really good, he has neither obligation nor inducement to the performance of evil.

‘He occupies no rank in the social hierarchy, belongs to no class, but he is a connecting link between all; and, in his own person, represents better than any one else the ideal unity of society. [The minister, it is true, is not so advantageously situated in this respect as the unmarried priest. But he may, if he will, assert this as his prerogative.]

‘His life, unless under circumstances of striking misfortune, is best adapted to exhibit the realized idea of a happy existence. [There is a stately regularity, a sort of calm uniformity, which is, perhaps, the true latitude for terrestrial happiness.] The predilection of poets and romance writers for the country pastor is not altogether unfounded in fact and reason.

‘All this is only true on the supposition that the pastor is faithful and filled with the spirit of his position; and if he is, all that is evil is counterbalanced, corrected, transformed; and it is sufficient for him without weighing too minutely the advantages and disadvantages of his state, to make one reflection:—“Jesus Christ has appointed for

his ministers painful tests, both internal and external, in order that they may be able to sympathize with their flock, and to know, through the experience of their own hearts, the seductions of sin, the infirmities of the flesh, and the manner in which the Lord of all sustains and supports those who put their trust in him." So that, to a certain degree, those words which are spoken concerning Jesus Christ, may be transferred to him :—"We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted as we are." (Heb. iv. 15.) Lastly, the Word of God, either directly or indirectly, pronounces a peculiar blessing on his works and his condition. It declares (observe the gradation) that "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) And Jesus Christ, when he promises to his immediate disciples that at the restoration of all things they shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, presents to our view a proportionate glory and recompence for their successors. (Matt. xix. 28.) Such an honour and blessing belong to the ministry, that even those who aid it by their co-operation are the object of special promises :—"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." (Matt. x. 41.)

The germs of many noble truths, and the crystals of some beautiful thoughts are here; yet they are too unfinished, too nakedly expressed, to produce the impression which we will not doubt was left on the minds of the auditors to whom they were addressed. And for this reason it is that we are disposed to attempt a livelier, more distinct, and we trust, more practically persuasive view of the Christian ministry, addressing ourselves specially to religious young men, not yet finally fixed in their calling for life. Assuming that these pages are now under the eye of such a reader, we would set out with saying, as he will learn from M. Vinet's book, that it is a mistake to suppose that the ministry is a work demanding very *great* talent, or a vast amount of learning, or any other *kind* of piety than that which is essential to the being of a *Christian*. We would further say that we are leaving out of sight *one* of the motives which are supposed to determine men in the choice of a profession,—we mean *wealth*. Unless that element of human power and enjoyment is seen to occupy not the highest place, and as incapable of commanding the objects for which the noblest spirits live, and as a matter that can be safely left to the promised supplies of Providence to faithful servants, we have nothing further to add, except to remind the young candidate that it behoves him to examine seriously whether his notions are compatible with personal discipleship to Jesus Christ. Further, we remit to some other season, the question so interestingly discussed in the volume now before us regard-

ing a man's 'vocation' to the ministry. All we wish at present to consider is,—how may the ministry of the Gospel be regarded as—a **POWER**—*and how is this power to be acquired?* We presume to think that this is a fair question; that it can be answered, and that the answer to it is one which commends this path of life to competent men as one which is worthy of their noblest ambition, and promises to *them* the largest amount of that particular kind of enjoyment which consists in the healthiest action and the highest aim of such faculties as God bestows on men. While we address our thoughts familiarly to such young men as we have been supposing, let us hope that those who have made their choice in favour of the ministry, will receive without displacency the representations we are about to give of the work to which they have purposed to devote their lives. Whatever reception may be accorded to our words in these quarters, of these things which follow we are sure;—the churches of Christ are crying out for more ministers;—the world is exhibiting, as in dumb, inarticulate gestures, its vague sense of a want which only the ministry of the gospel can supply;—and, the men that are longed for to satisfy these evangelical calls, and appease these universal cravings, are **MEN OF PULPIT POWER**.

The most signal example of power, the power of one human mind over others, which the world has ever witnessed, was, we believe, in the preaching of Jesus of Nazareth. True it is, that much of that power was due to the fulness of the **GODHEAD** which dwelt in him 'bodily.' Mysterious as this truth confessedly is, we may picture to ourselves the reverent awe which quelled men's spirits, though unknowingly, in the presence of incarnate God. Still, surely the *human* qualities of Jesus entered largely into the power of his teaching. We are apt to think there was a softened majesty in his appearance—a piercing tenderness in his eye—a sweet grandeur in his tones—and we know there was humility blended with authority in the whole demeanour of 'the man of sorrows,' whose heart, full of love to God, overflowed with benignity to man. The **TRUTH** he taught was *power*. Relating to the great themes of God—the soul—the life to come—pouring light on all that has been, or is, or shall be, it came with the freshness of novelty, and with the force of conviction from the lips of such a preacher: clothed in language so clear and images so perfect, and followed up by appeals so full of grace and energy, that it could not fail to fix attention, leaving on the hearers the most salutary impressions.

We may partly judge of the power of our Saviour's ministry by the effect produced upon ourselves, while reading his addresses—as they ought ever to be read—with as full a percep-

tion as we can reach of the circumstances, and the manner in which he spoke them. How often have we been ‘astonished at His teaching!’ How truly have we felt that ‘His *word was with power*!’ How have we been instructed—humbled—gladdened—blessed—as, in spirit, we have sat at his feet, drinking in the lessons of his wisdom! Then, remembering the difference between the symbolic letters of a book and the speaking of the living voice, and not forgetting the difference between the effect of truths that have become familiar, and the same truths flashing with the brilliancy of newness on the mind—we approach, perhaps, as nearly as we can to a conception of the power with which He taught the wondering crowds on the border of the Lake of Galilee. Now, we are not imagining that the modern preacher can aspire to *equality* with that great model. But we have referred to it for the purpose of awaking the desire—the prayer—the labour of the preacher after that fashion of preaching that shall unmistakably be full of *power*; for all reasoning demonstrates what all experience establishes, that while the preacher’s ultimate dependence must be on God, it is on the ever-improving use of the power he *has* that God will bestow on him the power he *needs*. How unspeakable the misery of conscious failure to the preacher himself! Without the power appropriate to evangelical preaching, there *must* be *failure*. It is as true of his calling as it is of every other, that the man must understand his own work; that he must be fit for it; that he must give to it his undivided attention; that he must concentrate upon it all his strength; that it must fill his thoughts; that it must stimulate his faculties; that it must fire his enthusiasm; that it must mould his habits and shape his plans; that it must occupy his heart and his time, and his whole being. It is not given to any man, we confess, to be ever on the stretch. The strongest bow must be unbent; the swiftest wing must nightly fold itself to rest. So men’s bodies and men’s minds are to relax; and much of the preacher’s wisdom lies in knowing why he should relax, and how, and when, and where, so as to recruit himself for labours yet to come; but it will be well for him to be ever on the watch, lest his *arm should be withered*, lest his force should abate, lest his word should be without power. For a man may be a subtle reasoner, a keen analyst, or a ripe scholar, a skilful rhetorician, or a hot partizan, and yet his ministry, *as a preacher of the Gospel*, may be a failure. Now there is a sort of failure which a man cannot look back upon without the consciousness that he *ought not* to have failed. Is not that misery—to look on sermons without power, prayers without power, a ministry without power, a life without power? Better surely to have slumbered and

rusted, leaving no trace that he had ever lived, that been thus like a lamp without a flame, an oracle without voice, or a trumpet that stirred no man's spirit—without souls converted by his preaching. If any man really the preacher should seriously look at what he has taken, and say;—‘By the help of God, I *will* not fail’

Then, what a loss to the community it must be to be accustomed to powerless preaching! To the Christian of the community it were a sickening prospect; blessed illuminations, spiritual repasts, quickening living consolations, ready helps in their struggles for a better life, bright anticipations to cheer them in their troubles, holy satisfaction in the increase of Christ—would they be deprived! And, for the many who are drawn upon by Christian charity as not Christian, in the significance of that too familiar designation, who would they be to attend such a ministry? What good would it do them? What harm would it *not* do them? Some ministers of death, propagators of delusion, promoters of formalism—of so many kinds—that ruins souls. If of Christian preachers, they are really, albeit unwilling, servants of the Evil One. Whatever they may be, they are men of Power. However true what they teach, there is a power in their preaching of it. With whatever light their preaching be, with whatever beauty or attraction, it is not *without* power. Men may hear them and be pleased, but they are not wise unto salvation; satisfied, but not awakened; drawn to the preacher, but not drawn to Christ; hearing from week to week, but not saved. Nothing can be more disastrous, I suppose, to the best ministers, than the cases on which the power of their ministry is *ruined* by the frivolity, the sensuality, pride, or self-reliance of such as continue to hear them without being converted: and it may be—let us say—that the most conscientious preachers will be found there should be some respect in which they have failed to blame in part for this:—at any rate, we have to apprehend that the most successful messengers of the Gospel are surrounded with the clouds of darkened hopes, and bitter reflection on the insensibility of not a few who, for salvation they hope they have done their best. And this should excite every sober-minded preacher to a strenuous effort to have in his ministry as much power as he can, that his failures, where he does fail, may be justly and severely the consciences of his hearers, and that the general character of his preaching may be such that men shall wonder at the power which even *his* preaching has not subdued.

It so happens that men do confound the Gospel with its ministers; and the opinions of many of them concerning the Gospel are gathered from their observation of the effects produced by those who preach it. We know how easy it would be to show the effects which the Gospel ought to produce, is intended to produce, and, in fact, has produced. That argument we hold to be invulnerable. It is supported by innumerable vouchers. Yet what men ask for is *present* proof. They say to the modern preacher, here in England for example—you tell us in glowing terms what your Gospel is, and what it has *done*. We speak to you, then, as a preacher of this Gospel, what are *you* doing? Show us *your* power. Give us some intelligible sign that your work is the good work you say it is. The machinist puts his hand on the engines he has made. The farmer takes us through his fields that we may see his crops. The physician shows us the cures he has wrought. You say your calling is higher than any of these. Be it so. We are working men, living in a working country, and a working age. Let us see the work that you are working.—There are, certainly, many ways of meeting such practical inquiries, or matter-of-fact objectors. There are many things to be considered in this case, which they are likely enough to overlook; such, for example, as the freedom of human agency, which limits the acting of one created mind upon another; still preachers, we humbly suggest, should lay it well to heart, that whatever power there can be in the preaching of the Gospel they must strive to have, that the Gospel which they preach may not be despised, the Saviour whom they serve not dishonoured, through the weakness with which any of them preach.

Then, *what are* THE ELEMENTS OF POWER in the PULPIT? The primary element most obviously lies in the *depths of the preacher's own spirit*. Happily, the time is rapidly passing away in which the clerical functionary could wrap himself in the mystery of official sanctity. That 'sham' is pretty well exposed. It is generally felt that a man who preaches the Gospel should be exemplary; that whatever else he is, he must be a *good man*. Though superstition still lingers around, and sometimes *within* the precincts of the churches, and though everybody sees how men are in a great degree affected by mere power of *mind*, and by fascination of *manner* in a preacher, we are bold to say, there is no *real power* in what is preached, unless it proceeds, or is believed to proceed, from one whose character is the expression of what he preaches. Most persons have contrasted the feebleness with which preachers of great intellect have preached the gospel

with the almost unaccountable—*not quite* unaccountable—hold on the popular mind secured by others, greatly their inferiors in every respect *but this*. The power of such men in their preaching deserves more study than it has yet received, though our space forbids our enlarging on it as we wish. But here, in fact, are three distinct, yet harmonious, elements of Pulpit Power. First, there is the strong influence *on the preacher's mind* of all the considerations which deepen, while preaching, his sense of the weightiness of what he says: giving a vividness to his apprehensions which no logic could create, no rhetoric express. Secondly, there is the *preparation* which the knowledge of the preacher's consistent piety imparts to those who hear him: disarming many of their prejudices, and even prepossessing them in favour of his object. And thirdly, as we understand the matter, there is a *congruity* between the mind of a good man and the mind of THE SPIRIT in the preacher's heart—the same heavenly Power which comes into the hearer's heart, making the Gospel which is preached, and which he believes, 'the *power of God*' to his salvation. If we have not expressed ourselves too briefly to be understood, we have here exhibited a threefold manifestation of the LAW OF SYMPATHY:—sympathy between the preacher and the truth; *that* is power:—sympathy between the preacher and the hearer; *that* is power:—sympathy between the spirit of the preacher, and the spirit of God;—*that* is power.

There is great power in a preacher's fully believing, at the time, everything he says. Very worthy of remark is the power of a believing mind, irrespectively even of the soundness of the belief, but especially when what is so believed is the truth of *God*. We may be permitted to remind some preachers that there are *lines* of study which, by making men familiar with the difficulties into which *every* truth may be pushed, have taken away the sharp, robust belief which is of the highest worth in preaching. We do not regret the habit of investigating every principle, of *privately* exploring the depths of everything relating to the Gospel, of grasping the remotest difficulties which the keenest spirit can detect in either the proofs or the doctrines of our faith. Neither do we affirm that preachers are to speak to men as though no such difficulties existed, or as though they knew them not. But there is at the bottom of all these difficulties a *subjective infirmity*, not apt to be suspected. We sometimes are pained to witness a hesitancy, a want of speaking out, which makes it quite impossible that a man's preaching should have power. Give us, we say, the preacher who knows what is plain, what is proved, what is vital; who can separate this from things perplexed, doubtful.

or comparatively unimportant; and who so heartily believes his own preaching that every one who hears him knows that he believes it for sufficient reasons. This is the power of a believing mind—of a discerning mind—of an honorable mind—of a mind that is, and knows itself to be, and proves itself to be *full* of TRUTH. Our clerical readers need not be told, yet they may seasonably be reminded, how exclusively the Christian religion is an affair of *faith*. The preacher has to do with ‘things not seen;’ with principles that go down into depths which human intelligence has not fathomed; with revealings of the past, the present, and future, which carry him far beyond the range of man’s experience; and, if he would speak of these things with power, he must speak of them with full belief. He is, also, to believe the promise that he shall not preach these truths in vain, so long as he preaches them undoubtingly as the truths of God. But to do this is not so easy as might be supposed. To do this, our preacher must be a man of deep thought—consistent and well-balanced thought—thought in the silence of his chamber, in the recesses, as it were, of the temple, under the lights of Calvary and the inspirations of Pentecost, and amid the calm contemplation of ‘eternal judgment.’

Even these grand elements of pulpit power will not be skillfully wielded unless the preacher *knows the minds with which he has to deal*. All power is relative to the object in which the effects aimed at are to be produced. The object on which the preacher works is the human mind. There are universal properties of our moral nature with which all preachers have to do. Those are the greatest preachers who keep these common features of humanity in view, to whatever audience they preach; and hence there are sermons which, ordinarily speaking, produce nearly the same effects at all seasons, in all places. Yet the modifications resulting from time, place, and varieties of age, culture, and employment are so many and so great, that for a preacher to neglect them would be to deprive himself of more than half his power. We are almost ashamed to have to put into words so simple a truism as—that it is in the *separate* minds of individuals that the preacher’s power is felt. If there is no one hearer that feels the power, feels it as though the preacher had been preaching to him alone, then, however large the audience, the preaching has not been ‘with power.’ The methods of studying human nature are many, and there are consequently many modes of dealing with that nature; but, as the preacher has to do with men under an aspect peculiar to his vocation, his proper course is to study the whole case in the Bible, in his heart, in the recorded experience of other preachers, and in those facts connected with the ministry which constitute his own. To

degrade the pulpit by making it a stage whereon censor, the satirist, the assailant of men's mistakes would be to prove himself too weak a man for ambition, and too much wanting in delicacy, dignity, and lenience, to be a preacher of the Gospel. But the art learned by the love of truth and the love of souls men rebuke their own errors by the truths they announce, condemn their own sins by the laws to which they are subject, remembering the sad variety of sorrow that lies in every congregation, the good preacher would grieve a stricken heart away without the comfort for which he is to him as the minister of that Saviour who binds the evil spirit, dries the mourner's tears, and bids the afflicted find peace. This pulpit power is one which wounds so that it may heal ; makes men tremble that they may find the Cross for safety, and find their resting-place in the arms of God.

Not a little of the power of the pulpit resides in the *Christian manliness and moral intrepidity*. To no man is the dignity of the conscience of more value than to the preacher. His work consists, mainly, in dealing with the conscience of his hearers, his own conscience should often suggest : his conscience is to act, by moral sympathy. Many of his sayings, whether in the desk or private conversation, fall *obliquely*—as from an angle or by a side-light—on the unexplained associations of thought, by which the soul is laid bare to itself ; yet as he aims in his preaching to rouse the conscience that sleeps, to guide the perplexed, and to soothe it when in trouble, it becomes of infinite moment that his ability to do this should be strong and healthy. So it will be as long as he holds fast to integrity, wisely cultivating his love of what is right ; maintaining the undisputed authority of God in his own breast ; never slighting his own convictions ; never going calmly to that tribunal where Supreme Ruler presides, exercising himself to have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. Let him be only guided by the verdict of his judgment in moral questions is the will of God, and let him unswervingly act on that judgment. It will make him falter in his speech or shrink from his duty if his earthly all may seem to be cast upon the hazard. Much of *this* power there was in the preaching of Jesus. He was an INCARNATE CONSCIENCE : His thoughts, His life, His death, were the perfection of the moral sublime. He loved righteousness, and hated iniquity.

The preacher has to 'commend *himself* to every

science in the sight of God, by the manifestation of the truth.' This manly intrepidity does not show itself in audacity, arrogance, or recklessness—faults, too often mistaken for it—but in boldly denouncing every form and disguise of sin; clearly expounding truth even when most unwelcome; patiently upholding principles which do not happen to be popular; faithfully inculcating the duties which are most neglected; and doing all this with the modesty of a fallible mortal, with the meekness of wisdom, and with most transparent charity.

It would be a criminal omission to forget that the power of the Christian pulpit is, pre-eminently, the power of love. We can scarcely recommend the morbid sentiment which is sometimes substituted for the intelligent compassion of the Gospel. At the same time, we call to mind the important fact—that men endowed with the largest compass of intellect have exhibited, on proper occasions, the deepest tenderness. The preacher who made a Roman magistrate tremble, and whom the tears of loving friends could not move from his purpose, though he confessed that they *could* 'break his heart,' was yet as gentle as a mother, pouring forth his manly pathos as he besought sinners to be reconciled to God. There is ample warrant, we think, for yearning importunity, for the vehemence of impassioned affection, in the preaching of the Gospel.

Without overlooking the danger, on one side, of too far separating, and, on the other, of seeming to identify, the human and the divine power, the preacher may attain to that enlightened reliance on 'the grace of God,' which is as remote from fanaticism as it is from presumption. He whose '*word was with power*,' had been 'anointed by the Holy Ghost.' The success of the evangelic mission, in its morning freshness, is unequivocally attributed to the 'hand of the Lord' '*with*' the preachers, opening the hearts of their hearers. In proportion as preachers in following times have fully believed *this*, seeking it by prayer, trusting to it while speaking, and gratefully celebrating it as the *efficient* cause of all the good they did, their preaching has been mighty. Never can the modern preacher reason too closely on the utter impotence of his work, as one of moral suasion, addressed to men who have not the living principle of love to God and to truth. Never can he feel too keenly the manifest disproportion of his best doings to the end he has before him. It is not possible that he should be too *consciously* dependent on the Spirit of God; and, for this reason, he cannot pray with too much trustfulness or fervour for that power without which his ablest performances are but as the whispering of a child among the sepulchres of the dead.

How is this PULPIT POWER to be acquired?

Let the preacher aim at growing holiness by constant *devoutness*. His position is eminently favourable to the culture of this primary requirement. He who performs a ceremony needs but the graceful acting which the frequent celebration brings with it. The didactic exposition of truth, or its argumentative defence, trains the teacher to accuracy, and the reasoner to vigour. Thus, the endeavour to win men from evil to good re-acts on a man's own spirit. But no man makes such endeavour if he is not honestly devoted to God. The priest could disable himself for the genuflexions and cadences of a bodily adoration. The teacher might so weaken his intellect as to be unfit for explaining or defending truth. So may the preacher lack that elemental power in preaching which comes from the entire absorption of the soul in *religius* thoughts and spiritual aims. For his own sake, it behoves him to resist stoutly the temptation to *modes of thinking* which he finds to have the effect of deadening his devotion, by drawing him from the things on which the heart of Christ was set: for if such temptation be yielded to, no matter what he would be, he would *not* have power in the pulpit. For the sake of others, even more than for his own, let him be jealous of himself. He should be like the cherubim in Ezekiel's vision,—‘full of eyes *within*,’ as well as ‘full of eyes *without* ;’ the whole surface of his being a *retina* of delicate fibres, shrinking from every touch, recoiling from every approach of evil. Holiness is not a mystic quality, gliding into the soul whether men wake or sleep; not a routine of words and deeds belonging to a sacred office; it is not a periodical impulse, to which one is to be wound up at stated seasons, to act spasmodically in appointed places; it is not a look, a tone, a gesture, a demeanour; it is not the portentous gravity that hangs like a thunder-cloud near the sunny landscapes where the merry heart lifts its voice in songs; it is not the coarse garment of the ascetic, nor the scowl of the cynic, nor the sour visage, nor the harsh murmur of the censorious; it is neither the trick of artifice, nor the uniform of imposture, neither the mummary of superstition, nor the arrogance of bigotry. Holiness—in God—is the ineffable Harmony of all the aspects of His one glorious nature. Holiness—in creatures who have fallen—is the steep ascent which begins in sorrow, climbing with hard steps and slow to that pureness in which the instincts are guided by reason, listening to the voice of God, and doing His will on earth as it is done in heaven. The holy man is he who is led by the divine Spirit to the development of his own spirit in the spontaneous yielding of his harmonized self to God. This can no more be imitated than superseded. Some of its outward showings may, indeed, be copied.

yet the copy must be essentially defective. There are trees wrought in iron or silver—they yield no fruit. Flowers there are in silk and other tissues—they breathe no odour. There are fruits of varied hues in wax—they have no taste. There are birds, and men, rivers and landscapes, exquisitely painted, or done in cunning carved-work—they have no motion, no life. So are these appearances of holiness,—shapes of godliness without the power. Now it is the reality, not the show—the substance, not the figure, which we regard as holiness; and this can be ensured to the preacher in no other way than by devout vigils. The common creed of Christendom acknowledges that *God is everywhere*. To feel that this is true, not in sudden starts, but as the habitual consciousness, is, before all things, what the preacher should be sure of: for in that Presence he dare not sin—cannot doubt—will not fear; every spot is within the precincts of the temple, every moment a golden grain of sabbath; every pulse, homage; every thought, incense; every word, worship; every deed, sacrifice. Such a life is on the verge of heaven. There is in it a *simplicity* which cannot be put into words; a *transparency* through which the heart is seen as in a crystal vase,—a *magnetism* that touches the springs of action, at one moment, in a thousand souls,—a power, compared with which, all other human energies are weakness. The preacher who thus walks humbly with his God is ever clothed in the majesty of a silent Gospel; and when he speaks, it is as natural as the law that shapes the dew and forks the lightning, that his word should be with power.

The preacher's faith should be nourished by self-discipline, the true *ασκησις*. It may be that his belief as a Christian is hereditary—an inheritance which it were monstrously prodigal to throw away, fearfully profane to despise. Yet his personal holding of these truths has become the act of reason—it is his own proper faith. If it now appeared to him, in his maturity, that there is higher reason for repudiating these traditionary holdings than for cleaving to them, he would make up his mind, it is to be hoped, to tear them up by the roots if he could. But he has become a witness for the Gospel, and its champion. His call to propagate it is imperative. It is the seat of his strength—the glory of his life. He does not undertake, as a hireling for a morsel of bread, to uphold the creed of others; he does engage to make known what he believes to be taught by the Spirit of God. He rejoices that other men have been anointed with the same 'anointing which teacheth us all things,' and that they, like him, have the witness in themselves. He would sound out the truth with the clearness of a bell.

There is a general *law of persistence* on which men rely for

expecting to find a preacher going on in the same direction to the end of life ; but we have witnessed changes in this class of men, and we trace some tendencies in several quarters, which forbid our leaning blindly on this law of human persistency. We perceive, also, that there are other laws of human action by which this law is sometimes countervailed. We are not now complaining of either the general law—though it stereotypes much untruth—nor of the exceptional laws—though they may generate grave errors ; but, looking at the preaching of the Gospel as a great practical work for man's highest weal, we are concerned to see men engaged in it who are neither bigots nor changelings ; who have fixity of rudimental belief with freedom of expansive thought ; who can utter the ancient '*saying*' of the Gospel in the speech of our day, rather than in that of half a century ago, acting in this respect like Jesus and the apostles, and the old prophets before them ; speaking not the words consecrated by churches, but in those of shops and markets, of men around them in the halls of popular science, in the jury-box, on the hustings, at the gatherings of free citizens, and in the debates of Parliament. The power of a believing mind, to which we have referred, requires the preacher's acquaintance with the truths of the Gospel to be intimate, as they are found, not in human '*composures*,' but in '*the divine instrument*,' so that men feel that he is speaking to them fairly in a way to be understood, and that, though he may not always be arguing as against opponents, he makes it clear to them that he *could*, and *does*, on fit occasions. *The strongest make least show of strength.* Faith is a tranquil power. What we venture to recommend is that spiritual *askesis*—self-discipline of all the faculties—which imparts to the preacher's faith the property of being imperturbable, not because he dares not think, but because he *has thought*—not because he takes for granted that other men are to be trusted who tell him that the foundation is *all right*, but because he knows this for himself, whether men tell him so or not, and that he is sure what he preaches is true, even though the whole world were laughing him to scorn for saying so. So LUTHER preached that a man who has sinned can be set right with the righteous God by trusting in Christ. Thus BAXTER warned. Thus WHITFIELD pleaded. Thus CHALMERS reasoned. Thus thundered MASON in New York. Thus HALL poured out the affluence of his learning, and the creations of his genius, in a kindling stream of golden sentences. These were men of power. In their faith there was no staggering ; in their words no faltering ; in their ministry no weakness. Luther was a tower of strength, because his whole '*trust*' was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame, because

he lived hard by the mercy-seat, whereon the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitfield was 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness,' because, like John, his cry was,—'Behold the Lamb of God!' Chalmers foamed like a cataract, because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers because they were *strong* believers; and they were strong believers because they loved the truth, kept their hearts with all diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. There is no age in which *such* preachers would not have power. Men gaze on their effigies as though they were of an order different to themselves. Noble, truly, was the mould in which their Maker cast them; but the mould is *not* broken. Rare, indeed, were the stores that filled these golden vessels; but the mines whence they were digged are not worked out. Let the preacher press into that mould. Let him delve in those rocks. Let him be no man's copy. Let him be himself original—not in oddity or extravagance—the least original of all absurd impertinences—but in simplicity, and independence, and naturalness.

Finally, let him who would have power in preaching turn all his *reading* and observation to account in the study of men. His reading is of small use if it help him not here. By a sort of intellectual chemistry he can analyze and apply the properties of any writer on any subject in history, biography, in controversies of every kind, in voyages, travels, science; in poetry, like that of Shakespere, Byron, and Goethe; in romances, such as those of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and Harriet Beecher Stowe: in them all he sees, as in a *phantasmagoria*, the movements of life opening to the glance of genius; while in the Bible—his book of books—man is revealed in his secret thoughts by the unfailing light of God.

His *observation* needs not travel over a wide surface. In the quietudes of rural life, and in the busy hives of industry, the human heart has only coverings of gauze to him whose eyes are opened. The preacher is to look at the population, not as skilled in many crafts, or as frequenting this church, and that chapel, or aliens from both,—but as men, women, and children, making one another what they are, and what they will be. Let him strike into the pith of that humanity which is essentially alike in all, and catch the 'pressure' which the way in which they live has stamped on each. The preacher's mission is to the many, to 'the common people.' He must know *how* to preach to the common people. They do not want to be disrespectful to himself, or rude to them. They look to him for the polish of education. In the depth of their

they look up to him; because they know that, in religious things, at least, he is wiser than themselves, and without any *airs of condescension*, is working for their good, both in this world and in the next.

It is not easy to judge how much our preachers have of this element of Pulpit Power; but we would respectfully advise each of them to 'covet' it 'earnestly' as one of the 'best gifts.' Among the working people of England, the modern preacher will find some stern principles, stout prejudices, pithy sayings, large capacities of action, some fine specimens of muscular Christianity, and, now and then, a bold bad man, who will put his knowledge, ingenuity, and self-control to beneficial tests. Therefore, he must be A MAN HIMSELF, in his thoughts, in his life, in his mode of thinking, and in his way of saying what he thinks.

He who has might of the genuine sort, and who preaches 'with his might,' will be a living illustration of 'the Theory of an Evangelical Ministry,' and his pulpit will be—a THRONE OF POWER. Happy he who fills that throne, and happy they by whom he is surrounded!

Review of the Month.

WE HAVE AT LENGTH ARRIVED AT 'the beginning of the end,' and a more singular or instructive spectacle than is now exhibited was never seen in any political arena. When the present government took office, in the spring of last year, a shout of triumph was heard from the protectionist ranks. There was the utmost exultation throughout the subordinates of the party, nor were the leaders without hope that *their* time was at length come. They had waited long, and had labored diligently, and a combination of favorable circumstances now placed in their hands the influence and emoluments of office. The opponents of the commercial policy of 1846 sprung instantly into life with renewed hope and energy. The weakness and divisions of the whigs gave them another opportunity of rallying for the restoration of protection.

Lord John miserably failed in the advice tendered to her Majesty, in February last. Acting on the old rule of party tactics, he sacrificed national interests to the stereotyped ideas of his class. Lord Derby was in consequence installed in power, and speedily surrounded himself with associates whose only claim to distinction, with very few exceptions, was the stolid opposition they had maintained to the liberal

tendencies of the age. There was one trifling difficulty, however; but this was adroitly mastered. A large majority of the existing parliament was adverse to any change in the commercial policy inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel. To this policy the new premier and his associates were known to be hostile, and a vote of 'no confidence' was, therefore, apprehended. To guard against such a vote, Lord Derby early announced that he would take the sense of the country on the subject of free trade, and that by the verdict which might be given he was prepared to abide. Free traders were wise in accepting this pledge. They could afford to be generous, and they were so. We need not now say that indications of insincerity were speedily visible in the parliamentary tactics of the government. They did their utmost to defer the dissolution, and spared no professions to insure the electoral support of the various interests that were threatened by the liberal spirit of the day. The landlords and the clergy were their special hope, and to the expectations and fears of these classes they alternately appealed. The dissolution, however, at length came. A general election followed, and on the 4th the new House met for the dispatch of business.

Prior to this, the Anti-Corn-Law League summoned its friends to a meeting in Manchester. This meeting was held on the 2nd, and constitutes, in truth, the opening of the campaign. A more splendid gathering was never witnessed. Two thousand seven hundred tickets were taken up within four days, and more than three thousand persons were ultimately present. The object of the meeting was correctly stated by the chairman, amid much cheering, to be 'the immediate settlement, one way or other,' of the great question of free trade. 'We want,' said Mr. Cobden, 'to make a government declare its opinions.' One would have imagined, prior to Lord Derby's government, that there could be little trouble in doing this. It has been the reputed characteristic of John Bull to speak his mind plainly, whatever it might be. He has had many prejudices, has frequently been obstinate and self-willed, but his intentions have been commonly avowed. Men have calculated on his sincerity, whatever they might think of his wisdom. This can be so no longer. The policy of the Derby-Disraeli cabinet has done more to injure the repute of statesmen, and to lower the standard of public morality, than any other event in our times.

The tactics of the ministry must be borne in mind, in estimating the course taken by the opposition. They render necessary what might otherwise be inexpedient, and give a character of true wisdom to the measures advocated at Manchester by Mr. Cobden. 'The House of Commons,' said the honorable member for the West Riding, 'should call upon the government to avow its opinions, because I draw a very great distinction between a declaration of the government or the intimation—the mystical intimation—from the government that they don't intend at present to interfere with free trade, and an avowal of the government that they have changed their opinions, and they are honestly in favour of free trade. I say that, having nineteen-twentieths of the population of this country, and a large majority of the House of

Commons, in favor of a certain policy, our constitutional system is a farce unless you can have a government in harmony with that majority.' 'I think, we are fairly entitled to say this—that whatever else the men may be, we insist upon having a free-trade administration. And when I say a free-trade administration, I mean a body of men, if they are to be the men now in office, who shall distinctly and emphatically repudiate all the doctrines they have been promulgating in their past lives upon this great question. . . . But it must be emphatic. They must say that free trade does not lower wages; they must say that free trade does not cause a drain of gold from this country; they must say that free trade has not thrown land out of cultivation in this country; they must say that the land of this country is still worth something; and they must say that wheat, good wheat, has not been imported into this country, and cannot be, at twenty-four shillings a quarter. These are a few of the things they must say, when they said the very opposite before. And we must have no accompaniment about "compensation."'

Mr. Cobden adverted with great force to the state of feeling in the agricultural districts, as rendering a distinct and emphatic repudiation of protection necessary. Nothing short of this, he affirmed, will ever settle the question there. There are many other points in his speech which tempt remark, but our space is limited, and we must pass on.

The Queen's speech of the 11th contained, of course, a reference to the subject, which, however, was not so explicit as some journals had anticipated. The improved condition of the country, and 'especially of the industrious classes,' was admitted. So far well; but the cloven foot is visible in the shape of compensation to the landed interest. This is the obvious import of the suggestion, and clearly betokens the terms made by the ministry with their supporters. As a whole, the paragraph is justly designated by Mr. Villiers 'as an unworthy evasion of the whole matter.' It is marked by the usual reserve of the ministry on this subject. There is no explicitness in it,—no such disclaimer as, under the circumstances we were entitled to look for, from Lord Derby's government. The honorable member for Wolverhampton consequently gave notice of his intention to submit a motion to the House, putting the question of free trade 'on such clear and intelligible grounds, that at least their fellow countrymen out of the House should be left in no doubt with regard to the opinion of parliament respecting it.' The ministers in the Commons did not clear up the mystery. From Mr. Disraeli this was not expected, but from some of his colleagues it might have been looked for. There was, however, an obvious difficulty in the way. Ministers had entered office as heads of the protection party. They had agitated for years on behalf of 'native industry.' Their strength was founded on a supposed fidelity to the principles of restricted commerce, and they may well therefore be excused for want of explicitness, when surrendering the cause of their supporters. They wanted, in fact, to parry the attack of opponents, without alarming their own friends. The Home Secre-

tary, indeed, admitted that the paragraph in the royal speech had been framed, with a view to prevent an amendment from being moved on either side of the House. The candor of the avowal was instantly recognised, but the honesty of the policy pursued, no mortal out of the ministerial circle could perceive. The language of the Premier was much more distinct and unhesitating than that of his colleagues. He admitted that the country, 'by a very large and very undoubted majority,' had decided against any alteration in the commercial policy of 1846, and that this fact carried with it 'the whole financial policy of the kingdom.' 'On the part of myself and of my colleagues,' said his lordship, 'I bow to the decision of the country; and, having so bowed, I declare, on their part and on mine, that while desirous to the utmost of our power to mitigate that unavoidable injury which the adoption of the policy to which I refer has inflicted, and must inflict, upon important classes, I do not adopt it with any reserve whatever. I adopt it frankly, as the decision of the country, and honestly and fairly I am prepared to carry it out as the decision of the country.'

The explicitness of this language might seem to preclude the necessity for any such measure as that of which Mr. Villiers had given notice. Yet it is obvious to remark that the statements of the Premier must be viewed, in connexion with those of his associates, with his own recorded opinions on many eventful occasions, and with the tortuous and dishonest policy of his government from its first accession to power. Taking these into account, we cannot but arrive at the conviction, that it was incumbent on Mr. Villiers and his friends to require that the response of the country to the appeal of the government should be recorded in the votes of the House, more especially after the ambiguous and most unsatisfactory reference contained in the royal speech. The thing to be done was, to settle at once, and—so far as the present parliament and ministry are concerned—for ever, the litigated question of free trade. On this one point Lord Derby had appealed to the constituencies. To his appeal they had replied, and the parliamentary free traders were bound to see that their response was recorded in plain and unmistakable words. This was the business for which, in fact, our representatives assembled.

The great debate was commenced, on the 23rd, by Mr. Villiers, who submitted the following resolutions, in pursuance of notice:—

'That it is the opinion of this House that the improved condition of the country, and particularly of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of recent commercial legislation, and especially of the act of 1846, which established the free admission of foreign corn, and that the act was a wise, just, and beneficial measure.

'That it is the opinion of this House that the maintenance and further extension of the policy of free trade, as opposed to that of protection, will best enable the property and industry of the nation to bear the burdens to which they are exposed, and will most contribute to the general prosperity, welfare, and contentment of the people.

government, and a tact, which ability and experience in laying bare their weakness and dishonesty. said Mr. Villiers, 'who are honestly desirous of success and I am told that we have framed our resolutions to prevent their conversion. Give us some information as to the converts, and that they adopt our views of economics, certainly they shall receive all forbearance from us. But so far as I can understand, the converts to free trade, are so from necessity. You have dissolved the party and you have got a verdict against you, and you have gone to the verdict of the country. Certainly it is not a convenient course for a party I never heard of, to go to parliament to obtain a verdict from public opinion, and then to use of such a phraseology after. One cannot but use a rather vulgar metaphor, it is merely "to lose." If free trade is successful we "bow" to the country, but at all events we remain in.'

To the resolutions of the honorable member for the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the following: 'That this House acknowledges with satisfaction that the provisions, occasioned by recent legislation, have tended to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the lower classes; and that unrestricted competition having been the result of due deliberation, as the principle of our commercial system, is of opinion that it is the duty of the government to adhere to that policy in those measures of financial reform which, under the circumstances of the case, it is their duty to introduce.' Such an amendment in the Chamberlain's speech, is a notable fact. Could Sir Robert Peel have reaped a greater triumph, he would have reaped a greater confession thus wrung from his most bitter and determined opponent. It is impossible to avoid the recollection of the scene which, night after night, that eminent statesman

Robert Peel has 'contributed to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working classes,' and of pledging the government to which he belongs to adhere to the policy of that measure. There is one striking difference, however, between the men, and it cannot but have occurred to Mr. Disraeli.

When Sir Robert discarded protection, he did it openly, and without reserve. He had counted the cost, and was prepared for it. His resignation of office was therefore instantly tendered, while his best aid was proffered to his political opponents in emancipating commerce. Of Mr. Disraeli, it is needless to say that his course has been the reverse of this. He was protectionist so long as there was a chance of its triumph; and now that its defeat is certain, he is equally prepared to carry out free trade. Anything more discreditable, anything more dishonest than this, has never been exhibited in the history of our country. There is, however, one consolation in it. The cause of protection must indeed be hopeless, when such a man, with such recent antecedents, thus discards its advocacy. We hail the fact implied in Mr. Disraeli's amendment, at the same time that we mistrust the spirit which dictated it:—

—— 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.'

Mr. Disraeli's speech was in keeping with his amendment. Having made up his mind to the latter, he resolved to go 'thorough,' as old Laud phrased it, in the former. We were prepared for much, but we confess that our expectations fell far short of the reality. The whole history of parliament affords no parallel. The late Daniel O'Connell sometimes startled us by the audacity of his assertions, but never did the Irish orator, in his wildest mood, equal the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 23rd. If Mr. Disraeli is to be believed, the protectionist party has been amongst the mildest, most scrupulous, self-sacrificing of political associations. Their freedom from animosity and partizanship has been equalled by their benevolence only. 'The *first and most considerable ground*' of their opposition to free trade—such, gentle reader, is the assurance of Mr. Disraeli—'was, that it would *injure the interests of labour.*' *Credat Judæus!* We will not say what we thought on reading these words. We should be deemed discourteous did we do so. We may, however, add that some honorable members on the ministerial side of the House, must have blushed when they heard their chief thus claiming credit for a philanthropy of which they knew him to be wholly guiltless.

Mr. Bright followed the Chancellor in one of the ablest and most telling speeches ever delivered in parliament. His exposure of the sophistries of Mr. Disraeli, and of the hollowness of the free trade profession of his party, was complete. It left little to be supplied, and must have gone far to conclude the debate, but for the course subsequently taken by Lord Palmerston. The resolutions moved by Mr. Villiers were shown to involve a *principle*, whereas that of Mr. Disraeli merely affirmed a *fact*. 'The one,' said Mr. Bright, 'meant that free trade benefited the whole world, the other always contemplated the

possibility of some injustice being wrought by free trade to the interests which ought to be compensated to any amount that might be induced to give.*

There was a common sense character in the appeal which the honorable member made to the House, when, having contradicted the consistency of Mr. Villiers' course with the sudden and most complete conversion of the Chancellor, he asked—'whether, when parliament is called upon to give a final verdict upon the question of free trade, the terms of that verdict should be drawn up by one who had altogether repudiated free trade, or by one who had altogether consistently supported it.'

Lord Palmerston subsequently suggested a compromise *a via media*, professedly designed to secure unanimity on the subject of free trade; but really adapted to extricate ministers from a very embarrassing position. It is needless to advert to the interruption put on his lordship's procedure. Events will soon show who are correct or not. In the meantime, it is obvious to every eye that the division thus effected amongst free traders is of vital importance. Before his lordship's proposition, we felt assured of a majority being recorded on behalf of Mr. Villiers's motion, but our confidence is now greatly diminished, and we think the honorable member for Wolverhampton would have done wisely in acceding to the proposition of Sir W. Clay; more especially when Lord Palmerston's amendment was improved by an addition of the words suggested by James Graham. We write on the 26th, and in absolute ignorance therefore, of what may occur this evening, when a division is expected. The Chancellor's amendment has been withdrawn, and a division will take place on the resolutions of Mr. Villiers and of Lord Palmerston. Should the latter be carried, an appearance of weakness will be given to the Government at the very time they are sustaining a most humiliating defeat. We shall deeply deplore, and 'it will certainly' to use the words of the 'Times' be a great loss against us, should we ever be at the mercy of the protectionists.

The division of Friday the 26th, was much as we anticipated. We have only room to announce the result, and must leave all details to the numbers were—

For the original motion	256
Against it	336
	<hr/>
Majority	80
For Lord Palmerston's amendment	468
Against it	53
	<hr/>
Majority	415

* Lord John Russell took the same view of Mr. Disraeli's amendment in his speech on the 25th. 'It appears to me,' said his lordship, 'that the resolutions which he has proposed are so equivocal—falling so far short of the length to which the resolutions should go—that they would leave it hereafter a matter of doubt whether the act of 1846 was not an act of injustice and folly—a measure which should have been rejected.'

The votes recorded against Lord Palmerston's amendment 'must henceforth be taken,' as the 'Daily News' remarks, 'to represent the strength of that remnant of the landlord force who refuse to be marched through Coventry by Mr. Disraeli.'

THE CONVOCATION OF THE BRITISH CLERGY begins to wear very much the appearance of a *fait accompli*. It is true that Lord Derby explicitly declares, in reply to a memorial, "That her Majesty's Government have no intention of advising her Majesty to grant the royal sanction to any revival of the active functions of Convocation ;" and it is equally true that the Home Secretary has more recently declared—that the Government would interfere to prevent this ecclesiastical parliament from enacting canons. Nevertheless, for the first time for nearly a hundred and fifty years, the Convocation exists as a deliberate assembly—a sort of *quasi*-Parliament, a Napoleonic intrigue, an embryo *imperium in imperio*. The instability of principle, and consequent vacillation of policy, which marks the present Government, is as conspicuous in this question as in that which more nearly touches the domestic comforts and commercial interests of the British people. On the one hand they fear to nurse into vital activity that ecclesiastical adder which has in all ages been the bane of states. On the other hand they cannot afford to brave the hostility of a large proportion of the clergy. Hence they 'let I dare not, wait upon I would,' and raise and flatter vain hopes in the minds of ambitious churchmen, which they well know that the fixed resolution of the British people will forbid them to fulfil. Meanwhile, to the surprise of the nation, the Convocation is once more a thing *in esse*, and great is the dexterity with which this body are quietly surveying and compassing their ground, lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes. With a sinister wisdom, they are abstaining from all manifestations which might startle the sleepy protestantism of the laity ; but meanwhile they are accustoming the public ear to the formal language of an ecclesiastical parliament. Distinct expressions of opinion are resolutely put down, and a wily tone of moderation is carefully maintained; and by this sleek demeanour a Romanizing clergy are seeking to circumvent the 'distant folds' whom they lull with their 'drowsy tinklings' into a forgetfulness of those names which are the watch-words of protestantism, and, if possible, of those principles which constitute the only antiseptic element which can save a nominal church from putrefaction. At least one member of Convocation has made his voice heard above the prudent 'hush' of his brethren, and declared that a revival of the active powers of such a body must necessarily lead to a severance of the Church from the State. Should

injustice of which we should remedy as soon as we can, and the folly of which we should attempt to correct, by reversing the system as soon as popular opinion would allow us. I think the right honorable gentleman's amendment so much open to such an interpretation, that I, for one, could never consent to its substitution for the words proposed either by the honorable member for Wolverhampton, or by the right honorable member for Carlisle. The question, sir, is one between free trade and protection.'

out very freely the defects of the present scheme. They have obtained the important accession of the University College Council, who up to this time have been rigidly neutral, but have now sent in a Remonstrance substantially identical with that of the Graduates' Committee. We have reason to know that these, and other representations, have satisfied some of the more influential members of the Senate that the scheme of the Select Committee must be reconsidered, and the right of admission to Convocation be much more widely extended. The Senate has fixed to-day (December 1) to consider the matter, and we hope, therefore, for a speedy settlement of this long dispute.

With respect to the Franchise, several Members of the Senate, and the principals and other authorities of the colleges, have formally associated themselves with the Graduates' Committee and the graduates generally, to press upon Parliament the claims of the University in this particular. Among the adherents we find the names of Lord Monteagle, Professor Empson, and Mr. Grote, of the University Senate, Lord Fortescue, Mr. John Taylor, Messrs. Field, Gibson, and others, of University College Council, and several of the professors. Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone have given assurances as decided and cordial as, in their respective positions, could be wished for. Among other M.P.'s, Sirs De Lacy Evans, James Duke, J. V. Shelley, and George Goodman, the Lord Mayor of London, Messrs. Thomas Barnes, James Bell, J. Cheetham, A. P. Collier, G. Hadfield, James Heywood, Dr. Layard, P. M'Mahon, E. Miall, Monckton Milnes, A. Pellatt, S. M. Peto, and T. Thorneley, have committed themselves to the movement. Mr. Heywood presided on the 30th at a meeting of the Friends of the University at the Freemasons' Tavern, at which a Managing Committee was appointed, and a subscription opened, for the vigorous prosecution of the movement. We must refer our readers to the daily press for further information, until we are able to return to the subject.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has crowned the climax of popular excitement, first occasioned by the decease of the Great Captain of the age, and subsequently stimulated by the highest efforts of the British press, and, we must add, of the British pulpit. Nations and governments have contributed their homage to exalt the interment of the victor of Waterloo into a species of apotheosis. The spectacle of the 18th of November was perhaps one which the whole history of England cannot parallel. Every great institution of our country was represented by its most distinguished functionaries in that funereal triumph. An array of soldiery, which almost baffled calculation, attended the coffin of Wellington to its last resting-place, beside the ashes of Nelson. The continent of Europe delegated its magnates, glittering with the orders of military glory, to adorn the pomp of the procession. The wail of trumpets and the dirge of military bands, uttering the most inspired accents of the greatest musical composers, rent the air with harmonious lamentation. The united senate of the land assisted in all their state; and, by a delegated sovereignty, the 'king himself followed the bier.' No element of sublimity and impressive

grandeur, no pensive accessory that to impress an everlasting remembrance and he who saw the corpse of the centre of that august assembly 'dripping with precious tears', and the more congenial at such a spectacle as the work of generations to come.

But no scenic splendour, no sentimental associations that address the journalist from those views, which are enforced and sanctified by reality as much truth as eloquence, by one of the metropolis, that the unseeing chief mourner in that grand ceremony, inasmuch as it beckons to the inner secrecy of spiritual reality, the whole ceremony was the absence of the offerings of opulence, the oracle was gone! Tacitus teaches the dead, and for men to remember, for all the honour of consistent alike with refined sentiment Christian piety, to follow the dead into which they have passed with a solemnity to celebrate the penal ruin, and rededicate the house of their tabernacle' which all the material glory which regally shower on a tomb.

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